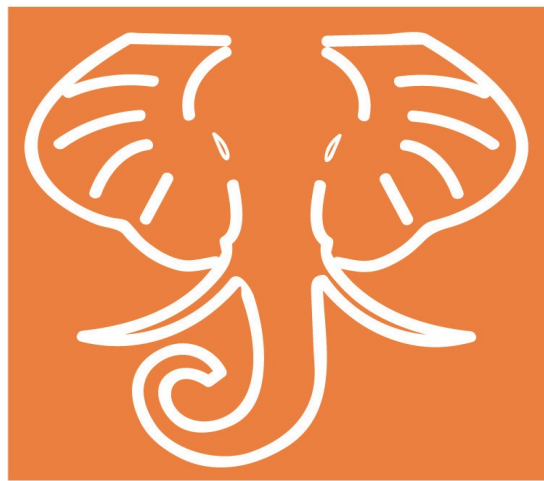


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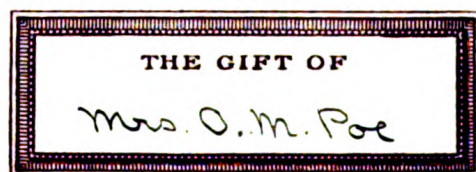
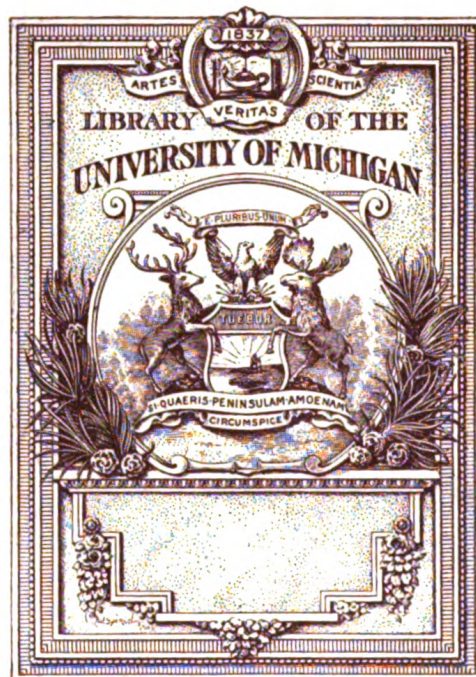
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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CVII.

JUNE, 1903, TO NOVEMBER, 1903



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1903

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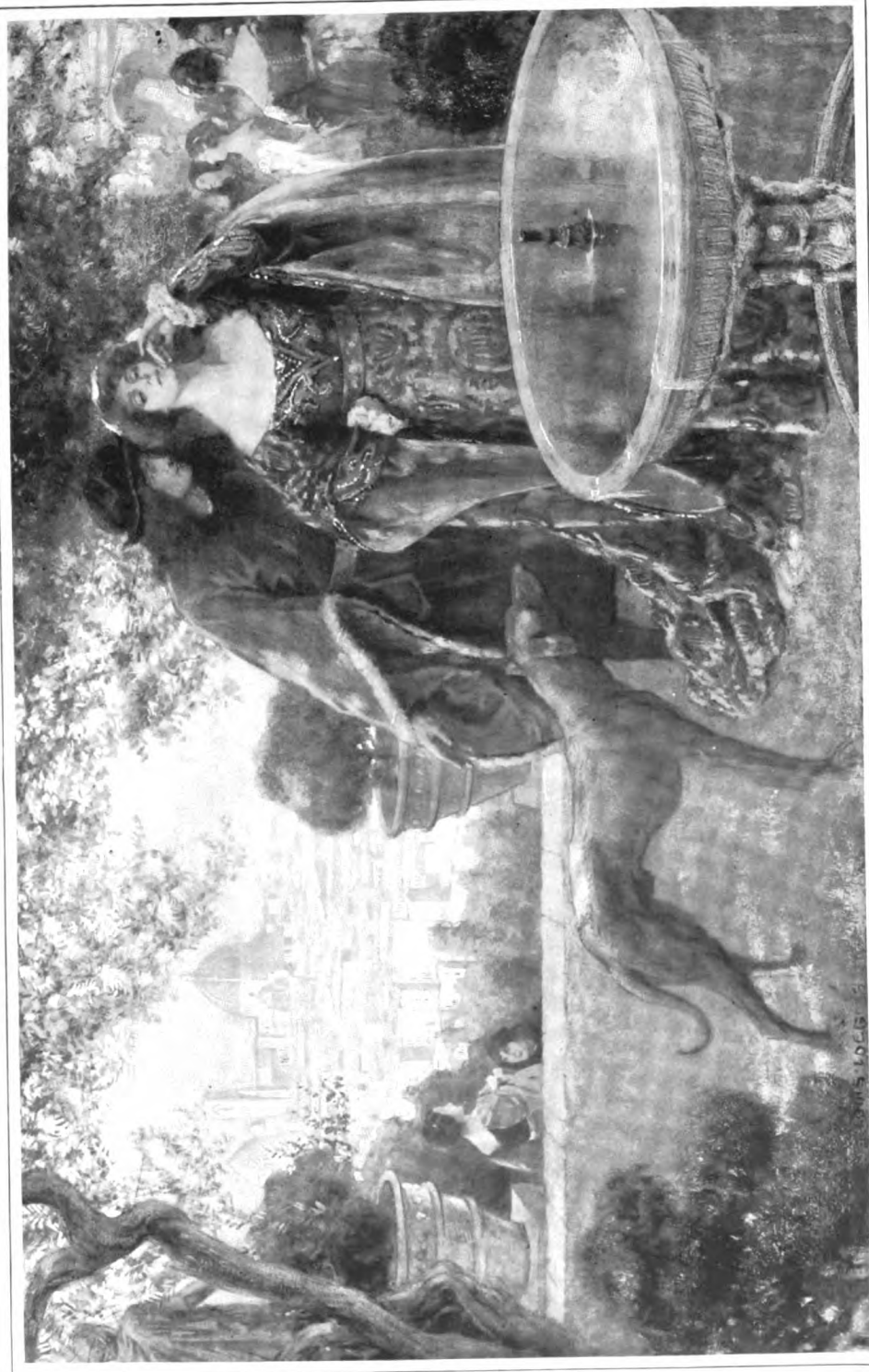
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Haltstone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

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"BENEATH THE OLIVES IN BOCCACCIO'S GARDEN"

Illustration for "An Italian Fantasy"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CVII

JUNE, 1903

No. DCXXXVII

The Patron in the Eighteenth Century

BY EDMUND GOSSE

SO much ridicule has been thrown on the practice of patronage in the eighteenth century that it may seem a paradox to affirm that in its most consistent form it was a kindly, wholesome, and beneficial mode of protecting what would without it have been helpless. It is time that some one took up the cause of the much-despised, much miscomprehended patron.

The practice of dedicating books to wealthy and powerful noblemen, and of accepting from them protection and money, had been thoroughly familiar to the seventeenth century. It received a sudden expansion in the reign of Queen Anne, when Lord Halifax made the customary twenty guineas almost mechanical. We are told by Tickell and others that no one who dedicated a poem to Halifax came empty away; and in several cases, most notably in that of Congreve, he used his great position as Chancellor of the Exchequer and afterwards First Lord of the Treasury to find for meritorious poets lucrative sinecures in the public service.

For about twelve years Halifax was in the position of a general Mæcenas; yet, it appears, not in the true eighteenth-century sense. He marks the transition between the old dedicatee and the new patron. Swift helps us to form

this distinction when he says that Halifax

For poets open table kept,
But ne'er considered where they slept;

in other words, that he gave them money, invited them to dinner, and sometimes found offices for them at the expense of the nation, but that he did not trouble himself to offer them a lodging. What particularly distinguished the true eighteenth-century patron was that he lifted the whole burden of life off the shoulders of his protégé and gave him the comforts of a home.

No change in manners comes suddenly, and something of this practice had been known towards the end of the preceding century. Locke lived many years in the houses of the earls of Shaftesbury, and Hobbes for the greater part of his long life was the guest of successive earls of Devonshire at Hardwicke. But in these instances a definite return was expected. Locke was, first, physician and then factotum to the Ashley Cooper family; while, if it is less easy to say what Hobbes did for his hosts, his epitaph puts it plainly that he was "in the service of" (*servavit*) his noble employers. It was proper that the responsibilities of a patron should be duly recognized, and after the reign of Queen Anne it was hardly possible that poets should be treated as Nat

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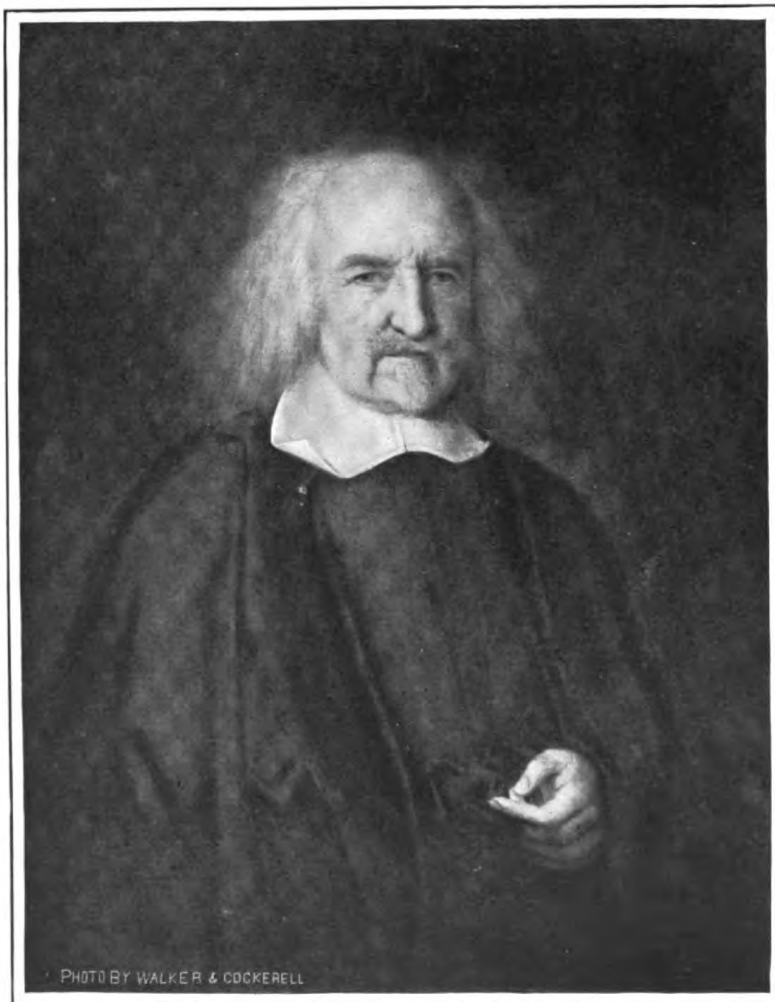
Lee had been by the Duke of Buckingham, and Oldham by Lord Kingston—that is to say, brought up out of the country, petted, indulged, and then incontinently dropped. Public feeling, in the eighteenth century, expected the patron to do more and to expect less.

What seems to have encouraged a wise and liberal patronage more than anything else was the development in the reign of Queen Anne of the habit of making what was called the Grand Tour. Every noble youth, before starting on public life, was bound to see the world and make useful foreign relations. Young Englishmen had an ambition to be "polite," and their parents wished them to make a good appearance abroad. It was not enough that they should be

attended by a courier and several footmen; they required an intellectual companion. Lady Oxford expressed the general opinion when she said, "The chief aim of any young nobleman on his travels should be to make a man of sense his friend." Here, then, in an age when poetry and graceful scholarship were the fashion, was the chance for a young man of talents and gentlemanly address, who had nothing but his wits to live upon, to start a career. It was hard if he could not find some scion of a great house who would be charmed to secure his company for the Grand Tour.

The advantages to the protégé were numerous and obvious. He was taken in luxury across the Continent. In Paris he accompanied his patron, who was also

his comrade, to the opera, to the comedy, to the collections of fine art. It was his business to be preinformed on these matters, to act as something (but not too much) of a cicerone. He was introduced into the best foreign society; he took part in delightful excursions to Marly and Versailles. He had a responsibility to the young man's parents. If anything went wrong, if he felt that his charge was in danger from bad company, it was his duty, with the utmost privacy and discretion, to inform his Lordship at home of the peril. They rush on to the



THOMAS HOBBS (1588-1679)
From the Painting by John Mitchell Wright

South, and, wrapped in bearskins, with beaver masks drawn over their faces, they brave the horrors of the Alps. They descend into Italy, and life becomes, for the protégé, — so lately starving in an Oxford garret, — pure enchantment. Behold him plucking a leaf of laurel from Virgil's grave at Naples! Behold him in what he calls his "gundula" floating on the canals of Venice! Behold him, flushed with enthusiasm, listening to Pergolesi in Florence, and losing himself in the labyrinths of the ruins of Rome!

And for all this, what was he expected to give in return?

As we have seen, he was pre-eminently there as a discreet, sympathetic, and unobtruding representative of parental authority. But more obviously he was there to make an agreeable companion for the young nobleman. One great development at this time was in the status of the protégé. He was no longer in danger of being confounded with the servants. Indeed, he ordered them about; he was independent of any one but the patron, and, without question, he was often the mouthpiece of the latter. That the social status of the protégé had risen is to be observed in the rather disgraceful story of how the poet Savage, when he was residing with Lord Tyrconnel, would invite friends to the house and imperiously order the butler to bring up



CHARLES MONTAGU, EARL OF HALIFAX (1661-1715)

From a Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller

his Lordship's best wines from the cellar for them. The poetical protégé, alas! was more certain to be a man of good parts than of good breeding.

So much for the Grand Tour; but what when the agreeable party returned to England from abroad? Then, if the protégé possessed a notable degree of talent, and had ingratiated himself with the patron, a life of singular amenity and ease began for him. If he was in holy orders, two or three sinecure livings were allotted to him, and he was presented at court in the hope of further preferment, — as George Berkeley, the philosopher, and the poet Parnell were introduced, as may be read in Swift's *Journal to Stella*. A prebend was the least that such a presentation could lead

to. If the protégé was a layman, and the patron a nobleman of high influence, a post under the government could generally be found for a poet, who would then smoothly advance to be

Court-Footman, or—

Possibly—Ambassador.

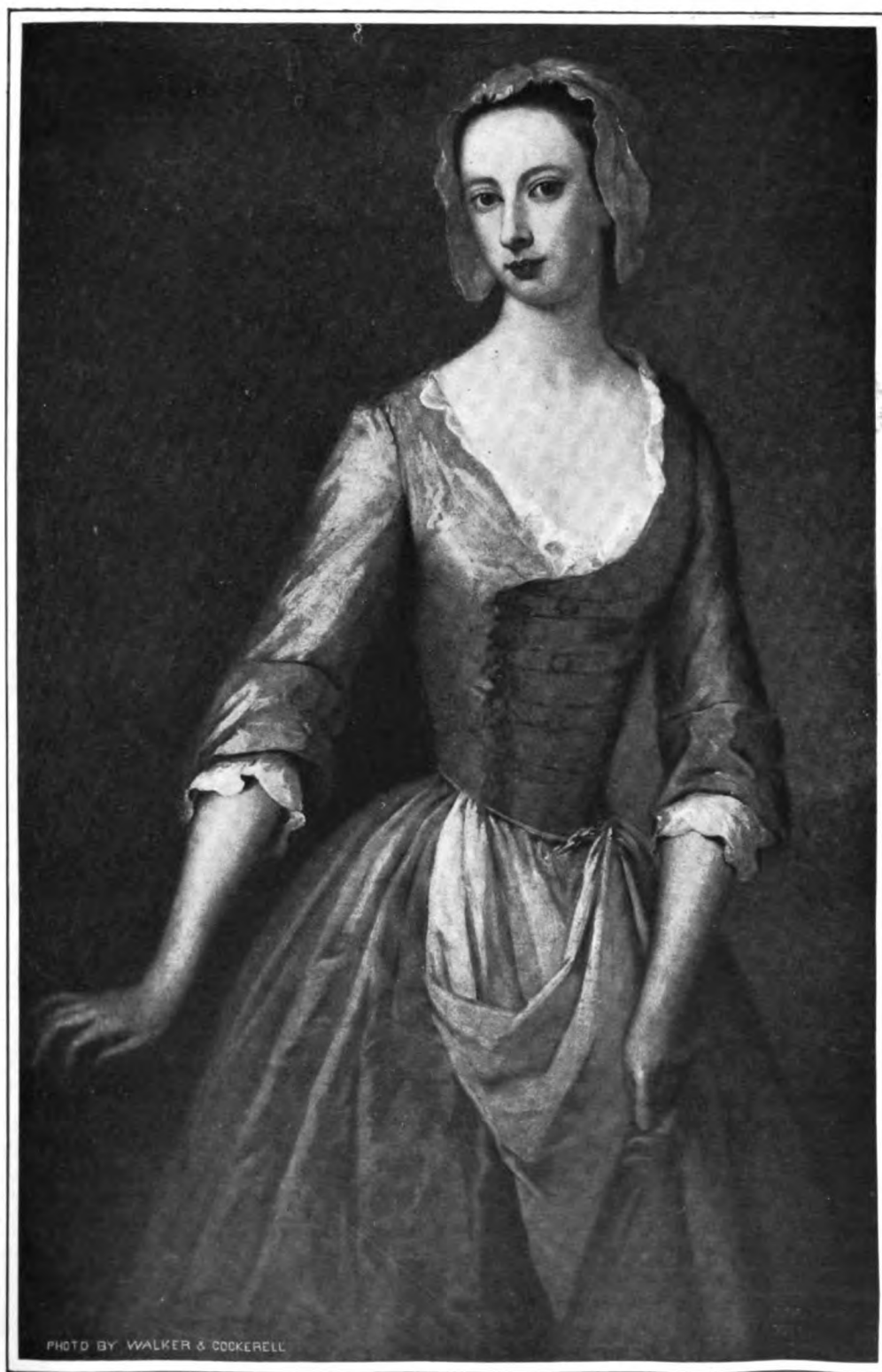
like Matthew Prior. Writing in 1712, Swift recapitulates what he has been able to persuade the great Whigs to do for personal friends of his own: "Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips"—Ambrose the Namby-Pamby—"I could certainly have provided for, if he had not run poetry-mad; and I set Addison so right at first that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has." But perhaps the whole system is most curiously illuminated by another letter from Swift, where he speaks of having presented the poet Diaper, author of "Dryades," to Lord Bolingbroke, in the hope of securing that nobleman as Diaper's patron. Swift writes in high spirits, for he has succeeded,—“I am to give him a sum of money from my Lord, and I have contrived to make a parson of him. . . . 'Tis a poor little short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make Lord Keeper give him a living.” But in spite of Lord Bolingbroke's twenty guineas, which came too late, poor Diaper died in "a nasty garret."

The only alternative between a "place," and death in a garret after a wretched life of incessant begging, was, in the case of many of the poets, an invitation to reside with the patron. This was recognized as a sort of profession; and the curious thing is that it seems to have involved hardly any responsibility or duty. It is to be supposed that the patron enjoyed the distinction of having a man of genius under his personal charge. He was a man of taste himself, and it was delightful in his hours of ease, stretched in a chair on one of his espaliered terraces, to listen to new works by his own private Gay or Thomson or Tickell. As Pope says in a cancelled couplet,—which is supposed to refer to Bubb Dodington,—

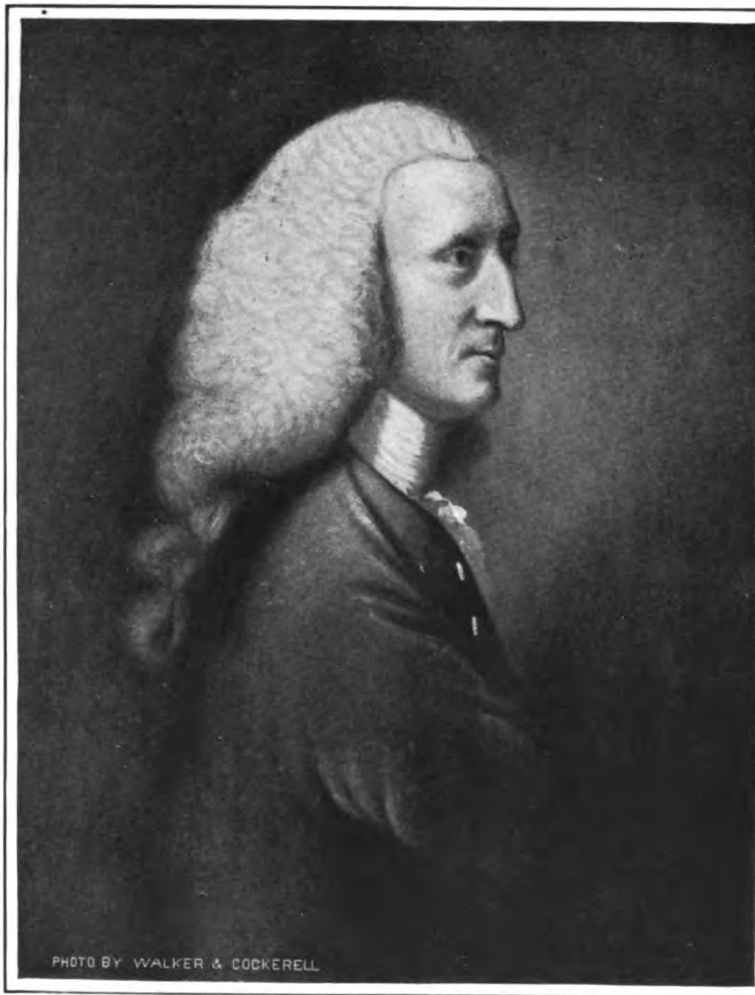
To bards reciting he vouchsafed a nod,
And snuffed their incense like a grateful god.

How the protégé employed himself in relation to the patron with whom he resided is not always quite clear. Sometimes he occupied his ample leisure in preparing an edition of one of the classics for the press. This book would ultimately be produced, by subscription, with a glowing tribute to the nobleman "by whose indulgence I had both the time and ammunition to perform it." The protégé was expected to apply his vacant hours to his own favorite study. He entered into learned or witty correspondence of a semipublic nature, which redounded to the glory of the patron.

Nothing could be more delightful than the letters which passed between Thomson and Mallet when they were both in the full glow of residentiary patronage. Thomson was the dependent of Bubb Dodington at Eastbury in Dorset; Mallet held a similar position with the Duke of Montrose at Stanford. Neither had been or ever wished to be independent; Thomson's only regret at the close of his easy life was that he had sometimes "experienced the uncertainty of patronage." But in 1735 neither of the poets is in the least anxious about the future; they have kind and faithful patrons, and they pipe to one another like two plump bullfinches, full of hemp-seed, from their comfortable gilded cages. The payment for these favors took the form of inscriptions, inexpressibly fulsome and obsequious. In dedicating his admirable poem of "Summer" to Bubb Dodington in 1727, Thomson informed the world that the character of his worthy Mæcenas, "in which the Virtues, the Graces, and the Muses join their influence, as much exceeds the expression of the most elegant and judicious pen as the finished beauty does the representation of the pencil." Surely such praise deserved the trifling reward of a retreat from "the noise and nonsense of the world" among the pompous gimcrackery of Eastbury! It is to be noted that if the poet rendered any definite services for money, he was no longer supposed to be "protected." In early years Thomson taught Lord Binning's son to read, but for this he was paid a salary. The poet had to find his own lodging, and we are particularly told that Lord Binning, though a straightforward employer, was not a patron. As



CATHERINE HYDE ("KITTY"), DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY (1700-1777)
From the Original by Charles Jervas



GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON (1709-1773)
Portrait by an Unknown Painter

Duke, or from doing his best to ensure his patronage. Nor did Young, though a sound divine, shrink from accepting the Duke's bounty, or from sharing his company at Winchenden, where for six whole weeks in 1719 the Duke and the poet did nothing "but read Tully and talk Latin." So, at least, the author of "Night Thoughts" would have us believe; but those who remember Swift's report of Wharton's conversation must conjecture that all this Latinity was relieved by flashes of rich English vernacular. Speaking of Wharton irresistibly recalls

soon as he could present his bard to Doddington,—“that kind Mæcenas to each poet-scrub,”—Binning withdrew, and Thomson ceased to attempt to earn his daily bread.

It is to be noted as a curious and not very amiable trait in eighteenth-century literary life that the personal character of the patron was not allowed to weigh in the balance against the advantages of his patronage. Whatever history may decide to think of the Duke of Wharton, he was looked upon with horror by his contemporaries as a libertine and an infidel. This did not prevent Hughes, the author of the "Siege of Damascus," "though not only an honest but a pious man," from dedicating his Fontenelle with fulsome eulogy to the "wicked"

Atterbury to the memory, and reminds us of the risks which protégés still ran of being involved in the ruin of their patrons. Atterbury, who lived like a prince, supported his court of men of letters around him, and when he fell, great was their disaster. One of the bishop's creatures was the poet Yalden, a wit and a friend of Addison. When the great plot was blown upon, Yalden was arrested with the others upon suspicion, and in his pocket-book were found the mysterious words "Thorough-Pac'd Doctrine." This entry seemed proof positive of guilt, until the trembling poet was able to show that it had no political significance whatever, but was only a phrase quoted from a sermon which had happened to strike his fancy.

One of the kindest and most considerate of eighteenth-century patrons was the first Lord Lyttelton, of Hagley. But he was modest and high-minded, and had no desire to be "fed with soft dedication all day long." He refused again and again to allow *Tom Jones* to be inscribed to him, and Fielding had at length to do it in Lyttelton's despite. And the novelist could do no less. "Without your assistance," he says, "this history had never been completed." Fielding resided, though we know not for how long, at Hagley, and left it only to become, at Lyttelton's rec-

ommendation, the guest of a still richer man, the Duke of Bedford, by whose "princely instance of generosity" the great novelist enjoyed, to the end of his life, free use of the famous house in Bow Street. Fielding's acknowledgment of his debt to Lyttelton is repeated and explicit. Speaking of the greatest of his romances, he says to the lord of Hagley, "I partly owe to you my existence during great part of the time which I have employed in composing it."

The long-suffering of residentary patrons was extraordinary, but there might be cases in which the protégé, however gifted, was impossible. Sir Joseph Jekyll can hardly be blamed for his conduct to Thomas Chubb, the wonderful "phenomenon of Wiltshire." Chubb was



THOMAS CHUBB (1679-1746)

From the recently discovered Portrait by George Beare, now first engraved

a philosophical tallow-chandler, whose gifts for theological speculation dazzled the environs of Salisbury at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was brought to the attention of the liberal-minded Master of the Rolls, Sir Joseph Jekyll, and was permanently installed in Jekyll's house, like a cat or a parrot or a maiden aunt. At first all went well; Chubb sometimes consented to wait at table, although at other times the patron "used at his leisure hours to refresh the fatigue of business in the philosopher's conversation." But Chubb became uplifted; his views grew more extravagant and his manners more overbearing. His presence in the house was found at length to be unbearable, and an unsuccessful attempt at lifelong patronage went out at last

in what a contemporary calls "an empty and unsavory stench." Chubb was detestable, and behaved as badly as he could, yet Jekyll was blamed, although there is some reason to suppose that he gave the Deist "a genteel allowance" for the rest of his days. The moral obligations of a patron were serious about 1730.

The considerate indulgence of patrons to the poets in their charge deserves a much more generous recognition than it has ever found. The case of Gay is in point. In the "Dunciad" Pope wrote, "Gay dies unpensioned with a hundred friends," yet no one can have known better than Pope how little the fate of the fabulist deserved pity. Somewhere about 1721 Gay became a member of the family of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and we find him going "wheresoever they will carry him." He was penniless, lazy, and without any power of self-support. The Queensberrys adopted him, fought his battles, indulged his whims, nursed him through a dangerous illness, and constantly urged him to "follow his own inventions." They attended to his affairs; the young Duchess—Prior's "Kitty beautiful and young"—was actually asked to withdraw from court in 1729 for having teased the King and Queen by canvassing for subscriptions to the prohibited "Polly," and when Gay died at last, in the arms of his inconsolable Duke and Duchess, it was found that he had amassed in their company no less than £6000. Yet he was petulantly complaining to the last.

Pope was uneasily anxious that it should be known that he was above the need of a patron's help. He was uncomfortable when he stayed at such a house as Canons as a visitor, for fear that his position there might be misunderstood. There is no question that his whole heart spoke in the splendid lines to Dr. Arbuthnot:

Oh, let me live my own, and die so too! . . .
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books
 I please;
 Above a patron, though I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.

Circumstances and the irresistible force of his genius had enabled Pope to take this position, but it was above the range of lesser spirits, and we make a serious error

in supposing that such independence was a common feature of the literary life of the time. It was, on the contrary, so rare as to be almost unique. And the nebulous story about the £1000 paid by the Duchess of Marlborough for the suppression of the character of Atossa suggests that even Pope had his price. In connection with this, too, it should be noticed that contemporary feeling blamed the poet not for taking the money, but for breaking the contract.

There can be no question that our modern prejudice against the eighteenth-century patron is largely founded upon Dr. Johnson's celebrated letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. But it should be remembered that this was written in 1755, when the palmy days of patronage were over. It was then becoming possible to live by an appeal to the reading public in London, and a greater delicacy about the acceptance of direct gifts of money had come into vogue. Yet, even with regard to this eminent instance of independence, it is to be observed that what roused Johnson's anger was not that Chesterfield had offered him patronage, but that he had neglected to do so. If, in 1747, when Johnson issued the "Plan for a Dictionary," Chesterfield had come forward frankly with a handsome present of money, and if during successive years he had continued his protection, the world would have missed a splendid piece of invective, and the illustrious name of Dr. Johnson would have been added to those who owed to the help of an enlightened nobleman the opportunity to complete an important literary monument. Johnson showed that it was possible, by a tremendous effort, to finish a work without the aid of a patron, and patronage went out of fashion. Fifteen years later it was already so discredited that Chatterton died for the lack of it. But from 1710 to 1750 it was in full vogue, and whatever we may think of the propriety of personal independence and of the good fortune of the democratic authors of to-day, we do a cruel wrong to the unselfish and enlightened noblemen whose hospitality permitted the higher literature to exist in the earlier part of the eighteenth century if we grudge the admission that in the main they were generous, unassuming, and tactful in their beneficent action.

A Lochinvar of St. Cloud

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

A FLUTTER of interest stirred St. Cloud. Pierre Petibon had returned! In the tiny gardens, built impossibly behind the houses on the steep hillsides; at the windows overlooking the narrow streets or opening toward distant views of the Seine or the wooded Meudon heights; in the little shops where the people gathered for petty barter and endless gossip—the news was eagerly discussed. The very town itself—the little old town that, from the place to which it has scrambled on the steep hillside, looks out so brightly toward Paris—seemed to have taken on a curious eagerness of aspect; it looked like an old woman with face aglow with communicable news. And was there not news, indeed! Pierre Petibon had returned.

Now, there were many in St. Cloud who knew somewhat of Pierre Petibon and his affairs; there were some who knew a good deal about Pierre and his affairs; but there was only one who knew all about them, and that was Pierre Petibon himself. And, as a matter of fact, there were some things which even he did not understand, but of which he had to gain comprehension through stress of bitter experience.

None but Pierre Petibon himself knew that to him it was as if St. Cloud primarily existed and had primarily been created for himself. This belief, though entirely subconscious and altogether unselfish, was none the less profound. For him the trees in the park of the vanished Château grew thick-massed; for him stately horse-chestnuts lined the endless forest aisles and swept away into duskily remote distances; for him the fountains flowed; for him the water spouted through great carven heads and trickled softly away through long hollows of wrought-out stone; for him was the glory of the countless flowers, growing as only gardeners in palace gardens know how to make them grow—the endless rows of

scarlet geraniums flanked by low-set box, the brilliance of the dwarf dahlias, the mingled hues of foxglove and heliotrope and canna and fuchsia, the regal splendor of the roses; for him were the pleached and terraced walks; for him stood the ancient retaining-walls, green with moss and mantled thick with ivy; for him were the views of the winding river, and of Paris, spread out before him, with the towers and domes and pinnacles that gave dream-thoughts to his fancy; for him the parties of Parisians came to the park and made picturesque groups in the glades and paths; for him the quotidian wedding parties came.

In St. Cloud the customary rules. Things are because they have been. They shall be because they are.

St. Cloud is close to Paris. From the park you feel that you could toss a stone there; you know you could easily walk there. But Parisians love to consider it a journey, and to make it a journey, and therefore a journey it is. And for no class of Parisians is it so popular as for the numberless wedding parties who love to drive there, proud and happy, in the afternoons, after the marriage ceremony at the *mairie*. It is one of the old customs, and therefore it must ever be observed.

Even as a lad Pierre used to watch the wedding parties with delighted curiosity. At times the sloping street beside the Pavillon Bleu and the lesser establishments that shared in the entertainment of the visitors was black with carriages; at times, surreptitiously peeping into one of the wax-floored halls, Pierre's eyes grew big with wonder at seeing half a dozen simultaneous intermingled wedding parties dancing in gayety, the brides and bridesmaids flutter in filmy white.

Pierre Petibon and Henri Lebrun were, as all St. Cloud knew, close friends from boyhood. Henri's father was rich and

grew richer, Pierre's father was never rich and grew poorer, but the friendship of the two lads seemed to become more strong as the difference in their prospects increased. Both went for a time to the same school. Then Pierre was taken by his father to help him in his little bakeshop, and Henri was sent to the military school at St. Cyr.

The time came for Pierre, like other French youths, to take his term of service in the army, and he was at first saddened at having to march away from St. Cloud, whose fascinations had quietly and steadily grown upon him, and then overjoyed at finding that the regiment to which he was attached was ordered to the barracks there. And after a while Henri Lebrun, now a lieutenant, was also assigned to St. Cloud service.

St. Cloud felt a gentle flutter of pride. The two had been its most popular lads; now they were not only the finest-looking young men of the town, but also the two most noticeable among the soldiers at the barracks. Pierre, indeed, was the handsomer of the two, but the trappings and gold of the officer eclipsed the red trousers and blue jacket of the private. And St. Cloud asked, in confabulative prattle on the steep hillsides, or on the bridge flung low over the dark-flowing river, or when service was over at the high-perched church toward which the fortress of Mont Valérien grimly frowns, whether the friendship would now be at an end.

Meanwhile, too, the affairs of Pierre had in another way attracted the attention of the little town. Pierre was in love! The news had gone gossipingly about, with much of pleased and interested comment. It seemed as if whatever Pierre did was sure to come before the public eye—the eye of his little public, the denizens of St. Cloud.

Pierre, one day, was in the park during a few hours' leave. His soldier companions, knowing nothing of his love for St. Cloud, often rallied him on his propensity for solitary walks, and were wont to tell him teasingly that there must be an affair of the heart. And Pierre, half embarrassed, half laughing, but entirely earnest, always gave as-severative denial—always till the day when first he saw Yvonne.

It was a charming August day. The red-trousered soldier watched for a while the changing lights and shadows over the great city so near at hand. In the park the air was still, but over Paris a line of clouds was slowly moving. And now the towers of Notre Dame changed from brightness to a dreary gray; now the great dome over the tomb of Napoleon glowed dazzlingly with gold and now turned a sinister black; and now, as the sun again emerged, a long line of buildings beyond the Bois de Boulogne suddenly flashed into a splendid glare of white. All this was for him—and all this park, these trees and shrubs trimmed wonderfully into domes and squares and pyramids, these flowers and terraces and vistas, these groups of people like fanciful figures in a painting filling in the dim distances. A youth and a pretty maiden danced round and round; two priests, sober-stepping, paced by; and Pierre Petibon lay back on the grass and, half hidden by a clump of bushes, looked up at the sky, and thought and dreamed.

Possibly he fell asleep—then suddenly he half started up as he heard an affrighted little cry close beside him, and the swish of a gown and the soft patter of hurrying feet.

"I thought that—he—his red trousers—he—was a big bunch of geraniums!"

The words came in a fluttered voice of marvellous sweetness, and he saw that the girl herself was sweeter than the voice. He lay down again, but now with his head on his arm, and watched the fluttered girl subside into tranquillity. She was one of a party of a score or so, all garbed alike in blouselike gowns of soft hue, and they were convoyed by a nun, whose white cap, turned back at the sides in queer square bends, stretched far forward over her gentle face. The girls paced slowly on together, and their young voices rose in a lilting carol; and then they halted, at a spot where the sunlight slanted down through the massed foliage and checkered the patch of grass with light and shade.

And Pierre Petibon felt anew a sense of pleasure in the fact that the park of St. Cloud was all for him; never before had he seen anything so sweet within its borders; and buoyed by his subconscious

feeling of possession, he walked gravely to the party and spoke respectfully to the dark-gowned Sister; and she, a little fluttered, but reassured by the honest earnestness of the soldier's eyes, replied softly, and he sat down on the grass at her feet and silently looked at the graceful girls. And Yvonne was by far the most graceful of all; but Pierre's grave eyes could not draw her own. She blushed, and, all demureness, would not look at the red-trousered soldier, though her companions slyly rallied her about the patch of geraniums that she had found.

The girls were from a school in Paris, and had been sent to St. Cloud for a summer's outing; and Pierre, walking by the Sister's side, followed the maidens to their home, near the park, and stood, cap in hand, as they passed through a mossy gate in a great stone wall, ivy-covered and topped with tile. There was no thought of intrusiveness, of effrontery; Yvonne had come to him as one of the treasures of St. Cloud.

And the next time that he had leave of absence he walked boldly to the entrance of the house, and he rang the bell, and in a brave voice he said that he would see the Sister, and to her he bluntly said that he loved Yvonne.

The Sister smiled—a queer and sober little smile, which had in it somewhat of amusement, and somewhat of surprise, and somewhat of sympathy with human love. And, indeed, she had once thought of romance for herself. . . .

In short, so well did Pierre acquit himself, and so well was he vouched for by the good people of the town, that he and Yvonne were allowed to speak with each other. "We never refuse to consider good opportunities for the marriage of the girls under our charge," said the Sister, simply. "All are orphans, and there is only a little *dot* for each—interest from a special fund left by the rich lady who founded the school."

And once in a while, after that, Pierre was allowed to visit Yvonne, who, very sweet and lovable, talked shyly with him, while the gentle Sister sat near by, knitting silently and thinking of the past; and once in a while Pierre joined the convoyed girls as they paced through the woody aisles, and by an unspoken con-

sent the two were allowed to walk and to talk together, a little apart.

Then it was that Lieutenant Henri Lebrun came, and outside of the barracks he and Pierre were at first good friends, and the two went, arm in arm, to see Yvonne, and Henri gayly told him that he had won the prettiest girl in France. "But no pretty girl can catch me unless she is rich," Henri added; whereat Pierre felt grievously hurt, and as if the foundation of friendship were slipping away.

It was not long before St. Cloud, having commented in pleased gossip on Pierre's love-affair, found new food for talk. For a distant relative, who had been for years in Canada, and who had been lost sight of by Yvonne's family, died, leaving her a fortune; whereupon the Superior of the school wrote to the Sister at St. Cloud, directing her to tell Monsieur Petibon that, no formal betrothal having taken place, there must now, in justice to Yvonne, and in consideration of her altered position, be more care in selecting a husband; that this need not be looked upon as a final dismissal of the young soldier, Monsieur Petibon, but must be taken as a warning not to cherish hopes. The townspeople commiserated with each other over the sudden blow which had come upon their favorite; and the soldiers at the barracks, who liked Pierre as a manly and brave young fellow, felt sympathy for him. And now the soft-voiced Sister would sometimes lead her troop slowly along the road which looks down into the barracks-yard, and sometimes she would let the girls lean over the stone wall and watch the battalions below go through their drill.

And Lieutenant Lebrun, at such times, loved to face toward the wall and to display his fine voice and fine uniform—and Yvonne noticed that he began to speak sharply to Pierre Petibon, to find loud fault with him, to gibe at him in words of sharp command; and the other girls, Yvonne's companions, were indignant, for they saw no fault in Pierre, who through his romance with Yvonne had become the hero of the school; but whether or not Yvonne herself was angered none could tell, for she watched the scenes with an inscruta-

ble face. And once in a while, when after some taunting word to Pierre, to which, as a private in the ranks, he could not reply, Lieutenant Lebrun would smile and look up triumphantly at Yvonne, far above him, leaning over the long stone wall. And some who watched Pierre's face saw signs of gusty passion now and then sweep over it in spite of his self-control, and they felt that evil might come of it all; that Lieutenant Lebrun was rousing a man who, in spite of his usual good temper, was capable of some desperate and gusty deed. And once Lebrun for a moment trembled as he caught a look of dour fierceness fixed full upon him.

Soon it began to be known that Lebrun himself was an ardent suitor for Yvonne; it was not long before it was generally believed, in the town and in the barracks, that her churchly guardians and the girl herself had agreed to accept him; and Pierre Petibon, wild with disappointment, with love, could obtain no definite word. He saw Yvonne once, but the girl, having been thus instructed, answered perfunctorily, dryly, without apparent emotion, and Pierre went baffled away.

And one day, in the drill-yard, with Yvonne looking down from the wall, high above, Lieutenant Lebrun was so intolerably insolent that Pierre Petibon's face grew dark and fierce.

Another insolent word. And Pierre sprang forward, hurled himself at Lebrun, dashed the sword from his hand,—and then the mist passed away from before his eyes, and he checked himself, and stood erect and still. In an instant he was seized, but his first impulse of violence had passed with the moment in which he indulged it. Lebrun picked up his sword, but something in the faces of the men about him, something in what he instinctively knew would place him best in the eyes of Yvonne, made him refrain from striking the helpless prisoner, who was instantly hurried away.

And now Lebrun showed that he could be both politic and magnanimous. Pierre was brought before a court martial, but Lebrun quietly let it be known that he would much prefer to have the witnesses of the attack make as little of it as possible, and to the court he himself

spoke lightly of it. It was merely a freakish trick of an old friend and school-mate, he said—he knew that Pierre Petibon had meant no harm; he (Lebrun) was expecting to be married shortly, and both he and his bride to be, with whom Private Petibon had a humble acquaintance, would be pleased if the court should let the soldier go free.

The officers of the court thereupon deliberated, and in place of the heavy punishment that had been contemplated, they ordered that Private Petibon be transferred to a post in Algeria till the end of his term of service.

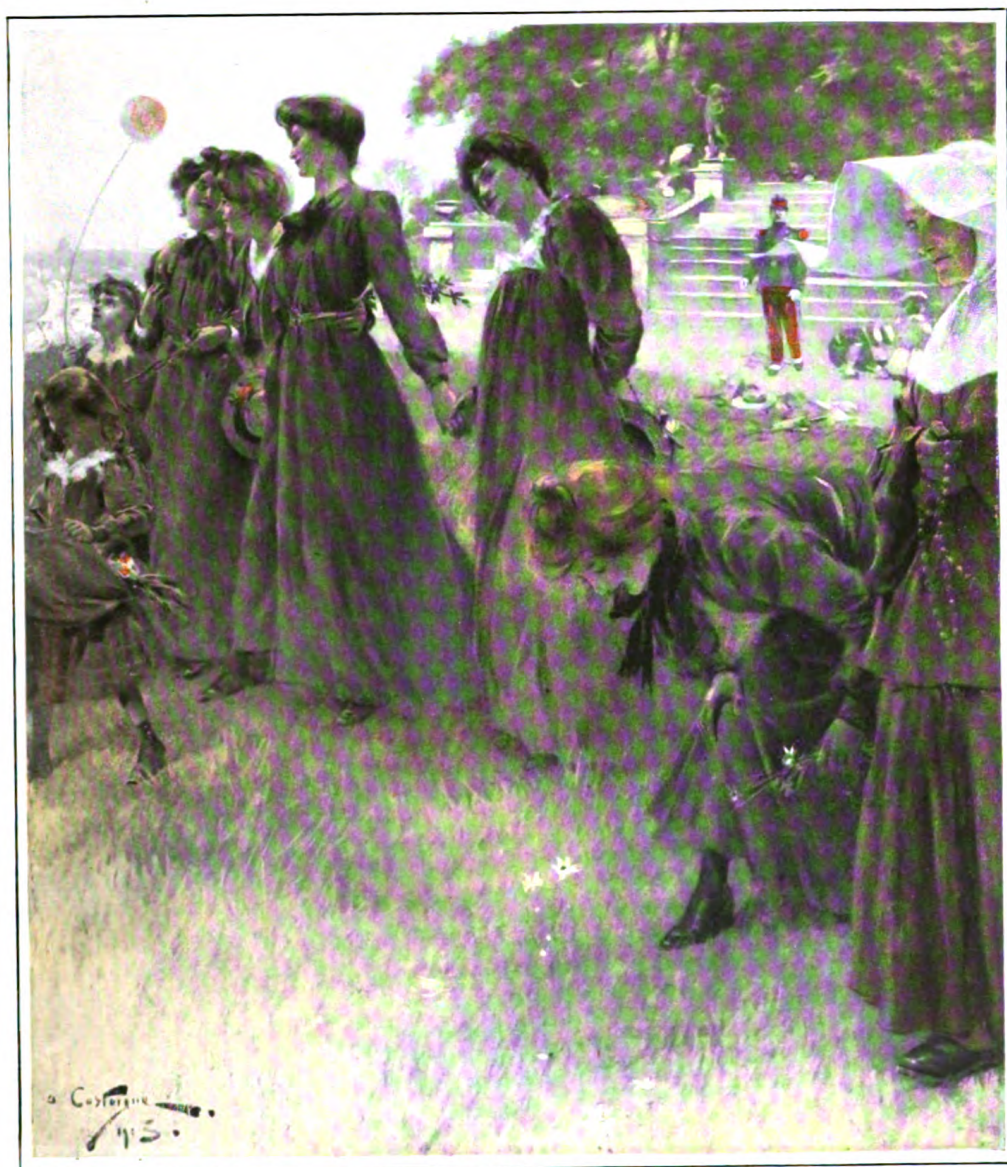
In the streets and the gardens and the shops of St. Cloud, and where the people gather about the fountain that, half-way up the hill, blocks the narrow, twisting Rue Royale, the story was told and retold.

When Pierre's term of service was over he returned to St. Cloud, and was told that Lebrun was with the garrison at Vincennes, and that the Lieutenant and Yvonne—who had not been in St. Cloud since her return to the Paris school shortly after the affray in the barracks-yard—were undoubtedly to be married within a short time.

He went to Boulogne, determined to leave the country forever. His father had recently died, and had left him a little money. But at Boulogne he hesitated. He obtained a position with a wealthy man, who put opportunities in his way. When the great steamers for America paused there and then went steadily on, and when the crowded packet-boats for the English coast steamed out of the harbor, he felt anew the desire to put the sea between him and the place where he had been so unhappy; but ever the love of France, and ever the magnet spell of Yvonne's presence, even though she was another's, held him upon French soil.

He loved to talk of St. Cloud—of its park, its trees and its loveliness, its narrow streets, the Parisians who flocked to it, the host of wedding parties; and one day his employer said:

"Pierre, go back to St. Cloud. You love it, and will be successful there. Open another place. Call it the Pavillon Petibon. I will give you the capital to start it, and you shall be part owner."



IN THE PARK

And thus it was that Pierre Petibon returned to St. Cloud. Thus it came about that in the tiny gardens built impossibly on the steep hillsides, at the windows overlooking the narrow streets or opening toward distant views, and in the little shops where the people gathered for petty barter and endless gossip, the fact was eagerly discussed. The little old town was aglow with communicable news. And was it not news, indeed! Pierre Petibon had returned—had returned successful—with money!

The Pavillon Petibon quickly became famous and rivalled the Pavillon Bleu. Wedding parties flocked to it in the afternoons, and in the evenings it was soon a favorite resort, for Parisians loved to come there and sit on its balconies and listen to the soft-stringed music and look out over the Seine. And Pierre Petibon was honored and loved by the little town.

And one brilliant day in June there were more wedding parties than had ever before come on any day in the history of St. Cloud. The open *place* and the broad avenue sloping up from it past the barracks were thick with carriages, and Pierre Petibon watched with pride as party after party were ushered in. The orchestra played with an enthusiasm which left them little time to circulate among the guests for the customary *pourboires*. Round and round, with short and mincing steps, never reversing, the dancers waltzed. At the tables others ate and drank in gay happiness. The gold-laced *chasseurs* proudly received one company after another, and ceremoniously led them to chairs and settees. The chatter of parties coming and parties going, of general talk and laughter and gayety, was pleasant to hear; but to Pierre Petibon there came, with the pleasure and with the pride, a sense of sorrow and of loss.

He walked to the entrance of the *pavillon*. He looked at the crowded street, at the coachmen and the horses decked with wedding-favors, at the bridal carriages lined with white, and a desolate feeling came over him. Never for him were there to be wedding-favors and bride. And the musicians, inside of the *pavillon*, struck into a dreamy waltz, which dimmed his eyes, for it told of his dreams of the past and of Yvonne.

Another party! And they threw confetti from their carriages, and a throng of spectators surrounded them, and *chasseurs* from the different establishments ran to greet and win them, and a gold-capped *chasseur* from the Pavillon Petibon led them on in triumph.

Pierre drew back a little as the leading carriage came up; and from it first descended, splendidly uniformed, Lieutenant Lebrun—and then Yvonne! And gayly laughing, and amid shouts of glee and the waving of wedding-favors, the delicately gowned women and the black-garbed men and the glittering Lieutenant made their way into the hall through the little crowd that had gathered at the door.

"This is my wedding-day!" cried Lebrun to old neighbors that he knew.

Yvonne—Yvonne and St. Cloud!—Yvonne and Lebrun! And so it was thus that Fate had decreed the blow should fall. Yvonne and Lebrun! Not married long ago, as Pierre had thought, but only to-day—this very day. And ever the waltz went dreamily, sweetly, lovingly on.

Pierre Petibon walked with outward composure into the hall, but his heart was swiftly beating, and in his eyes were signs of fierce and gusty passion. Yvonne and Lebrun were dancing, and there was a murmur of applause, so charming and beautiful was she, gowned in white, and so brave to look upon was the man beside her.

The music stopped, and Lebrun proudly led Yvonne to a seat. And then, still outwardly calm, but with a look in his eyes such as had been there on the day of the scene in the barracks-yard, Pierre Petibon crossed the room and stood at Yvonne's side.

With a little cry of surprise, she looked up at him, and her face grew very pale. He looked at none but her. "It is my dance, Yvonne," he said, and without a word she arose, and the music again began—a waltz more sweet, more dreamy, more full of love than before; and Pierre Petibon for the first time in his life held in his arms the woman that he worshipped.

"I love you, I love you," he said, and the music wailed and sang. "I love you, I love you; I have hungered for you,



PIERRE STOOD AT YVONNE'S SIDE

thirsted for you, longed for you. Yvonne, Yvonne, I love you!"

The music was speaking to their hearts. "Yvonne, Yvonne, come with me!" His eyes looked far down into hers in a compelling eagerness, and his words came fierce and warm, and she murmured, "Pierre, Pierre, I will go with you."

They whirled near the entranceway—he so tall and handsome, and she so white and dainty and sweet—and in a moment they were out-of-doors. None heeded them, for Lebrun was already dancing with another, and it appeared merely as if Pierre and Yvonne had stepped outside for cooler air.

"Into this carriage;" and Yvonne, in a great wonder at this metamorphosed lover, who had so unexpectedly appeared and taken possession of her, unquestioningly obeyed.

"Do you love me, Yvonne?" he said. "Do you love me?" And, "I have always loved you, Pierre," she simply replied.

"To the upper station," said Pierre to the driver; "and quick!" He knew that a train was almost due.

"We will go to America, Yvonne—anywhere—to the end of the world!"

"Yes," she said; "if you want me to, we shall go to the end of the world." It was pleasant to be guided by this masterful man. Then, "Pierre," she said, after a little pause, as the horses slowed, setting themselves at the steep hill—"Pierre—do we need to—"

He sharply interrupted her, but the sharpness was for himself and not for her. He was already beginning to fear that he was acting an unmanly part, that he was leading her into ultimate misery. "Are you sorry, Yvonne?" And he added, but almost as if speaking to himself: "It is not too late—it is not yet too late." The gust of passion had gone, and all that remained was deep and humble love. He stirred wearily, and spoke as if awaking from a dream. "It is not too late, Yvonne. We had better go back."

Bewildered thus to be dismissed, she burned with mortified amazement, and with a little shiver drew away from him.

"I love you, Yvonne, but I must not—Oh, Yvonne, decide for me—for us! If you had not married Lebrun—if this were yesterday and not to-day—if you were free—if—"

He boggled his words, and then, with an effort, spoke with more of steadiness.

"I have been yielding to my selfishness, Yvonne; yielding to a selfish love. It was a mistake—"

He looked away from her to avoid the look that she bent upon him. He moved restlessly, and dared not even glance at her. "Yvonne, Yvonne, I love you so," he murmured, but not a word did she say in reply.

In a few moments she opened the carriage door. "We wish to return," she said, composedly. And in silence the two were driven back.

At the Pavillon Petibon the carriage stopped, and the door was swung wide by an eager *chasseur*.

Pierre cast one hopeless look at Yvonne, and, bewildered, saw that her eyes were brimming with fun.

"Yvonne!" he gasped.

"This is the wedding-day of Monsieur Lebrun, and I am the bridesmaid, and promised him the first dance," she said, with the demureness that he so well knew. She laughed merrily, so droll was the face of Pierre Petibon, with traces of disappointed passion still upon it, mingled with blank amazement at this incomprehensible turn. "Lieutenant Lebrun learned long ago that it was not for him I cared, and so, like a sensible man, he did not mope, but found consolation elsewhere. And if you will take that look of bewilderment from your face, monsieur,"—she laughed again, but checked herself demurely,—“and if you will look a little more as if you would like it, you may have the next dance—and without going to the end of the world, monsieur!”



The Favorite, the Beggar, and the King

BY ARTHUR COLTON

THERE was a man whom a king loved, and heard
With smiles his swift step and impetuous word
Among the slow-paced councillors: to the young
Belong the careless hand, the daring tongue:
Pleasure and pride are the large flowers that spring
Within the fertile shadow of the king.

There sat a beggar in the market-place,
Of sullen manner and a surly face,
Who caught him by the cloak; that with a stone
He smote the beggar's head, and so passed on,
Cassim Ben Ali, up the palace hill,
Leaving the beggar, fallen, grim, and still.

Sudden as the king's favor is his wrath;
Who for the morrow knows what joy he hath?
Or can he pile it in his vaults to stay
The crowding penury of another day?
So to Ben Ali came the harsh disgrace,
That he was led beyond the market-place
Of noisy traders chattering at the stalls,
And in a pit thrown, near the city walls;
Whither the beggar came, and at the pit
Held in his hand a stone, and raising it:
"I in my time am wise, and hitherto
It had been foolish to do what I do;"
Cast on his head, saying in sullen tone,
"I am that beggar, and behold that stone."

Ben Ali on the morrow was restored
To the benignant favor of his lord,

And sending for the beggar, softly said:
"This is that stone." The beggar bowed his head:
"And this my head which is among the lowly,
As thine is high, and God is just holy,"
And threw himself lamenting on the floor.

Ben Ali pondered then a moment more.
"Thou sayest truly, God is just, and lo,
Both of our heads have ached beneath a blow.
I in my time grow wiser, and divine
The beating of thy head will not heal mine,
And have considered and have found it wise,
To exchange with thee some other merchandise.
Take this gold dinar, and remember then
That God is just, if so I come again
Into a pit and ask return of thee."

Once more Ben Ali was brought low, to see
The king's clenched hand, fixed look and rigid frown,
Thrust from the palace gate to wander down,
Stripped of his silks, in poverty and shame,
Into the market, where the traders came
With files of sag-necked camels o'er the sands,
Bringing the corded wares of hidden lands.
And walking there with eyes now wet and dim
He sought the beggar, found and said to him,
"Remember thy exchange of merchandise,
Who sayest, God is just and thou art wise."

"Who sayeth, God is just, speaks not of me;
Who calleth thee a fool, means none but thee,"
He answered. "Being wise I understood
To pay the evil back and keep the good
Is increase of the good in merchandise.
Therefore I keep the dinar and am wise."

Which thing was brought to the king's ear, and he
Summoned the two to stand before his knee;
And took the dinar from the beggar's hand,
And giving to Ben Ali, gave command
To those who waited for his word: "Bring stones

That he may beat with them this beggar's bones,
Who mocks at justice, saying, God is just,
And boasting wisdom, fouls her in the dust."

Ben Ali through his meditation heard
The councillors approving the king's word,
And spoke above their even murmuring:
"Let justice be with God and with the king,
Who are not subject to a moment's chance,
Made and unmade by shifting circumstance.
This is the wisdom of the poor and weak,
The smitten cheek shall warn its brother cheek,
And each man to his nook of comfort run,
His little portion of the morning sun,
His little portion of the noonday shade,
His wrongs forgotten as his debts unpaid.
God holds the scales on high, whose centre stands
Within the secret hollows of his hands,
Whose lines he knows if they be levelled even
With the still plain and jasper floors of heaven.
Let not the evil and the good we do
Be ghosts to haunt us, phantoms to pursue.
I have the dinar and would fain be clear
Of further trading with this beggar here,
For he nor I have caused this world to be,
Nor govern kingdoms with our equity."

"Art thou so poor, then, and the beggar wise,
God's justice hidden and the king's astray?"
Answered the king, slow-voiced, with brooding eyes.

"Art thou so weak, and strong to drive away
Far from to-day the ghost of yesterday?
Free is thy lifted head, while on mine own
The gathered past lies heavier than the crown?
So be it as thou sayest, with him and thee,
Thou who forgivest evil bitterly."

So spoke the king. Ben Ali's steps once more
Were swift and silken on the palace floor.
The beggar went with grim, unchanging face
Back to his begging in the market-place.

The Tragedy of a Map

BY COLLINS SHACKELFORD

DURING the last five years a great many people have heard the name of Bering, in connection with the Alaskan seal-fisheries, the Klondike gold-fields, and the boundary dispute between Canada and the United States. But few who read or hear the name know who the man was or what he had accomplished. His work as a discoverer and his tragic death have been, it is safe to say, forgotten. Nevertheless, his name will be imperishable so long as the maps and charts of the world show Bering Sea, Bering Strait, and Bering Island.

Bering was a Dane, born at Horsen, in Jutland, in 1680. He entered the Russian navy, fought against the Swedes, and served Peter the Great as a lieutenant in 1707, and as a captain-lieutenant in 1710. The "rough-and-ready" Czar knew of him as an adventurous man and a well-seasoned navigator. He was just the sort of person wanted in developing a great plan the Czar had been turning in his head for many years. Peter the Great wished that an expedition of his should discover the north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, which the maritime nations of Europe had been trying to find for centuries.

Bering came conspicuously to the front in 1725, when, by order of the government, he, with officers, men, and ship-carpenters, went overland to Kamchatka. At a place called Avatchka were built two vessels, in which, in 1725, Bering began an exploration of the coast of Asia, which lasted five years, the results of which were for the exclusive benefit of his government.

Anna was Empress in 1740. She had not forgotten the wishes and death-bed instructions of Peter as to continuing explorations for a northwest passage, and selected Bering, now a commander, to take charge of an expedition of two vessels. One, the *St. Peter*, conveyed

Bering; the other, the *St. Paul*, was entrusted to Captain Tchirikov, who had been with him on his previous voyage. The ships left the port of Avatchka, June 4, 1741. By order of the government the two vessels were directed to keep together for mutual aid.

After leaving Avatchka, Bering headed his ships south, steering by the De Fonte chart, which was proved, by later exploration, to have been very faulty, and largely imaginary. No land was sighted up to latitude 46. Eight days later, in latitude 50, both ships being headed to the east, and, unknowingly, for the American coast, they parted company in the midst of storms and fogs. Bering, according to his reckoning, came in sight of land July 18, in latitude 58 28, longitude 50, with an immense mountain confronting him,—presumably what is now known as Mount St. Elias, with its 17,000 feet of height; but his companion, Tchirikov, was ahead of him, having made the same discovery on the 15th inst., in latitude 56, longitude 50. Both had found the land now known as Alaska.

At this point Tchirikov had the misfortune to lose not only his small boats, but a number of men who had gone ashore. This so discouraged him that he set sail for his return to Kamchatka.

Bering was, at this point, according to his own reckoning, five hundred leagues south of Avatchka. On the shore where he landed were found huts made of smooth boards, on some of which were carvings; a small box made of poplar; a hollow ball of earth, inside of which was a loose stone; a whetstone on which copper knives had been sharpened; a cellar stocked with salmon, ropes, and pieces of household furniture and wares; and fireplaces in which were fresh ashes and the remains of smoked fish. The inhabitants kept out of sight so long as the white men remained.

use their legs. Little canvas was spread, because there were not enough men strong enough to reef it in case of a storm, as well as because the sails were worn out and rotten, and the crew too feeble to bend new ones to their places. Vessel and crew were literally rotting to death while the long nights of the arctic winter were approaching.

In this condition the ship had been drifting for days, when the monotony of the misfortunes of those on board was broken by the discovery, at eight o'clock on the morning of November 4, of a speck of land on the horizon. It would seem from what followed as if the ship itself, foreknowing what was to come, became hopeless, and could bear the strain no longer, for, before daylight, the star-board rigging gave way; then, at the risk of the masts going by the board, the vessel was headed for the island.

When near the shore an anchor was thrown out, but the cable was rotten and broke, and the ship, after striking twice, passed over a great rock. A second anchor was cast out and lost. Then, as if the ocean pitied the weakness of the men, a great wave caught the *St. Peter* and lifted her over the reef into calm water. It was difficult to decide whether the change was for the better, for it was only a transfer from an angry sea to the craze-breeding silence of a snow-shrouded, shrubless, grassless island, with nothing better than floatwood for fires, and even that was buried deep under snow and ice.

No artist would care to paint the horrible things that came up that gloomy morning from the interior of the *St. Peter*. Not a well man appeared. Some died as soon as they came out into the light and breathed fresh air; the life of others passed away while being taken ashore in a small boat; others, still, died after the shore was reached, where, having no defenders, their warm bodies became food for ravenous foxes that, having no fear of the scurvy-stricken wretches of men, snapped at their heels as they staggered around.

Bering, who had been for some time totally disabled by disease, was brought ashore on a hand-barrow in a boat and placed in a sheltering hollow, where his

still faithful men—a mere handful—had cleared the snow from the sand. Even then he was dying. His great age and the hardships he had undergone on this voyage made his struggle for life hopeless.

His slow passing away was pathetic and pitiful. In effect, he partially buried himself alive. He lay under the shelter of a tent made from an old sail. Long suffering had made him childish and petulant. Each day and all day his weakening hands were constantly busied scraping down upon his body, beginning at his feet, the sand from the ridges on either side.

He would submit to no interference with this occupation, insisting that the sand warmed him. When he died, December 8, 1741, a month after the landing, his body was already half buried, and it needed but a little work on the part of his skeleton comrades to enclose this hero of the arctic regions in a coffin of frozen sand.

One who was with him to the last wrote that his speech and understanding were but little affected, that he bore himself as a Christian, and as one resigned to death.

Over his grave, on the desolate island that still bears his name, the few survivors of the unfortunate expedition erected a rude cross that served two purposes,—to mark the last resting-place of the intrepid navigator, as well as a notice to the world that the island had become Russia's property.

Those of the party who were left were not able to depart until the 16th of August of the same year. Under the directions of one of the survivors, a Cosack (afterwards rewarded by a Siberian title of nobility), a boat was built from what was left of the *St. Peter*, and sailed for the coast of Kamchatka, which, as was afterwards discovered, was only thirty German miles distant from the island. But contrary winds were against them, and it was not until the 27th of the month that the castaways reached their port, and ended a voyage which has resulted in placing the obscure Russian sailor among the most famous men of any age and any country, both land and sea being used to perpetuate his name.

Cornelia's Birthday

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

IT was market-day in mid-April, and the whole town appeared to have emptied itself into the paved open space running for blocks between the long line of weather-beaten outside stalls.

"How much are your lilacs, Mis' Stone?"

"The purples is five, and the whites ten. Take a bunch?"

"Yes; give me three of the white. I want them for the cemet'ry. I'm going this afternoon."

Mrs. Stone fingered busily among her fragrant blossoms. "I ain't got but two. Take a purple bunch to make up the three. They look beautiful together."

An old man came lumbering up from the other side of the stall. "There's a big bunch of whites in the back of the wagon, 'Liza. I'll go get them for you."

"They ain't to be sold," cried Mrs. Stone, sharply, and without looking at him. "They belong to Cornelia. I'm going to stop there going home."

"I'll take the purple," said the customer, holding out her hand. "Here's your money, Mis' Stone." She lingered, speaking in a lowered tone: "How long's your boy been dead now, Mis' Stone?"

"Eighteen year," said the old woman. She leaned across the mass of green things before her to say, solemnly: "And he's as alive to me now as he was before he dropped down that day in the road. I can't believe he's dead."

She was a small creature, with a face so sharp and fine that it seemed as if carved out of warm old ivory. Her eyes had the wistful outlook of a child's, but the mouth showed both spirit and temerity. There was an appealing catch in her high, keen voice.

"I want these for my mother's grave," said the customer; "it's her birthday. I guess it's David's, too, Mis' Stone."

"No, it comes in winter," said the old woman; "but I always take him something, if it's only a handful of everlast-

ing. It's Cornelia's birthday, and I keep it instead of him."

The other woman shifted her basket from one arm to the other and waited. Mrs. Stone came around the side of the stall and laid a confidential hand upon her shoulder.

"Cornelia Hart was as good as engaged to my David, but he died, and she stayed single. He thought a good deal of Cornelia, and so, when her birthday comes round, I feel's if it 'd please him if I noticed it some, and I do what he'd do if he was alive, and then I go up to the cemet'ry."

The customer looked hesitatingly down upon the little figure.

"Yes, I know it's queer," said Mrs. Stone, in answer to that look. "It makes Nathan mad; he's raving inside just now on account of them white lilacs. But I don't care. I'd be ashamed to think of my dead the way some people do."

The other moved slowly away into the crowd, and Mrs. Stone returned to her old position behind the stand. She cast a quick and cursory glance upon the marketers, that, now singly, now in twos and threes, and again in a solid, pushing mass, passed and repassed between the farmers' wagons and the long, dark market-house. She heard with accustomed and unvexed ears the Hungarian crying his beaded slippers, the wavering call of the stroller with his hundred little crimson balloons fastened securely to a stout cord, the clang of the trolley-car in the street below. Once her husband's voice, in the thick of bargaining with a customer, came droning into her consciousness. Presently she became aware of something fine and white and odorous being borne swiftly and triumphantly before her. It passed, and a whiff of fragrance was all that was left to her. Like a flash she turned to her husband.

"Why did you sell them white lilacs, Nathan?"

"Because I thought more of making a good ten-cent piece than I did of your foolishness."

The clamor all around built a wall between them and the crowd. Behind it they were as alone as in their own garden spaces at home. Yet they spoke with hushed voices.

Mrs. Stone's small figure was one flame of wrath from head to foot.

"But I wanted them to take to Cornelia, and you knew it!" she gasped.

"You ain't no right to be different from other folks. Robert Stone went the same way David did, and just a week later. And Robert Stone's mother don't carry on the way you do. And, anyhow, Cornelia cared more for Robert than she did for David."

She started as though he had struck her with a stone. "Taking them white flowers away won't make me any different," she said, breathlessly. "I've been doing it eighteen year, and I ain't going to change, and you know it."

"There's a boy wanting something." In an instant he was keen for his wares. "Radishes, son? Good and fresh. Six cents a bunch."

Overhead the sky was a clear, solitary blue; the sun shone with a warmth like that of wine. The wind was blowing a little. The noise, the motion, the swarm of faces, dark, fair, or alien; the white or purple lilacs which many of the women carried; the alert native tongue here, the guttural foreign one there; the changing moment; the spirit, the poetry of it all—made a picture new and yet ancient, strangely American, and yet Homeric enough to be lasting and universal. Another hour sped; the crowd began to thin out into occasional groups of belated and thrifty housewives, ready to drive sharp bargains with the tired country folk. Presently the market-bell clanged stridently the stroke of noon.

"Market's over," said old Mr. Stone; "pretty fair market, too. Sold out all to that mess of onions." He tossed a heap into the basket of a sad-eyed Italian beggar-woman waiting near by. "'Liza!'"

Mrs. Stone approached from the rear of the wagon, the fire still smouldering in her eyes. In her hand she carried a few half-opened daffodils.

"This is all I've got left out of what

I pulled last night," she said. "It's a wonder you didn't sell them along with them lilacs."

"I ain't any time to talk about that," said her husband, brusquely. "Did you take that order for five pound of butter next week?"

"Yes."

"Well, let's hurry and fasten up, then."

A half-hour later, the Stone wagon, packed high with empty cans, boxes, and crocks, and drawn by an old and stout white horse, pulled leisurely out of the deserted market-place and into the shop-lined streets of the city. Mrs. Stone, still holding the few withering daffodils, sat on the front seat, beside her husband. On her lap lay a square package, wrapped in stiff brown paper and tied with lavender ribbons.

They were clear of the town, and its spires were slipping palely behind them into a sea of April haze, violet and shifting, before either found tongue for speech. It was the old man who began.

"What you got in that package, 'Liza?"

She turned on him with a sort of gasp.

"What did you mean by saying Cornelia cared more for Robert Stone than for our David?"

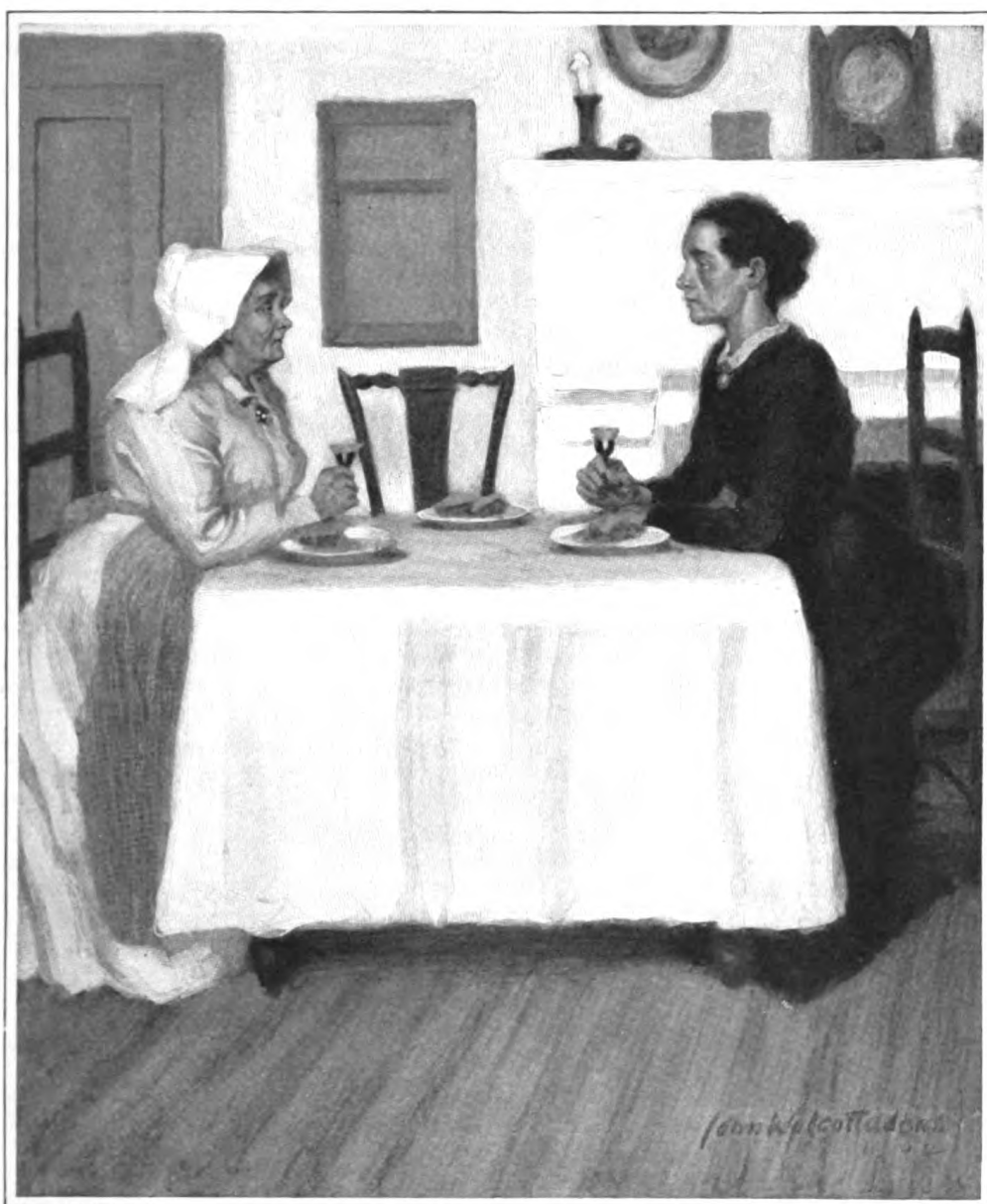
"I asked first," said the stubborn man.

"You answer me, and I'll answer you."

The woman yielded to her steadier mate. "It's some gingerbread I baked yesterday for Cornelia Hart's birthday. I'm going to get down when we reach the lane, and go and give it to her."

"Well, then," said Mr. Stone, "I guess it was something Robert's mother told me that made me think that about Cornelia and Robert. She told me this time last year, when you were going on as usual. She said that one man cared for Cornelia—meaning David—and Cornelia cared for another man, and then I knew she meant her Robert. And she said Cornelia come up there once and asked her for Robert's picture."

"That didn't mean anything," proclaimed Mrs. Stone, confidently, "being as they were cousins, and both died sudden, and about the same time. She took an interest in Robert because he was in the family; that's all." Then she flashed again. "I don't believe Cornelia Hart ever looked at Robert Stone when our David was around!"



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"I WISH YOU MANY HAPPY RETURNS," SAID MRS. STONE

Her husband went on with a sort of obstinate deliberation: "You can believe or don't believe all you want. I wouldn't mind if her birthday come on Sunday or any day we ain't in market, for then only me and you would know about it. And I wouldn't mind when it come if you kept it like other folks. But you don't, and it's what you say more'n what you do, for you won't keep quiet, and people kind of smile, and I get mad." He pondered a little. "I wouldn't be surprised

if it hadn't lost us custom. I wouldn't want garden-truck from a Spiritualist."

"Never lost us a cent. Ghosts is one thing, and sprouts is another."

"You say your say, and I say mine," returned the old man, "and we've been doing it eighteen year, and ain't any further than when we begun. Which of us is the biggest fool, I don't know. Now I'll stop." His upper lip, which was long and firm, shut down upon his lower one like a vise. There was a lit-

the silence, and then Mrs. Stone spoke the last word.

"It's good to remember," she began, wistfully. "Cornelia thinks about it the same as I do. She's always thought so. She knew David had as good as asked her, and she acted according." The undercurrent of her passion swept her along again, and she ended with her old vehemence: "And she wouldn't have looked at his cousin Robert."

They rumbled on and on. It was like riding into the heart of a pale and heavenly country, a land unspoiled of time and untouched of sorrow; for, on either side, in twos or threes about the straggling houses, or in bending orchard rows beyond them, the fruit boughs were in the thick of blossoming. Here and there, in some quiet front yard, to be singled out by the wind and blown back and forth like a flame of spectral fire, a peach-tree burned delicately red. Little stretches of water, left by an early rain, lay like polished copper in the hollows of the pike.

"I'm going to get out now, Nathan."

The country road was beginning to change into a village street. Already the roofs clustered closer together and an occasional wooden pavement began to appear. The wagon stopped, and Mrs. Stone let herself carefully down into the middle of the highway.

"You going to send Cornelia any word, Nathan?" She looked up at him with eyes that were both solemn and defiant.

"No, I ain't."

She stood a moment and watched the retreating vehicle; then, crossing the road, turned down a little lane that opened into it from one side. It was a sheltered place, full of the early spring and a hundred searching odors of herb and bush and furrow. The first bees of the year went drunkenly down the warm air. She stepped slowly along. One hand, spread palm upward, held the precious package, the other the few daffodils. The militant expression died out of her old face. The doubts stirred by her husband's conversation floated lightly away from her soul, and certainty, born of the habit of years, once more possessed her. Unseeing, she kept on down the road, and as she went a ghostly foot seemed to keep step with hers.

Eighteen years might mean the length of a life to her faithless and denser neighbors, but to her it had gone like a wind in the night, and her son was as quick to her now as in that time before the doom of the family had overtaken him. Presently there came in sight a narrow, high, unpainted house set back in a wide green space, half yard, half orchard. A good many cherry-trees, some young, some gnarled with service, rose irregularly about. Almond-bushes, pinky white and windy, grew close to the rude door-sill. The house behind looked as if wrapped around in a fair white cloud.

Mrs. Stone halted a moment on the wooden pavement, and looked admiringly over the palings. "What a lot of bloom Cornelia's got this season!" she said. "I never saw so much white on them trees before."

She opened the gate. A shower of loosened petals fell over her as she passed up the winding walk. "Good-evening, Cornelia," she called out.

A woman, much younger than Mrs. Stone, waited at the door of the little house. She was middle-aged, but a certain girlishness of color and figure took away the look of her years. A sort of old-fashioned prettiness was in the cut of the gown she wore and the wavy fashion in which she coiled her hair. She had a meditative look in her soft eyes.

"I come as soon as I could, Cornelia," cried the old woman.

"I've been expecting you," said Cornelia. She came forward and took the beribboned package out of Mrs. Stone's hands.

"Open it, Cornelia."

The middle-aged woman undid the brown paper, and put her nose down to the sweet-scented squares it contained. "How good it smells!" she said. "I always did like gingerbread better'n anything else."

"I know you do, and that's the reason I bake that kind."

"Thank you," said Cornelia, and kissed her.

"Let's stay out here a while," said Mrs. Stone.

There was a twisted bench beneath one of the cherry-trees. The two sat down on it side by side.

"You're forty year old to-day, Cornelia."

"Yes, I know I am," said Cornelia.

"He's been gone eighteen year," said the old woman.

"Yes."

"Don't you think he'd be glad I keep your birthday like this, Cornelia, and never miss baking the cake or anything?"

"I expect he would."

"I don't understand some folks' way of thinking of their dead," said Mrs. Stone, in a singsong voice, and with uplifted head, as though speaking to an unseen listener behind the cherry-trees. "They think of them as being dead. Now, to me, David's living, and if he knows—and maybe he does,—he's enjoying this spring weather; and he's pleased there's so many blossoms; and he likes it that I don't forget your gingerbread or anything."

Cornelia Hart sat on in the thick of the April blossoming, the package of cake still open upon her knee. Long since her weaker will had gone down before the old woman's dominant one; but there were yet times when she swayed like a reed in a very whirlwind of doubts.

"People are different," she said.

Mrs. Stone shook the cherry flakes out of her woollen lap and rose to her feet. "Come on in; it's getting late."

On the floor of the little front room lay a rag carpet of vivid blues and scarlets, hidden here and there at regular intervals by braided rag mats containing the same hues. A clock stood on the wooden mantel, and over it hung the family photographs, a progressive succession of young, elderly, and ancient faces, framed in cheap gilt, and all fronting the spectator with a certain vague pathos due to fading of tint and expression. Against the whitewashed walls lifted a row of cane-bottomed chairs, and between two of them, fronting the door, a small table, upon whose fair linen cover were arranged a couple of gilt-edged china plates. Flanking each was a wine-glass full of some rosy-colored wine.

Cornelia set down the cake in the middle of the table, and then the two took their places, one on each side of it.

"I wish you many happy returns," said Mrs. Stone, touching her glass to her lips and bowing stiffly to Cornelia.

Cornelia made a bow as stiff as her guest's, and they both began sipping the wine out of the long-stemmed glasses.

"Take a piece of gingerbread, Mis' Stone."

It was very quiet in this house. The clock, an antique one, with a wreath of gilt roses painted around its face, ticked on the mantel, and yet its sound was remote, as though time itself had swung back to an earlier day, when the ghosts of Love and Youth now haunting the place had been living, breathing presences. An upstairs shutter flapped. Outside, the breeze blew here and there, and the noise it made was sweet as well as sober.

"Nobody in the house except you and me, Cornelia?"

"They're all gone out."

"They always run away from us this time every year, and I don't think it's becoming. If they have no respect for the dead, they ought to for the living. I guess they think I'm sort of queer in my mind."

"They don't understand," said Cornelia.

The old woman took up the handful of daffodils she had a moment before laid down beside her plate. "They're all I could get," she said, querulously. "I had some white lilacs, but Nathan took and sold them. He did it because he was mad at me saving them for you."

"There's a lot of bloom outside, Mis' Stone."

"Yes, I never remember seeing so much before. Last year it was only a sprinkling here and there, and the year before that, too. I'll take all you can pull me, Cornelia."

She went and sat on the little stone slab that served for a step. "Leave them dishes alone till I'm gone," she called back into the room. "There, now, you've spilled some of that wine you left in your cup. You'll have to wash that table-cloth first thing, Cornelia. It ain't fit to be used any more."

Presently the other woman came out, and began to break off branch after branch of the delicate almond blossoms. Mrs. Stone watched her from the step.

"Many's the time I've trotted up to the churchyard with my arms full of that stuff, and I guess it's many another time I'll do the same. You pull and you



CORNELIA WATCHED HER GOING ALONG THE PIKE

pull, Cornelia, and I can see David alongside of you just as plain!"

The other stopped under the trees, and looked across at Mrs. Stone with meditative eyes. She too saw a familiar face in the soft spaces of the spring air, but it was not that of the old woman's

only son; it was the face of his cousin Robert.

"I don't begrudge other people their sons," shrilled the emotional old voice, "though I've done without mine for eighteen year, and when they lose them I'm sorry for them. But I do say none

of them get as much out of their dead as I do. It's a comfort to me to think that maybe he's standing there listening."

There was a silence of a few minutes. The gusts whirled through the little green yard and the fair petals swarmed down into the grass. Caught in them, Cornelia looked like a ghost.

"That 'll do, Cornelia."

Her arms piled high with her delicately tinted treasure, and the half-opened daffodils smouldering in her wrinkled fingers, Mrs. Stone rose up and said, tremulously: "I'm going up now and put these on his grave, and give him your love and mine. You're a good girl, Cornelia Hart. You and me are the only two that remember. Eighteen year is a long time to remember."

Cornelia followed her down to the gate, and watched her, a little, erect, nervous figure, with the white boughs she carried far above her head, going along the deserted pike. A spent look came into her face. She had strained after the old woman that morning in an overscrupulous regard for her lover's memory, and now the reaction had come. She walked slowly houseward between the rows of cherry-trees. The mystery of life stung her. One had wooed but failed to stir her girlish heart; the other had gone away without a word. She wondered if it were wrong to withhold her secret. If it were, she hoped that God would forgive her. And still, as she walked, that dead face, the face of the only man she had ever really loved, rose up before her.

The Poplar

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

WHERE others plant an oak
To breast the thunder-stroke,
Or flamy-fruited yew
Darker than Time, how few
Of birds or men or kine
Will love this throne of thine,
Scant poplar, without shade
Inhospitably made!
Yet, branches never parted
From their straight secret bole,
Yet, sap too single-hearted!
Prosper as my soul.

In loneliness, in quaint
Perpetual constraint,
In gallant poverty,
A girt and hooded tree,
See if against the gale
Our leafage can avail;
Lithe, equal, naked, true,
Rise up as spirits do,
And be a spirit crying
Before the folk that dream:
My slender early-dying
Poplar by the Stream.

Our Appalachian Americans

BY JULIAN RALPH

“OVER in Clay County, a friend of mine attended divine worship one morning when every man in the congregation had his back to the preacher, his face to the door, and his gun between his knees.”

It was a lady who spoke, and she referred to a scene in these United States, in the State of Kentucky. The village in which I met the lady shall be nameless, but it was a Cumberland Mountain town. It was almost as foreign in many of its scenes and accessories as a town in the Balkans. The people of the hills were riding in and through it on horseback; the women came and went in the same way, but nearly always in couples upon the same horse. One group of three little girls climbed, one at a time, upon a fence, and from that to a pony's back, and then rode, as soberly as so many “grown-ups” at a funeral, off toward the hills. The old women wore black scuttle-shaped sunbonnets, and the young ones wore the same head-covering, but of white cloth. The hotel (a great rarity in these mountains) was kept by a grocer above his store, and I did not see a carpet in it. The streets were dirt roads, and where we have gates for entrance to our front gardens, these people used stiles, with a broad platform at the top of each one to aid equestrians in mounting and dismounting. On one of these stiles under a tree the local magistrate held court from time to time.

Above the country quietness of the lazy little place one could hear the dull “thud-thud” of a loom in a log cabin, where a woman was weaving a roll of homespun cloth. The only other sound was made by a boy, beside a cabin in a leafy dell at the village side, practising a huntsman's call upon a curving ram's-horn. And all around the “settlement” rose and fell the wooded ridges, the tilled fields, the haze-enveloped foot-hills, and the distant mountains.

“It was at the time there were so many killings,” the lady said, continuing her first remark, “when the Harvard-Baker feud was on. We speak of murders here as ‘killings’; it's a less unpleasant word than murders. There was a killing near by here two days ago. A judge was shot from ambush by some one of those who took exception to some unfair political manœuvring in a contested election case. The sheriff has arrived at the scene of the murder with bloodhounds, and given them the scent of the murderer and turned them loose.”

“I have just come through Clay County,” said a man in the company, “and I had with me a Chicago man who was very much afraid to be there. I mentioned this to a mountaineer, and he said: ‘Well, you tell him that we may kill him, but we will not tech e'er a thing he may hev on him. His friends may be sure of getting whatever he carried, for we don't never steal.’”

“Is a stranger safe in travelling about in the mountains?” I interposed.

“I think so,” replied the man, who had just returned from such a trip. “I never considered that I was in any danger when making one of my tours. I used to take pains to say something of who I was, where I came from, and what I was about, but I have grown careless of late, and find that I am just as well off. There is always danger where there is a man crazed by liquor. One such man recently shot and killed a woman—a crime almost unheard of in the mountains; for their own and all other women are safer there than, I think, anywhere else in our land. The women play very active parts in the feuds, secreting men, feeding them while in hiding, carrying ammunition and food to them when they are beleaguered in a cabin or courthouse, or wherever, and they are never interfered with.

“The mountain judges make it known

that they will punish with severity any assault upon a stranger, and so strong is the spirit of hospitality in the mountains that the great mass of the people consider the safety of a stranger an almost sacred trust. They are unforgiving toward the novelists and short-story writers who have exposed their peculiarities to the public, and in the last feud in Clay County they escorted the reporters out of the mountains and warned them not to return."

Novelists and other students of the mountain population have kept the murderous feuds in the foreground in what they have written. This is unjust only in its application to a few counties. In the main it is the ever-present shadow that darkens the fame and the near future of the people. The feud is a Scotch inheritance, and what Quentin Durward tells of the awful fate of his home and family in the Highlands in the fifteenth century many an Appalachian can repeat with truth out of his own experience to-day. That which most surprised me was to learn to what a broad extent feudal conditions still survive in our

mountains,—to hear that there are to-day many powerful families, supporting notable manors, owning large tracts of land, ruling considerable numbers of



NEARLY ALWAYS IN COUPLES UPON THE SAME HORSE

kith and kin and vassals, dispensing hospitality with almost barbaric liberality, protecting their clansmen, and exacting even armed support from them. It is needless to say that such families are

"above the law," which is in the keeping of their friends, or that this accounts in a great measure for the recklessness, savagery, and frequency of the feuds. We hear of great feuds, as the "Lincoln-Clay feud," the "McCabe-Boone feud," or whatever. But if any writer has ever explained that the names which distinguish these quarrels apart are often the names of the feudal rulers of a county, of the petty barons of a region, I have yet to read what he has written. Of one of the old irritations of this sort I had a traveller in the mountains tell me this story:

"I was on a visit to old General Dash last summer, when the feud between his people and the next most powerful clan in that county had broken out anew. I know the old general well, and love him for a kindly, honorable, courteous, and brave gentleman, whose limitations of knowledge and civilization are, after all, such as leave him a broad and wise man when compared with his neighbors. His people have lived in and around what we will call Great Squaw Fork for centuries. They own the land; they are the judges, preachers, juries, deputies, and all the rest, for that great region.

Among his kin, his tenants, and his 'by-woners,' or squatters, the general can muster eighty or a hundred men who are so close to him as to consider it their duty to kill or be killed for him. These henchmen in their turn can call upon many under-dependents to serve them—for money, for favors, or from fear.

"As I came within twenty miles of the general's sprawling two-story frame house, so famed for its free cheer to all who passed that way, I was suddenly surrounded by armed men on horseback, who came out from a thicket and gathered before and behind me. They very politely asked me who I was, where I came from, and whither I was bound.



THE MOONSHINER



THEY MEND, WEAVE, KNIT

Vol. CVII.—No. 637—5

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When they heard that I was a Northern man about to visit the general, they thanked me, and disappeared as suddenly as they had come. Every five miles thereafter I met with this same experience. I was surrounded, stopped, questioned, and let go. At last I reached the old general's house, and on the road in front of it found several men carrying rifles and lounging about in twos and threes, with their horses tethered to the fence. A few feet away on his ample porch sat the general smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper. His rifle stood close to his chair. My welcome was hearty. 'We are hev'in' a little trouble with our neighbors,' the general explained, 'but it shall not mar the pleasure of your visit. If you will stay and pay us a long visit, we can easily arrange a truce to cover that length of time; or we will go about our affairs and pay them as little attention as they merit. This is a quarrel between the boys, and is not of my seeking, but it reopens a very old sore, and must be settled by the best men, who, I may say with more accuracy than boasting, have always been on my side. You find me settin' yere on my porch because I hev sent word to the others that I shall be yere whenever they come and whenever they want to try conclusions with me.'

There are three millions of Americans in these mountains, in eight of our States, and two millions of them are without schooling. "Our belated ancestors," they are called by President Frost of Berea College—the chief seat of learning that has been established to lift these people up. "Seventeenth-century British surviving the nineteenth," some other student has characterized them. "Those Western emigrants whose wagon-axles broke in the mountains," is another saying to account for their beginning. "The laggards of the original American stock," is a phrase one might helpfully add to this collection.

The theory that these mountain people are descendants of the early "bound-men," or indentured servants, originally sent to Virginia from the slums and jails of England, is wholly false. The mountain folk are of the same Scotch-Irish, and to a lesser extent English and German, stock which dominated the

early immigration to New York and Pennsylvania. What reason they had for stopping in the mountains when their neighbors went on westward is not certain. I suspect that they were content with the rich valleys, abundant water, excellent climate, and beautiful scenery they found there. Those who are in the mountains to-day have stood still at the plane of civilization on which they found themselves at birth in the mother-lands, but not all who settled the region were as stagnant. From these mountains have gone out the people who settled the region between southern Indiana and the Gulf, who overrode the French population between St. Louis and New Orleans, and who settled Arkansas, New Mexico, and Texas. It is said that Oklahoma is a pure scion of this mountain race. From this stock came Andrew Jackson, Andrew Johnson, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Boone, the Logans, Carters, Buchanans, Pikes, Clays, Knotts, and ever so many other old American families which have had highly distinguished members.

These are exponents of an arrested civilization, yet are not degenerate. They make illicit whiskey because their ancestors made it a prominent product of the corn belt. They drink less of it than almost any other people in the United States. They carry on feuds and commit murders because they have been isolated sufficiently long to have undertaken their own communal control in their own way, and because in doing so they have lost their individual self-control. They were penned up in their mountains because slavery shut out white labor and left them no market for their skill and strength. And, to recur again to their murders and feuds, slavery led the men of the lowlands to become comparatively careless of human life and to grow impatient of the procedure and delays of the courts, setting these neighbors, who looked down from their mountain crags upon the realm of King Cotton, a very bad example at the same time that it denied them a chance to expand, circulate, and mingle with the progressive elements at work elsewhere in the republic.

With making and drinking whiskey and killing one another with the weapons they always carried while there was game

to kill (and still carry to-day, when there are only squirrels and wild turkeys to shoot), their wickedness ends. They are not thieves nor liars; their women are chaste; an assault upon a woman calls for instant death, and seduction must be atoned for by marriage or death. Almost every man is a landowner and tills what land he owns; even the preachers (who are the leaders of the people) gain their living with their hands, for it is accounted wicked to sell sermons or to pray for a salary. They are a pious people, who were originally Presbyterians, but lost their pastors and took up with Baptists of three sects and with Campbellite leaders.

No schools were provided for them, and they were too poor to establish their own, so that they came to think education a superfluity, if not an evil. "My father got all the corn out of his farm that the land would yield, and he wasn't eddicated," said one man to me. "I do the same, and I hain't eddicated. The only difference I kin see between you-uns that's eddicated and we-uns that hain't is that you-uns is all-fired proud and stuck-up." Another anecdote illustrates this view in other words. A Cincinnati lady, seated in the parlor of a summer-resort hotel in the mountains, overheard two mountain-men talking, and this is what they said:

"Say, Bill, I wonder, if we-uns hed book-l'arnin' like them thar folks, would we-uns do like they-uns do?"

"If," the other replied, repeating the words of the question, as is a common custom in the mountains—"if we-uns hed book-l'arnin' like those thar folk, would we-uns do like they-uns do? Well,

I reckon we'd do a smart sight better than them folks yonder."

Far from altogether retrograding, these people cherish liberty as a priceless heritage. They never would hold slaves, and we may almost say they never will be enslaved. They are true democrats, holding all men to be equals in human society, as they are taught that all of us are before God. Their ancestors fought for our independence at Kings Mountain and Guilford Court House in the war of the Revolution; they brought victory to Jackson at New Orleans; they rushed

into the war against England in 1812 and into the Mexican war. In the civil war they fought on both sides, but were mainly with the North, and in the recent war to liberate Cuba only one portion of our country furnished more volunteers than did the mountain region. They are a pious people, prone to interpret the Bible literally, strongly imbued with the doctrine of predestination, more or less superstitious, as they are more or less out of touch with the world at large, hospitable to an extreme degree,

proud of their lineage, timid, shy, and awkward in the presence of strangers, and unable to brook criticism of their political or religious beliefs. They are often greedy for education; they imitate with astonishing quickness the dress and manners of the rest of us, whom they call "furriners," when sent to Berea College or to the lowland towns. It is generally declared that when they break away from their mountain surroundings they show great ambition, and prove fit for any trust or work that is offered, even when it might easily be thought beyond their capabilities.



AN APPALACHIAN SHERIFF

Incidents illustrative of some of these traits are the following: A man living on Hell-for-sartain Creek refused to allow his sick baby to be taken to the hospital at Berea College, "because," he argued, "if she's a-goin' to live, she'll git well, anyhow, I reckon, and I don't guess, if she's a-goin' to die, nothin' no one kin do won't save her." Again, a man on Bullsken Creek, in explaining why his child died, said that "no one couldn't make her take no medicine. She just wouldn't take it. She was a Baker through and through, and you never could make a Baker do nothin' he didn't want to do." A mountaineer in Tennessee heard his wife complain that no matter how hard she churned and no matter what she did, she could not make butter come that day. "That thar's Nance Clay's doin's," said the husband. "I'll soon fix her." He proceeded to draw the figure of a woman on a sheet of paper, and when it was finished he marked with an oval the place where her heart would be. He pinned the paper on the wall of his log cabin, melted a silver coin into the form of a bullet, took down his rifle, aimed at the drawing, and shot the bullet through the oval. He believed that a neighbor named Nancy Clay—presumably an aged spinster of shrewish temper or meddling disposition—had bewitched the milk, and that by shooting her through the heart in the drawing he could cause her to sicken and die. This is a very ancient notion found in one form or another among the red Indians, the negroes, the Asiatics, and many other old races.

I have heard a man tell of another mountaineer who explained his captivity in jail in these words: "It was my own fault. I worked for a man, and I seen a snake in the stable and I killed it. I was a plumb idiot to do it, for I knowed that if any one killed a snake in a stable a horse was bound to die. The best horse in the stable did die, and when the man I worked for asked me did I kill the snake, I warn't a-goin' to lie. He had me 'rested, and, as I wouldn't lie to the judge, I got sent here for three months."

The man who "fixed" Nance Clay by shooting at a picture of her must have retained traces of the progressive spirit of his remote ancestors, for he said one

day, when an acquaintance met him on horseback a long way from home, "I'm a-goin' to the town to buy me a book of eatikwet" (etiquette) "to l'arn me how to behave in the polite society of humans." But he lived close by a resort of health-seekers from the inland cities, and constant observation of their peculiar ways aroused his envy and ambition. This illustration recalls another. There went back to her home in the Cumberland Mountains one summer a girl who had been away among strangers. She had learned the beauty, if not the value, of tidiness; she had mastered the strange trick of using two sheets on a bed, whereas no one at her home had ever heard of more than the one sheet that "extry nice" people slept on. She had become habituated to cleanly bodily ways; in short, she was enamored of all the manners of the town folk. Back once again in her mountain cabin, she had with difficulty effected many revolutionary changes in the dismal routine at home; she had impressed upon her "mam" and her "grandmam" and brothers and sisters the necessity for order, tidiness, and cleanliness in their persons and their cabin appointments. But her father was hard to convert. He would not be cleanly, and as to the matter of an occasional change of linen, he remarked, decisively, that he had taken an oath, in consequence of a wager upon Bryan's chances for the Presidency, that he would never change his shirt. The progressive daughter left his case until the last. When all other important home reform had been established she went up to this obstinate parent.

"Pap, change yer shirt," she commanded.

"That," said the old man, "I ben't a-goin' to do."

The daughter stepped behind the door and took down the old man's gun, cocked the trigger, and levelled it at his head.

"Pap," said she, "change yer shirt."

"I reckon I'll hev to," said he. And he did.

As it is morally (?) incumbent to drink a great deal on Christmas, that holiday is regarded with dread by the timid strangers and the women in the mountains. No woman, I suspect, ever has



THE WOMEN ARE ALL DRUDGES AFTER MARRIAGE

been deliberately murdered in these mountains, yet all are accustomed to pray that they may "die in bed." When two young men fell out on a Christmas and killed each other, one father's only remark was, "I'd oughter got him a

crowds, and the already hot blood and sudden tempers of the men become thereby inflamed. In one well-known case a Baptist preacher was suspected of having betrayed a "moonshine" whiskey still to the government officials. The injured owner of the little movable distillery aimed a rifle at the preacher's head. The preacher was the quicker man, and killed the moonshiner with his pistol. This occurred on a Thursday. The preacher delivered himself to the sheriff, stood his trial, was acquitted, and returned to his church in time to preach a Saturday-evening sermon, in which he made no reference to his adventure.

The last anecdote must not be taken as indicative of the character of all the mountain preachers. They are nearly all good men, according to their lights, and are the leaders of the people. Few are educated, and some are wholly illiterate. Very many are opposed to the education of their people. Nearly all are farmers. I have heard of one who, having visited a town and heard that the ministers there were preparing Easter sermons for the following Sunday, went back to the mountains and searched his Bible for a reference to Easter

in order to provide himself with a text; on the following Sunday he preached from the Book of Esther.

A mountain chapel is always spoken of as "the church-house," and a jail is called a "jail-house," just as we and the mountain folk both speak of a court-house and a school-house. A church-house in the mountains is a plain building, with two doors in front and windows at the side, but never any steeple. Very rarely it is differentiated from the school-houses by a sign upon a long board on one of the doors. The women enter by one door, and the men by the other. There is a platform at the rear, and it is often carpeted. It supports a rigidly plain pulpit, and in front of that, down on the level floor, is a table. The pews are plain benches; and well forward, in a place set apart for it, is a wood-burning



A MOUNTAIN PREACHER AT THE CHURCH-HOUSE

better pistol." Yet most mountain-men exhibit very deep emotions at funerals, at the departure from home of a daughter or a son, and over any serious mishap to a relative or to a friend. Whenever there are crowds there is liable to be shooting,—at the county towns on court days, for instance, or what are called "protracted meetin's" (revival meetings, as others say) in the mountain churches.

"I drapped in t' ask if you would lend me yer pistol," said one mountain-man to another.

"I'm right sorry I can't 'blige you," the other replied, "but hit's the only pistol I've got, and there's going to be a protracted meetin' at our church in a day or two, so I don't feel as if I could spare hit."

Whiskey circulates where there are

stove, whose smoke-pipe rambles away along the ceiling to one wall or another. Lithographed Bible pictures are tacked on the wall behind the pulpit, and there is sometimes a melodeon or parlor-organ, though this is a rare luxury. From the ceiling, between the doors, dangles a rope used for ringing a small bell on the roof. Often the only notice the people scattered about the neighborhood have of an impending service is given by a few strokes of the church-house bell. The preacher gives out the hymns, and the women start the singing. He prays and preaches, and while he preaches the men go in and out, meeting one another outside to swap knives, to gossip, or to drive a bargain. In warm weather there is a constant movement of men going to and from the table, on which there always stands a pitcher of spring-water and a glass. Babies that are able to do so toddle up and down the aisles, walk upon the pulpit platform, and sit down there to play.

The girls are often married at thirteen. Marriages at fourteen or fifteen are very common, and a girl of twenty is considered an old maid and ineligible if she has younger sisters. What I have seen of the girls and whatever I have heard of them and their mothers has roused my pity. The oldest daughter in one of these always large mountain families is almost certain to begin her life of drudging while very young, and as the women are all drudges after marriage and are married in childhood, drudging is their lot until they die.

They do all the work of cabin and farm, excepting during the few days at harvest-time, when the men help to garner the crops. They bear very many children; they cook, wash, mend, weave, knit, plough, hoe, weed, milk the cows, and do practically all else that is to be done. The men loaf about on horseback along the roads, visit their neighbors, the store, and the nearest village, and have as good and easy a time as they know how.

Lute-Song

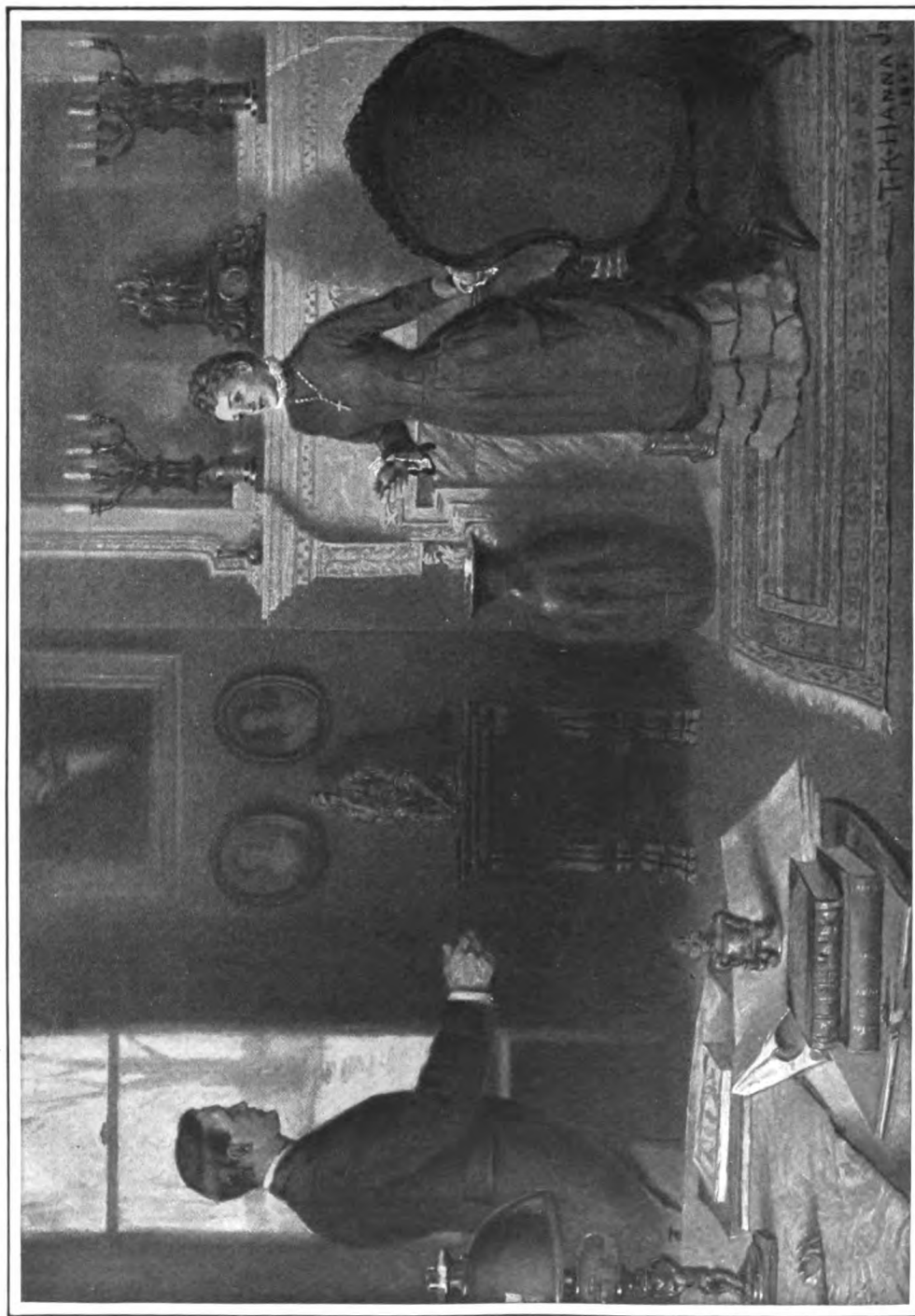
BY MADISON CAWEIN

WHAT will you send her,
What will you tell her,
That shall unbend her,
That shall compel her?

Love, that shall fold her
So naught can sever;
Truth, that shall hold her
Ever and ever.

What will you do then
So she'll ne'er grieve you?
Knowing you true then,
Never will leave you?

I'll lay before her,
There in her bower,
Aye to adore her,
My heart like a flower.



"HE CAME FORWARD"

See page 45

From a Clear Sky

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

SHE came to see me, looking as she stood in the door fit "matter for a May morning." Through the open window I could watch the blossoms covering the cherry-trees and hear the twitter of the birds, but something of the very spirit of spring seemed to enter with her. She came in hurriedly and then paused, advancing only with lagging step, so that I understood that although she had been carried so far by the strength of her resolution, her courage was beginning to give out.

"Oh, Miss Selwyn!" she exclaimed.

I tried to make myself look as amiable as possible, but it is difficult to wreath with ingratiating smiles a countenance of marked regularity of feature, to which time has added a somewhat severe expression, tightly drawn-back gray hair, and spectacles.

"Are you busy?" she continued. "But you are. You always are."

I explained that for once there was no one and nothing requiring attention; that it was not necessary for me either to get a cooking-stove out of pawn or a husband out of the penitentiary; that there had not been any new difficulty either at the hospital or the "School"; that as the Common Council was not in session that day, I was not obliged to be present at its meeting to speak in regard to a system of drainage which I was determined to have introduced in the lower part of the town—that, in short, I had a period of comparative leisure, since I did not have to start for All Hail Hall, where there was to be a "Mothers' Meeting," for half an hour; though at that point I had to beg her to wait a moment while I wrote a note ordering some needed supplies about which I had nearly forgotten. She sat down restlessly. I could see that she considered the business upon which she had come the most important in the world, and that she resented a little being

obliged to wait for the shortest time. At length I finished the few lines, rang for a messenger, and turning to her, looked at her propitiatingly.

"It's about Harry," she said.

Of course it was about Harry. It is always about "Harry," but generally she does not introduce the subject with such outspoken frankness. She begins with something apparently very far away from that interesting young man, and works by guileful transitions round to the subject about which she has really come to talk to me. The last time she quite deceived me. She began her visit by announcing that she thought it was wrong that our song-birds should be slaughtered to supply the trimmings for our hats, and asked me to join a society for the discouragement of such wanton destruction. But within five minutes we were talking about "Harry," though what the steps were that led to that inexhaustible subject I am utterly unable to say.

"I am so troubled," she went on. "And I don't quite know what to do."

In a moment of thoughtlessness I asked her if he had displeased her in any way, and was at once brought to a realization of my outrageous impropriety in imagining such a thing by the surprised and pained look in her face.

"Harry!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Why, of course not."

I expressed my contrition in sufficiently humble terms, and after a time she consented to be mollified, and continued.

"No," she said. "It's an important question—about what I owe to him, and what I owe to others and to myself."

As she had absolutely surrendered every thought—merged her whole being in him—I was a little astonished.

"You know," she went on, "that I have been interested—because I thought it was right—in trying to do some good in the world."

She was so serious that I did not like

to tell her that I had never thought of her as being very actively engaged in that pursuit. To be sure, she came every Wednesday evening to All Hail Hall to teach the older girls dancing—and very conscientiously and charmingly she did it—but to one for whom the hours of the day were a treadmill of “duties” this seemed a little like that quantity of which the mathematical books of my youth spoke so slightly as being “so infinitely small that it might be neglected.”

“And you know that Aunt Margaret has thought that I was rather foolish about that,” she said.

Aunt Margaret! I am sure that my eyes snapped viciously behind my spectacles, while my lips shut very tightly, and my fingers tapped impatiently on the desk before me. Undoubtedly she was once my greatest friend, but that was long ago, and—a great deal had happened, though if I look into my heart of hearts I am obliged to confess that the only fault that I can find with her is that—there is really no fault to find. Except for a little worldliness and selfishness— But never mind. I really can discover no decent pretext for condemning her, and I won't try.

“She told me a story that troubled me,” said my pretty visitress.

I could imagine Margaret as she said what she had to say, with her gentle, sympathetic voice and her soothing, tolerant manner. Even if it were something disagreeable, she would communicate it more pleasantly than another. This was always her way, and, indeed, it was her avowed principle to make life as comfortable as possible for those about her, and almost unconsciously she used every feminine grace and charm, and sometimes a little feminine deception, to accomplish this.

“It was such a very insignificant story—in a way,” my caller went on. “And yet I cannot forget it, and the more I try, the more I remember it. In a manner it might apply to me and my—relations with Harry, and that's how I am sure Aunt Margaret intended me to look at it.”

How very like Margaret, I thought, to try to reach a result through the perfectly non-committal means of a story, but I said nothing.

“There was a girl,” she said, “just like me. No; because she was very rich and all alone in the world, and could do exactly as she pleased. But she was like me in this, that she was anxious to be of some use and do some good in the world, though I know that you don't think really that I am.”

She looked up at me, and with a glance convicted me of ungenerous skepticism.

“And she was like me too because there was a man who was—very fond of her. She liked him very much too; but she had ‘ideals,’ and beliefs as to what was a modern woman's duty. But the man laughed at her. Well, Harry laughs at me. Only the other day he said, when he answered me after he had laughed at me when I asked him if I might study to be a trained nurse—he said that he couldn't see, for his part, why I wanted to do a thing that seemed to him so absurd.”

I stopped her to call attention to the fact that, in one short sentence she had employed the personal pronoun “he” five times, using the objective and dative case “him,” and also throwing in the possessive “his.” I added that I did not mind hearing about “Harry” in moderation, but that if she talked about him so much she could not get on with her narration.

“Anyway,” she went on, repentantly, “I told him that I could take care of him when he was unwell, and then he said that he didn't see why he—”

Whereupon she had the grace to blush, and paused.

“Well,” she resumed, “the story. I am going to call the man Stephen, because I happen to know that his name was Stephen, and it's easier to call him by some name. He was very much in love, and did not care at all about ‘charity,’ or ‘education,’ or the elevation of anybody or anything. He just wanted to marry the girl and live happily ever afterward. Harry—”

Here she paused, even laughing at herself, and then went on:

“But the girl could not feel that it was right to give up all her plans and purposes. As I told you, she had a large fortune—a fortune so large that it was almost a business to take care of it—and so she had very early got into the way of doing things and being called upon to

do things. Whenever there was any money needed in the place for any public purpose, they always came to her, and gradually she had got drawn into all sorts of philanthropic work and interested in it. She felt that she could do so much, and that she ought to do more. But she liked Stephen very much, and he talked of things when they were married that would have made it necessary for her to give up the greater part of her work. So the time passed, and at last Stephen grew very impatient.

"He was rich enough himself, and had always lived the life of the world without very much question about 'duty' or 'responsibility,' and could not think why she should want to do anything except what every one else did. Oh, they had a great deal of trouble about it. Aunty Margaret said that sometimes it seemed to the girl that he was urging her to give up everything that was the best and the 'highest' in her life. As she really cared about him, while at the same time she was very much in earnest, she was very unhappy. Marriage seemed to her an end of so much. She thought she saw so clearly what would happen. She would go away with Stephen, and be lost in his interests and pursuits, which were just those of an ordinary man. She would have to give up the very greater part of all that she had come to consider the things the best worth doing.

"Often she was shocked to think of sinking so completely her own identity. She wanted to develop herself in her own way—to cultivate and attain her own ultimate individuality. And marriage, as it seemed to her, would necessarily be the end of all that. She was afraid that she would become like one of the hundreds of women whom she had seen and really despised, who had no other thought except of their husbands and their homes. An intelligent woman, she believed, should play more of a part in the world; that there was more for her to do than merely make a husband comfortable and a house pretty. She was not unusual. She was afraid of surrendering her own life—of putting herself out of her own keeping. I have known a number of girls like that. Haven't you?"

The narrator paused and looked at me, so I nodded my head gently.

"Stephen argued with her," my caller continued, "and said that what he wanted her to do was only what almost all other women did. She said that was not an argument, or if it was one, that it was an argument on her side. She answered that some women should show that they had minds of their own, and could live lives of their own. That the example would be a good one, and that they owed it to the others to assert themselves. She told Stephen that she wanted to wait—to be sure. And he agreed, and was patient for a time. But he grew restless at last, and she resented a good deal his wishing to hasten her. That he did, made her think that she was right in believing that she could not be herself with him when he would not let her have her way about this. He really cared about her a good deal, and through his caring, and his wish to make her his wife, he was rather dictatorial at times, and this drove her into opposition at once. And yet she loved him really, and suffered terribly—drawn one way by her affection, and the other by her fears and fancies. In fact, I should think that she had not quite known what she wanted. Certainly she didn't know her own mind. And all the time she was only trying to do what she thought was right, and to reach the best. Harry—"

But she remembered herself, and paused abruptly.

"They had a quarrel," she went on, "or a kind of a quarrel, and he went away. A friend of his was going to Africa to find a lake or shoot something, and Stephen went with him. He wrote to her, and she wrote to him, too, and told him all that she was doing. As you may imagine, though, in the centre of Africa, or some corner or other of it, the post was not very regular, and there were long times during which they did not hear from one another. He had not been gone very long—hardly a year—when the girl began to feel very lonely and tired, and wished very much that he would come back again. She missed him very much, and as the time went on she missed him more and more. At length she had to confess that she couldn't get on without him. She had lost interest in all her charities and all the 'work' that she had undertaken, but still she

kept determinedly at it, more than she had ever done before. Do you find what I am telling you very stupid?"

The narrator paused suddenly, but I somewhat hastily assured her that I was listening most carefully.

"Because," she said, "I don't see how I can tell you any shorter. Anyway, one day she heard that he was coming back quite unexpectedly. Of course she was greatly excited. Then she knew that he was in town. You can imagine how she felt, for now she knew that she loved him. She thought that he must come to see her at once, and he did—almost. Then—I don't exactly know how to tell you so that you will understand."

I murmured that she had better tell me the story in her own way, and that I would try to supply a sufficient amount of comprehension.

"It was the autumn," my visitress resumed, "when he came back, and already the afternoons were getting very short. She was sitting in her library when he came. It was a dull, rainy day, so that there was a fire in the grate. The flames were burning low, and it was all very dark and still. As he entered the room she could hardly speak, because of all that she was feeling. He came forward and shook hands with her, and she hoped that he would not notice how she was trembling. He sat down and began to talk. He told her how glad he was to be back, and asked her about her life and occupations, and she asked him short, nervous little questions about Africa. Then they fell into discussion about the people in the place, and the changes, and what was going on. Finally he got up and held out his hand. 'I am going to be here now,' he said, 'and it will be so very nice seeing you again. We have been friends so long, and there is no one like an old friend.' She murmured something, and then he went out of the room, and—that was all."

My visitress made such a long pause that I was forced to say something, so I asked how she knew so much about it.

"As I said," she replied, "Aunt Margaret told me, and very fully."

I was silent.

"I suppose," she said, "that you wonder how Aunt Margaret came to know. Well, perhaps I ought not to tell you, but, you see, Aunt Margaret married Stephen."

Then I asked lamely why I had been told all this.

"Why," she exclaimed, "have you forgotten? It was about Harry and myself, and whether you believed that my wanting to follow my own ideas could come between us in that way—and what I ought to do."

I started up somewhat abruptly, murmuring a number of things, and among others speaking of useless absurdities.

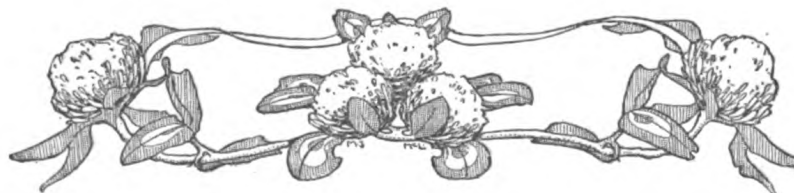
"But," she remonstrated, "I am not a child, and I will not be called a child, and you must not call me one."

And then it was that I delivered an address to my gentle hearer that I am sure astonished her, and I think rather shocked her by its fierce vehemence. I do not remember exactly what I said, but I made "Harry" as much of a feature as ever she had done, and ended by telling her to forget everything else but "Harry," and to go and be happy in her own useless, foolish fashion.

"Why," she said, looking at me with wide-open eyes in startled wonder, "Miss Selwyn, how—strange you are to-day!"

I laughed at that in a way that I know made her think me stranger still, as I drew her to the door and almost forced her out—fairly thrusting her from the room, and locking myself in when I was alone.

Strange! I wonder if I was strange? But then all had come from a clear sky. This was my own story she had been telling, and it was I who had loved—Stephen.



The Way to Larger Culture

BY A. A. STEVENS

NO one can live long in one of our large towns or cities without becoming conscious of a somewhat pitiful nudity of interest in the lives of most of the comfortably dressed, comfortably fed, comfortably housed people who throng its public places. Only infrequently a face or voice betrays the inward serenity that comes from experiencing fullness of life. The majority measure all values by the standard of cost in money, have no genuine appreciation of art or literature, and seem sad because they are sadly in need of something interesting to think about.

Middle-class life the world over, perhaps, is a bit dull, but middle-class life in America, peculiarly unassuaged as it is by picturesque or mitigating features, must smite with a correspondingly peculiar pity the casual observer of its dullness. Of conversation as an art it has no knowledge. Conversation, furthermore, is beyond its powers, for conversation requires ideas, and of these it is as guiltless as are said to be those multimillionaires concerning whom it so delights to gather anecdote. Spontaneous fun is equally foreign to its nature. The Latin and Celtic elements in our national mixing-pot are too slight as yet or too near the bottom of the mixture to have affected the prevailing Teutonic phlegm. Our middle class, jesting indifferently, however often, jests almost never with grace and abandon. Nor, by way of compensation, does it know the joys of hero worship. Your Great Unwashed is by nature idealistic, and your man of sound culture cannot live without his leaders, but the *οἱ πολλοί* of which I speak is too intelligent, so it would tell you, to be hoodwinked by appearances: is not one man, by the Constitution, as good as any other, and shall the independent citizen, forsooth, humble himself before any one—saving always, for purposes of business, the maker of the market? In-

dividuality is the right, almost the duty, of every American capable of its development. Yet, under the pressure of a vast and comparatively sudden material expansion, great numbers of our people for over a generation have been living under conditions that do not contribute to that development. On the one hand, they have lost the cultivating influences that accompanied a simpler life in less crowded surroundings, and on the other they have acquired new notions of success, and have become yoked beneath such a weight of gold-bedizened ideals as might well crush the mightiest and the meanest to one level of indistinction. How the millionaire gains his money and what he does with it are of small account in comparison with the effect produced by his millions on the minds and eyes of dazzled lookers-on. To the men who know literature only through as many morning and evening papers as they can afford to buy or may be lucky enough to borrow, who know humor only as manifested in contemporary vaudeville, and drama only as provided by the contemporary manager, who care little for fiction, who have never read history ("Who was this Josephine?" one of them inquired, when the recent misfortunes of her birthplace had brought the name of the Empress of the French into the penny papers), and whose names, even, mentioned on the same page with poetry, must be blotted as a profanation, leisure offers no solace more intellectual than the contemplation of business; to the women who are their mates it affords opportunity only for the creation or the nourishment of discontent.

To devise the means of creating in the children of such parents a desire for culture, to furnish them with the keys wherewith they may unlock the doors of a far wider and deeper personal life than has been known to most adults of the passing generation, to arm them with the only weapons which can render them

victors in the ever-recurrent struggle with materialism, to give thought and so create a hunger for thought, to give a sense for form and so create the desire for form—these are among the delicate and difficult tasks committed to the public schools, and especially to the teachers of English in the public schools.

To children seriously handicapped in life's race by grinding poverty there may be a valuable stimulus in the homespun stories anent Franklin's penny roll and Lincoln's rail-splitting, but the prosperous young persons we are now considering need rather to be stirred in early childhood with the tales on which the ages have grown cultured—to become hero-worshippers of Achilles and Odysseus and Siegfried and King Arthur, to live in worlds in which the dollar neither bought nor measured anything worth having. They need to be set reading the old, old classic books that "everybody knows"—*Alice in Wonderland*, *Lear's Nonsense Book*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Swiss Family*, *Tom Brown at Rugby*, Grimm, Andersen, and the *Arabian Nights*. Test the first five children you run across on a list as fundamental as this, and the results may startle you. Even the commonest legends of our fathers have ceased to be current among children, parents having abandoned for the most part the gentle art of story-telling, and much that should be a choice heritage of culture and delight to every well-reared child is being relegated to the mere student of folk-lore. Mothers, meantime, devise ever-increasingly elaborate apparel for their offspring, and fathers dive ever deeper into those inspired sources of wit and wisdom the daily newspapers. These be thy gods, O Israel! Truly the public school and the public library, united, seem but a small David to go forth against so mighty a Goliath. Yet when one considers the immense influence in formation of taste, in widening of ideas, in the creation of elasticity of outlook, so few books even as those mentioned above may exert, one may well take heart of grace and go forward. The young American hears too often only a cheap and bastard wit, no true kin to fun; let us start him early with *The Rose and the Ring*, and the *Peterkin Papers*, and the old-world caustic wisdom of *Æsop*. By

sixteen, often, he has imbibed an equally cheap contempt for enthusiasms; when he is much younger, then, let us entice his ear with that music of certain heroic names and deeds which, once keenly felt, will cease not at intervals through all his life to echo at once as a remembrance and a challenge. His outlook upon the world tending to be provincial and inelastic, his conversation suffers from a lack of ideas. It will cease to suffer so if he comes to live each day for a little space in unfamiliar times or countries, to follow the life and interests of Mowgli or of King Richard as eagerly as he follows his own, to learn slowly the great lesson of unity beneath diversity taught by all history and all literature.

What must be the qualifications of the teacher who is to accomplish such results? Most important of any is a deep personal feeling for literature. Scarcely less important is the sympathetic power that will enable her to communicate her enthusiasms. She must love the very syllables of the tale of Troy, and she must love all in her pupils to which that tale will appeal, if she is to give them the thrill its telling should rightfully awaken. Such love and such sympathy are not to be had for the mere asking. Rare enough, to begin with, they are the fruit of refined conditions, of long training, of special cultivation. Their exercise involves a physical and spiritual drain which necessitates frequent repairing. The life of a teacher is often somewhat isolated; her opportunities for association with congenial people are limited. Those communities do well which recognize this, and by raising the standard of salaries make it possible for her to travel, to purchase books, to hear the best music and the few great actors and actresses. For the teacher of English in particular there is always the danger that, exhausted by the drudgery of her work, she will sink into an uninspiring routine. Her own interest in life must be fresh and strong, her own sense of the fulness of life unabated, if her pupils, led joyously into the realms of literature, are to grow eager under a sense of that strength and fulness.

To many of these pupils their teachers are the sole representatives of a life in which thought ranks higher than sensa-

tion, character than money, cultivation than display. Through their teachers alone does there seem to be any chance of their laying hold of sound principles of value. The dress and manner of the teacher may be furnishing a standard of fitness quite as important as that established by her speech or her information. The young person who forbade her pupils to recognize her on the street because she did not wish passers-by to divine her vocation represents a class of women—comparatively innumerable, it is to be hoped—whose capacity for harm seems in inverse proportion to their weight. The whole matter of the selection of teachers for the lower grades is one of extreme difficulty and delicacy, bound up as it is with the high-school and training-school systems. The desirable tastes and breadth of culture must be lacking in many girls whose ambition, or the ambition of whose parents for a better social position and higher grade of work, leads to the successful prosecution of a high-school and training or normal school course. It is difficult to deny to such the fruit of their labors. The practice of specializing the English teaching even in the lowest grades might render their presence least injurious.

Theory and experience alike justify one definite enunciation: Only young women who have read, who know how to read, who like to read, and who from day to day find it necessary, for their souls' comfort, to read, should be allowed to teach English. No second-rate information as to who wrote what, and when and where he lived and died, will answer. Each instructor must herself have scaled the walls of heaven. Her reed, then, however tiny, will transmit the real fire. Only the genuine lover can arouse a genuine love.

Long ago the rewards that come to the cultivator of books were painted by Sydney Smith in colors none too glowing, for his words have stood the test of time: "Well and happily has that man

conducted his understanding who has learned to derive from the exercise of it regular occupation and rational delight; . . . there are many consolations in the mind of such a man which no common life can ever afford, and many enjoyments which it has not to give! . . . It is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it; to give up to it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasure; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness and sorrow and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and all times."

In countless cases the aspiration for this discipline and for the fulness of individual development it gives might be substituted, wisely, and with no great difficulty, for the traditional aim of the ambitious American youth—political notoriety or the acquisition of great wealth. Comparatively few boys out of a whole generation have the gifts or the opportunity to become millionaires, governors, or senators. Most of them, with encouragement, may acquire a measurable and pleasurable degree of personal cultivation.

In 1849, at the death of another Smith,—Horace, this one, a London broker, who had retired early from business, and had spent thirty years in the enjoyment of society and *belles-lettres*,—there appeared this appreciation in the *Examiner*: "He was a man of correct taste and the most generous sympathies, a cheerful and wise companion and a fast friend."

It is men and women of correct taste, cheerful and wise companions, of whom every-day life in America stands most sorely in need. It is in the increase of such that we may look for the remedy for some of the most annoying social evils with which we are afflicted. It is to the development of such that no small part of the energy of teachers in public schools may be most profitably directed.

A Kidnapped Colony

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

IN TWO PARTS

PROLOGUE

WHOEVER knows John Lindsay will find no impossibility in this short, suppressed chapter of his history. And no one who does not know the man will think of taking it as anything but pure fiction. Every one has two sides, but Lindsay is an octagon. Uppermost is his charm, which the elevator-boy feels, and the lady he takes out to dinner. There is in him a shrewd business ability, and with it a reckless vein which seems out of drawing, till you have boxed the compass of his qualities. Add to force and charm a striking physical beauty, and a sweetness and purity of character felt as surely as if he were five instead of thirty-five, and one may perhaps realize how miraculously he fitted into the slip of the kaleidoscope that brought about an extraordinary week.

I

The *Trinidad*, which sailed at five, had left New York Bay behind, and the land of the free was fast evaporating in a red and orange sunset. The passengers had mostly gone below to what would prove for many of them their last meal for more than two days, but a solitary exception stood by the rail of the after-deck and looked down pensively at the dark, lashing waves. A tall young Englishman, whose ugly and peculiar features were full of intelligence and attraction, belated for his dinner, rushed from one of the deck cabins, and seeing the slender figure, stopped short.

"Mrs. Clinton! Aren't you going down to dinner?"

The young woman turned a piquant face toward him, and shook her head slowly.

"Ah, but don't give in like that, you know. You'd much better, really. It's all a question of will, don't you know?"

Her eyes flashed. "That's the one speech I won't have, Mr. Ogilvie. It isn't a question of will any more than measles. You don't know anything about it if you say so." She lifted large gray eyes to him, with a look of appeal that had been the finish of better men. "You don't think I'm seasick, do you?" she demanded, pathetically. "I'm trying to believe I'm just—not hungry."

Ogilvie gave in at once. "Right you are. Don't think you're ill, and you won't be. Perhaps you'd better stay up, but let me have a bit of dinner sent you."

Mrs. Clinton made a quick gesture. "Don't say such things, please. Go along and dine, and then come and make me forget my troubles."

So Ogilvie disappeared down the companionway, with a last admonition to "be sure you don't get chilled," and Mrs. Clinton, turning her back again and leaning across the rail, watched the white, dashing wake of the ship.

A passenger, a man of thirty-five or so, with one arm swinging in a great white sling, and followed by a valet, came out from the deck cabin farthest aft. As he stood steadying himself against the edge of the cabin while his chair was straightened and the rugs spread, that great man the Captain, bustling down to his dinner, came upon them, and stopped short, his eyes falling upon the initials "J. B. L." in large black letters on the steamer chair, and then upon the bandaged arm in its conspicuous sling. With a start, his beefy hand flew to his cap, and he stood bare-headed and bowing before the stranger, who turned upon him wide, dark eyes, with deep circles beneath them that told of suffering.

"Good-evening, sir!" said the Captain. "Why, good-evening, sir! This is truly an unexpected pleasure!" With



"WERE YOU THERE ALL THE TIME?" HE ASKED

increasing volubility and affability. "Fancy, sir, I didn't know you were on board. We understood that your arm was so bad it would prevent our having the pleasure of taking you down this trip, sir. We got word to that effect, sir."

The passenger, with a puzzled expression, stared at him. "The devil you did!" was all he said. But he needed to say nothing more, for the Captain's vocabulary was more than enough for two. He went on, in an eager torrent of suavity:

"So glad you're finding yourself comfortable enough to travel, sir. If there's anything we can do for you that's been overlooked, kindly have your man notify me. The trip down should do you a world of good, sir."

The valet was helping his master into his chair, and the Captain carefully steadied him on the other side.

"There, my man, we mustn't jostle His Excellency's arm," he warned the servant.

The stranger's dark face brightened with a charming smile. "Thanks, Captain," he said. "You're very good. But what do you mean by saying you got word about my arm?"

"Oh, didn't you send us word yourself, sir?" asked the Captain. "But, however, it's of no importance now, is it? You're having dinner on deck quietly, I see. You've given the steward your orders, sir? Very good. Kindly remember that anything I can do for you is a privilege—the ship is entirely at your service. . . . But I mustn't disturb you longer. Good-evening, Your Excellency." And with another impressive sweep of his cap the voluble Captain was gone.

Mrs. Clinton, not noticing the two first comers on the empty deck, had turned at the sound of the officer's big voice, and stood a few feet away, a slight, swaying figure in her long coat, listening as he talked. As his large back disappeared around the corner of the cabin, she tipped forward with a gay little sandpiper walk that was charming, in her, and her whole, irregular, fascinating small face gleamed with excitement.

"Jack!" she said. "Oh, Jack!" and the man in the chair, turning his head a bit stiffly over the lame arm, looked at her.

"Were you there all the time, Annette?" he asked. "I didn't see you."

"Jack, don't talk!" cried Mrs. Clinton. "Let me talk! There's the most stupendous possibility opening before us! Didn't you understand what the Captain—" She stopped suddenly and looked at the impassive valet. "Isn't O'Neill going to see to your dinner?" she asked.

"That's all, O'Neill," said his master. "Yes, dinner at once. You may go now."

Little Mrs. Clinton dropped into another chair, and, her tiny face flushed, her gray eyes burning like coals, began to talk to him. With affectionate amusement he listened a minute—two minutes. Then he started, then laughed and shook his head.

"You can't seriously think I'd do such a thing," he said, "Annette."

The soft, full voice, with the indescribable finish of accent that voices have which speak several languages, went on eagerly. On and on. And the man, listening, laughed and protested, and threw in a gentle word or two of sarcasm first, of interest and amusement afterward. And there was the steward, shooting across the deck, after the reckless manner of stewards, with an enormous tray. Mrs. Clinton directed him, talked to him, joked with him, so that the real consignee of the dinner had no chance for a word. And as he went off, smiling and purring, she called him softly.

"Steward!"

He turned, still smiling, at the companionway.

"Will you be good enough to send the Governor's man, O'Neill? Just tell O'Neill that Mrs. Clinton wants him at once." With emphasis on her own name.

"Annette," said the man in the chair, his eyebrows drawn together, his mouth grave, "this won't do. I can't be forced into—"

Annette interrupted him. "Of course not, Jack. Excuse me. I suppose I really shouldn't—" Then she interrupted herself. "There's Mr. Ogilvie. Oh, good!" And she flew across the deck in her light, birdlike way to the tall figure of the young Englishman just issuing from the doorway.

Rapidly, eagerly, in the plaintive voice that pulled at heart-strings, she talk-

ed to him. The young man's peculiar monkeylike face, with its bright winter-apple color, and lines marked deeply in a leathery skin, was on a broad grin at once, and after a moment he burst out with a startled shout of laughter.

"By Jove!" he said. And then: "Don't see why not. I could manage it. Not another boat down for a week. Cable's often out of order. I could arrange that. I've all the papers. Jove! Revenge is sweet, and I owe the old boy one for this deal. Don't see why not!"

A moment later Mrs. Clinton, advancing ceremoniously by the side of the tall Mr. Ogilvie to the man in the steamer chair, said, "Governor Lindsay, it's curious you've not met before, but I want to present to you your nephew and new secretary, Mr. Theodore Ogilvie."

The man addressed as Governor Lindsay dropped quickly the paper he had been reading, put out a friendly hand to the young Englishman, and looked at him with the same winning smile which had charmed the Captain. "You'll excuse me for sitting still," he said. "It's quite a trick for me to get up and down just now." He glanced at the sling, and then, "You don't hold me responsible for Mrs. Clinton, I hope, Mr. Ogilvie?"

But at that Mrs. Clinton, never silent for long, took up the tale. "Jack, I'm going to leave you in Mr. Ogilvie's hands, for I see O'Neill, and I have a surgical operation to perform on O'Neill's brain," and she was off.

The conversation between the two men was evidently interesting to both. It was mostly on Ogilvie's side at first, the older man listening, laughing, and shaking his head. But gradually he asked questions, and showed a less impersonal concern in the answer to each. The mask of indifference which he wore, and which was betrayed as a mask at every turn by the swift changes of expression in his eyes, dropped at last, and the whole face was alight with the look which a general's might have as he planned a dashing *coup*,—a look of intellect and daring. He threw in rapid sentences, to each of which Ogilvie nodded, before they could be finished, with eager satisfaction.

Then, "Listen," he said, and he put his hand on the younger man's arm and

talked for five minutes, with quick, incisive tones. "I think it could be done so," he said. "Of course most men would call me a fool," he went on, with the air of one thinking aloud. "But there is no one to consider but myself, and I choose to see if I could be equal to a situation of the sort. My Eton schooling is a pull, you see. And it is the most extraordinary combination of circumstances—everything fits. Not once in a century could a bundle of accidents dovetail in this way. By George! I'll do it!" He laid his well, left hand on the young Englishman's arm, a dare-devil look flamed hotly into his eyes, and then he laughed the sudden, radiant laugh which made his face unreasonably boyish.

"Jove! the worst fear is that you look too young," growled Teddy Ogilvie through his wrinkled smile.

"O'Neill, my man, has made me up for theatricals a number of times," answered the other, with apparent irrelevance. Then he stared reflectively out across the rail to the slowly lifting and falling ocean. "I had a business interest as well, but it was more or less incidental. I have quite a batch of stock in a new company now forming to develop— But it's not worth while going into explanations. I can let business go for a while."

"You're not unlikely to run into a bit of it, of a sort," said Teddy Ogilvie. "Always more or less business to running a colony. I've been at the diplomatic job since my school-days, don't you know,—secretary to three governors already,—so I know something about it. Just now there is a fad on to bother about the future of Bermuda—future of an onion-patch! You'll knock up against one or two of the men the first thing. There's one on board, Hotchkiss—a good chap, too." People were coming up now from dinner in batches of twos and threes. Ogilvie lifted his eyes and glanced searchingly along the deck. "There he is," he said, and nodded toward a stout, commonplace-looking American, who stood, with his hands in his pockets, thoughtfully chewing a large cigar.

Lindsay raised fastidious eyebrows.

"Oh yes! He's all of that," Ogilvie responded, promptly. "But he's quite a

wonderful chap—give you my word. Down three months last winter, a personality and a power.”

Lindsay looked at the unconscious great man curiously. “Well, he may be rich and he may be intelligent,” he said, doubtfully, “but he’s rather wild and woolly to look at.”

Down the deck moved the capitalist, and as he neared the two men, Ogilvie heaved up his long length to meet him. The stout man’s face broke into a beaming smile of genuine joy, and a voice whose simplicity and friendliness went far to explain the popularity of which Ogilvie had spoken gave greeting.

“Hello, Teddy! Glad to see you! Mighty glad to see you! Lookin’ well, my boy! Prettier than ever,” and an echoing slap on the shoulder emphasized his words.

Hotchkiss, pleased, but unembarrassed as a child or a royal personage, to meet the new Governor on the way to his colony, took the reins of conversation at once in his large hands, and with the skill of a man who can drive a four-in-hand or a tandem, he guided the restless ideas of the party as he wished. Lindsay smiled to himself, the shrewd business instinct of this man of business was so evident from his interest in the new Governor and the new Governor’s theories about Bermuda.

“To tell you the facts, Governor, which ain’t known to every one yet, there’s a scheme afloat for puttin’ a trolley-line between Hamilton and St. George’s. But I ain’t goin’ to badger you with business right now; anybody can see you’ve been sufferin’ with that arm, too.” Hotchkiss’s kindly, shrewd face was as gentle as a woman’s as he glanced at the new Governor’s great white sling and then at the dark shadows under his eyes.

The Governor’s response was a little peculiar. “By the Lord Harry!” was what he said, slowly.

There was a light rustling, the brush of skirts against chairs, and Mrs. Clinton’s tiny figure blew, on a gust of fresh salt breeze, around the corner, as sketchy, as crisp, as a picture by Gibson, in the fading light. Hotchkiss smiled up at her with affectionate admiration, and made an awkward effort to rise from his chair, but she put a quick little hand on his arm.

“No; nobody is to be polite on ship-board. You mustn’t.”

Hotchkiss subsided cheerfully.

“Thought you told me you were chaperonin’ a young lady down this trip, Mrs. Clinton?” he said. “Where do you keep her?”

The little matron gave a startled glance about. “Where is that girl? I haven’t seen her once—I forgot about her—the nicest girl in the world, too. Governor Lindsay, have you seen Evelyn Minor?”

“I didn’t know there was an Evelyn Minor,” said the Governor, indifferently.

Mrs. Clinton’s eyes danced in her small, old-young face. “You may not be as casual when you know her, Governor Lindsay. She’s a most attractive person. I’m chaperoning her down to her family, who are in Bermuda, and you see how well I do it. My theory of chaperoning is to let a nice girl enjoy herself. She’s probably having a beautiful time now, all because I’m so thoughtfully letting her alone. I hope she isn’t seasick. I’ll see,” and as if a bird had flown with the flapping of light wings, the dainty tan-colored figure disappeared.

“Sweet little lady,” remarked Hotchkiss.

“Yes,” agreed the Governor, tersely.

“Much admired in the islands last winter,” Hotchkiss went on. “I like her because she’s always havin’ a good time, and because she’s so common.”

The Governor’s head turned sharply.

“Oh, I don’t mean any harm—only she ain’t too good to be friendly with everybody that comes along—with me or the Governor or the nigger bell-boy at the Hamilton.”

“Oh!” said the Governor, and looked up, for the subject of this eulogy was again present. By her side stood an erect young girl with a cloud of corn-colored hair, and a gentle face full of brightness and interest in life.

“She wasn’t seasick,” Mrs. Clinton announced, with satisfaction. “She was in a crack with three men.”

The sunshiny face looked slightly annoyed; Lindsay, helping himself to Hotchkiss’s shoulder, stood on his feet, and the silver tinkle of Mrs. Clinton’s tones went on, presenting him.

“Don’t try to stand, Governor Lind-

say," said Miss Minor, and he thought how pretty a way of speaking it was,—a little jog here and there in such soft tones. "Do sit down—it's dangerous for your arm—the boat is rolling so."

"If you won't go," said the Governor, and there was such heartfelt alarm in the words that sudden laughter caught them all at once.

That evening as Lindsay stood, his lights out and O'Neill gone, at the port-hole of the Captain's cabin, which had been transferred to the new Governor, he stared away at the dim rolling stretch of moonlighted ocean with a look in his eyes out of character with the calm majesty suitable to a chief executive, and repeated in a low voice the words that he had spoken so indifferently that afternoon.

"I didn't know there was an Evelyn Minor," said the Governor.

II

Lindsay took his place as centre and leader of the conspiracy, as unconsciously, but as earnestly, as in a board meeting where methods and millions were involved, and guided and pruned the suggestions, advice, plans, which flowed from the too fertile brains of the others. "We must remember, in the first place, that there will be a hundred unforeseen chances every day that the whole thing will go to pieces like that." He snapped his finger. "That is in the game. We must expect it. Our best hope lies in sticking as close to truth as may be in a very large lie, in simplicity, in masterly inactivity. It is going to be exciting every moment, it is going to be a test for nerve and brain; and a small mistake at any point may be the finish. Of course it is lunacy, but as long as you two are willing, I will do it." There was a light in his eyes which told of a headlong, unreckoning impulsiveness, oddly linked with the force, the clearness, and ability which made his character, in spite of this curious facet, a strong one. A drop of wild blood from some old swashbuckling ancestor surely ran red and rampant in his veins. "Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar." Scratch any high-strung man or woman deeply enough and in the right nerve, and a spark of the original savage—chastened, it may be,

but burning and ungovernable—will flame from the depths.

Lindsay's voice was full of the gentleness of generations of breeding as it gave forth his intention of breaking through the conventionalities of nations. "I'll play this Governor part for all I'm worth," he announced, "and from what you both tell me there ought to be a chance for a week's engagement,—though, as I said, we must be prepared to be caught red-handed at any moment. And then—well, I don't know much about international law, but I don't believe there is any statute under which they can prosecute me for lifting a government. In any case I am willing to risk it." He turned to the young Englishman with a sudden thought: "Of course you understand, Ogilvie, that the colony won't be a shilling the worse for this. I shall take care that every possible expense is covered. I wouldn't go in if I were not fully able to do that."

"Of course, of course," agreed Teddy Ogilvie. "Glad to foot the bill myself if necessary. Well worth it, if it's a go."

"No; it is understood that's entirely my affair," and Lindsay smiled a firm smile across the cabin. "You'll have enough to pay in another line. I'm afraid they'll ship you home at once."

"Gad! man," grinned Ogilvie, "didn't I tell you that is what I want? I was secretary for the outgoing Governor, don't you know—slaved a whole term—and it's a beastly shame to coop me up again. My uncle got me put in without consulting me, and as things are I couldn't throw it over. Hate work, don't you know," and Ogilvie looked to the efficient Lindsay, a very tornado of strenuous labor, as to a man who would understand his point of view.

Mrs. Clinton saved the trouble of an answer. "Jack—General Lindsay—Mr. Ogilvie says you have met his uncle."

"I knew him on a hunting-trip in the West five years ago," Lindsay said. "But that's no advantage, rather the other way, for we were pretty good friends—he thought I—" he hesitated. "I did something for him one day. It troubles me to be stealing his berth from under his nose. I didn't place him when I first agreed to this."

"Purely sentimental." Ogilvie shook

his head disapprovingly. "Quite sure the old boy would do it himself, if he had the brains. He's game, you know, and he likes a joke—he'll rather enjoy this one when he gets used to it. Bless you, man, he'll be the first one to see you couldn't throw away a situation like this. It's forced on you. Never heard of things fitting so; and you never to lift a hand till it's sprung! The old boy had no business to go off to Arizona shooting just as he was due here—might have known he'd break his bally arm or something. That wasn't your fault. And you didn't plan to break yours, I imagine? No more did you baptize yourself so that your blooming initials were the same as the Governor's. And wasn't it a fluke, now, that you got them painted a foot long on your chair? Then, you see, besides, there's what might be called a concatenation of circumstances: you've been at Eton, and you talk like one of us when you choose; and the *Orinoco's* broken her shaft, so there will not be a steamer down for a week; and if I can't tamper with the cable, I am not the man I take myself for. I know how to get that done, I fancy. At the worst, I can wire the old boy to send his messages in cipher, and if I can't read them, so much the luckier for him. Then there's the fact that to my almost certain knowledge not a soul in Bermuda has ever seen my uncle—that's a large, fat, juicy point."

"I may make a horrible break the first thing," meditated Lindsay. "I've never been a colonial Governor before. Or any other kind. I don't know the etiquette the least bit."

"Easiest thing in the world," reassured Teddy Ogilvie. "If you don't kick over the traces most outrageous, anything you do will go. As some old codger remarked, 'You are the State.' I'll steer you to the Queen's taste."

"General," struck in Mrs. Clinton's distinctly enunciated tones, "hadn't the Governor of Bermuda better gather a little information as to his past history and family relations? It might be useful for you to know if you're married or not, for instance."

Lindsay looked at Ogilvie. "Am I married?" he asked, anxiously.

"Very much so. You've four strap-

ping youngsters—all boys. Wait a bit and I'll put down their names and ages. You ought to know about your own people, as Mrs. Clinton says." And while Ogilvie helped himself to the Captain's pencil and paper, Mrs. Clinton bestowed further thoughts on the Governor-to-be.

"General, you've got to reason with that Iro-Englishman of yours, O'Neill. He's so beautifully frozen on top that nobody would suspect him of not being English, but he'll break loose some day and ruin you if you don't chain him up. As Brer Rabbit said of Brer Wolf, 'He look like he daid, he smell like he daid, but he don't do like he daid.' Last night, when I was chopping holes in O'Neill's mind and sticking this plan into them, what do you think he suggested?" Lindsay knew that no answer was necessary. "He said he thought it would be 'tastier'—that is the word he used—if we should give out that you'd been Viceroy of India, and the Queen had sent you here because you wanted to marry a 'broth of an Injun princess' and killed three of her relations and looted a temple preparatory to elopement. His theory was that you were too good a thing to waste in prison, so the Queen put you where you could still ornament her empire and do the least harm. Now that's a lurid sketch for you!" and Mrs. Clinton rejoiced in the stupefaction of her audience.

"I'll see to O'Neill!" Lindsay promised himself aloud.

"Do unto others," advised Mrs. Clinton, promptly switching across the question. "You're not so much better than he makes you out. I don't know where you expect to go when you die, after this burglary." She rose and opened the cabin door and peeped out, and up the deck.

"Are you waiting for us, Evelyn?" she cried, and then looked at the men in the cabin. Ogilvie leaned on the back of his chair watching her. Lindsay stared beyond her and took a step towards the doorway.

"Is Miss Minor there?" he asked.

"Not at all. I thought I would see if either of you would be interested if she were. I see." A child who has been successfully naughty would sparkle with mischief as did Annette Clinton.

Lindsay regarded her. "You're quite

right. I am interested." He caught the door as it swung back, and the opening framed a bit of deck and the rail, that lifted and fell, now against depths of light blue sky, now against miles of dark blue ocean. "May I hold it for you? I think I shall go and find her."

III

How, in the sweet, early semitropical morning, the passengers poured on deck at the news that Bermuda was sighted; how the fragrant breeze brightened from moment to moment the haggard faces that had, most of them, been below for two days; how, as he stood by the Captain on the bridge, he saw, far away on the edge of the world, a low, vague mass which grew rapidly clearer and took on sharp white spots and lines; how the sail of the pilot-boat danced across the water, and the black pilot took them inside the tumbling line of foam which is the reef, and brought them closer and closer to the little land where each day is a sunshiny holiday; how tiny islands sprung up on every side—set in the pale blue jewelry of the water, dark with cedars, specked with glistening white stone houses—as the boat moved slowly up the crooked channel; how glimpses of white roads and scarlet-coated soldiery and hedges of flowers and graceful heads of palm-trees pricked the blood with happiness as the ship crept ever nearer;—these are pictures which will be vivid always in the memory of John Lindsay.

If one has Southern blood in his veins, life is only half lived in a Northern climate. The flower of being is ever on guard, half closed, against a sharp wind that may come, and it is only in the warmth of sure sunlight that it opens freely and knows the full, careless joy of living. Lindsay's mother was from Alabama, and as the *Trinidad* drew into Hamilton Harbor on a still, fair Sunday morning, he felt, in the delight of the balmy atmosphere, that a large half of him was hers, and Southern. The picture was as gay and boldly splashed with color as the drop-curtain of a theatre, and the air of unreality, the sensation of irresponsibility with which the scene inspired him, fitted the last shining link to his armor of adventure. He had been

in theatricals many times—what was this but a play with a leading part a little more difficult, a plot a little more daring, a stage-setting surely more exquisite, than any he had known? The boyish, harebrained daredeviltry that was so oddly combined in his make-up with clear-headed executive ability seized him as his spirits rose with the exhilaration of wonderful light and air. He had strained every muscle, every nerve, to win a race; he had worked with every power that was in him, mental and physical, to gain a law case: he would put this through in the same way—with his might. It would be a story to tell when he should be ninety, if he could do it. And he would do it. With a firm jaw and shining eyes he looked silently at the sliding shore of the little country he meant to rule.

The new Governor was not expected, for his telegram to the Captain had been cabled down, so only the ordinary crowd which meets an arriving steamer waited on the wharf. Yet it was a dazzling picture to eyes fresh from the dull gray winter coloring of New York. There were perhaps two hundred people, and everywhere gay parasols waved to and fro, flowery hats moved in and out, white and pink and pale-hued gowns shifted against each other; the strong note of a scarlet or dark blue coat struck a deep tone here and there, and the woof of the pulsing sunshine wove the brilliant threads into a pattern of iridescent charm. Lindsay felt a little quiet and a little dazed and very willing to be stage-managed by Teddy Ogilvie's efficient hands. It had hardly begun to be rumored that the new Governor was on board before that personage found himself dashing, in one of the light open carriages which are the hacks of Bermuda, up narrow, hilly, white streets, with Ogilvie by his side, and O'Neill, his gleams of glory corked inside his blond thatch of hair, safely stowed by the coachman.

The arrival at Mount Langton, the Government House of Bermuda; the sudden bustle of drowsy servants; the ceremonious deference of the household, and the fear with it that a telltale ignorance of detail might betray him; the consciousness of Ogilvie's accustomed hand steering him quietly through it all; and,

later, the returning confidence in himself as he grew used to the situation—all these sensations, crowding closely on each other in his first day, were a vague recollection afterwards to Lindsay. His mind was so crossed in every direction by new demands, new responsibilities, new anxieties, that the morning was a mere Milky Way of thick-strewn new impressions.

Eleven o'clock that night found him smoking a cigar with his secretary, in solitude and temporary safety, on the terrace of Mount Langton. A golden moon rode under wisps of silver clouds in the sky, scents of a garden of flowers blew softly about them on damp, caressing airs, and below the steep cedar-clothed slope of the hill swept in dim silvery splendor the wide ocean. Far out on the edge of the dip of it, an intermittent flash of brightness and a distant noise of water told where the sea was breaking on the reef. Lindsay held his cigar between his fingers and stared.

"Jove!" he said, in an undertone. "I've seen a good bit of the earth, but I didn't know there was anything as lovely as this on it."

Teddy Ogilvie, with his back to the view, blew two rings of smoke carefully. "Yes. Nice, isn't it? Thought you'd like it," he said. "But you can't make a snapping administration looking at scenery, don't you know, General. Better talk shop a bit. Got any plans?"

At that another side of Lindsay wheeled to the front. His dreamy eyes left the quicksilvered ocean, and fastened themselves with a practical gaze on Ogilvie's matter-of-fact face.

"Yes," he said, "several. First, if you consider it correct, I mean to give a reception for the public. And as my executive life is a precarious one, I mean to give it at once. Will it be possible in two days?"

Two days later, half past three in the afternoon saw Mount Langton all happy and charmed, from steward to stable-boy, with his new Excellency alert and ready for the function, and His Excellency himself waiting impatiently for his secretary in the expectant hush of the large, flower-scented drawing-room.

With a ringing step across the hall, Ogilvie came in—in boots and riding-breeches. Lindsay looked at him.

"Aren't you a bit late getting dressed?"

"Plenty of time," said Ogilvie, cheerfully. "Bath's all ready—won't take me five minutes to shift. I stopped to lunch at Admiralty House."

"So you telephoned."

Suddenly the fresh-colored, queerly shaped face, with the unseasonable wrinkles, was convulsed with laughter. It spread all over his big length, till it seemed as if the very russet boots chuckled with fun.

Lindsay spoke a bit impatiently. "If there is anything to tell, Ogilvie, out with it. You really must dress—people will be here in fifteen minutes. What are you laughing about?"

Ogilvie gasped, and his eyes were moist. "Don't be wrathful. I've great news. There's one joy in this already that no one can take from us."

"I haven't noticed it," said Lindsay, tersely.

"Ah no, but you will. This morning when I left you, you'll remember, you gave me *carte blanche* for any arrangements. 'Do your worst, Teddy,' you said, 'and I'll back you up.'"

"Never on this earth," denied Lindsay, firmly.

"Oh, come now—words to that effect," Ogilvie said, soothingly. "At least that's how I understood you. So at the lunch table it flashed into my mind about the beer."

"About the beer?" Lindsay looked dazed.

"Yes, man, the beer. Don't you remember? You said at breakfast that you'd like to send one of those lazy warships swinging out there"—he nodded towards the window, through which in the distance gleamed a stretch of marvellous blue ocean—"up to New York for a case of beer."

"I said that," Lindsay looked a little bored. "What of it?"

"You acknowledge it, do you? Good. To-morrow morning the *Bellerophon*, by courtesy of the Admiral, sails for New York on important business for the Governor. Sealed orders to the Captain to be opened in New York Bay. Arranged by the Governor's secretary. Me!" The gargoyle joy on Ogilvie's face would have made a hit in a Punch-and-Judy show.

Lindsay stood looking at him so mo-

tionless that Ogilvie heard his slow breath. For thirty seconds he stood as if struck dumb. Finally, "Ogilvie, what are you talking about?" he asked.

The Englishman looked injured. "Supposed you'd jump at it," he complained. "It's a good stroke—first time in history an English man-of-war ever 'worked the growler.'"

Slowly over Lindsay's horrified face there seemed to break a compelling wave of laughter. Ogilvie stood grinning, like a carving in painted wood, and regarded him.

"I see you catch the idea," he said, with satisfaction. "A bit slow, but it's fetched you. You'll notice it's particularly well done because it's the *Bellerophon*. The *Partridge* or even the *Drake*, don't you know—it wouldn't have been as artistic. But the *Bellerophon* to go beer-carrying—that's picturesque."

Suddenly, while the two men stared at each other, a rustle of crisp skirts in the doorway startled them, and in a pink gown which was written in French and might never be translated into English, with the tap of little heels on the hard floor, Mrs. Clinton clicked delicately in. Lindsay's expression changed, and he stood up, serious at once.

"What are you doing here so early?" he demanded, a touch of brusqueness in his voice.

"Well, bless my soul, you're cordial," responded the small woman, in a disengaged, cheerful tone. "Well, I'm on an errand of necessity and mercy, as you'll see. Something awful has happened—or is going to happen," she said, earnestly.

There was a quick word of question from the two men.

"Listen," went on Mrs. Clinton, lowering her voice. "There are two little rats of people at the Hamilton who know the real Governor."

"Jove!" exclaimed Ogilvie; but Lindsay only looked at her, his dark eyes glowing sombrely.

"Two little brother and sister rats, old maid and old bachelor, named Bibbe, poor things. I only knew it an hour ago—I was talking to sister under the oleanders. They're keen about coming to the reception this afternoon; but I'm glad to say brother-rat is pretty ill, and

I hope he won't be able to lift his head. But sister is coming, and coming early, and you've got to be ready with your plans."

Lindsay walked to the window, and stared out for a moment at the gravelled driveway that swept downward through the gardens to the great hibiscus hedge, gay with crimson blossoms. When he turned, his face was keen and alert.

"Did you get any details? Where did the Governor know these people? How much do they know about him?" he asked, rapidly.

Mrs. Clinton nodded like a canary vain of its intelligence. "I asked all the questions I dared. You met them two years ago visiting at a country house in Devonshire,—the—the— Oh, have I forgotten the name?" she moaned. "No—it's Southcote—I'm certain. And two of your boys were with you."

Somewhere in the last two sentences Ogilvie had dashed away, and the two stood together, Mrs. Clinton's face turned upward to Lindsay's, her soul intent on the situation, her great eyes watching eagerly his expression, waiting for that decisive cutting of the knot which she had learned to expect from him. After two silent minutes he spoke.

"Where is Miss Minor?" he asked.

There was the roll of wheels on the gravel, Mrs. Clinton melted quickly into the background of furniture, and the pompous Simmons announced,

"Miss Bibbe."

A little woman, withered and gentle, strayed softly in under the massive doorway, and stood looking about her. The Governor took a step forward, and the frozen Simmons heard a low execration mixed with Teddy Ogilvie's name. But the graciousness of Lindsay's manner had never been greater than when he held out his hand to greet the newcomer.

"Miss Bibbe! Is it possible that this is my old friend Miss Bibbe, whom I knew in Devonshire? I hope you remember me as well as I do you."

Thin little Miss Bibbe put out her fingers, then arrested them suddenly as her eyes met the Governor's. But he had not waited, and stood holding the limp hand a moment longer than necessary, and talking easily.

"I'm afraid you have forgotten all

about me—that's the way with women; but men are more faithful, you see."

Miss Bibbe, finally recovering her hand, stared at the straight-featured, handsome Governor, so full of friendliness and gentle interest, in astonishment. Across the stream of kind and reminiscent words her weak little voice managed at length to throw a sentence.

"But—but there's some mistake," she stammered, in embarrassment. "I remember General Lindsay so distinctly and—and"—it was difficult to insult this delightful and distinguished gentleman—"but you are so changed."

Lindsay laughed a tender, caressing laugh, and his eyes beamed down upon her, those fascinating brown eyes which no woman ever resisted. "Time changes us all, Miss Bibbe—although you look exactly as when I first saw you. But most of us can't stand still in life, and particularly in hot climates."

"But you've gone backwards; but you look ten years younger," staccatoed Miss Bibbe, getting her breath by degrees.

Again that soft, flattering laugh of Lindsay's, as if to a dear child who had fallen into error, made its blurring impression on the edge of her perceptions.

"I take off my hat to you, Miss Bibbe," he said, with a boyish bow and flourish. "I'm afraid you have been to Ireland lately and kissed the Blarney stone. You mustn't spoil me so or I shall be neglecting the colony to talk to you." Then, with gentle seriousness: "Hot climates do agree with me, I know, and I am much thinner. People say that makes me look younger. And now tell me, Miss Bibbe, how are our old friends the Northcotes?"

The faded little woman raised bewildered eyes to interrogate this astonishing, unexpected, but bewitching Governor.

"The who?" she asked, ungrammatical with surprise.

"Why, our Devonshire friends, the Northcotes, with whom you and I were stopping." Lindsay felt a vague uneasiness as he hazarded this onward step. "Why *doesn't* Teddy come?" his very soul was demanding. "Why don't other people come? I can't do this successfully much longer."

Shrivelled, mild Miss Bibbe fixed him with a look of such blankness that he

knew he had slipped somewhere. "Northcotes," she repeated, and then, "Oh! Southcotes!" and there was a hint of suspicion this time in her meek gaze.

Lindsay, without a second of hesitation, rushed into the breach. "Miss Bibbe! How ridiculous you must think me! Do you know, that was a schoolboy trick of mine—I thought it a joke to twist their name. How absurd that such an old fancy should crop up now to embarrass me—with you." The shot carried; the ghost of doubt was laid.

"How is that handsome young son of yours?" Miss Bibbe ventured gently. "I suppose he must be nearly ready for the army by now?"

Lindsay at this felt a cold chill about the heart. He could not risk information about his family. He condensed all the sweetness of his being into a dazzling, mysterious, non-committal smile, and murmured limply.

"Ah, yes! the army!" and glanced longingly where Teddy Ogilvie was due to appear. "They never told me I had a son going into the army," he whimpered inwardly. "Now what else will she ask me?" Soon he knew.

"And the other lad, that dear little fellow—I've forgotten his name, General. What was his name, the second one?"

Lindsay frowned reflectively. "Ah, yes! now what was that boy's name?" he said, and then jumped, for Miss Bibbe was laughing merrily.

"Why, General, you are a worse tease than ever—the idea of pretending not to know your own child's name! But there are two others, are there not, whom I have never seen—I hope they are well?"

Lindsay set his teeth. "I have had to set up two children—I'll be hanged if I adopt any more," he decided. And then aloud, "Miss Bibbe, I am sorry to tell you they are both dead."

"Dead! Oh!" Miss Bibbe's grief and sympathy were in her startled voice.

"Dead," said the Governor firmly; and then, in a shout of joy, "Ogilvie! Here is my nephew, Mr. Ogilvie," and in a moment the young man, fresh and immaculate, was presented, and Miss Bibbe had told him that she had often seen him with the late Governor, and he had told her that he had seen her too, and Miss

Bibbe, flushed and excited, was escorted gallantly away to the dining-room by the Governor's secretary.

IV

History crowded into the short three hours of the Governor's reception. The dainty cloud of pink frivolity which was Mrs. Clinton's outward semblance was soon the centre of a group among which men were not missing. The tiny woman's quick wit, her mixture of finish and audacity, and her charming looks made her a loadstone always. But the piquant personality was in its essence practical, and just now it was "shop" to her to keep her finger on the pulse of the people and watch every heart-beat for signs of the Governor's success or failure. She managed to see almost every one of importance who came out from the big drawing-room where Lindsay and Ogilvie stood greeting a long line of guests.

"How do you like the new Governor, Sir Francis?" she demanded, with directness, of the Admiral, as he swung smilingly through the doorway, his fresh-colored face bright with Lindsay's last word.

The Admiral liked to stop and talk a bit with this pretty American—she had a trick of making him feel that thirty years had rolled from him between her greeting and good-by. He was apt to forget official dignity in her sunshiny presence, and talk more freely than he did to most people.

"I object to your description of him, Mrs. Clinton," he said. "The man has been on the island two days, and he belongs to us as if he had been here a year. I didn't think of him as a 'new' Governor after I'd known him an hour. Wonderful chap! Takes to a strange berth like a duck to water—I suppose it's from having done a lot of colonies before—he's had wide experience, you know. Never knew a governorship taken up so easily. Delightful, too, to have such a man as an associate."

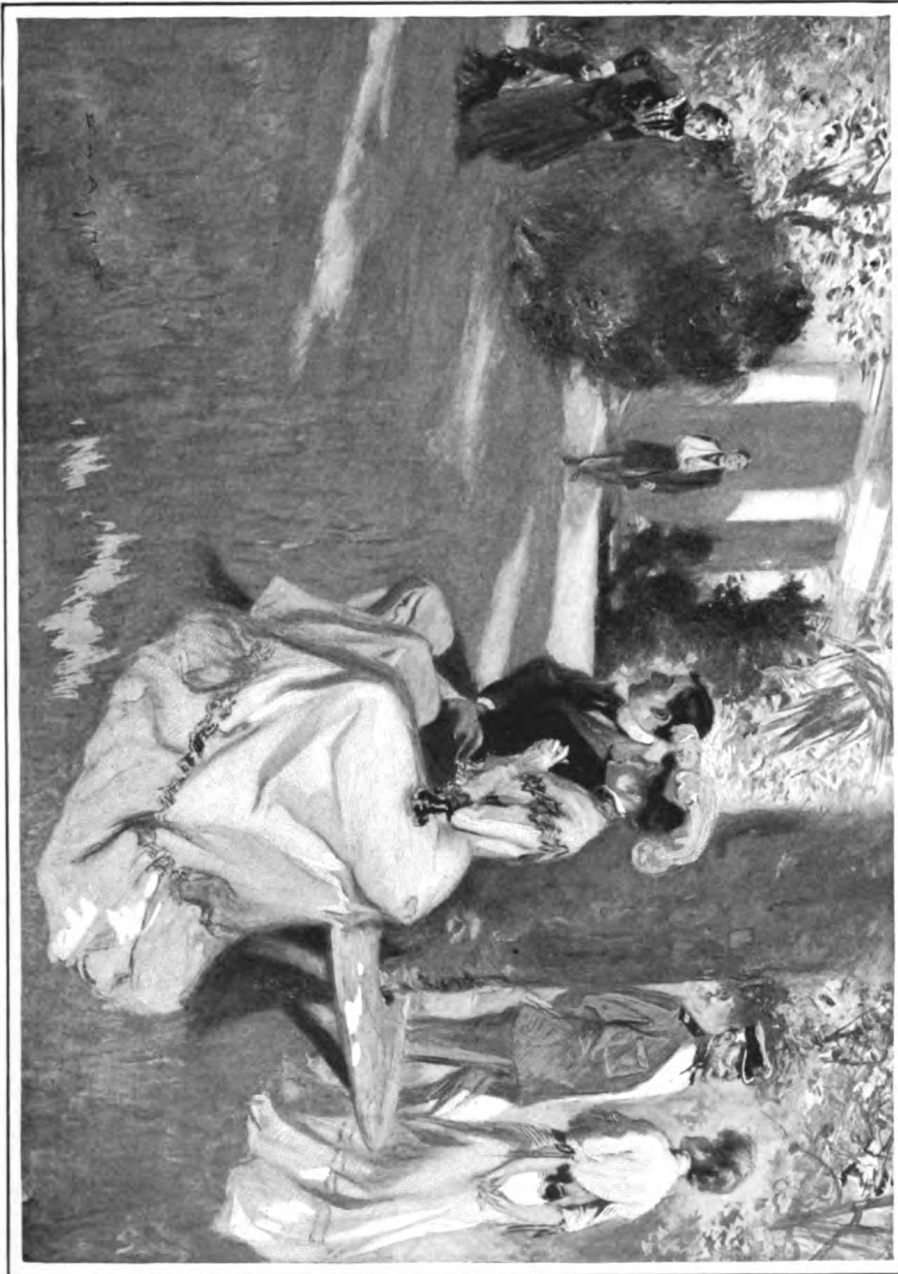
And in one form or another the verdict was always the same.

Teddy Ogilvie, in the press of his duties, never lost track of the pale pink Paris gown, and when the people had mostly come and had been presented to the hero of the day, he strolled out under

the trees and took refreshment for a few minutes in its company.

He and Mrs. Clinton sat on a wooden bench which swept around the base of a big cedar-tree, and the lines of the filmy dress, the long droop of the rosy feather of the picture-hat, which rested against the dark, rough bark, were so satisfactory to him that he did not see anything else. But the American, alert always, and interested in every detail of the gay scene about her, at that moment caught signals of danger. Lindsay, tired of the cares of office, had decided that he had stood at attention in the big drawing-room long enough. Conspicuous with his big white sling, he was swinging across the driveway, where the afternoon shadows lay in long brown masses on the gravel. His handsome head was held high and his eyes were smiling and shining. They were fixed somewhere beyond the couple on the bench; and Mrs. Clinton, turning, saw that Evelyn Minor stood back of her, talking to the Admiral. But between the two, pattering rapidly over the lawn towards the Governor, was the meek, eager little figure of Miss Bibbe. Lindsay was not to be risked in another encounter, and it did not need higher mathematics to show Annette Clinton that the line of Miss Bibbe and the Governor would coincide before the line of the Governor and Evelyn, if something did not happen.

Instantly something did happen. While Ogilvie's eyes were drinking in his picture, behold! the foreground, the soul of it, had flown, and Miss Bibbe, making a straight line, which is the shortest distance between two objects, towards her hero, suddenly found an unwelcome obstacle in the path. Mrs. Clinton, gentle but firm, had claimed her, and in a minute the two were tête-à-tête in deep wicker chairs, and the Governor, the fairy prince who had enchanted her gay little life to rose-color, was out of sight. So it was Mrs. Clinton learned that Mr. Titus Pomponius Atticus Bibbe, Miss Bibbe's brother, as exact and firm as his sister was uncertain and undecided,—so the sister proudly represented him,—was to drive up late in the afternoon for her, and, if the rheumatism were not too severe, hoped to come in for a moment and meet the Governor.



MISS BIBBE PATERED RAPIDLY OVER THE LAWN

Meantime the Governor was having troubles of his own. A manly dislike to looking backward when his hand was on the plough, a boyish exhilaration in the success of the game, had carried him through the afternoon with flying colors, but now he was impatient. It was irksome to be obliged to talk to fifty people when he wanted to talk to one. Evelyn Minor, with her sunshiny smile, fell so modestly into the background when the impossible Hotchkiss, when these earnest legislators, when these great people of the colony, who had never been off the island, came up. He wanted to catch her hand and hold her, to say, "Please wait—I want to talk to only you." But he was chained—he might not even look it. Or hardly—for Lindsay's eyes did not obey orders over-well, and he did look it a little, and Evelyn was conscious of a thrill at the look, which she promptly tried to put down. What nonsense! How vain she must be! The Governor of Bermuda—and besides he was a married man with four children. Between propriety and modesty she managed to resist the temptation of remembering that long glance across the legislators and the financiers. But yet it was a temptation.

"General," said Mr. Hotchkiss, seizing the right moment, "let's you 'n' me leave this social scene for just about five minutes and go in the house and talk a mite o' business. I won't bother you long—that I'll promise."

Lindsay looked about him. Three young naval officers from the *Crescent* had possession of Evelyn; he really wanted to hear more of the trolley scheme. It was an awkward question for him, holding stock as he did, and much stock, in this company, to know what to do. He might not, as an honest man, use his sham governorship, yet he would not injure the scheme, on his own account or on account of others. It was best to let Hotchkiss talk, and so get his bearings. Many people were inside yet, and the Governor was stopped at every step as they went through the great house, and always his ready friendliness and the unconscious charm of his manner left a warmer admirer when he passed on. With a mind that would not concentrate on the words he was hearing, he listened to Hotchkiss's voice as they stood, alone at last, in a tiny

pink reception-room. Suddenly there were voices, there were people, in the hall outside.

With eyes that were instantly alert, Lindsay stared beyond the figures in the dim light of the corridor, at Evelyn Minor's gold hair shining from the half-darkness, framing her face, it seemed to him, like a halo. He did not know what became of Hotchkiss. It is to be supposed that he made some parting remarks, but he did not hear them. What happened, to his knowledge, was that Evelyn spoke in her buoyant voice, with the odd little jolt at every few words.

"We ought to go too, Mrs. Clinton," she was saying. "We're only asked to a tea, you know, and the moon is up—look there!"

Beyond the French windows of the pink and gilt room was a veranda, and beyond that an open space of garden, and between the broad fingers of a great-leaved palm a silver disk laid its calm glory against a delicate sky.

"Oh, is the moon up?" asked the Governor with sudden interest, as if moons were his particular affair. "Have you it out there? Won't you show it to me, please?"

Ogilvie smiled agedly at Mrs. Clinton as Evelyn's white gown and the swinging shoulders of the Governor went side by side towards the palms and the moonlight. But his words were not of them.

"You look as if this room had been built around you," he remarked.

Mrs. Clinton gave a matter-of-fact glance about.

"Pretty room, isn't it?" she said. "Let's go into the other one," and she strolled into the now empty big drawing-room, drifting along its length, and finally settling, like a butterfly on a branch, on the arm of a large green chair. She kicked the trailing skirts from her with a shining boot; and the movement would have been undignified in any one else, but in her was piquant. Then she looked down and cocked her head like an anxious bird of paradise.

"I think I've caught my heel in my skirt and torn it. Stupid, isn't it?"

There was a foam of silk and chiffon and lace in countless ripples about the bottom of the skirt, and she lifted a corner.

"Here it is—see!" and Ogilvie looked with interest at a dangling bit of pink cobweb.

"Give me a pin," she ordered. "I never have one about me."

The young man drew out his scarf-pin.

"Not that," and the gray eyes laughed up at him; "that's a scarab, isn't it? Centuries old and hundreds valuable. I'd lose it in five minutes. You'll have to go and get some if there isn't one under the lapel of your coat," and the docile secretary fled with a rush. As she waited, childishly swinging the heels that had done the damage, suddenly Simmons, whose duties had apparently been over for some time, announced out of a blue sky,

"Mr. Bibbe."

Mrs. Clinton, with every breath arrested, saw the peppery person whom she had met at the Hamilton Hotel enter the room. One look back of her showed Evelyn and Lindsay through the long windows. While the sharp eyes of the newcomer snapped about the empty room, she sped towards him.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Bibbe?" she said, eagerly, and the little man started.

"Madam," he began, with dignity; but, behold! she was shaking hands with him, which he found not unpleasant, and her cordial voice was tripping on.

"I've wanted so much to meet you, Mr. Bibbe—I know some people whom you know, and I've heard so much about you."

Mr. Bibbe was quite willing to spend a moment on this worthy little person who seemed of so appreciative a disposition. "Indeed, madam," he said, with as near an approach to cordiality as he knew, "I am pleased to meet you. And who, may I inquire, are our mutual friends?"

"Oh, never mind about them now." Mrs. Clinton tossed the question aside airily, and Mr. Bibbe, a trifle dazed, put down this jump to the unvarying flightiness of womankind. "I will tell you all about that later," and a dazzling smile took the edge off Mr. Bibbe's temper again. "I want to talk to you now about—about—" frightful mental gymnastics were taking place in the arena of Mrs. Clinton's brain, and again Ogilvie was the one desire of a heart—"about

rheumatism!" She brought it out with a crow of joy. "I'm such a bad sufferer myself," and she laughed gleefully, "and I hear you have it too. What do you find to be the best remedy?"

Mr. Bibbe cleared his throat for an exhaustive reply. Here he was on his own ground, and at his best. But the oration was snatched from his lips.

"I've tried a lot of things,—oh, such lots and lots,—some of them very queer ones, you know. Have you ever taken—Smith's Celery Compound? Or Jones Pure Whiskey? That did me some good." And, "Will Mr. Ogilvie *never* come back?" she was crying inwardly.

Mr. Bibbe stared at her, astounded, fascinated, yet, from long habit, pugnacious. "Madam, such things are ridiculous, criminal," he began, and at that moment Evelyn Minor's soft voice spoke distinctly from the window across the quiet room:

"Oh, Mrs. Clinton, oughtn't we to be going? The Governor is dining out and it's—"

Mrs. Clinton interrupted her with a laugh as brilliant as a chime of bells. "In five minutes—but not before. Go back to—to that gentleman. I must talk to Mr. Bibbe. I *will* talk to Mr. Bibbe."

Mr. Bibbe's eyes had caught sight of the figure beyond Evelyn's, its white sling showing conspicuously against the dark garden greens. "Pardon me, madam," he said, "that gentleman with his arm in the sling must be the Governor. I am anxious to see him, and I am a trifle hurried, as my sister is awaiting me. I will bid you good-day."

He held out his hand with what was for him cordiality, and Mrs. Clinton took it earnestly, and then, to his surprise, kept it. Mr. Bibbe, to whom a woman's touch was a novelty, felt a curious glow, that began in the fingers entrapped and spread sweetness through his sour being.

"But, Mr. Bibbe—just a moment. The Governor—oh no, that is not the Governor—that is just an American with a broken arm." The pathetic voice flowed on quickly. "But, Mr. Bibbe—just till the Governor comes—there's something I want to tell you so much. You wouldn't go off and leave me, would you? Oh yes—I know! This is it. I wanted to tell you about our trip down.

You didn't hear about it? We were—we were shipwrecked!"

Mr. Bibbe's eyes, wide with astonishment, fixed themselves on the fascinating face. He forgot the Governor. This was an extraordinary statement, but then this was no ordinary woman, he could see that; she had a most interesting way—the small fingers still held his willing hand; he would listen yet a moment and see what she meant. Mrs. Clinton hurried on, clutching shamelessly.

"Yes, we were—we were shipwrecked on a desert island, and—"

Mr. Bibbe was forced to interrupt. "Madam! On the way from New York to Bermuda?"

Mrs. Clinton gazed up at him with her soul in her eyes. "Yes, indeed. Wasn't it strange? Nobody knew it was there, and all the scientists say it was likely just upheaved. Just in time to catch us. And we camped under some big trees—you know what I mean is that there weren't any trees, so, as we had saved some blankets, we stretched them on the skeleton of a—"

Mr. Bibbe was looking a little queer, and she regarded him critically.

"Now, Mr. Bibbe, just wait till I get through before you doubt me. You don't know how it hurts me to have *you* doubt me."

There was an emphasis on "you" and pressure from the hand, and Mr. Bibbe communed with his own heart and was still. But not Mrs. Clinton.

"The most awful part is coming. We almost starved, you know, and the Captain ate a sailor."

A horrified exclamation broke from the lips of the audience.

"He did—they ate three sailors altogether—our sufferings were frightful. But I never ate a soul."

"Madam," said Mr. Bibbe, "you are surely exaggerating; you are surely amusing yourself—"

But the sweet voice stopped him reproachfully.

"Amusing myself—with you!"

And the hypnotized victim was silenced. "Will that man never come? Can I hold him another minute?" Mrs. Clinton was wondering, in an agony. Once again she spurred to the battle, but it was desperate work now.

"A great big tidal wave came—I don't know if it was tidal, but it was enormous, anyway—a hundred feet high. And the only reason it didn't drown us all was that the island was tall—bumpy—I mean mountainous, and we rushed up on the hills, and it didn't. And so we all— Oh, Mr. Ogilvie!"

A messenger from the skies could not have been greeted with as much rapture. "Mr. Ogilvie, let me present you to Mr. Bibbe."

Ogilvie gave an Englishman's brief acknowledgment, but pins were in his hand and on his mind, and no light of appreciation shone in his eyes.

Mrs. Clinton repeated, "*Mr. Bibbe*, Mr. Ogilvie—Miss Bibbe's brother," impressively. With a start, with one look at the surprised Mr. Bibbe, the young man had dashed away down the long room and out through the French windows. The dazed visitor, staring after him, saw him speak to the American with the broken arm, and immediately the latter had vanished. A curious feeling of uneasiness seized Mr. Bibbe.

"Beg pardon, madam," he said, "but are you quite certain that gentleman is not the Governor? Is it possible that you are misinformed? I am very anxious—"

"Here comes Mr. Ogilvie back again," said Mrs. Clinton, and her manner had changed entirely. She was so careless, so disengaged, that he looked at her in surprise. "Mr. Ogilvie is the Governor's nephew and secretary—he ought to know."

Ogilvie, strolling up, felt his ears grow an inch with astonishment at the dialogue which followed. Mr. Bibbe, his mind at cross-purposes at what he had heard, took a back lap in the conversation.

"Madam, may I inquire again into your statement as to the case of cannibalism you report? Did you seriously intend your horrible story as to the Captain?"

"What?" Mrs. Clinton's eyes looked perplexed. "What Captain? Oh!" And she laughed, to Mr. Bibbe's bewilderment. "Mr. Ogilvie, good - night; good - night, Mr. Bibbe—I will surely see you again." And as lightly as a vanishing bit of rainbow-cloud she was gone.

On the terrace, before they went upstairs to dress, while the moon rose slowly higher over the sea and the palms crackled in a light wind, Ogilvie gave the Governor a quick résumé of the dangers which had been averted from him.

"Mrs. Clinton is your guardian angel," he said. "Quickest-witted person I've ever seen. Jove! She's the brain and executive ability of a Napoleon, the innocence of a child, the charm of a woman, and the sweetness of an angel—Jove!" Teddy Ogilvie's sentiments outran his vocabulary.

Lindsay looked with thoughtful eyes far out where under the pale moon the white line of breaking water dashed across the reef into marvellous blueness of Bermuda ocean. "Our girls are that way," he said, with a serious pride. "Put one of them where you will, and she fits the place." A smile lighted his face; with a turn of his graceful head he lifted one hand high, as if he held a wine-glass.

"Here's to the American woman, Ogilvie," he said. "No family should be without one."

V

The reins of power, guided by Ogilvie's knowledge and Lindsay's wisdom, his quick tact and gift of management of men, lay in his hands as lightly as might be. The Governor was going slow, said the men of affairs of the little colony; he would not make any radical move until he knew his ground; it was better and safer so; they were satisfied with this as with everything else about the man. But between the necessary work and the play almost as necessary, the hours of the new Governor were strenuous, and it made him impatient that he must postpone from one to another of these swift-vanishing days what he most wanted to do. More than the game of governing now, he wanted to have Evelyn Minor to himself, to win a more solid place in her world, to be with her alone, where an officer from the *Nautilus* or an officer from the barracks was not due any moment to share and spoil his happiness. The only plan he could think of to bring about this perfect state of things was a horseback ride; for his left hand was not the injured one, and he could manage the reins. Lindsay consulted Teddy Ogil-

vie on all subjects, to his neckties and stockings, but he did not consult him on this, and it was in spite of the secretary, and not with his help, that he found, after several days, a possible afternoon. Evelyn Minor's eyes showed surprise, but pleasure as well, when he asked her to ride with him.

"Of course," she said. "I shall be delighted. No, not an engagement—and if I had I would throw over every one else for the Governor."

Lindsay looked at her, not quite satisfied. "I don't care about the Governor," he said. "Would you for me?"

And the girl laughed, flushed a little, yet kept her dignity with a non-committal answer. "Haven't you noticed that you are the Governor?"

Far down the wild south shore of Bermuda is Spanish Rock. Three hundred and fifty years ago sailors from an adventurous Spanish ship landed there, on this unknown scrap of land in the Atlantic, the most northern of all coral islands, and they carved there the initials of their Old World names, and cut in the face of the rock, like good Christians and Catholics, a great cross.

Lindsay and Evelyn tied their horses in the field below, and scrambled up the steep hillside to the rocks, where one may still read the old inscription, blackened and vague with age, but yet to be deciphered, "J. B., 1542." The girl threw her sailor hat on the grass, and the damp breeze blew the loose hair about her face, and she drew off her gloves to push it away. Lindsay, watching her, felt a quick thrill as her fingers touched the flushed cheeks. He turned away his eyes, and it seemed to him that there was nothing he could say which he dared to say. And what he wished most to dare was not language. Evelyn, feeling the thunder in the air, felt an urgent need for words, and pounced upon the ones which came first.

"You are a very lazy Governor," she said, regarding the easy figure on the grass.

"I am a very uncomfortable one," Lindsay answered, and moved sidewise. "The rocks are sticking into me." He pulled himself along with what in an untitled person would have been a hitch, or even in an awkward person, but Lindsay's well-knit, hard muscles worked smoothly.

He looked up at the girl and laughed like a boy out of school, delighted to be foolish. "These Bermuda rocks are the best sharpened I've ever met," he said, and then suddenly he harked back: "I'm not lazy. I've administered this colony all the morning, and I have a right to a little happiness after that. I've worked very hard to have this afternoon clear."

There was an uncertain, betraying tone in his voice, and his eyes looked at her with an appealing glance she could not meet. Quickly again she saved herself by an escape into commonplace.

"It is clear, isn't it?" she said, and glanced up critically at the unclouded sky, but her voice shook a little. She caught the tone, and an indignation with herself came over her. What was this feeling into which she was drifting? Not a moment longer would she give up to it. She pulled herself together sharply, and, with a little catch yet in her gentle tones. "When is your wife coming, Governor?" she asked.

For an instant, under the shock of the words, Lindsay made no effort to control his look, and as the girl met his eyes, filled with the unguarded feeling which had leaped to them and shone from them, her own fell, and the world trembled about her. Then, with what seemed a wrench of the universe, the Governor was on his feet and walking about under the cedars, whistling. In a moment he had come back and was down on the grass again, and talking calmly as if that electrical second had never been. "Mrs. Clinton tells me you are a fierce Amer-

ican, Miss Minor. This idea of hers about a Washington's Birthday party at Mount Langton must appeal to you."

"You are going to do it, then—good!" Evelyn fell quickly into his every-day manner. "It is fine of you to consent—not many Englishmen would be so broad-minded."

"You don't think Englishmen as broad-minded as Americans?"

She smiled at him. "Perhaps not all Englishmen. But one—now. And you know I am only a patriot in spots. I am not bigoted. I am exclusively American only in"—she hesitated—"in one or two ways. What did Mrs. Clinton tell you? Just what I said?" She looked at him a bit embarrassed.

"Just what did you say? Tell me, please."

Evelyn leaned forward. "Just see the reef," she said. "How close it is here! Isn't it magnificent? And it is a double one. I would like to watch it in a storm."

"Tell me what you said," Lindsay insisted.

Evelyn lifted her head, and her face was indifferent. "It's foolish to make a point of nothing. I'll tell you if you wish, Governor Lindsay, but you won't find it interesting. I said—it's so ridiculously personal—I said there were two sorts of men I would never marry—an Englishman or a liar." Lindsay threw up his head quickly, like a high-strung horse that is struck. For a moment he did not speak. Then,

"The horses are getting restless," he said. "I think we had better go home."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Racers

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE winds from many a cloudy mane
Shake off the sweat of gathering rain,
And whicker with delight.
No slope of pasture-land they need
Whereon to rest, or drink, or feed—
Their life the rapture of the speed,
The frenzy of the flight.

An Italian Fantasy

ON BEAUTY, FAITH, AND DEATH

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

I, TOO, have crossed the Alps, and Hannibal himself had no such baggage of dreams and memories, such fife-and-drum of lyrics, such horns of ivory, such emblazoned standards flying and fluttering, such phalanxes of heroes, such visions of cities to spoil and riches to rifle—palace and temple, bust and picture, tapestry and mosaic. My elephants, too, matched his: my herds of mediæval histories, grotesque as his gargoyle beasts. Nor without fire and vinegar have I pierced my passage to these green pastures. *Ave Italia, regina terrarum*, I cried, as I kissed the hem of thy blue robe, starred with white cities.

There are who approach Italy by other portals, but these be the true gates of heaven, these purple peaks snow-flashing as they touch the stainless sky; scarred and riven with ancient fires, and young with jets of living water. Nature's greatness prepares the heart for man's glory.

I, too, have crossed the Rubicon, and Cæsar gathered no such booty. Gold and marble and sardonyx, lapis-lazuli, agate and alabaster, porphyry, jasper, and bronze,—these were the least of my spoils. I plucked at the mystery of the storied land, and fulfilled my eyes of its loveliness and color. I have seen the radiant raggedness of Naples as I squeezed in the squirming, wriggling ant-heap; at Pæstum I have companied the lizard in the forsaken Temple of Poseidon. (Oh, the solemn pagan pillars, divinely Doric!) I have stood by the Leaning Tower in Bologna that gave a simile to Dante; on the long low wall of Padua's University, whence Portia borrowed her learned plumes, I have stayed to scan a placarded sonnet to a Doctor of Philology; I have driven along that delectable Riviera di Levante and left a footprint on those sands where Shelley's mortal

elements found their fit resolution in flame. I have lain under Boccaccio's olives and caressed with my eye the curve of the distant Duomo and the winding silver of the Arno. Florence has shown me supreme earth beauty, Venice supreme water beauty, and I have worshipped Capri and Amalfi, offspring of the love-marriage of earth and water.

O sacredness of sky and sun! Receive me, ye priests of Apollo. I am for lustrations and white robes that I may kneel in the dawn to the Sun-God. Let me wind in the procession through the olive-groves. For what choking Christian cities have we exchanged the lucid pagan hill-towns? Behold the idolatrous smoke rising to Mammon from the factory-altars of Christendom. We have sacrificed our glad sense of the world-miracle to worldly miracles of loaves and fishes. Grasping after the unseen, we have lost the divinity of the seen. Ah me, shall we ever recapture that "first fine careless rapture"?

O consecration of the purifying dawn, O flame on the Eastern altar, what cathedral rose-window can replace thee? O trill of the lark, soaring sunward, O swaying of May-boughs and opening of flower-chalices, what tinkling of bells and swinging of censers can bring us nearer the divine mystery? What are our liturgies but borrowed emotions, grown cold in the passing and staled by use—an anthology for apes!

But I wrong the ape. Did not an African explorer—with more insight than most, albeit a woman—tell me how even an ape in the great virgin forests will express by solemn capers some sense of the glory and freshness of the morning, his glimmering reason struggling towards spiritual consciousness, and moving him to dance his wonder and adoration? Even so the Greek danced his way to



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"WHERE NATURE WAS BEAUTIFUL AND ART WAS SECOND NATURE"

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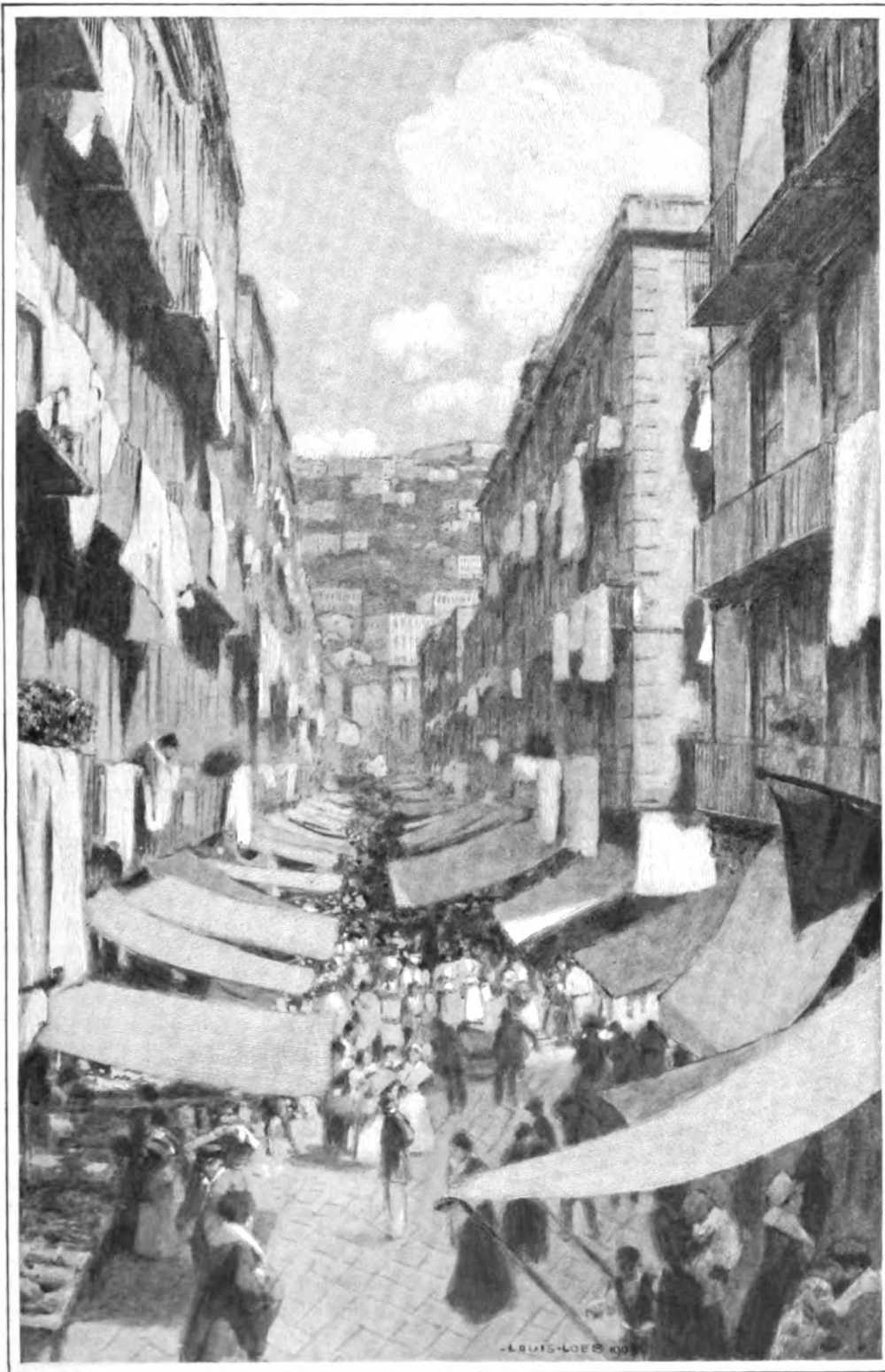
religion and the drama. Alas for the ape's degenerate cousin, the townsman shot to business through a tube!

I grant him that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, yet 'tis with the curve that beauty commences. Your crow is the scientific flyer, and a dismal bird it is. Who would demand an austere, unbending route 'twixt Sorrento and Amalfi instead of the white road that winds and winds round that great amphitheatre of hills, doubling on itself as in a mountain duet, and circumvoluting again and yet again, till the intertangled melody of peaks becomes a great choral burst, and all the hills sing as in the Psalmist, crag answering crag? Should you grow impatient when chimes yawn at your feet, and to skirt them the road turns inland half a mile, bringing you back on the other side of the chasm to your mere starting-point? Should you crave for an iron-trestled American bridge to span the gap? Nay, science is the shortest distance between two points, but beauty, like art, is long.

What is this haste to arrive? Give me to walk and walk those high paths hung 'twixt mountain and sea; the green wild grass with its dots of daisy and dandelion; cactus and asphodel overhanging from the mountain-side; figs, olives, vines sloping in terraced patches to the sea, which through bronze leafy tunnels shows blue and sparkling at the base of contorted cliffs. A woman's singing comes up from the green and gray tangle of gnarled trunks, and mingles with the sweet piping of the birds. A brown man moves amid the furrows. A sibyl issues from a pass, leaning on her staff, driving a pair of goats, her head swathed in a great white handkerchief. I see that the Italian painters have copied their native landscape as well as their fellow men and women, though they pictured Palestine or Hellas or the lands of faëry. Not from inner fancy did Dosso Dossi create that glamorous background for his Circe. That sunny enchantment, that redolence of mediæval romaunt, exhales from many a haunting spot in these castled crags. Not from mere technical ingenuity did the artists of the Annunciation and other sacred indoor subjects introduce in their composition the spaces of the outer world shining through doors or windows or

marble porticos, vistas of earthly loveliness fusing with the holy beauty. Geology is here the handmaiden of art and theology. The painters found these effects to hand, springing from the structure of cities set upon ridges, as in a humble smithy of Siena, whose entrance is in a street, but whose back, giving upon a sheer precipice, admits the wide purpureal landscape; or in that church in Perugia, dominating the Umbrian Valley, where the gloom of the old masters in the dim chapels is suddenly broken by the sunlit spaciousness of an older master, framed in a little window. Do you wonder that the Perugian Pinturicchio would not let his St. Jerome preach to a mere crowded interior, or that the Umbrian school is from the first alive to the spirit of space? Such pictures Italy makes for us, not only from interiors, but from wayside peep-holes, from clefts in the rock or gaps in the greenery. The country, dark with cypresses or gleaming with domes and campaniles, everywhere composes itself into a beautiful harmony; one needs not eye-points of vantage. The peep-hole simply fixes one's point of view, frames the scene in one's horizon of vision, and suggests by its enhancement of Nature the true task of Art in unifying a sprawling chaos of phenomena. And if to disengage the charm of space Raphael and Perugino and even Mariotto Albertinelli make such noble use of the arch, was it not that its lovely limitation and definition of the landscape had from early Roman antiquity been revealed by architecture? Arches and perspectives of arches, cloisters and colonnades, were weaving a rhythm of space in their daily walks. Where Nature was beautiful and Art was second nature, the poets in paint were made as well as born.

Paradox-mongers have exalted Art above Nature, yet what pen or brush could reproduce Amalfi—that vibrant atmosphere, that shimmer and flicker of clouds, sunshine, and water; the ruined tower on the spit, the low white town, the crescent hills beyond, the blue sky bending over all as over a great glimmering cup? Beethoven, who wrote always with visual images in his mind—strange deaf seer—might have rendered it in another art, transposing it into the key



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"I HAVE SEEN THE RADIANT RAGGEDNESS OF NAPLES"

of music, for is not beauty as mutable as energy, and what were the music of the spheres but the translation of their shining infinitude?

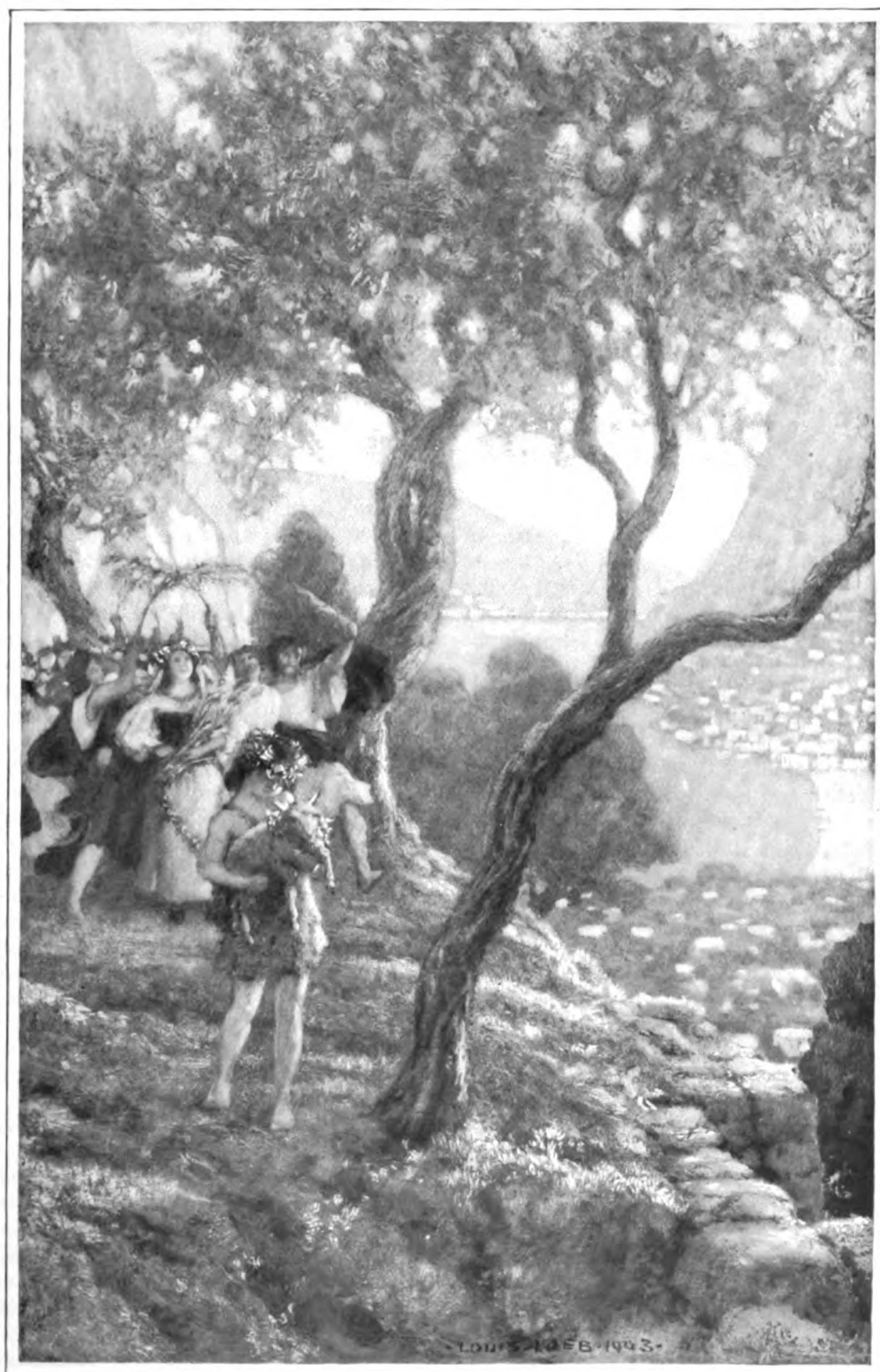
Truer, indeed, such translation into singing sound than into the cacophonies of speech, particularly of scientific speech.

I saw a great angel's wing floating over Rimini, its swanlike feathers spread with airy grace across the blue—but I must call it cirrus clouds, forsooth, ruffling themselves on a firmament of illusion. We name a thing, and lo! its wonder flies, as in those profound myths where all goes well till scientific curiosity comes to mar happiness. Psyche turns the light on Cupid, Elsa must know Lohengrin's name. With what subtle instinct the Hebrew refused to pronounce the name of his deity. A name persuades that the unseizable is seized, that leviathan is drawn out with a hook? "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Primitive man projected his soul into trees and stones—animism, the wise call it—but we would rob even man of his soul, desperately disintegrating it back to mechanic atoms. The savage lifted Nature up to himself; we would degrade ourselves to Nature. For scientific examination read unscientific ex-amination. And now 'tis the rare poet and artist for whom river and tree incarnate themselves in nymphs and dryads. Your Böcklin painfully designs the figures once created by the painless mythopæsis of the race; your Kipling strives to breathe back life into ships and engines. As philosophy is but common sense by a more circuitous route, so may art be self-conscious savagery. And herein lies perhaps the true inwardness of the Psyche legend. The soul exchanges the joys of naïveté for the travails of self-consciousness, but in the end wins back its simple happiness, more stably founded. Yet, so read, the myth needs the supplement of an even earlier phase—it might well have occupied a spandrel at least in those delicious decorations for the ceiling of the Villa Farnesina which Raphael drew from the fable of Apuleius,—in which Psyche, innocent of the corporeal Cupid, dreams of Amor. For me at least the ecstasy of vision has never equalled the enchantment of the visionary. O palm and cit-

ron, piously waved and rustled at the Feast of Tabernacles, you brought to my gray childhood the whisper and aroma of the sun-land. (Prate not of your Europes and Asias; these be no true geographic cuts; what is there, save a sun life and an ice life and the gray life of the neutral zones?) But the solidities cannot vie with the airy fantasies. Where is the magic morning freshness that lay upon the dream city? Dawn cannot bring it, though it lay its consecrating gold upon the still lagoons of a sea city, or upon the flower-stones of a Doge's palace. Poets who have sung best of soils and women have not always known them; the pine has dreamed of the palm, and the palm of the pine.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard . . ." Ah, those unheard! Were it not better done—as poets use—never to sport with Beatrice in the shade, nor with the tangles of loved Laura's hair? Shall Don Quixote learn that Dulcinea del Toboso is but a good, likely country lass? I would not marry the sea with a ring, no, not for all the gold and purple of the Bucentaur! What should a Doge of dreams be doing in that galley? To wed the sea—and know its mystery but petulance, its unfathomed caves only the haunt of crude polypi; no mermaids, no wild witchery, and pearls but a disease of the oyster!

Mayhap I had been wiser to keep my Italian castles in Spain than to render myself obnoxious to the penalties of the actual. Rapacity, beggary, superstition, hover over the loveliness of the land like the harpies and evil embodiments in Ambrogio Lorenzetti's homely Allegory of Bad Government in the Sala Della Pace of Siena. To-day that fourteenth-century cartoonist would have found many a new episode for his frescoed morality play, whereof the ground-plot should run: how, to be a Great Power with martial pride of place, Italy sacrifices the substance. Incalculably rich in art, her every village church bursting with masterpieces beyond the means of millionaires, she hugs her treasures to her ragged bosom with one skinny hand, the other extended for alms. Adorable Brother Francis of Assisi, with thy preachment of "holy poverty," didst thou never suspect there could be an unholy poverty?



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

"THEY WIND IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE OLIVE-GROVES"

'Tis parlous, this beatitude of beggary. More bandits bask at thy shrine than at almost any other spot in Christendom. Where the pilgrims are, there the paupers are gathered together; there must be rich prey in those frenzied devotees who crawl up thy chapel, licking its rough stones smooth. Thou hadst no need of food: if two small loaves were provided for thy forty days' Lent in that island in the Lake of Perugia, one and a half remained uneaten, and even if half a loaf seemed better to thee than no bread, 'twas merely because the few mouthfuls chased far from thee the venom of a vain-glorious copy of thy Master. Perchance 'tis from some such humility the beggars of Assisi abstain from a too emulous copy of thee. Thou didst convert thy brother, the fierce wolf of Agobio, and give the countryside peace, but what of this pack of wolves thou hast loosed—in sheep's clothing?

Or shall we figure Italia's beggars as her mosquitoes, inevitable accompaniment of her beauties? The mosquito-mendicant—come he as cripple or cicerone, buzzes ever in one's ears, foe to meditation and enkindlement. Conceive me seeking refuge in a palazzo of once imperial Genoa; treading pensively the chambers of Youth and Life, the Arts and the Four Seasons, through which duchesses and marchese had trailed silken skirts. With gaze uplifted at the painted ceilings, I ponder on that magnificence of the world and the flesh which the Church could not wither, nay, which found consummate expression in the Pope's own Church in St. Peter's, where the baldachino of twinkling lights supplies the one touch of religious poetry. I pass into the quiet library and am received by the venerable custodian, a Dr. Faustus in black skull-cap and white beard. He does the honors of his learned office, brings me precious Aldines. Behold this tome of antique poetry, silver-typed,—a "limited edition," twenty-four copies made for the great families. He gloats with me over Ovid's Metamorphoses; over the fantasy of the title-page, the vignettes of nymphs and flowers, the spacious folio pages. Here is Homer in eight languages. My heart goes out to the scholarly figure as we bend over the parallel columns, book-worms both. I envy the gentle Friar of

Letters his seclusion and his treasures. He lugs out a mediæval French manuscript; a poem on summer—"*saison aussi utile que belle*," he adds, unexpectedly. We discourse on manuscripts: of the third-century Virgil at Florence and its one missing leaf in the Vatican; how French manuscripts may be found as early as the tenth century, while the Italian scarcely precede Dante, and demonstrate his creation of the language. We laud the Benedictines for their loving labor in multiplying texts; he is wrought up to produce the apple of his eye, an illuminated manuscript that had belonged to a princess. It is bound in parchment, with golden clasps. "Figures de la Bible," I seem to remember on its ornate title-page. I bend lovingly over the quaint letters, I see the princess's white hand turning the polychrome pages, her lace sleeve ruffled exquisitely as in a Bronzino portrait. Suddenly Dr. Faustus ejaculates in English, "Give me a drink!"

My princess fled almost with a shriek, and I came back to the sordid Italy of to-day. Of to-day? Is not yesterday's glamour equally illusionary? But perhaps Genoa with her commercial genius is no typical daughter of Italia. Did not Dante and the Tuscan proverb alike denounce her? Does not to-day's proverb say that it takes ten Jews to make one Genoese? And yet it was Genoa that produced Mazzini and Garibaldi.

Would you wipe out this bookish memory by a better? Then picture the library of a monastery, that looks out on the cypressed hills, whose cloisters Sodoma and Signorelli frescoed with naïve legends of St. Benedict and Satan. See under the long low ceiling, propped on the cool white pillars, those niched rows of vellum bindings guarding the leisurely Latin lore of the Fathers. Behold me meditating those missals and rituals, pageants in manuscript, brodered and illuminated, all glorious with gold initials and ultramarine and vermilion miniatures, or those folio processions of sacred music, each note pranked in its bravery and stepping statelily amid garlands of blue and gold and the hovering faces of angels; dreaming myself into that mystic peace of the Church, till the vesper bell calls to pater-nosters and genuflexions, and the great

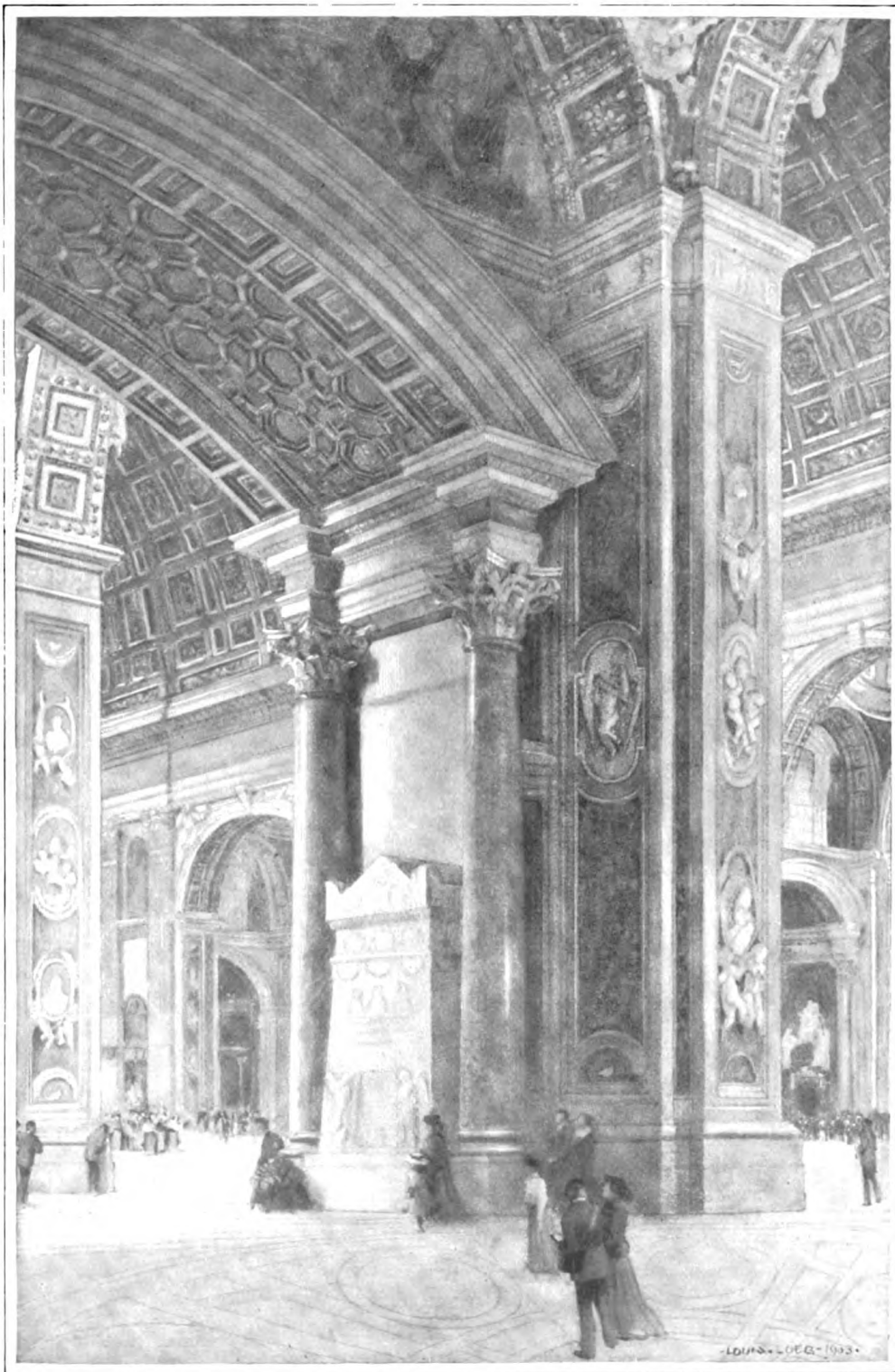
organ rolls out to drown this restless, anchorless century. Now am I for nones and primes, for vigils and sackcloth, for breviaries and holy obedience. In shady cloisters, mid faded frescoes, round sleepy rose-gardens, I will pace to papal measures, while the serene sun-dial registers the movement of the sun round the earth. Who speaks of a religion as though it were dependent upon its theology? Dogmas are but its outward show; inwardly and subtly it lives by its beauty, its atmosphere, its inracination in life, and its creed is but a poor attempt to put into words a thought too large for syllables, too elusive for phrases. Language is a net that catches the fish and lets the ocean stream through. Again that fallacy of the Name.

Beautiful I will call that service I saw at Bologna on Whitsun Sunday, though you must dive deep to find the beauty. Not in S. Petronio itself will you find it, in those bulky pillars swathed in crimson damask, though there is a touch of it in the vastness, the far altar, the remote choir and surpliced priests on high, the great wax candle under the big baldachino, the congregation lost in space. Nor will you find it in the universal disorder, in that sense of a Church Parade *within* the church, in the brouhaha that drowns the precentor's voice; in the penny chairs planted or stacked as the worshippers ebb or flow; in the working-men and their families sprawling over the altar steps; in the old women coifed in colored handkerchiefs, with baskets that hold bottles as well as prayer-books; not even in the pretty women in Parisian hats, or the olive-skinned girls in snoods; least of all in the child's red balloon soaring to the roof at the very moment of the elevation of the Host, and followed with heavenward eyes by half the congregation. And yet there is no blasphemy even in the balloon; the child's innocent pleasure in its toy is mixed with its sense of holy festivity. There is no sharp contrast of sacred and secular. The church does not end with its portals; it extends into the great piazza; nor do the crowds squatting on its steps in the sun, and seething in the square it dominates, feel themselves outside the service; the very pigeons seem to flutter with a sense of sacred holi-

day, as though they had just listened to the sermon of their big brother, St. Francis. The church, like the radiant blue sky, is over all. And this is the genius of Catholicism.

Not without significance are those thirteenth-century legends in which even the birds and the fishes were brought into the fold universal, as into a spiritual Noah's ark; all equally in need of salvation. The Apostles themselves were mere fishers, spreading no metaphoric net: what an evolution to St. Antony, who wins the finny tribes to reverence and dismisses them with the divine blessing! To think that missionaries go forth to preach verbal propositions violently torn from the life, and the historic enchainment, and the art and the atmosphere! If they would but stay at home and reform the words, which must ever change, so as to preserve the beauty, which must never die! For words must change, if only to counterbalance their own mutations and colorings, their declines and falls. They are no secure envelope for immortal truths. I would as lief embody my fortunes in a paper currency. Let the religion of the future be writ only in music—Palestrina's or Allegri's, Bach's or Wagner's, as you will—so that no heresies can spring from verbal juggles, distorted texts or legal quibbles. And yet—would the harmony be unbroken? What quarrels over misprinted sharps and naturals! How the doctors of music would disagree on the *tempo* and the phrasing, and burn and excommunicate for a dotted semibreve! What Church Councils—the pianissimo party *versus* the fortissimo; legato legions and staccato squadrons the holy wars of harmony—all Christian history *da capo*!

I like that gracious tolerance of humanism you find in some Renaissance pictures, those composite portraits of ideas, in which all types and periods mingle in the higher synthesis of conception. Raphael could not represent the Conflagration in the Borgo that was extinguished by papal miracle without consecrating a corner of his work to the piety of Æneas, carrying Anchises on his back in a parallel moment of peril. Raphael's work is, in fact, almost a series of illustrations of the Sposalizio of Hebraism



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"ARCHES AND PERSPECTIVES OF ARCHES, CLOISTERS, AND COLONNADES"

and Hellenism. That library of Julius II. in the Vatican may stand as the scene of their union. Beyond the true catholicism of its immortal frescoes culture cannot go. If the "Theology" is mainly confined to Biblical concepts and figures, it is supplemented by Perino del Vaga's picture of the Cumæan Sibyl showing the Madonna to Augustus; which is at least a dovetailing of the divided worlds and eras. For if to explain the parity of Sibyls with Prophets in the designs of Michael Angelo, you call in those Fathers of the Church who found Christology in the old Sibylline leaves—though you might as well ascribe the importance of Virgil in the Middle Ages to the millennial images of the Pollo—you must admit a less dubious largeness in Raphael's cartoons for the dome mosaics in that Chapel of Santa Maria del Popolo devoted to our Lady of Loreto: for to group the gods of Hellas round the Creator and His angels even by an astronomic device involving their names for the planets, shows a mood very far removed from that of the Christians who went to the lions in this very Rome. (The consistent Christian mood is seen in the Quaker's avoidance of the heathen names of our days and months, mere bald numeration replacing these Norse and Roman divinities.) Moreover, the "Parnassus" is almost wholly to the glory of ancient Greece and Rome. It is Dante and Petrarch who are honored by neighboring Homer and Virgil. It is the violin that is glorified by Apollo's playing upon it. Anachronism if you will. But Art may choose to see history *sub specie æternitatis*, and surely in Plato's heaven rests the archetypal violin, to which your Stradivarius or Guarnerius is a banjo.

Nor has antiquity ever received a nobler tribute than in "The School of Athens," that congregation of pagan philosophers to which the Dukes of Urbino and Mantua repair, to which Raphael himself brings his teacher, while Bramante, builder of St. Peter's, is proud to adorn the train of Aristotle. See, too, under the ceiling painting of Justice, how Moses bringing the Tables of the Law to the Israelites is supplemented by Justinian giving the Pandects to Tritonian. Thus is Justice more

subtly illustrated than perhaps the painter consciously designed. How finely—if even more paradoxically—this temper repeats itself later in the English Puritan and Italian sonneteer, Milton, whose Lycidas vibrates 'twixt the classic and the Christian, and whose very epic of Hebraism is saturated with catholic allusiveness, and embraces—albeit by way of Satan—that stately panegyric of

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.

Why, indeed, quarrel over religions when all men agree—all men, that is, at the same grade of intellect? The learned busy themselves classifying religions—there are reviews at Paris and Tübingen—but in the crude working world religion depends less on the belief than on the believer. All the simplest minds believe alike—be they Confucians or Christians, Jews or Fantees. The elemental human heart will have its thaumaturgic saints, its mapped hells, its prompt answers to prayer, and if deprived of them will be found subtly to reintroduce them. The Buddha who came to teach natural law was himself made into a miracle-monger; the Hebrew Torah which cried anathema on idols became itself an idol, swathed in purple, adorned with golden bells, and borne round like a Madonna for reverent kisses. At the base of the intellectual mountain flourishes rank and gorgeous vegetation, a tropic luxuriance; higher up—in the zone of mediocrity—there are cultivated temperate slopes and pruned gardens, pleasant pastures and ordered bowers; at the snowy summits, in the rarefied ether, flash white the glacial impersonal truths, barely a tuft of moss or lichen. Hark! peak is crying unto peak: "Thy will be done."

But what is this new voice—comes it from the mole-hills?—"Our will be done." See—in the mask of the highest Christianity and science—the old thaumaturgy creeping in, though now every man is his own saint, healing his own diseases, denying death with a Podsnapian wave o' the hand. O my friends, in the Eternal City—that canvas for the flying panorama of races and creeds,—peep into a coffin in the Capitoline museum and see the skeleton of the Etruscan girl

with rings glittering on her bony fingers, and bracelets on her fleshless wrists, and her doll at her side, in ironic preservation, its blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes mocking the eyeless occiput of its mistress. Even so shall your hugged treatises and your glittering gospels show among your bones. Do you not know that death is the very condition of life—bound up with it as darkness with light? How trivial the thought that sees death but in the cemetery. 'Tis not only the grave that parts us from our comrades and lovers: we lose them on the way. Lose them not only by quarrel and estrangement, but by evolution and retrogression. They broaden or narrow away from us, and we from them; they are changed, other, transformed, dead and risen again. Woe for the orphans of living parents, the widowers of undeceased wives. Our early ego dies by inches, till, like the perpetually darned sock, it retains nothing but the original mould and shaping. Let us read the verse more profoundly: "In the midst of life we are in death." Whoever dies in the full tilt of his ambitions is buried alive, and whoever survives his hopes and fears is dead, unburied. Death for us is all we have missed, all the periods and planets we have not lived in, all the countries we have not visited, all the books we have not read, all the emotions and experiences we have not had, all the prayers we have not prayed, all the battles we have not fought. Every restriction, every negation, is a piece of death. Not wholly has popular idiom ignored this truth. "Dead to higher things," it says; but we may be dead, too, to the higher mathematics. Death for the individual is the whole universe outside his consciousness, and life but the tiny blinking light of consciousness. But between the light and the dark is perpetual interplay, and we turn dark to light and let light subside to dark as our thoughts and feelings veer this way or that.

And since 'tis complexity of consciousness that counts, and the death of the amæba or the unborn babe is less a decomposition than the death of a man, so is the death of a philosopher vaster than the death of a peasant. We have but one word for the drying up of an ocean and the drying up of a pool. And the

sediment, the clay that we bury, wherefore do we still label it with the living name? As if Cæsar might truly stop a bunghole! Mark Antony might come to praise Cæsar; he could not bury him.

Here lies Mazzini, forsooth! As if that spirit of white fire could rest even on the farthest verge of thee, O abominable Campo Santo of Genoa, with thy central rotunda pillared with black marble, thy spires and Grecian buildings, thy Oriental magnificence, redeemed only by the natural hills in which thou nestlest. Are our ashes indeed so grandiose and spectacular a thing? Or art thou a new terror added to Death? From thy haughty terrace—whereon Death himself in black marble fights with a desperate woman—I have gazed down upon thy four parallelograms, bounded by cypresses and starred with great daisies, that seen nearer are white crosses, and a simple *contadina* lighting the lamp for her beloved dead alone softens the scene. O the endless statuary of the gallery, the slabs and reliefs, the faded wreaths, or those drearier beads that never fade—I could pray to the Madonna whose blue and gold halo shines over thy dead to send a baby earthquake to swallow thee.

Away with these cemeteries of stone, this frigid pomp of death, that clings on to life, even while spouting texts of resignation! Who cares for these parish chronicles; these parallelograms of good people that lived and fell on sleep; these worthy citizens and fond spouses? Horrid is that clasp of intertwined hands. I could chop at those fingers with an axe. 'Tis indecent, this graveyard flirtation. Respect your privacy, good skeletons! Ye, too, couples of the Etruscan Catacombs, who dash our spirits from your urns: to what end your graven images outside your incinerated relics? Not in marmoreal mausoleums, nor in railed-off tombs, with knights and dames couchant, not in Medici chapels nor in the florid monuments of Venetian Doges; not in the columbaria of the Via Appia; not in the Gothic street-tombs of the Scaliger princes resides death's true dignity—they are the vain apéry of life—but in some stoneless, flowerless grave where only the humped earth tells that here lies the husk of one gathered into the vastness of oblivion.

There are times when one grows impatient for death. There is a sweetness in being gathered to one's fathers. The very phrase is restful. Dying sounds more active; it recalls doing, and one is so tired of doing. But to be culled softly, to be sucked up—the very vapor of the Psalmist—to join the quiet Past, which robs even Fame of its sting, and wherein lie marshalled and sorted and ticketed and dated—in stately dictionaries and monumental encyclopædias—all those noisy poets, painters, warriors, all neatly classified and silent. And the sweet silence of the grave allures even after the bitter silence of life; after the silent endurance that is our one reply to the insolence of facts. And in these delicate, seductive moments, half longing, half acquiescence, the air is tremulous with soft crooning phrases, with gen-

tle, wistful melodies, the hush-a-bye of the earth-mother drawing us softly to her breast.

But an you will not acquiesce in simple earth-to-earth, I commend you to the Greek sarcophagi you may see in the Naples museum. There you will find no smirking sentiment, no skull and cross-bones—ensign of pirate death—but the very joy of life—ay, even a Bacchanalian gladness. I recall a radiant procession, Cupids riding on centaurs and on lions, and playing on lyres; mortals driving chariots and blowing trumpets, or dancing along, arms round one another's necks.

What pipes and timbrels, what wild ecstasy!

Bury me in an old Greek sarcophagus or let me fade into the anonymous grass.

A Song to My Beloved

BY HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS

SING me a song of my Love to-day,
Heart of my heart, singing alone,
Here in the liquid light of May,
Where the roses' odors are softly blown;
The shadows ripple along the grass,
And out from the murmurous, moving leaves
I watch the flashing sparrows pass
To their noisy haunts in the ivied eaves.

Sing of her eyes that are velvet brown,
And the hand that nestles within my own,
Sing of her dark hair straying down,
And her gentle arms about me thrown;
Sing of the tears of a deep surprise,
And thoughts too sweet for the minds of men,
For the new life lives and the old life dies,
And Love comes into his own again.

Sing me a song of my Love to-day,
Heart of my heart, singing alone,
While morning brightens upon the bay,
And the roses' odors are softly blown;
Sing of the light of love's surprise,
That shines but once in the hearts of men,
While the new life lives and the old life dies,
And Love comes into his own again.

An Angel in the House

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE old man had not always walked with two canes, as he did now. He had been straight and tall as an Indian,—dark as an Indian, too,—straight as his son Martin, the children's father. The blow from a falling tree, rheumatism, and long stooping over damp furrows had brought him to the two canes. But when he sat in his big chair you would never know he was not as he was born.

The children, however, seldom thought of him in any other than his present guise. To them he was a natural figure of the universe, always there, always the same, as much so as the sun and stars and sky, and entirely indispensable in the matter of their daily life. And although they knew, of course, that he must once have been young, and had been a Major in the militia, and must have been a lover in the days when Grandma was young too,—and sweet as a wild rose, as they had heard him say,—yet it was in the vague manner in which they might have known that the earth had once been a ball of flaming gas—rarely remembered, and much preferred in the present condition. But although he loved them, they themselves were to the old man like the birds, the bees, the pleasant accidents of the hour.

But Grandma remembered those old days, and more vividly than the things of the present; to her her husband was still and eternally young and handsome, strong and upright. While she sat in her soft darkness, she was often living again in this and that part of the drama of their life. Sometimes it was recollection of the electric thrill that shot through her like a sort of glad pang the first time he ever took her hand and made her feel all at once that he belonged to her and she to him forever. She put her fingers up before her face, as if the thought of it were something to be shielded from common sight,

when she recalled the first kiss he ever laid upon her lips. And sometimes she lived over again the joyous time when he brought her to this old house, feeling, as she recalled it, almost as happy as she was then. She could never be quite so tremulously, timorously happy as when he first turned the key of the big door, locking them in from all the rest of the world.

No other summer evening could ever be so lovely as that;—they had been married in the morning. As they sat on the door-stone, the odors of the white-rose above them and of the southern-wood beside them mingled a sweet and bitter in the air; the wind whispered high up through the embowering elm-trees with a rhythmical sweep, as if it were part of some great music far outside and away; the stars hung low through the branches and seemed to bring heaven down about her and her young husband. They had no words with which to speak their thoughts; they were not talking people; but the way he held her while he looked up into the dark splendor of the sky told her how sacredly he took the trust of her life and happiness, and how surely he meant to build a home that should be a thing of blessing; and the way she clung to him told of her absolute and unwondering confidence in him, and that he stood to her for the strength of the powers of nature and the beneficence of God.

They had nothing but the farm, and health and strength. They were up when the birds began to sing in the dark,—and what mornings they were! The sky a fleece of rose and gold and blue, mists sweeping away in flocks over the low meadows, and leaf and bough and sod drenched with dew. Busy on her pressing household errands, she had no time to stay and look about; she hardly knew she saw things then that now she seemed to see vividly. She remembered one

morning when he came in from milking and told her to look up the hill pasture,—little Jerry, their grandson, was setting out raspberry canes there to-day; there was a broad sunbeam slanting down the soft folds of mist and turning them to a sheet of many-colored jewels, a wind following and stripping it away. "Kings don't have finer than that in their coronation gear," said he. "Only, their'n lasts longer," said she, a little wistfully,—for she loved pretty things. And that day he had gone down to Port and had brought her home a small breast-pin, a topaz in a circle of pearls. Of course it was an inexpensive thing, but it meant days of labor and deprivation; and to her it meant more beauty and price than her diamond crown to a queen.

"And more love," said he.

She had it still, wrapped away in cotton-wool. She had never quite felt like giving it to Martin's wife,—Martin had been the only child left to them. At one time she thought she would keep it for Jerry's wife,—although to Jerry, Martin's son, all girls were yet as shadows. At another time she felt she ought to give it to Louisa, who was to be married some day;—but she loved Emmy best. And then she didn't know. She had an intimate fancy that, after all, she would like to have it buried with her,—she would like to rise at the last day with the pin on; she had always asked to be laid away in a white gown; but then somebody might rob the grave for it; and perhaps it would be wrong—to hide it in a grave. And she never entirely made up her mind how to dispose of this worldly wealth.

It had more than once been in danger, however. When the first baby died,—the yellow-haired, laughing, dimpled thing, crowing with delight over the shadows of leaves in the sunbeams, over the flitting of birds, the dropping of flowers upon his outdoor cradle, too joyous a little being not to make his stillness appalling,—heart-broken as they were, they had to face the fact that, the taxes having just been paid, there was nothing with which to buy the last little shelter for the dead baby. And then she had brought her topaz pin to her husband to take into town and sell. But he had pinned it inside his shirt, as if it some-

what heartened him, and had gone out and fashioned and stained a little box himself, grimly, and with a sense of something wrong in the world. And she had made the little bed soft and sweet with life-everlasting that she picked up in the sunshine of the hill pasture. And when he gave back her pin, she had felt as if it were the dead baby's as much as her own.

It was years and years afterwards, when, fumbling darkly among her small possessions, the topaz pin was missing. It was a long while after Martin had brought his wife and children there to live. "It's gone!" she cried, feebly.

"It's gone!" echoed Emmy. "I'd ben helpin' her air the things in the hair-covered trunk, and I had the winder wide open, and—"

"It's gone," quivered Grandma again.

"You don't suppose one o' the children—" began their always apprehensive and timid mother.

"No!" answered their grandfather. "No. The children's name is West. There was never anybody of the name of West took what didn't belong to 'em."

"I allers thought they was like their father," said the mother, reflectively. "So straight they bend back'ards."

"Oh!" said Grandma, breathlessly, "they might have thought it did belong to them. In a sort of way it did belong to them, you know. I'd just as lieves they had it," she said, trembling at the small white lie.

"Emmy, Louisa, Jerry, Tommy, you come here," said the old Major. And he ranged them before him, as he sat bolt-upright; and then he took down the Farmer's Almanac from its hook, slowly, as if recollecting the formula of some abracadabra. He turned the leaves and ran his fingers over the strange characters, the signs of the zodiac and of the moon's phases. Then glancing up under his shaggy brows at the row of little eager faces, "If any one took that pin," the old Major said, "that one has a bit of burdock bur on the tip of the nose."

If he thought that, quick as winking, any little hand would fly to any little nose, he was mistaken. The children stood rigid as marble, but with big wondering eyes.

"I told you so," said he, proudly. "Their name is West."

"But my nose itched turrible," said Jerry.

And then their father came in with a parcel in his hand. He had cut off the branch of a tree that bore a nest of tent-caterpillars, and there had fallen with it the half-built home of some birds who had carried the little bunch of cotton-wool up where they could pick it to bits at their leisure. And the grandmother felt it a miraculous restoration of a sacred thing. For the pretty bawble symbolized to her not only memory of the dead baby, but the devotion of her husband, who would have given her the wealth of the world if he could have reached it.

But she had never wished for wealth. In those early days when he had given her the pin she wanted only the health and strength she had, to make his home blessed; and love wrought in her every thought and step, and gave her face, as he felt without thinking, a glorified look.

That face of hers never seemed to him exactly to grow old, although so many years had wrought their work upon it, although Martin had come to man's estate, and was married, and his children had been born on the place with which he struggled for a living. Once when her husband feared the work was getting to be too much for his old wife alone, he had proposed that Martin should bring his family up there and make it lighter. But she had felt as if that would be something intervening between him and herself, as if the dear seclusion of her home would go with the coming of these young things whom she loved and petted—and sent back at her pleasure.

Sometimes as the husband looked at his old wife now, the face of her girlhood seemed to swim over the faded countenance;—he could not have told you which he loved the better. He knew by the calendar that she was no longer young; but it was so seldom in his thoughts that he was unconscious of it. If the sea-shell pink had forsaken the cheek, he did not miss it; if her eyes were duller, her smile was just as sweet. He did not think of her, through her small, decent reserves, as anything old and withered; she was the object he loved, and he could not have found it possible to think of her as other than a

part of himself. In his preoccupations, hunting for herbs, gathering roots and simples for his customers, catching butterflies and finding rare eggs for collectors, searching earth and air, he did not think even of that a great deal; she was to him, as to the children, a fact of the universe.

As for her, in her single-mindedness, she took his affection from the first as a finished thing, as she supposed the world to have been when it was made and pronounced good. It never occurred to question if she were old or unlovely; it did not signify if she were,—she was simply a part of him. You will see two apples on a stem where the flowers were so close together that the fruits have in this same way grown into one.

It was just before the fall of the tree that reduced her husband to his two canes that, one Sunday noon, they were coming home from meeting. "That's a good sort of preachin'," said he,—“that we thank the Lord for our blessin's jest by enjoyin' 'em.”

"I've had a sight of enjoyment in this life," she sighed in pure pleasure, stooping to pick a flower—that flew away, being only a large white moth. "I wonder what the next will be."

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things prepared," said her husband.

"Oh, it can't be better than this, so long as we're together!" she exclaimed.

It was one night, at about this time, that, as he sat taking off his boots, she came with a candle in her hand and bent very low, looking at him closely and intently, moving the candle a trifle from side to side. He laughed, and pulled her face down and kissed it. "What's up, little woman?" he said.

She laughed too, although with some constraint. "I wanted to take a good look and fix it on my mind, so't I should see it if I went into the dark," she said.

"Sort of takin' my ambertype," he said, lifting her on one arm, and, with the candle in the other hand, carrying her off to bed.

There had come to this sweet face of hers, with the vanishing years, a look of pathetic patience, a certain far-away gaze in the eyes, almost like vacancy.

One day, passing her finger slowly down a seam she sewed,—all her movements were very slow and gentle, like those of one groping in twilight,—she found a gap and then a long stitch. She held her work up to the light; and after a moment she grew very white. "I was afeared, I was afeared," she whispered.

Then she went out in the yard and stood staring up straight at the sun without a quiver of her eyelids.

"What in time you doin' there?" her husband called from the barn door.

She turned with a wild shriek and went running and stumbling towards him, and threw her arms round his neck. "I have gone blind!" she cried. "I am old. And I have gone blind!"

"It's nothin' o' the sort!" he exclaimed, holding her off. "Lemme see. Your eyes are as bright as dollars! You've jest tired 'em."

"No!" she cried. "No. It's ben comin' this long while. I hoped it would pass. Oh, my dear, my dear old love, I never shall see your face again!"

"We'll go right down to Port and have the doctor look at 'em," he said. "Here, here, now, you ain't no call to cry. That's bad for 'em, anyway."

"It costs money to go to the doctor," she sobbed. "But there, you can take the pin," she added, more brightly. "Only, I don' 'no's it's a bit of good to go. I've done all there is to do. I've washed 'em 'ith June dew and with green tea—"

"Wife—have you prayed?" he asked. "O Lord," he cried, with a sudden fierce intensity, holding her there where they stood by the big chopping-block, "O Lord Almighty, the One of all power, the One of all love, give us back these eyes. Ef it takes a meracle,—Lord, work the meracle! O Lord, ain't she worth it as much as blind Bartimeus? She ain't never looked at anythin' unclean. Her eyes have allers beamed love and kindness,—don't leave them in the dark. Lord, ef it's to be one of us, take my eyes, not her'n—"

"Oh no, no!" she cried, still in his arms. "Not his'n, not his! Oh, our Heavenly Father, come to us with Thy spirit. Help us to be willin'. Be with us in the dark,—oh, be with us in the dark!"

He harnessed the old horse, and they went down to Port that afternoon, hardly speaking on the way, but holding each other closely, and waited on the doctor, whose fame in all the region round had long bordered on the marvellous.

"I am sorry," said the old doctor, the examination over, laying his hand on hers tenderly, as they sat before him. "I am sorry. But—it is hopeless. Nothing but a miracle—and the days of miracles are over—"

"No," she said, quietly. "It may not be worth while for me. But the power that made this world must still be livin' in it."

"And can transcend law? I wish it could and would!"

"Perhaps not that way," she answered with a lovely dignity. "But by comin' to me—and helpin' me to bear. By comfortin' him." For he had dropped his head in her lap and was crying like a child. "Dear, it is the Lord's will," she said, her hand resting on his head. "Martin and Annie will come up and bring the children, an' they will be eyes to me. I would have liked to see the beautiful world again,—but in the next life there will be so much to see, p'r'aps it is best to rest a little fust. Dear, dear," as he shook her with his sobs, "I would let you have your will. Sha'n't the Lord have his will, too, when we love him so?"

"There is no charge," said the doctor, when the man drew out his ancient wallet. "She has done more for me than I have been able to do for her."

And so they went their way. And after Martin and Annie moved up with the little girls and the babies, she seemed to be living over again the days of her youth,—of her courtship, of her early marriage, of the earlier time when she had joined the church. And at first the children tiptoed about with awe and commiseration, and presently they swarmed all over her, and each child of them all rivalled the others in finding something to do for her comfort or her pleasure,—one fashioning her caps, and making her, as the girl said, as pretty as a picture, another teaching her the cabbage-netting, one bringing to her the first flowers of the year and the last, and one picking up her pins and making

himself her staff,—the cherubs on a cloud round a Madonna could do no more.

"I declare," said the little grandmother, as she sat in the porch on a spring day, the sunshine out of the blue sky falling over her, and the children going and coming as if nothing were complete without her, "I begin to feel as if I was a queen or a centurion or suthin'. These children all but draw my breath for me!"

"It's done the children a sight o' good, growin' up 'ith you and their

grandpa," said their mother, bringing to the door the rug she was braiding. "It's made a woman of Emmy, bein' here with you. An' havin' sech a comrade as his grandpa's done more for Jerry than a term at the academy."

"The dear little people," said Grandma. "It's been everythin' to me, too, Annie. They don't know what it is to be blind."

"They know," said their mother—"they know what it is to have an angel in the house!"

The Busy Child

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

I HAVE so many things to do
I don't know when I shall be through.

To-day I had to watch the rain
Come sliding down the window-pane.

And I was humming all the time,
Around my head, a kind of rhyme;

And blowing softly on the glass
To see the dimness come and pass.

I made a picture, with my breath
Rubbed out to show the underneath.

I built a city on the floor;
And then I went and was a War.

And I escaped; from square to square
That's greenest in the carpet there.

Until at last I came to Us,—
But it was very dangerous.

Because, if I had stepped outside,
I made believe I should have died!

And now I have the boat to mend,
And all our supper to pretend.

I am so busy, every day,
I haven't any time to play.



STANDING STONES IN PROCESS OF EXCAVATION

Uncovering a Buried City

BY ALEXANDER MACALISTER, LL.D., D. Sc., F.R.S.

Cambridge University, England

OF the many sites in Palestine whose excavation has been recommended by the distinguished engineer officers who have made the survey of that land, one of the most important is the hill which rises beside the village of Abu-Shusheh, Tel-el-Jezair. It is one of the first landmarks which attract the attention of the traveller from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and is a prominent object in his view even before he reaches Lydda, continuing in sight until the train has entered the wild pass of the Wady-el-Surar, the valley of Sorek of the Book of Judges.

Tel-el-Jezair is a long, low mound, about 200 metres high, with steep sides and a flat top, a typical "tel," or mound, of a buried city, although its stony sides and summit show no sign of the secrets which they hide. At both its eastern and western ends it rises a little and

widens, its mid part being lower and narrower. The western knoll is crowned by a ruined wely, the shrine of the patron Moslem saint of the district, Sheikh el Jezair, but, excepting this, a farmyard on the southwestern slope, and a graveyard between the farm and the wely, the rest of the top and sides is bare and wild.

Before the excavations began, visitors to the tel were few and far between; yet there are very few hills in Palestine which offer such an extensive and varied prospect. To the northeast and north are Jaffa, Lydda, and Ramleh; to the northwest, the broad valley of Ajalon leading up to Beth-horon, whose name is associated with Joshua's victory over the five Amorite kings, and Amwas, with its ancient church (one of the rival sites of the Emmaus of St. Luke); to the east is the pass of Bab-el-Wad, with the Trappist monastery of Latrun at its mouth, and

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the valley of Sorek, whose name calls to mind many episodes in the history of Samson. To the southeast is the valley of Elah, the scene of the conflict between David and Goliath. To the south and southwest the eye ranges over the illimitable sandy plain containing the Philistine cities Ekron, Ashdod, and Gath not far off, Askelon still more remote, and Gaza in the far distance, where the sands of the desert meet the sky in the southern horizon.

Even if we knew nothing as to the ancient history of this mound, its prominence and strategic importance, commanding as it does the passes from the seacoast to Jerusalem, would have invested it with more than usual interest; but since the discovery of boundary-stones at various points around it, by which it has been identified as Gezer, its importance to the Biblical and historical student has become enhanced. Four such stones have been found, upon which words signifying "Boundary of Gezer" were inscribed in Hebrew letters, together with the name of Alkios in Greek, probably that of some official of the Seleucidan period. Unfortunately, these stones have, for one reason or other, been removed or destroyed, and there now only remains *in situ* a portion of one of these inscriptions.

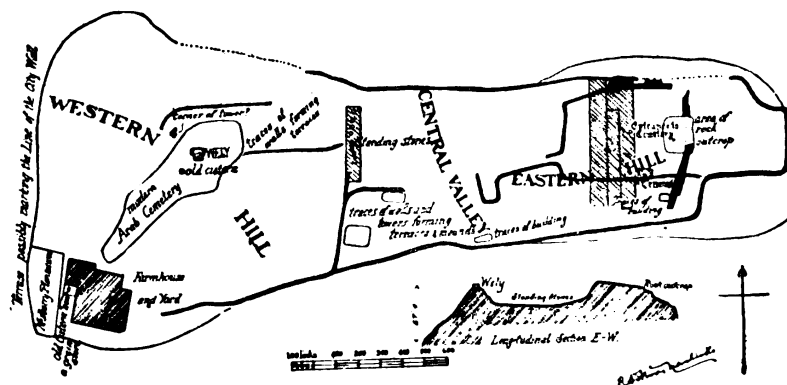
The city whose site is identified in this unique manner was one of considerable importance in the history of Palestine. It is mentioned as a conquered city in the Karnak list of Thothmes III., about 1500 B.C., and about two centuries later its conquest was claimed by Merenptah. From it three of the Tel-el-Amarna let-

ters were written to Egypt in the reign of Amenhotep IV. (B.C. 1370), and it is referred to in four others. According to Joshua, x. 33, its king was killed by the Israelites at the siege of Lachish, but the city itself was not taken by them (Joshua, xvi. 10), so, although it appears in the list given in Joshua, xxi. 21, as a Levitical city within the territory of Ephraim, it really remained in the hands of the Amorites until the reign of Solomon. When that king married the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt (or, as some critics would have us believe, the daughter of Pira, king of the Arabian Musri), his father-in-law burned the city and handed it over to Solomon, who rebuilt it. It was an important place in the time of the Maccabean struggle for independence, and still later during the wars of the Crusades. Thus the chronology of the historical events of which it was the theatre ranges from B.C. 1500 to 1200 A.D.

In its undisturbed state the tel showed little sign of its former glories; its steep sides and flat top show only a scanty vegetation of thorns and thistles, with scarcely any traces of the structures which are buried under its surface.

Early in the year 1902 the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund obtained a firman permitting the excavation of the hill, and they have intrusted the superintendence of the work to Mr. R. A. Stewart Macalister, who had been associated with Dr. Bliss in the excavation of the Shephelah tels in 1898-1900. Owing to unavoidable causes, the work was not begun until June 15.

The results of this excavation, so far,



MAP OF THE REGION OF EXCAVATION

may be summarized as follows: There have been at least six successive cities on this site, possibly seven. Each of these must have been destroyed, in two cases burnt, before the superposed city was built on its ruins, and there seems to have been a considerable interval between the successive cities, especially between the first and second, and between the fourth and fifth. I have tabulated these results in order of historical sequence, but, of course, in the reverse order of their discovery.

The oldest of the occupations appears to have been a semisavage settlement rather than a city. Its inhabitants lived in caves and rock shelters united by causeways of stones. They used flint weapons, and were ignorant of all metals. They gathered and crushed olives, probably made wine of grape juice, and used a very coarse pottery shaped by hand without the aid of the potter's wheel. They, in some cases at least, cremated their dead, hence it is not easy to be absolutely sure of their physical characteristics. As well as could be ascertained from the fragments of their bones, they seem to have been short in stature, but muscular in frame, with fairly broad heads and thick skulls. The bones of domestic animals, such as goats and oxen, have been found in their caves. To this aboriginal people were probably due certain rock-cuttings and cup-markings which may have been used for sacrificial purposes. It is possible that these may be equated to the Avvim, who are said to have been the precursors of the Canaanites in this district, but they certainly were not giants.

The stratum which overlies this contains the foundations of many dwellings, rectangular in outline, built of undressed stones. Flint and bone implements and ornaments are common, but with these are a few copper and bronze spears and axes. Many mazziboth, or pillar stones, are found in the narrow ways between the houses, and some at least of the dead were buried in caves within the city. When I joined my son at the works last July, he had opened one such cave near the top of the eastern hill, in which were the remains of many persons,—men, women, and children of this city. The cave had been used by the aborigines of the

first city as a crematorium, and its floor was covered with a stratum of burnt bones, but over these were the bones of this second people. Around the walls were stone enclosures built with mud mortar, in which were skeletons, deposited mostly on their sides in the contracted position, and with them much pottery of a finer kind, mostly hand-made without the wheel, although some were apparently wheel-made. Bead and shell ornaments were common. No metal implements were found in this cave.

When surveying the middle part of the hill, Mr. Macalister had noted two bosses of stone projecting about a foot and a half above the surface at the place where the tel was narrowest; and being familiar with the appearance of the rude stone monuments in Britain, he conjectured that these were the summits of standing stones like those which he had found four years ago in one of the Shephelah tels. Wishing to verify his hypothesis, he set a number of men to work around them, and after little more than a week's digging they unearthed a magnificent alignment of nine standing stones extending from north to south more than half-way across the hill. The largest of these stones measured about four metres in height, more than a metre in width, and three-quarters in thickness. Two of them had fallen, but these have been replaced, and it is intended that these, as well as other of the larger archaeological finds, shall be left *in situ*, exposed for the benefit of future visitors. To the west of the middle stone of the row was a large and beautifully squared stone, in the centre of which a great square trough had been cut. This cannot have been an altar, for it showed no trace of fire, but it may have been a socket for one of the Asherah, or sacred trees, the "groves" of the Authorized Version of the Bible, which we know to have been parts of the symbolism in ancient Canaanite worship.

These great stones were placed on an artificial plateau or flat pavement made of limestone chips which must have formed the floor of the temple. Embedded in this floor were seven large earthen jars, each of which contained the skeleton of an infant, in some cases calcined. Small libation vases or other



GIRLS AT WORK CARRYING THE SOIL-BASKETS ON THEIR HEADS

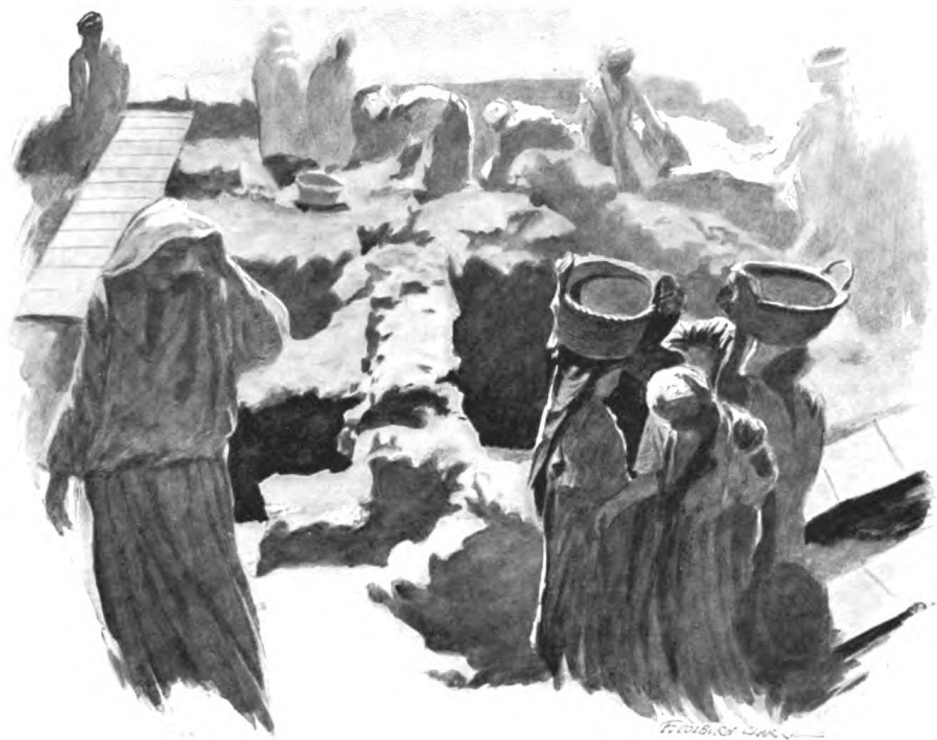
sacrificial vessels were found either in or beside these jars. These objects were evidently the traces of ritual sacrifices, possibly of the first-born, who were among the Semites consecrated to the tribal god. The performance of these rites in later times is referred to in Isaiah, lvii. 5.

There had been a great wall around this holy place, but this has not yet been fully cleared. Certain other sacred enclosures and caves were found in the vicinity, perhaps priestly dwellings and treasure-houses. In an adjoining plot and at about this depth were found the broken remains of an Egyptian stele of one Ankh-amen-aau, son of Baba,—names only known in monuments of the old or early middle empire of Egypt, about twenty to twenty-five centuries B.C.

In the stratum which overlay this second city were numerous dwellings resembling those described in that layer, but these were usually better built, and of stones somewhat rudely hammer-dressed, but only cemented with mud mortar. In some places a layer of charred vegetable matter intervened between the second and third strata, but not sufficiently extensive to indicate a general conflagration. Bronze is more common in this third stratum, and numerous scarabs were

found here, all of types which are usually associated with remains of the middle empire in Egypt (between B.C. 2200 and B.C. 1800). Pottery was abundant, some of the vessels being of elegant forms and wheel-made, some with the peculiar burnishing characteristic of early Amorite ware, and with thickened rims and ledge handles. On the handles of some of these jars are impressions of scarab seals which are of the same general types as the scarabs themselves. In one part of the city of this period was a temenos, or sacred enclosure, in the midst of which was a circular raised sacred hearth, surrounded by a ring of small standing stones.

Not far from the temenos was a cistern of the usual bell shape, filled with debris. When this was cleared out we found lying on its floor fourteen male skeletons, disposed in various ways, usually in the contracted position; with them were numerous bronze and copper spears and axes, as well as a few food-vessels, cooked bones of animals, and much charcoal, as though a funeral feast had been held here. Apparently all the bodies had been deposited at the same time, and may have been, perhaps, those of warriors who had fallen in some combat.



DWELLING-HOUSE OF THE THIRD CITY IN PROCESS OF EXCAVATION

Of the people who lived in the second and third strata, there are sufficient remains left to enable us to form a judgment as to their physical appearance. This differed little from that of the ordinary Semitic type. It is therefore probable that these cities were built by the peoples who formed the first and second waves of Semitic invasion, the ancestors of the Canaanites, Amorites, and other Palestinian tribes who possessed the land before the Israelitish immigration.

Between the remains of the third and the overlying fourth layer were here and there patches of ashes and charred wood and other vegetable matter, but no signs of universal conflagration. The building of this newer city covered the mouth of the great burial-cave and encroached on the enclosure of the temple. Bronze is here the commonest metal, but a few traces of iron have been found. Here for the first time we find lamps and bowls buried under the foundation of walls, and the pottery showed some trace of

Ægean influence. Scarabs were fewer, but pieces of Egyptian ware were occasionally met with. As a rule, the houses were more rudely built than those of the third city, but other remains, spindle-whorls, millstones, etc., show a culture stage somewhat in advance of those that had gone before them. Small clay images of a goddess, probably some divinity allied to Astarte, were still as common as in the underlying layer.

The second, third, and fourth cities, as far as the excavations have gone, seem to have been coextensive. The people of the second city built around it a wall, of which part remains. It was largely an earthen rampart, faced with undressed stones. Those of the third city built a strong and massive stone wall outside this, of which a considerable length has been exposed. This was about two metres and a half thick, and at intervals of varying length expanded into square towers of solid masonry, the corner-stones of these towers being carefully squared.

These towers were about six metres in diameter, and projected both externally and internally beyond the wall. At a later period these towers were strengthened by the building, on their outer face, of an additional wall, surrounded but not bonded to the original square towers. These new walls were of larger stones, and they were so constructed as to round off the angles of the towers. The excavation has not as yet been carried far enough to show the exact relation of the wall to the several groups of buildings or to the temple of standing stones.

Of the two later strata few important parts have been as yet found. It is probable that the newer cities, those of Solomon's rebuilding and that of later times, were smaller than the old city, and that their remains will be found for the most part at the western end of the hill. The historical value of these later cities when found will probably be far greater than those of the more ancient cities which have as yet been unearthed.

Of the Seleucid and Maccabean periods the chief traces that have been found are the handles of wine-jars from Rhodes bearing Greek inscription of the fourth to the second centuries B.C., a few coins, and a remarkable bath, which occupied the highest part of the eastern hill, and one Egyptian inscription of 395 B.C., bearing the name of the first Pharaoh of the twenty-ninth dynasty. All these were either at or very little below the surface.

In prosecuting the excavations, Mr. Macalister marks out the surface of the tel into measured squares. The surface soil of one of these is carefully removed, every spadeful being scrutinized in the process. The digging is by men, and the soil is carried away in baskets by girls or boys, as shown in the illustrations. When the remains of the top-most layer of building are exposed, every part of it is carefully surveyed and mapped to scale, every building photographed and described; those that present no remarkable architectural features are then removed. When the second layer is exposed the same process is gone through. In this manner an absolutely accurate record is kept of all the buildings of each stratum, and of all the smaller articles discovered in each stage of the work. When the excavation is com-

pleted, these maps will exhibit every detail in the construction and environment of each city as definitely as in our modern way those of any town of the present day are represented. Remarkable remains are left *in situ*, and the substrata determined in their places by tunnels. Such squares as show no particular features are filled in as soon as their contents have been determined.

Few scenes are more picturesque than that of the crowd of busy fellahin in the trenches, the brown-skinned men in many-colored turbans, and ragged, often curiously patched garments, forming bright spots against the light grayish soil. The slender girls, walking with a stately grace and carrying their baskets poised on their heads, are clad in a short-skirted garment of a dark blue serge, often embellished with fanciful embroidery, barefoot, and decked with heavy brass anklets and armlets of varying patterns, and with many finger-rings on both hands. Their white veils are thrown backwards, so as to drape the back of the neck and shoulders. Our workers differ from the peasants in many other parts of Palestine in that they are not tattooed. As spectators on the bank above the trench, groups of the wilder Bedouin of the neighboring desert are often to be seen, the men black-faced, draped in their long camel's-hair abba; the women, disfigured with great nose-ring and ear-rings. These children of the desert look with awe on the piles of potsherds carefully gathered on the banks, for, as one of them told his fellows: "These English are magicians. They change the gold into potsherds, and set the fellahin to dig them out; then they carry them away and change them back into gold."

A survey like this is necessarily slow, and the time allowed by the Turkish government is limited. The recent outbreak of cholera in southern Palestine has led to the suspension of the work, but Mr. Macalister hopes to be able to resume operations as soon as the rainy season is over. He wishes to be able to employ double the number of workers, in order to make up for lost time, but at present the resources of the Palestine Exploration Fund do not permit this.

The Making of a Match

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MRS. HERRON sat at a small table in a hotel restaurant. Opposite her was Judge Finch, who had happened in.

"And Susan," the Judge was saying, "finds no one good enough for her?"

"Her cousin Matilda describes Susan's attitude as 'choosing.' Very 'choosing,' Susan is nowadays, Matilda says,—meaning apparently that she cannot seem to make a choice. We used to call it 'difficult.'"

"New girls, new language, but apparently the same situations."

"I don't know that Susan is a marrying girl. At any rate, she doesn't seem in the least uneasy in the single state."

"Oh, well, at twenty-four there's still hope. Susan must be about twenty-four now."

"Twenty-six her last birthday, and the spring and the summer have come and gone since then."

"Gracious! how years pile up! Twenty-six! and the spring has come and the summer is ended, and Susan is not yet saved from herself! Yet she must have opportunities!"

"Oh yes, opportunities a-plenty. Opportunities in town; opportunities in the country; steamer opportunities; opportunities abroad, and on the coast of Maine, and in Washington; late spring opportunities in Florida; private-car opportunities; opportunities in civil life, in business life; possible opportunities in the army and the navy, in the simple life and the life of leisure."

"Dear me! has the poor child been so pestered with followers? She must have formed the fatal habit of rejection."

"I don't mean that she has had such a myriad of offers. An opportunity does not necessarily imply an offer of marriage. Susan hates offers. She says they take away her appetite and make her head ache."

"She stands her possible suitors off betimes, then. I suppose that is possible."

"Usually it can be managed without much difficulty—at least it used to be so,—though sometimes it involves a change of base. There are mothers who have to pack their girls up and run away from detrimentals. I rather envy them. When I pack up and run it is because Susan demands a change of environment to save herself the trouble of discouraging some threatening aspirant, usually a fairly eligible one. I have stopped humoring her in that way. I tell her she must just make herself more disagreeable, for I am too old to go straggling about with a runaway daughter."

"Is she learning to put out her thorns?"

"I don't know. It seems to come hard for her to be unattractive. You see, the girl is clever and handsome and amiable, and these are not repellent attributes, however they are managed. I am just tired of her. I wish she would marry and done with it, and so does her father; though he dotes on her, and is less concerned about her offishness than I am, because he doesn't want to part with her. Neither do I, but she might better marry if she can suit herself, and for her own sake I wish she would."

"My heart bleeds for you in this trouble. If you think my Arthur might possibly suit her, it might be arranged. But would it suit you?"

"Why not? I'm reasonable enough. The trouble's with Susan. Arthur? What is the child like? Has he made you much trouble? How old is he?"

"He has made me trouble enough, but it has been chiefly the trouble of maintaining him and getting him taught his trade. He's twenty-eight: a suitable-enough age, and he's like— I don't know. He is a good, honest lad."

"Where has he kept himself? It seems a long time since I saw him last."

"He has been learning to be a doctor. He wound up at Vienna, where he stayed a year, and only got back and put his name out this summer."

"Poor you! How very long it takes now! Your back must ache with carrying him. I don't think Susan will ever marry a doctor. She will probably think that if she is going to have a man at all she must have a whole man to herself, and doctors never can call their souls, or their time, or anything, their own."

"I see; one trouble with Susan is that you have overindulged her. If you have brought her up to think she can have what she wants, no wonder you are in trouble. Do get over that idea. It's very generous in me to suggest Arthur at all. Of course it is no more than a suggestion. If you accepted, I could not contract to deliver the goods, any more than you could contract to receive them."

"I will be more humble. Will it be necessary to detach Arthur from any other object before we bring him in range of Susan, or does he happen to be fancy free?"

"I think he is already detached. So far as I know, all the girls for whom he had a special kindness have married stock-brokers or favored sons while he has been studying medicine. I am really a little uneasy about him. He seems to regard girls merely as possible subjects of profitable diseases, which is horrible."

"Has he always been so?"

"Dear no! He was almost dangerously susceptible in early life, but being a poor young man, he had to get over so many infatuations that I suppose it made him cautious. Perhaps he took something for it. Maybe the disease just ran its course and left him immune—apparently immune—for a time. But now that he is by way of beginning to make a living, a few fresh pangs might soften him up and do him good."

"You quite interest me in Arthur. Perhaps he would make us a week-end visit in the country next week. Does he ride?"

"Oh yes—when he gets a chance."

"Susan rides indefatigably at this time of year, and I dare say will show your young doctor the country. He will

get away from the town for forty-eight hours, anyway. I will write him a note, and trust to you to remind him that he once knew us."

With that Mrs. Herron put down her napkin, gathered up her belongings, and proceeded from the restaurant to do what was left of the errands that had brought her to town.

"I hope Arthur will come," she said, as she took her seat in a cab. "I shall want to see him, whether Susan does or not."

New York is at best only a second-rate place to be in in October. Not that it is so bad. It is no longer hot. It catches some brilliant days, when the air tastes fairly good in spite of all the dust and all the flavors of the city. But the better the day and the better the air, the more do rightly constituted persons regret that it should be wasted in town. For the autumn is a precious season. They call its days melancholy. Maybe they are, but they are delicious, and full of inspirations, not to be missed if one can help it. One does miss most of them in New York. Central Park in the spring is fairly responsive to the touch of nature. The grass grows, the leaves come out, there are lovely blossoms; the sights and smells of spring are strong enough to pervade the place in spite of its border of stone houses. And the little parks, too, with their formal flower-beds, have a real air of spring about them. But the charm of autumn is too subtle to be caught in parks. There are no flowers. The autumn smells are faint scents of dead leaves and of wet earth and of the pungent smoke from brush-heaps. There is smoke enough in town from the boiling asphalt and hoisting-engines and oil-refineries and the like, but it hasn't much autumnal quality. One wants leaves underfoot in October, and the color of the dying foliage. Central Park has little of either. The dying foliage there merely gets dirty and drops, and is carted off. The Park is better than the streets, but it is not good enough. The bigger and simpler parks in the Bronx are much more like the real country, but they are not in town.

Arthur Finch had spent most of the summer in town, where hospital duties,

highly prized by beginning doctors, had kept him busy. He was freer now that his older brethren were getting back from their vacations, and it took no parental urging to bring from him a prompt "Yes, thank you!" in response to Mrs. Herron's note. He picked up Mr. Herron on the ferry-boat. They read the papers together on the train, and got out at Antwerp in time to have daylight for their drive from the station to the house. They had a cup of tea, with the pleasant desultory discourse that timely tea invites. They dressed; they dined; they played two or three rubbers of bridge. It was an easy, pleasant, well-ordered household, its members on good terms with one another, the cook, and the world. Arthur liked it, and his spirit, a little jaded by a good deal of anxious work, took kindly to repose. Mrs. Herron called him by his first name, and upbraided him when his makes were bad or his cards poor.

The next morning Susan took him to ride. "How much of a horseman are you, Dr. Finch?" she asked him. "I try to continue with the horse

when he is going my way," he said. "I don't know that I can say much more than that."

"But I think you have been on a horse before."



THE NEXT MORNING SUSAN TOOK HIM TO RIDE

"Oh yes."

"If that horse you are on now wanted to jump a fence, would you let him?"

"I think so, if it was not too high, and he seemed bent on it, and you assured me that he could do it, and the other side of the fence looked hospitable."

"Oh, he can do it, and having an ardent nature, he will want to do anything he sees my mare do, and she is quite likely to jump a fence or two when the fields invite on a fine morning like this. But if you prefer to keep to the road, we will keep to the road."

"Not at all; I am of an aspiring nature myself, though timid; and though an ignorant horseman, I am not entirely unpractised. I like very well to go across country when the fences are not all wire. I suppose your mare doesn't jump wire fences, does she?"

"Not when I am on her. But are you really of an aspiring nature, and really timid? And isn't that rather a painful conflict of qualities?"

"Oh no; not to hurt. It only means a balance of faculties. Aspiration makes for energy, and timidity for prudence. Folks who are not afraid have to cultivate prudence as a mental accomplishment. Timid persons like me get it by instinct, and can put so much more of their minds on the cultivation of the aggressive qualities."

"But timid people are afraid. You can't make me believe that it's nice to be afraid."

"I sha'n't try. It isn't nice to be afraid, though a brisk, lively apprehension is often timely. There is an extreme of physical timidity which is a great misfortune. But the ordinary, governable timidity of an educated and disciplined person isn't so bad. It only means that he has to ride himself with spurs sometimes instead of a curb."

"Ride himself!"

"Yes; don't you think so?"

"I am not used to splitting myself in two like that."

"It's only a figure of speech. You compel yourself and control yourself, don't you?"

"When I want to do anything I do it, if I can; and when I don't want to do anything I don't do it, if I can help it."

"What a nice, simple, direct nature! What fun you must have living!"

"Don't you?"

"I have enough; most of it in small ways. Work is pretty interesting—at least mine is getting to be so. Success is pleasant even in small things."

"What do you mean by success?"

"Oh—doing things right, and getting good results."

"I think you must like doctoring."

"It isn't bad if you can learn how and don't blunder too much, and don't have to make too much money at it."

"What heresy! Don't you want to make money?"

"Oh, I don't mind, but I don't want to have to make very much very soon. That's slavery. But I sha'n't have to make very much for a long time to come, please Heaven."

"I think you are a very odd person. You have such queer views. When will you be fifty?"

"Along about 1925, if I am there. But why queer?"

"Don't you know that society is divided into people who have money enough and want more, and people who haven't enough and want as much as possible as soon as possible? Where do you come in?"

"I don't come in yet. I am a bachelor."

"And do you think that it is getting married that makes men so greedy?"

"They have to be greedy, poor things, if they are married, unless they have independent fortunes."

"I have heard of bachelors who seemed fairly greedy. I have even known of cases where it was thought that men got married because they were disinclined to provide themselves with an independent maintenance."

"I dare say that happens sometimes, though it never seemed to me an astute proceeding to marry money for the sake of money and give yourself in part payment."

"I hope you won't do that."

"A timid nature like mine naturally shrinks from such perils. I trust that you also will avoid them."

"I certainly shall try. Do you see that snake fence?"

"Isn't it pretty! And that panel yonder has a rotten top rail and good landing beyond, which appeals to my timidity."

"Come on, then! . . . Well, we got over. Did he take it kindly?"

"Like a bird. Bless the horse!"

"Let us keep to the fields awhile. We can bear over towards the left there and

through the woods, and strike the road again two or three miles back. Where the fences are too formidable there are always gates. I love the smell of the autumn woods when the leaves are falling. Don't you? And, oh, it's good to get off the beaten track and pick one's own way and overcome one's own obstacles. There's a bit too much of the beaten track in civilized life, don't you think? There is in a woman's life, anyway."

"There is in a man's life, too. That's one of the penalties of civilization. The compensation is that faster progress is possible along the beaten track than where you shape your own course and break your own road."

"Oh, progress! Yes, of a certain sort, no doubt. But I get tired of cut-and-dried progress. The women get all the cut-and-dried part, and if there is any progress, the men get it. What kind of progress is possible for a girl with indulgent parents who provide for all her needs?"

"Well, there is always the possibility of discovering more wants and trying to satisfy them. That seems to be the chief thing we human creatures are here for. It isn't what the catechism suggests as the chief end of man, but it is the most obvious process by which civilization advances. The whole business of civilization is a development of fresh needs and a scramble to supply them. Can't you think of any new wants?"

"What a wise young doctor! What about that fence ahead?"

"I see a gate."

"I don't need a gate yet. I have developed a want of excitement."

"Oh, well, there's a good place—the fourth panel from the gate. I'll give you a lead this time." . . .

"That was nice. This really does me good. That fence was pretty well up to four feet, but you cracked the top rail for me. Do you know, I don't think you are so timid as you make out."

"Oh yes, I am. You forget that this is your father's horse, and that your father's daughter was looking on. Put me off by myself, make me responsible for the legs of a borrowed horse, and take away the inspiration of being under your eye, and you would see all my natural timidity assert itself. It makes a

difference— Hello! What was that? It sounded like a horn. There again— *toot, toot, toot*— Have you got a hunt in this country?"

"Sometimes the Anniston hounds work down this way."

"That must be it. Let's have a look. Come; through yonder, where the fence is broken! There's the pack, sure enough, and feathering for all they are worth. Bless me, isn't that pretty! Do you see the huntsman? The field must be beyond the wood. Those hounds must think they've got something. Why, this is too good to believe. There they go; hear them! Why, they must be after a fox! *I see him! I see him!* Look yonder on the hillside. Come on. We need a little of this ourselves. Gracious! what luck!"

On they galloped, both horses eager, over fence, field, ploughed land, and highway, crossing a railroad, guided through woods by the cry of the hounds, dodging down a ravine and up the other side, keeping the huntsman as well in sight as possible, and profiting as much as they might by his judgment. When he skirted a wire fence they followed him and got through where he got through. When he broke a rail or a board they steered for the gap. Having by luck the start of the field, they had clear going, and the few riders who came up by superior speed were some distance away and did not bother them. Five miles of it, with hardly a check, brought them up to a baffled pack clamoring for a fox that had gone to earth. The master of the hounds rode up to them.

"The Anniston Hounds are honored by Miss Herron's company," he said. "I am sorry I have no brush to offer her. How does it happen that I have never seen her out before?"

"My father hasn't encouraged me to hunt, Mr. Felton, but I was showing Dr. Finch the country—I beg to present Dr. Finch,—and we stumbled on the hounds by accident, and they ran away with him, and I had to follow or go home alone."

"Very glad it happened so. I will send you a list of the meets and it may happen so again. Very glad to meet Dr. Finch, too, and I hope to see him again."

"But I didn't know you hunted wild foxes hereabout," said Arthur.

"Ordinarily we don't, but a fox turns up now and then when we can get an early start;" and the Master smiled.

"How far are we from Antwerp station, Mr. Felton?" Susan asked.

"Oh, ten or twelve miles; but don't go home."

"What does Dr. Finch say?"

"Dr. Finch surmises that a five-mile run is probably enough for horses that are hardly in hunting training."

"And twelve miles still to go. I dare say Dr. Finch is right. Thank you for so much good sport, Mr. Felton, and please start us in the right direction."

"Down that road a couple of miles. Take the first turn to the right, and keep on till you strike your own neighborhood. Good-by."

"Well," said Arthur, as they rode away, "we got in touch with the strenuous life for nearly an hour. It does one good when it comes his way, though I have never had much spunk about going out and looking for it. Wasn't it luck to have caught on to those hounds!"

"Wonderful!" But Susan's eyes twinkled as she said so. He looked back at her suspiciously.

"I shouldn't wonder if it was a put-up job. Please, did you know those hounds were coming down here to-day?"

"I thought they might. The meet was at Hebron, and last year when they met there they came down through those fields where we saw them first. I happened on them there last year, that's the truth, and I thought we might happen on them again."

"What a thoughtful, considerate lady! Did you get a run last year?"

"No! I had Alfred Dyckman with me, and I didn't dare take him. I knew he would fall off, and I was afraid he would break his neck and people would say I did it on purpose."

"You seemed to have no fears about me."

"Oh no; you ride better than he does; really, you ride pretty well. And besides, if you had broken your neck, it would have been just an accident."

"Whereas Mr. Dyckman—"

"Oh, if it had happened to him, mother would certainly have charged me with homicide."

"Why?"

"Well, he was so troublesome. He's rather troublesome, anyway, and he was particularly troublesome about that time. It is quite different with you."

"We're not alike, then?"

"Not a bit. He's more timid than you in some respects, and less so—possibly—in others. And he was more civilized than you, in that he had developed lots more wants. He was eager to make more money, and his mind ran on stocks, and—oh, well, he wanted the earth generally. Perhaps you know him!"

"I have met him, but hardly more than that. I don't know him well enough to have found out that he was troublesome. You see, I have been away from home a good deal until this last summer. If he is so troublesome, I don't want to know him."

"Oh, I dare say he'd never trouble you a mite. No doubt he has his uses, and I can even imagine a person finding a use for him. But not I. I was never able to develop a want—as you would say—that he could meet. But that's no particular discredit to him. It's the trouble with men generally: they seem so much more disposed, and so much better qualified, to develop wants than to supply them. Here's our road to the right. I've got some sandwiches in this saddle-box. Have one. I thought there was a chance of our being late in getting back."

"Thank you. You are a kind lady to me this day, but about men in general you seem less kind, and I dare say that by to-morrow you will have lumped me in with all the rest."

"I'm not sure. You see, you seem to me peculiar in some respects. Aren't you a little less greedy than the others? You said you didn't want to make money, and you intimated—I understood it so—that you were not bent on marrying any one, and—well, I got the impression that you were resigned to your lot in life, and I had begun to think that you might possibly be a useful subject for observation."

"Who can tell? The humblest of God's creatures in its humblest operations may yield lessons of supreme wisdom to the inquiring eye that has learned to see."

Late on Sunday afternoon, when Arthur Finch went back to town, Susan took him to the station in a light wagon.

"Thank you," he said, "for two happy days. Are you coming back to town soon?"

"As soon as the days grow so short that father can't read the newspapers on the train coming out, and the frost has killed the flowers in mother's garden, and the roads are too muddy for me to ride over."

"And that will be—?"

"Sometime between election day and Thanksgiving, according to the season. If the weather holds good and the town gets tiresome, come back to us. If mother doesn't invite you, telephone out and invite yourself. If you come early enough on Saturday, I'll take you to ride again, or you can golf with father."

When she got back to the house her mother stood waiting, with her hat on.

"Take me out for a little air, Susan." She got in. "My young man seemed to like his visit. I thank you for your polite toleration of him. I hope he didn't bore you?"

"No, mother. He wasn't very tiresome. I even asked him to come again. I think your taste in young men is improving."

"My luck may be improving; but I had not seen Arthur Finch for years, so it wasn't a case of better judgment. He played good bridge, I thought."

"Then you will let him come again if he asks. I told him he might ask. I thought he was a nice, safe man. He took his fences well yesterday."

"You ought not to have gone after those hounds. I wish you would not do such things; but if you must, it is a relief to have a doctor along. I am told that Arthur takes his work seriously and is thought to be promising."

"I wonder if he is really good at it. I think he picked up a patient yesterday. Coming home, we passed the Macks' cottage, and Annie Mack was walking about the barn-yard, her poor little legs jerking sixteen ways at once at every step. It just makes me cry to see that child. He got off his horse, found Mack in the barn, talked with him and asked him some questions, and then he caught Annie and took her in his lap and felt

all of her poor little bones. I told him that if he would straighten up Annie's legs I'd give him the best Boston-terrier puppy in our next litter."

"Susan!"

"He said Annie's legs seemed to have been struck by lightning, but that he had seen surgeons in Europe who could do remarkable things with them, and there were men in New York who could better them at least. He is going to find out about it, and possibly I am to borrow Annie and have her brought to town. It breaks my heart to think of that child struggling through life on those legs. They have haunted me ever since I first saw her."

"See, Susan! There's an automobile coming. Do be careful. I'd like to get out."

"Sit tight, mother! There's no ditch here. Steady there, Jonathan! There! He doesn't mind them any more; but really those automobile people have no manners. They ought not to be allowed to go out of sight of the police."

It was early in January that Mr. and Mrs. Herron dined at the Rakoffs', and Judge Finch took Mrs. Herron out to dinner.

"I had a glimpse of your promising young son at our house yesterday, Judge."

"Did you? No sickness in your family, I hope."

"Not yesterday; but he lanced a felon for my cook last week, and I am going to have him in to vaccinate a new maid as soon as I can remember it. He seems to be acquiring a practice."

"I hope so. And yesterday—?"

"Yesterday he was just taking a cup of tea."

"And exchanging conversation, no doubt, with your dangerous and difficult young daughter. And how is your dangerous young daughter, Mrs. Herron? Do you know, my wife is liable to question you at any time about her intentions. She begins to be uneasy. There! She is looking at us now— A glass of wine with you, Mrs. Finch! She says the Herrons see more of Arthur this winter than she does, and she has intimated to me—I beg your pardon—that Miss Susan Herron has rather an alarming reputation as a flirt."

"Poor Susan! The most kind-hearted girl in the world. I trust you told Mrs. Finch that the whole responsibility of Arthur's acquaintance with Susan rested on you."

"No, I didn't! My professional experience long ago broke me of the habit of making impulsive admissions. Confession may be good for the soul, but it deranges the orderly procedure of justice. People are so apt, in the enthusiasm of divulging news, to confess more than really happened."

"But, Judge, it *was* all your suggestion."

"Was it, really? I don't think I shall remember until I see how it's coming out. Meanwhile I trust my promising young son is not causing your daughter's parents any uneasiness, and that Susan has not yet asked to be taken abroad."

"Not yet, but the season is young still. Susan can't leave town yet, anyway. She has a patient in a hospital. Did Arthur tell you about little Annie Mack?"

"Little Annie Mack? Not that I remember."

"Annie lives out our way, and her means of locomotion are very much impaired, and Susan has had her brought in town to a hospital, and—"

"Oh, she must be the child with the fantastic legs that Arthur told us about. She has been his pet patient for a month past. He makes his mother buy dolls for her. Has he got Miss Susan interested in her, too?"

"I don't know whether it was he who got her interested, or she him, but Annie is certainly very much on Susan's mind."

"He didn't say he had an accomplice."

"A case of hereditary reticence, maybe."

"Possibly. After all, it's a good quality in a doctor. You don't think it is my duty to warn his mother, do you?"

"And risk impairing Susan's confidence in *her* mother's discretion? It is not for me to urge any man to keep anything from his wife, but are you sure it would be news to Mrs. Finch? I have known of cases where mothers knew more about their sons' doings than fathers did. My boy in college tells me everything."

"I dare say. I was once a boy in college, and I have since had a boy in college, and I know that college boys are remarkably communicative, and tell their mothers everything that they think their mothers' experience of life qualifies them to appreciate. I dare say it is so with young doctors, too, and that what, if anything, they see fit not to disclose is withheld out of filial regard for their mothers' peace of mind."

"Judge, you give yourself airs. That is not quite the sort of discourse which a mother finds reassuring."

"It need not worry you. I was only following up your suggestion that discretion ought to be used about forcing information upon mothers which their sons may not have seen fit to impart to them. The best that can be done for boys is to qualify them to take care of themselves, and we all know that taking good care of oneself involves, first or last, a fair capacity for keeping one's own counsel."

Late in March Arthur Finch came home and found his mother with a little dog asleep in her lap. "Why, mother," he exclaimed, "where did you get that dog? Who ever could have expected to see my careful mother develop a fancy for dogs?"

"She hasn't. This is not my dog. It is yours. A man brought it in this basket, and left this note addressed to you, which, being unsealed, I have read, and am not much the wiser."

"Let's see! 'For Dr. Finch; on account of a grateful patient.' I haven't any grateful patients."

"It only came half an hour ago. I had it put in the bath-room, and it cried, and because it was your dog I took it out of the basket. But I could not let it run around, and it went to sleep in my lap."

"What is it like? It's a Boston terrier. Very fashionable little dog, mother. Who ever sent me a Boston—Oh! That child with the twisted legs that I am looking after has a friend that raises Boston terriers. Annie's legs are none too good yet—a dachshund would have been more appropriate,—but I am glad of any sign that her friends like the way the job is going!"



"UNDER ORDERS OF MISS SUSAN HERRON, SKIPPER"

"Are you going to keep him?"

"You wouldn't part a doctor from his fee, would you?"

"I'm glad it isn't a Newfoundland. I had not thought of boarding a dog; but having a doctor in the house is a convenience, and we must put up with its incidents."

When the courts closed for the summer, Judge and Mrs. Finch went abroad. The Herron family spent the early summer at Antwerp, and when Antwerp grew too hot for entire comfort, Susan and her mother migrated to Pemaquid Bay in Maine.

"PEMAQUID BAY, MAINE, August 1, 19—.

"MY DEAR DR. FINCH,—Can you sail a boat? Our sailorman can, but I have pretty much used up his conversation. If you can sail a boat, there is a good opening here for a person of your quali-

fications; and if not, our sailorman and I could teach you, and it is a good place to learn. Father is here, and thinks pretty well of the golf-links. Mother would play bridge six hours a day instead of five, as at present, if she had your help. My brother William approves of our environment, and says there is 'a remarkably good line of girls hereabouts.' He is young still, as you know, and so are most of the girls; but in girls—as you know—youth is an excusable defect. The air here is salubrious, and is highly recommended by physicians to persons who have spent the month of July in town. Mother sends you her compliments, and directs me to offer you the simple hospitalities of her cottage, beginning when you arrive, and lasting during your honorable pleasure.

Yours sincerely,

SUSAN HERRON."

The issue of this letter was the appearance of Dr. Arthur Finch at Pemaquid Bay on August 8. Three weeks later he held the tiller of the sail-boat

I went back I would ask you to marry me, and that this was my last day!"

"Oh! Well, I—I'm glad you haven't. Father says he never sets himself any

vacation tasks; it spoils his fun. I think that's a good rule. I was going to read a lot of Herbert Spencer — the jib isn't pulling a mite—while I was up here, and I brought the books along; but I haven't opened them. The next best thing to not intending to do anything in August is not to do what you intend."

"Of course that is a sound general sentiment, but with Herbert Wilson on the way up from Marblehead on a schooner-yacht, it doesn't seem to me as timely as it might."

"He's got the wind dead ahead, what there is of it."

"It won't stay so, and as I was saying—"

"Really, you must pay attention to sail-

Glint, under orders of Miss Susan Heron, skipper.

"I was thinking that before I went back I would ask you to marry me, and this is my last day!"

"Keep her off a little; the jib's flapping. I beg your pardon. What were you saying?"

"Only that I was thinking that before

ing this boat, unless you mean to let her gybe with the sheet two-thirds out."

"You are absolutely discouraging."

"I don't mean to turn a man from the path of duty if his feet are obstinately set in it, but it is such a nice sailing-day!"

"Duty? Misery! Duty?"

"Why dissemble? What other motive



JUDGE FINCH SOUGHT OUT MRS. HERRON

could excuse such a suggestion in a man of declared sentiments such as yours? An ordinary, troublesome man might have an ordinary motive, but not you! She's falling off again."

"Oh, let her drop! What have you laid up against me? What sentiments have I ever declared?"

"You shake my faith in mankind—you that were a bachelor and did not have to be greedy, and hoped not to be for years to come. And I have thought of you as a safe person, and confided in you with all the credulity of inexperience—"

"Inexperience! Oh dear!"

"—of inexperience, and played with you as confidently as—as—"

"I respect your hesitation. It becomes you."

"And I had thought you sincere, and you turn out to be merely plausible. There's a puff of wind coming. Do you see?"

"I didn't bind myself never to progress. That was almost a whole year ago. I had just begun to know you then. All my professions were suitable for a man who had met you only the day before, and had learned of you chiefly as a dangerous young woman. I told you that civilization was a process of developing wants. Am I to be shut off from the privileges of a civilized—"

"Excuse me! If you don't come about, we shall be on the rocks. If you will pull in the sheet, I will look after the jib. There! You were arguing—?"

"Arguing nothing; merely asserting my privilege as a civilized man to develop a want in the course of a year."

"In the course of a year! What delirium!"

"You know better. A woman of your experience must have recognized that it was virtually at first sight."

"Only virtually? And you want to go and risk the last of your summer holidays on a mere virtuality!"

"Well, I will speak to your father as soon as we get ashore."

"You won't make the landing unless you keep her up better. What are you going to say to father?"

"I am going to ask his consent to my marrying you."

"You haven't got mine yet."

"Please come and take the tiller for a moment."

"No, I don't think I will. Our sailorman is watching you from the wharf, and he expects you to do credit to his lessons."

"Then I may speak to him?"

"Not a word to the sailorman, nor even to father. Let my dear father have his holiday out. Neither he nor I can bear to be pestered with hard questions in August."

"But you are coming home in a fortnight."

"And meanwhile you will have a chance to remember how disadvantageous it is to a beginning doctor to have to concern himself about money-making."

"And you will have a chance to consider Herbert Wilson, whose money is all made."

"Herbert Wilson isn't going to be troublesome. Bring her up without bumping her, and you shall have a long mark!"

"That isn't just what I want at this moment. What shall I do for a whole fortnight, until you come home?"

"Have patience, and grope along, and, if necessary, write to me. What is a mere fortnight among two?"

"Among *two*! It is not much among two. All ready to come about! Mind the boom! Catch her, Johnson! Thank you! That was beautiful. Please, lady, give me my long mark!"

The wedding came after Easter. When the bride and groom had gone away, Judge Finch, with two glasses of champagne, sought out Mrs. Herron.

"I bring a cup of consolation to the mother of the bride."

"I think, Judge, that you must feel that you invented this wedding."

"Marriages are made in heaven. I trust that this one was. We have not hindered it, certainly, but here's hoping that it may turn out to be far better devised than either you or I could have planned."

They drank the wine. Mrs. Herron wiped her eyes; the Judge snuffled a little. They both smiled.

"Well, Judge, it was a sweet wedding, wasn't it?"

The Tenement Book and Reader

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

SOME tenement books come from obscure little publishing-houses in the foreign quarters—serene, deliberate places where, in the gloom of the back room, slow journeymen set type, and an old man turns the crank of a creaking hand-press: a shop, it may be, in a swarming tenement street, elbowed by a butcher-stall and given an arm by a dusty dealer in old clothes; the grimy sign-board, in Hebrew or Arabic characters, is lost in a bewilderment of less modest signs, and fire-escapes, and airing garments. High-minded writers—pinched and long-haired for the most part, and abstracted to the last man—seek out these printing-shops with manuscript and subscription list in pocket; they hope no more for their message (God give them honor!) than that it may issue from the tenement press and touch some heart in the tenement throng: nor is it granted a larger fortune. But whether or not the books are tenement born—whether from the hand of the Ghetto poet who gives tongue to the sweat-shop sorrows or from the typewriter of the fallen Park Row hack by way of a down-town establishment—they are no more like the books upon which the light of your lamp falls in quiet hours than the Alley is like the Avenue. They may better be likened, it seems to me, to the people who drift past in mean streets—to the shabby, shuffling characters of the submerged, passed by, but remembered for an oddity of gait or feature: for a twinkle or a droop or an incongruous pomposity. Such folk, be as queer as they may, find congenial company and a welcome where they go; and so do the tenement books.

The *Langdon Book of Poetry* is paper-covered and pink. It has a black, disjointed ornamentation, in which the sham-rock, the thistle, and the rose struggle desperately to cling together, as, according to Bowdler's sentiment, they should,

The Popular Poetical Orator of the Curio Halls—bald, blear-eyed, and quavering—speaks of it, with a little lifting of the eyebrows, as “Oh, a spasm I throwed in the off hours!” It is devoted altogether to the celebration of Freaks, with whom, in the daily round, the poet comes in contact.

Watch the living wonders.

When through the halls you're steered;

The Bearded Lady rises,

You hear she's loudly cheered.

Oh, what a charming woman,

In love and friendship reared!

She boasts such handsome whiskers,

A full mustache and beard!

Thus the poet sings of the Bearded Lady—“a poetical effusion introduced in his series of popular descriptive lectures.” The cover-page calls the “Living Skeleton” an effusion too; but the Professor, in his hours of relaxation after midnight, confesses that it is “just another little fit.”

There was a boy, his mama's joy,

His papa's pride and pet.

He grew in strength and brain and length,

But fat he could not get.

Although he'd eat of bread and meat

Enough to fill a boat,

He grew the thinner for every dinner

That he threw down his throat!

With wink and gesture and a low bow to the distinguished Monstrosity, the poet recites. Jimmie Dugan's “bundle o' ribbons” from Catharine Street whispers that she thinks it's lovely. When, at last, the Professor divulges the interesting fact that it is all contained in a little book which may be had for the small sum of twenty-five cents, Jimmie does his duty like a man. So the *Langdon Book of Poetry* finds its way to a box in Lizzie Cassidy's room on the fourth floor of a tenement near the Bridge, where it keeps company with the *Book of Etiquette and Policy Players' Guide* and the *Old Witch's Dream Book*. Pretty Lizzie may

then add a new recitation, "The Elastic Man," to her accomplishments "for an evening party."

A little fantastic,
Not at all bombastic,
Inclined to be gymnastic,
Somewhat ecclesiastic,
Perfectly elastic.

The *Social Monster* is a ragged, thumb-worn book, italicized and exclamation-pointed. It came to me warm and damp from the pocket of a man with bristling gray hair and furtive eyes and a malformed jaw. There are many like it—the fact is frankly advertised on the last page. They go from pocket to pocket in the tenements, with a thought always for the place where "they'll do most good."

"Read it," said my friend of the malformed jaw, pushing his empty beer-glass aside and leaning over the table to get close to my ear. "It'll do you good."

The watery gray eyes did not waver then.

"Down with the State!" I read, while the man with the bristling hair watched me narrowly. "Down with the Church! We take no pleasure in savage strife and the shedding of blood, but what cannot be attained peaceably will have to be fought for sword in hand. Working-men, join us! Recognize the yoke beneath which you groan, and strive to break it. Under our banner, under the red flag of anarchy, the emblem of revolution, is your proper battle-ground. Flock to it, that you may have a clear conception of how you must act to overthrow the existing disorder. Working-men of all countries, emancipate yourselves! Awake! Awake!"

I looked up.

"Read it!" said the anarchist. "Read it *all*! It'll open your eyes."

In some of the book-shops of the Ghetto—in Ludlow Street, perhaps, the heart of the Quarter, where the tenement life is shrillest, thickest, dirtiest—the transplanted thriller may be found. It is a curious product: the hack writer of the Quarter translates the lady novelist's high-strung story into Yiddish, cleverly adapting as he goes along—turning the ancestral hall, for instance, into a gilt-edged piece of real estate with a few strokes of the pen, and with no greater

effort transporting it from the loveliest county in all England to that district of New York where the rich but still orthodox Jews reside.

"Go, girl!" cried the proud Duchess of Dufflevain, the aristocratic, willowy figure drawn to its full height. "No son of mine shall sully the proudest name in England by a union with the daughter of a poor dancing-master!"

Thus Her Grace of Dufflevain in *Wooded for Love*. It is a matter of no difficulty whatever to suit the words to the needs of a Yiddish romance of the Ghetto:

"Go, girl!" cried Mrs. Gabowitzsky, shaking her jewelled hand until the diamonds dazzled the shrinking maid. "No son of mine shall degrade the fortune of the richest merchant on East Broadway by a union with a Ludlow Street cigarette-maker!"

"But I love her!"

It is immaterial, observe, whether this sentiment escapes the drawn lips of Lord Osmond, fair as a Greek god, or of the lustrous-eyed David Gabowitzsky, with a high standing in the University of New York. Her Grace of Dufflevain or the glittering Mrs. Gabowitzsky, as it may chance, faints on the spot.

The tenement loves a love-book. It is evident that the downright youth of the East Side needs aid in the more delicate affairs of life. *How to Woo and How to Win* and *The Happy Lover* and *How to Pop* fall alike into the hands of the little milliner of Division Street and of Big Tom Slattery, who drives his truck that way of a fine afternoon when he can steal the time. But Big Tom must take care—he is expressly warned in *The Lovers' Casket*—that the "lady of his choice" is not prompted in her coquetry by the very book to which he turns for his own comfort and direction.

"Proposals have been made under the most singular circumstances," is written in *How to Make Love*. "We know an instance of a gentleman proposing to a lady who sat opposite him in an omnibus, and whom he had not seen before; as it happened, they were married, and the match proved a tolerably happy one. But if the girl of your choice be of serious disposition, you will approach the

awful subject with due solemnity; if gay and lively, you will make it an excellent *joke*; if softly sentimental, you must woo her in a strain of high-wrought *romance*."

Big Tom will scratch his head over that!

"If in the country," the book continues, "the lover is taking a romantic walk with the lady of his love, he talks of the beauty of the scenery, and exclaims, 'Ah, Julia, how happy would existence prove if I always had such a companion!'"

Too many frills here for Big Tom; his lips will twitch with disgust—his stomach fairly turn.

"She leans more fondly on the arm that tremblingly supports her," again the book. "'My dearest Julia,' he says, 'be mine forever!' That is usually a settler. Or, 'Take pity on a forlorn bachelor,' says another, in a manner which may be either jest or earnest; 'marry me at once and put me out of my misery.' 'With all my heart,' replies the laughing fair. A joke carried this far is easily made earnest. And so this interesting and terrible process is varied in a hundred ways."

If Big Tom Slattery is wise, he will go about the business in his own frank way. That way is good enough, at any rate, to persuade the drivers of delivery wagons which get tangled with the truck that he is the only aggrieved party. How, then, could the little milliner of Division Street resist it?

Albertus Magnus, the "Ape of Aristotle" and distinguished Dominican of the thirteenth century, is popular in the tenements. The East Side believes in dreams and witches and evil eyes and incantations. In superstition it is not far removed from the age of Albertus; hence the popularity of the learned Doctor, who here speaks with the tongue of a magician. The book is, no doubt, a free translation (not unmixed with present-day slang) of one of the apocryphal works. The publishers have sold one hundred thousand copies, spite of a "fake edition at half the price," which is one dollar.

"It is a very old book," they say, gravely. "Very old—very!"

"*Albertus Magnus*," the title-page runs, in the manner of those old days: "Being the Approved, Verified, Sympathetic, and Natural Egyptian Secrets; or, White and Black Art for Man and Beast. . . . By that Celebrated Philosopher, Chemist, Naturalist, Psychomist, Astrologer, Alchemist, Metallurgist, Sorcerer, Explanator of the Mysteries of Wizards and Witchcraft."

"Oh, I recommend it," says the salesman. "The *Book of Fate* and the *Gypsy Fortune-Teller* ain't in its class."

If the reader wishes to banish Wicked People forever from the house, he is advised to say (for the formula has been found excellent in many hundred cases): "Bedgoblin and all ye evil spirits, I forbid you my bedstead, my couch. I forbid you, in the Name of the Holy Trinity, my blood and my flesh, my body and soul. I forbid you all the nail-holes in my house and my home, till you have travelled over every hillock, waded through every water, have counted all the leaflets of the trees, and counted all the starlets in the sky." If he is troubled by a witch, he must "let the sweepings which are swept together in a house for three days remain in a heap, and on the third day cover it with a black cloth made of drilling. Then take the stick of an elm-tree and flog the dirt-heap bravely, and the sorceress must desist, or you will batter her to death. *Probatum est*." If he wishes to discern all secrets and invisible things, then—"if you find a white adder under a hazlenut shrub, which has twelve other vipers as its twelve guardsmen, and the hazlenut bush under which they lay bears commonly medlers, you must eat the white adder with your other food. Then hidden things will be revealed."

When you discover, by further reading, that Albertus Magnus, who went to Paris for his Doctorate in 1245, roundly curses the book-pirates and draws a moral from the Thirty Years' War, you are disposed to doubt his authority.

"*La Trovatella dei Cinque Punti?*" cries the keeper of the book-store in Mulberry Bend.

You nod your wish to possess that work—or, *I Delitti dei Bosses*; or, *I Misteri di Mulberry*; or, *I Briganti Americani*: whereupon the smile grows broader still.

"Ciambelli!" with a gesture expressive of infinite space. "He great-a man!"

With what distraction, then, has Bernardino Ciambelli provided the people of Mulberry Park, that he is so beloved? With a whirl of intrigue and adventure and passion—a series of New York police novels, from the Mulberry Bend point of view: from one of which (*I Delitti dei Bosses*) I transcribe the scene wherein the hero accomplishes his vengeance:

"Sir, it was not I! My—"

"Be silent, scoundrell! Your crime has no excuse. You will be punished."

"Give me over to justice. I will not defend myself."

"To justice?" thundered Antonio, foaming at the mouth. "To justice? No! I'll be your judge and executioner!"

"Help! Help!"

"Gag him," Antonio ordered, "so that he'll shout no more. Listen!" he continued. "Shooting would be too great an honor for you. I'll not put a bullet in your head. The dagger, too, is as yet a noble weapon, not suited to such wretches as you. What you deserve is the rope. By hanging you must die, and I'll be the hangman. Fear not! My hands are capable, my muscles strong. If you have a prayer, let it ascend. In ten minutes you will be dead!"

"Antonio was impassive now. His face was like that of a marble statue of Vengeance. He picked a rope from the ground, and with the skill of a cowboy made a noose and flung it over the head of his victim. He drew it—"

But that is enough: the particularity with which the author has described the strangulation of the villain is revolting. In the Quarter you may buy *Il Decamerone*, *Don Chisciotte della Mancia*, *Il Conte di Montecristo*, *Lucia di Lamermoor*, and from the push-carts of the Bend you may take *Fra Diavolo*, *Cristoforo Colombo*, *Gli Ultimi Giorni di Pompei* (Bulwer), and *La Capanna dello Zio Tom* (Harriet Beecher Stowe). But great also is Ciambelli! He would put the cheek of the young person to the blush, it is true, and drive the cultivated one to the last resort of profanity; but he provides the thrill and the happy ending—death to the villain, and the lady to the hero. Great, then, is his reward! The people of the tenement—Jew and Gentile,

Christian and Mohammedan—ask that much of their authors: that much, if nothing more.

As everybody knows, *Lord Valdern's Crime* and *Diamond Dick's Doings in Denver* distinguish the imprint of Print'emquick & Sell'em. Opium-eaters and faded ladies and scowling newspaper reporters and mild old men of a shabby gentility take their wares to that establishment; so also do a host of brisk young gentlemen who say with a laugh that they "need the money." The door is thrown wide to the popular authoress of *The Ashes of Love*, whose diamonds and haughty question overawe the lad at the wicket window, himself of a haughty turn when occasion permits; but the riff-raff of mediocrity is directed to a box of a room, into which, some time later, bounces a spectacled, fat, frowsy man, who makes no secret of his greatness.

"Oh, come, now," says he to the faded lady, "this won't do. It ain't up to *Sir Jasper's Secret*. Try again!"

When the faded lady has restored her manuscript to a shabby bag and departed, the frowsy little man turns to the newspaper reporter.

"That last thing's all right, Mr. Good-story," he says. "Give us another like *The Bloody Trail*. Makin' a good thing out of us, ain't you?" with a genial smile. "Pushin' your typewriter pretty hard, ain't you? Well, you'll get your fifty dollars pay-day."

Meantime, the Firm is in another little box, busily removing the taint of immoral suggestion from manuscripts and proof-sheets; the scrutiny of the Firm is so practised, the mind of the Firm so sensitive to the proscribed thing, that, however innocent of intention it may be, and however obscure, it is at once discovered and cast out. When not thus or otherwise engaged, the Firm takes up the labor of raking all written things for thrilling situations—searching the good and the bad, the known and the forgotten, of all times and languages, for "pegs" upon which to hang a Gertrude Gabby novel or a *Boy Bandit* tale. When found, the situations are distributed for "working up" to the talented write-it-while-you-wait authors, all of whom cheerfully sign the name of Miss Gabby (now deceased).

poor lady! but copyrighted) and of Captain Daring (who never was more than a composite).

It is in Ludlow Street—top floor back: a gasping ascent indeed, through the gloom and stale air of the halls, with babies to stumble over and stout women to block the way. It is a florid little room, in greasy, musty plush, but all tidied of the day's litter—a place remote from the cry and clatter of the street, but not shut off, you must know, from the companionable hum of the swarm within. The red sky seeks it out through a confusion of chimneys and multicolored family washing; so old Jacob Levy, of the ear-locks and forked gray beard—a lover of wisdom and old ways—sits by the window, where the evening light may fall upon the page of the book. He sings the words of the Rabbis to his household, that they may daily be instructed; and they listen, dutifully, if sleepily, from the melancholy shadows where they sit; for the words are wise, and concern the things that abide forever.

"Samuel the younger said: When thine enemy falleth, rejoice thou not, and when he stumbleth, let not thine heart be glad, lest the Eternal see it, and it be displeasing in his sight," Jacob reads. "Elisha Ben Abuyah said: To what may he be likened who learneth when a boy? To writing in ink upon a virgin sheet. And whereto may he be likened who learns when an old man? To writing in ink upon a blotted paper. Rabbi Jose Ben Judah of Kephrah-hababli said: To what may we compare one who learneth from children? To one who eateth sour grapes, and drinketh wine fresh from the press. To what may he be compared who learneth from old men? To one who eats ripe grapes and drinks old wine."

But now the attention of Morris, a lad of the public schools and a new way, wanders. There is that in his hip pocket to lure him to more enlivening thought:

"'Why not burn the lot?' whispered Rawson in the ear of Bold Bertie. 'Why should any of these fools live to tell the tale? Don't start like that, man! If you dye your soul in blood, why be particular as to the shade?'"

"'It is too horrible!' escaped from Bertie's white lips.

"'Where is the jewel-box?' said Rawson, with a malignant glance at our hero.

"'You left it in the plate-room.'

"They went back, and just as they reached the plate-room, Rawson said, carelessly:

"'Fetch the box, Bertie, while I get a light.'

"All unsuspecting, Bertie went in. He groped about for the box, but could not find it. 'It is not here,' he said.

"'But you are!' cried Rawson, with a mocking laugh, and the heavy door closed with a bang.

"With a shriek, Bertie dashed toward the door, just in time to hear the heavy bolt shot into place.

"'Ha, ha!' laughed Rawson.

"And then he brought over some of the lighter furniture and piled it against the door. Over this he poured oil. He struck a match. . . ."

Morris wonders what came after that. There had been no time to find out, when the call for devotions came. His mind has wandered very far indeed from the wise words of the Rabbis. He yawns—it is too late to conceal it!

"Morris!"

Jacob Levy looks up from the page—indignant and reproachful; the evening light is on his gray hair, his face is solemn, his eyes angry.

"Morris!"

Morris simulates deep attention. For a moment the old man's eyes linger upon him in reproach. Then the reading continues to the end; whereupon Morris scampers off to the street with a whoop. In the seclusion that two garbage-barrels provide, and by the light of the street lamp overhead, he opens the creased and thumb-soiled book.

"Holy Smoke!" he ejaculates, looking up, breathless, at the end of the chapter. "Bold Bertie *wuz* a peach!"

He reads on.

Cherry Hill way, the street clatter had struck a joyous note: the twitter of sparrows, the laughter of children, a cheery gossip from window to window. It was the first warm day of spring, near noon, with the air all washed clean, and the sunlight thick and yellow. The Commission went up the Alley—once a dark, slimy passage: now naked to the light o'

day. The Secretary pointed to the place where the rear tenement had been—then to the Row; an abandoned haunt, into the staring windows of which the sunshine was striking unafraid.

"Nobody living there now," said he, gleefully. "It has been ordered vacated. Down it comes, too!"

The Row was desolate—all forsaken of clamor and vice; the roof was broken, the eaves sagged, the walls gaped, the sashes were torn from the windows. It was a wreck—a place for the ghosts of murdered men.

"Go through?" was the brisk invitation.

"All cleaned out, you see. Not a soul in the place."

But there was—one soul, a skinny, flat-breasted slattern, in patched clothes which hung in rags to the tops of her broken shoes. She was all alone. Young? I think she was young. When the commissioners came upon her, she started back, frightened—timidly retreated then to a corner, where she stood by a heap of fallen plaster, blinking vacantly. A three-legged chair, a table, and a rusty stove made the place a home; there was nothing else; but on the table, beside a pan into which a crust of bread had been cast, was spread a copy of the *Hearth and Companion*.

"She has been reading!"

It was a dirty copy—ragged at the corners, crumpled, spotted with grease.

Lord Earls court's Sweetheart, was the title I read.

The Commission trooped out. As we passed on the return I observed that the girl was again seated at the table, full in the broad, warm beam of sunshine—bending over the greasy story, with her eyes close to the page, and one finger laboriously following the lines, word by word.

It is evening—the evening of a soft June night, when the magic of such hours, subtle and beneficent, attunes the heart to all the life of a tenement street. The Man of Learning has written another book—the people know it; for there he sits with his back to the open door of a coffee-room near the Battery, himself disposing of his work at twenty-five cents a copy, with a smile and a word thrown in. Beshara Saba, the merchant, being a subscriber—he is, indeed, the patron of

the Man of Learning,—takes his copy without payment, and seeks the seclusion of the back room, where, stretched out on a divan, he may read in peace. The tales are old, but now newly translated from the classic Arabic into the dialect of the Quarter; and Beshara reads: "Now, the Governor of Al Erock was a man accounted most wise and humble, though to his power there was no end. It came about that a Bedouin, to whom the report of his condescension had spread, sought to try him; and seven days thereafter he thrust himself into the presence of the wise prince. 'Do you remember the day when your bed-cover was the skin of a sheep,' said he, 'and your shoes the skin of a camel?' 'I shall be wise,' said the Governor of Al Erock, 'if I remember that day.' Then said the Bedouin, 'Do you glorify God because He has given you a kingdom and sat you upon a throne?' 'Glory be to Him, at any rate,' answered the Governor of Al Erock. The Bedouin, sneering, said, 'Shall I salute the son of your father as I salute a prince?' 'Salutation is the custom of the people,' answered the Governor of Al Erock; 'therefore, if you salute me, I will greet you.' 'Behold the prince,' said the Bedouin, 'who eats of delicious meats in secret and gives barley bread to his guests!' Answered the Governor of Al Erock, 'The food is ours to eat and to give away.' Said the Bedouin, 'I should like to leave the country where the poor are robbed by their princes.' 'If you stay, you are welcome,' answered the Governor of Al Erock, 'and if you go, still we say, God be with you!' 'Oh, thou Stingy One,' cried the Bedouin, 'give me money that I may depart!' And the prince said, 'Give him one thousand pieces of money.' 'What you have given me is too little,' said the Bedouin, 'for I am greedier even than thou.' 'Give him two thousand,' said the Governor of Al Erock, 'that he may have enough.' Then the Bedouin cast himself at the feet of this wise prince, saying, 'I pray God that he may preserve you as a treasure for the sons of men, for there is no man like unto you.' The prince said, 'I gave him two thousand pieces of money when he treated me with disrespect. Give him four thousand, now that he has praised me.'"

Beshara Saba thinks that the Man of Learning has done well.

It is late. Miriam is home from the factory. The day's work is over; the monotonous hours listlessly lived, the heat, the fetid air, the whir of the machine, the dull-eyed effort, the rasping voice of the foreman—there is no more of it until to-morrow. Under the window—far below—the night murmur of the street is charged with complaint: the cries of the children at play have ceased; only the wailing of sick babies breaks from the low mutter. It is hot: so Miriam shakes loose her hair and bares her bosom; it is very hot. She turns the page of *Her Only Sin*—a flash of animation in her eyes at last.

"‘I have been watching you, Veronica,’ says Sir Marc Caryl, in his low, thrilling voice, ‘until I have grown jealous of the sky and the foliage, and everything else that your beautiful eyes have rested on. What have you been thinking of?’"

The whine and sigh of the street recede, as into far distance. The scent of Veronica's garden creeps into the tenement-room.

"‘Of nothing in the world but you,’ replies Veronica, blushing like one of her own roses.

"‘Of me, sweetheart?’ exclaims Sir Marc, joyfully; and his fair, handsome face—the face of the heir of all the Caryls—lights up with a great joy."

Miriam's heart beats faster. The "red glow of the western sunset" now fills her sky, as it filled Veronica's. She has been transported to "the shade of the lime-trees" at Queen's Chace, and Sir Marc is by her side. The sultry night, the exhaustion of toil, the whip of to-morrow—these things have fallen into forgetfulness.

"‘Of you,’ says Veronica."

A happiness comes to Miriam, too—so "great, so sudden, so entrancing, that she is dazed, bewildered," even as Veronica was.

"‘You are too kind ever to be cruel, darling,’ says Sir Marc, looking at the beautiful, flushed face. ‘Veronica, will you not come to me?’"

Faster yet beats the heart of Miriam of the tenements. Sir Marc love her? In

her face too flames the great response. But, ah! she has forgotten.

"‘I have no fortune, Sir Marc,’ says Veronica, timidly.

"‘What care I about fortune, darling!’ cries Sir Marc. ‘I am a rich man—so rich that I am troubled at times to know how to spend my money. I lay it all at your feet. Veronica, will you be mine?’"

The dark eyes of Miriam have in them, at last, the "radiance of full and perfect content." Her "passionate loveliness deepens into something more lovely still," as Veronica's did.

"‘Marc, my king, I have loved you always!’"

So Miriam is taken to her lover's heart—clasped to the breast of the proudest gentleman of England. The "beautiful, solemn summer night" now "lies brooding over the fair, sleeping earth." Anon, a "flood of silvery moonlight is poured over the vast estate." Miriam is far away from the tenement. In her evening dress of black lace with crimson flowers she walks hand in hand with Sir Marc in the cool gardens. In her ears are his love whispers. On her fair bosom flames a new cross of rubies and diamonds. On her finger gleams—

Hush! Let her read on! She has escaped!

It is true that the inspired word is written in the tenement—by the hands of the poor for the hearts of the humble, by whom it is received as into a treasure-house. It is true that a flicker of aspiration in the breast of the boy—or the open-eyed love of the parent, who lifts her son out of the pit—takes the wise book to the tilted, taggy tenement shelf. It is true, too, that the books which are familiar to your hand find a way to unexpected places east of the Bowery—that rare hearts brooding there possess and treasure them. Benevolent folk—kindly, tactful people—take care of that. But, as saith the Arabian proverb, "Though men build an habitation in a lonely place, the wilderness knows it not." Let the outer love for the tenement be as strong and tactful as it may, the mass is not changed; the sullen swarm goes its own way, seeking that which it knows and loves best.

In All Her Glory

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE

TWO years' service with the West-Indian squadron had convinced the *Decatur* that she had almost outlived her usefulness. Therefore it had become something of a task to be cheerful and willing, especially as the other ships of the squadron—larger, younger ships, some of them steel and thrice her tonnage—seemed so indifferent to her presence.

But a time had been when she, new child of a royal line of oaks, was justly proud of the way in which the Department thrust her forward, and she had gone from squadron to squadron, discomfiting everything less than a flag-ship with her pardonable airs and graces. And then had come a later day when History rode on her smoke-swept prow and wrote a ringing page in the thunder of her guns. That day her name had gone around the world, and Congress had ordered a medal struck in her honor.

For several years thereafter the Department had reserved her for especial and distinguished missions at home and abroad, for official functions and gala reviews, and in all of these she had conducted herself with dignity and precision. Her duties were many and her respites few, but the years rested lightly upon her.

One fine day, however, without a word of warning, a horde of men boarded her while she dozed thankfully at a wharf in the Brooklyn Yard. They stripped her aloft and aloft, and rummaged unfeelingly in her vitals. They scraped and hammered and sawed until patience and the appropriation were exhausted, and then they left her.

In a cruelly short time the berth in which the *Decatur* lay was needed for another ship, so orders were unhesitatingly issued to move her, and this was the beginning of a series of disheartening voyages about the basin. She was towed from mooring to mooring, until it became a joke. The medal and the distin-

guished missions seemed to have been forgotten utterly.

Another fine day and the horde of men returned with more money and more hammers and saws to make another great commotion within her. They evinced no regard whatever for her tried, old-fashioned accoutrements, save to tear them away in evident anger and set up new-fangled devices in their stead, and they crowned their infamies by scoffing at her pivots as they dismounted them to make room for two slim, glistening rapid-fire sixes. When the strife and sweat below-decks ceased, the painters came with slings and stagings and dressed her in a new black gown, trimmed above with buff, and below, as a ruffle to her skirt, with a band of red. As soon as she was afloat the riggers swarmed over her, and hour by hour she grew in the likeness of her former self. Now her joy was infinite, because she understood. Everything happened as it had happened in the other years. The draft, the stores, the luggage, the wardroom, and the skipper—all arrived at the appointed time, and with them once again the welcome noises and the old familiar words of command. Then a noonday and the assemblage of the ship's company, the breaking out of the flag, and the return to service. Two days later the United States Ship *Decatur*, 2d Rate, sailed for the Mediterranean. The Bureau felt very proud of its work of rehabilitation, and the general government was interested to the tune of about ten thousand dollars.

In due season the *Decatur*, somewhat dishevelled, presented herself to the flag-ship, and was most courteously received. Some of the ships of the squadron she knew from association, others by name only, but all knew her. To their inquiries concerning her welfare she replied with one reservation: she said not a word about a staggering, night-long

fight with wind and sea, of creaking sides and straining gear, and a head she could hardly hold against the smother. When unexpected orders came directing her to proceed to the West Indies she construed them as a challenge, and set out gayly for the Caribbean.

It was her maiden service in West-Indian waters, and save for the heat and the rains, the first year was a comparatively happy one. The second found her dowager of the station, but assigned, with a conceited quartet—a little cruiser and three toy gunboats—to the especial duty of safeguarding the lives and limbs of such adventurous American spirits as essayed to live in peace in the ever-quarrelsome Central-American republics. It was neither very important nor very impressive, but it was action, and she was proportionately grateful because she feared the stiffness which lays hold of old ladies when they sit too long.

So, for two miserable years, the *Decatur* gadded about, now and then participating in a revolution to the extent of steaming into an excited harbor and sending word to President-General So-and-so (whosoever turn it chanced to be) that the United States would not view with unconcern any transgressions of either its peaceful rights or those of its citizens resident upon an alien shore. This, doubtless, had a mighty fine ring to it, so far as President-General So-and-so was concerned, but the *Decatur* looked upon it as a very mild business indeed, principally bows, smiles, excessively polite protestations, and cigarrillos—always cigarrillos.

Time dragged on without one unexpected incident to ruffle the *Decatur's* soul-sickening tranquillity, until, during a wearisome, throbbing crawl toward St. Kitts, something about her steering-gear carried away. This was decidedly not the relief she would have elected to afford herself, but even the hubbub of the hammers was better than nothing. Half an hour's work sufficed for repairs, and then the monotony began anew. But before the island could be reached there was a jar in her engine-room and a series of ominous after-beats. She listened, with despair possessing her, to the labors of the engine-room force, and between blows overheard much damning of

herself for a crazy tub and a money-eating hag, whose insides belonged nowhere else save on the scrap-heap. And this to her, and to the engines which once had carried her through seven hours of glorious fighting, and then sent her like a hawk after a foolishly fleeing prize!

There was such a confusion aboard her now she scarcely divined what had happened, until several of the crew began feeling about the engine foundations, and then she knew, as they knew, that part of the foundations had succumbed.

Thus came about her downfall, although she was not to know its full measure for many days. She never saw St. Kitts, because the skipper turned her back when repairs were completed and showed her into a quiet harbor. There the disdainful flag-ship came, eyed her askance, and left her, more wretched than ever, to her own devices and such diversion as she might derive from the heat and the oily swing of the tides.

The bitterness in the *Decatur's* cup arose almost to the brim when, a week after the flag-ship's lofty visit, she was ordered to return to the Brooklyn Yard.

It was a heart-scalding home-coming. She was moored at the Cob Dock, and men and stores were hurried out of her as if to prevent contamination. Down came her flag, and opposite her name in the roster was placed the now supremely discouraging descriptive, "In Ordinary."

For a month or more the Yard people let her severely alone, and then came the Board of Survey. After that the *Decatur* lived in an agony of apprehension. She saw the departmental reports turned in, noted the extravagant figures they demanded for repairs, and awaited her doom. It came soon enough. A last brief inspection, a little more head-wagging, the stroke of a pen, and the *Decatur* was reduced to the humble estate of those relatives-in-trade she so long had watched toiling in the river just beyond. Forty years of service, and now done for; a marked creature, a worn-out old thing not worth the water she displaced,—something of which the service wished to be rid, the sooner the better; not even a bargain for the highest bidder. And she, for long years schooled to obedience, bowed her honorable head in acceptance.



THEY BROUGHT A FINE, GRAY-BEARDED OLD GENTLEMAN

Announcement of the intended sale of the *Decatur* evoked sharp criticism of the government, and while the government undoubtedly heard, it heeded not. The advertisements for bids were duly inserted in the public prints, and while patriotic citizens, singly and banded, were scoring the government for its ingratitude in disposing of the *Decatur*, the Navy Department was fairly looting her. The horde was at her again, ransacking her for anything which might be of future usefulness in construction, equipment, or repair; and when she could yield no more, two men clambered over her stern and painted out her name and the thirteen gold stars which arched above it. Now she was nobody.

While the looting was in progress many prospective bidders had taken stock of the *Decatur*. On the day the name and stars were painted out two slender, quiet men went aboard the vessel. They were

swarthy of skin and black of hair, and wore little camel's-hair-pencil mustaches. For three hours, at least, they wandered about, dignified and mysterious. Before going ashore one of them flecked his sleeves and the skirts of his coat with a large red-bordered silk handkerchief, and left a trail of white-rose in the gangway.

The next day and the next and for four days the two quiet men haunted the vessel. At last they brought a fine, gray-bearded old gentleman with an ebony walking-stick and a tassel, whom they conducted about with innumerable pauses for explanations. And when they left the ship on the fourth afternoon it was with evident reluctance and many backward looks.

Of all the bargain-hunters who worried the *Decatur's* last days at the Brooklyn Yard, only four evinced a desire to pos-

sess her, and these four gathered some time later in the Secretary's office in Washington for the opening of the bids. The ceremony was lamentably perfunctory. The names and the amounts bid were read off and noted in singsong official fashion. Three of the bids were quite low; the fourth, in the name of a New York ship-broker, exceeded them by many thousands of dollars, and was in round figures, without a rubbish of pennies at the end.

In its delight over this unexpectedly high bid the Department lost no time in closing the transaction, and no sooner had the pens which signed the old ship forever out of the service been laid aside than the hitherto zealously guarded secret was revealed—the *Decatur* had been purchased by the Independent State of Yrujo.

On the map Yrujo is visible to the naked eye only in a sudden waywardness on the part of the eastern extremity of the boundary-line between two prominent Central-American republics. Some maps portray it as cutting a small pink scallop in the Nile-green expanse of the northern republic; others, as cutting an equally small green scallop in the rose-pink republic to the south. The reason for the variableness is that the two delicately tinted republics are forever at war about something; and the map-makers, weary of changing the entire boundary-line in accordance with the short-lived triumph of one or the other, have come to consider their task performed in periodically shifting the scallop.

Thus Yrujo has achieved some distinction in Central-American affairs, and the singular feature of her existence is that she has never been annexed by either of her squabbling neighbors. Therefore Yrujo took heart, and one day, by the unanimous vote of her seven Senators, declared a prefix to her name, and bowed to the world as the Independent State of Yrujo.

The little republic enjoys a limited but lucrative commerce, and having no war expenses, has grown rich. With the coming of riches has come ambition, and on its heels a royal expenditure of the state funds. The people, far from protesting, have encouraged the government in this. In Montarigua, the capital and chief

seaport, the low, dusty-yellow building which for fifty years had been the residence of the Chief Executive was recently razed, and an ornate stone palace reared in its stead; the public gardens were enlarged, the plaza repaved and provided with a new band-stand, and the army increased to five hundred men. By reason of its gorgeous uniform, the army has been found to be a great adornment on state occasions. That portion of the army which has the newest uniforms is garri-soned in Montarigua. And here it was that Yrujo in the days of her growing ambition made friends with the *Decatur*.

Montarigua's acquaintance with men-of-war practically began and ended with the "navies" of her irritable neighbors, each of which rejoiced in the possession of a superannuated gunboat. The *Decatur's* visit was, therefore, a momentous occasion, especially as His Excellency President-General Morazan was wined and dined and otherwise entertained aboard for nearly a week; and when she steamed away he could be seen upon the balcony of the Palace, hat in hand, bowing his farewell.

Now did Yrujo set her heart upon a navy. Nothing would do but that she should possess a ship to sport her red, yellow, and green flag upon the high seas—that is, in the harbor of Montarigua and, the weather permitting, along her eighty miles of palmy coast.

General Morazan discussed the matter at length with his Ministers, and all agreed that the time had come for Yrujo to broaden her influence in Central-American affairs. Despatches were hurried to the republic's representatives abroad to be on the alert for an available vessel, and to attract as little attention as possible to their efforts.

Weeks passed without a welcome report, and then Señor Rivas, the Minister at Washington, communicated the decision of the United States to dispose of the *Decatur*. General Morazan was almost beside himself for joy of such good fortune. A meeting of the Ministry was hastily called, and Señor Rivas was instructed to open negotiations for her without delay, and informed of the willingness of the Independent State of Yrujo to pay one hundred thousand dollars for her if need be.



O'HARA'S ABILITIES WERE TAXED TO THEIR UTMOST

Cablegrams of inquiry and reply were exchanged thereafter almost daily, and Yrujo maintained her patience with difficulty. But the hour of her triumph struck at last with this despatch:

"Have purchased *Decatur* fifty thousand details by mail await instructions.
"RIVAS."

Less than a minute later General Morazan's orderly ran out of the Palace, sprang upon his dozing horse, and went clattering down the street to summon the Ministers. They came post-haste, and were ecstatically embraced by the President in the order of their seniority as he thrust the despatch into their hands. An elaborate message of appreciation and congratulation was sent to Señor Rivas, instructing him to have the *Decatur* fitted for immediate service, regardless of expenditure. In conclusion the message informed the Minister that a duly accredited naval representative would sail for Washington by the very next steamer.

When the naval *attaché* arrived the *Decatur* was in Erie Basin, her refitting well under way. Her heart had leaped upon realizing that she was not to end in a meaningless mass of junk, and while she knew that the flag she had borne so long would never again fly from her gaff, she pledged herself in every timber to the service of her saviors. Perhaps, after all, an opportunity would arrive; then, for all her years, she would show the ungrateful ones how blindly they had erred in casting her off.

The determination of Yrujo to be princely in naval matters was eloquently betokened in the thousands expended upon the old ship. Mahogany furniture, stateroom fittings, bright-work, racks of small-arms, rapid-fire pieces, and machine-guns were loaded upon her, until there seemed perilously little room for crew or anything else. The naval *attaché*, Señor Juan Ramon Peten, who had come to be addressed, and not at all distastefully, as "Captain," was aboard the ship from morning until

night, looking for spots in which to put new things. Once or twice a week Señor Rivas, the old gentleman with the cane, appeared to inspect the work, accompanied by the two quiet men, Señor Verapaz, the *chargé d'affaires*, and Señor Salola, one of the under secretaries of the legation.

In the course of his naval duties Captain Peten made the invaluable acquaintance of O'Hara. He was foreman of one of the gangs at work on the ship—a big, reddish man, heroically blazoned with ballet-girls and willow-shaded tombs, anchors and full-rigged ships. To Captain Peten he confided, with unspeakable regret, that there were two places on the globe he had not visited—the poles. His admiration of the *Decatur* and of the astuteness of those who had purchased her quite charmed the Captain. He had gone over every foot of her, he said, line, timber, and rig, not claiming to know overmuch about engines—being a sailor-man, sir, not a mechanic,—and his final opinion was that she could weather hell with her lee leeches smoking. After that he became Captain Peten's guide, philosopher, and friend. Now and then he would startle the entire Yrujo delegation with his sanguinary verbal assaults upon the workmen, but Captain Peten, whose voice after these outbursts seemed a mere whisper, always explained them as one of the features of life aboard ship. He confidentially assured his fellow-countrymen that O'Hara was just the sort of man they needed in the service, not only for the sake of instruction in case it might be necessary, but for his moral effect. Indeed, the workmen jumped like fleas when O'Hara swore.

Consultation and correspondence followed, and the end was the enlistment of O'Hara as boatswain in the navy of Yrujo at twice his foreman's pay.

"If I can shtand their English, they can shtand my Spanish," he explained, as he drew his last wages at the wicket. "An' they'll know a sight more English before I'm through, ye mark me."

O'Hara's abilities were taxed to their utmost when the draft arrived, a week before the *Decatur* passed from the hands of the shipwrights, riggers, and machinists. The people of Yrujo are not a seafaring people. One hundred feet

from the sea they are planters, so the draft was made up of fishermen gathered along her eighty miles of coast. They were a raw lot when they came under O'Hara's hand, and he expended one entire day in trying to make them understand they were not playing at rats and frolicking about for their own amusement.

"Ye need tails, ye do!" he cried at them in an amazing mixture of English and Spanish, "an' not rat-tails, neither. Come out o' that,—d'ye hear? Thim's the Cap'n's quarters. Get forrad!"

Of all her masters, the *Decatur* loved the boatswain most. He, above every one else, reminded her of herself, of the medal and the distinguished missions. She wished he would damn her old eyes once in a while just to encourage her. But he treated her always with respect, jealously guarding her from profanation by the godless crew.

O'Hara was not greatly impressed by the six new officers who had been sent to aid in taking the vessel to Yrujo. They spent most of their time leaning in picturesque attitudes against handy things, and smoked even on the quarter-deck. Their concern over the staterooms kept them below a number of hours every day. One afternoon, out of sheer curiosity, the boatswain went on an unofficial tour of investigation. And late that night, in a moment of uncontrollable disloyalty, he invited all the patrons of "The Anchorage," the bartender included, to come down and see the girls' boarding-school he was running in the Basin.

"Did ye iver see thim frosty Easter eggs what ye peek through a hole in the ind iv thim?" he asked. "Well, thim's what me sea-ladies bunks in. It's a yacht I'm on, I dun'no'."

But O'Hara was not alone in his troubles; the "sea-ladies" had theirs also. It was within two weeks of the sailing-day; General Morazan had written: "The people of the Independent State of Yrujo are aglow with enthusiasm. When our noble ship enters the harbor of Montariqua she shall receive a welcome of unparalleled splendor;"—and the State had entirely overlooked the matter of naval uniform!

Here was a misfortune of misfortunes.

Mufti was out of the question; it was for the Yrujoan delegation to save the day, to design a uniform. A consultation was held at once in Captain Peten's cabin. Passing the open cabin skylight during its progress, O'Hara paused an instant and listened; the skin about his eyes began to wrinkle, and he drew down the rising corners of his mouth with his huge hand. "If I was thim," he said to himself, "I'd make 'em all gold, wit' a narry blue shtripe up the leg, I would."

Señor Rivas, all the *attachés* of the legation, and two naval representatives from the Brooklyn Yard were at the Basin the morning the *Decatur* broke out the Yrujoan flag at her gaff and made ready to sail for Montariqua. There was an elaborate luncheon aboard and countless toasts. Señor Rivas addressed the assembled crew, calling upon each man to remember the glorious history of his country, and adjuring him to aid in maintaining it, however he might be called.

"Let not vainglory fill your hearts," he said,—the crew, uncovered, narrowly watching O'Hara, who was to give the signal for the cheers. "Yrujo to-day enters upon a new glory,—the glory of a navy. There are pages awaiting the chronicle of your deeds, sailors of Yrujo" (the boatswain raised his hand, and a roaring huzza interrupted the Minister); "let there be no blot upon them. Pride must be yours, indomitable pride, but not the foolish vanity which rots the foundations of government and brings it down in irretrievable ruin." Another movement by O'Hara and another cheer. "Yrujo awaits your coming with a patriotism which will set your hearts aglow. Let its welcome convey to you the great responsibility the State rests in you. You stand upon the deck of a vessel whose name resounds in the naval annals of the world." (This time the boatswain cheered with the loudest.) "Consider that she has been given into your care for the preservation of her honor. She is yours now in her every fibre, and as you stand by her, so she will stand by you. Sailors of Yrujo, for a toast I give you The Ship, Our Ship, and long live Yrujo and her gallant navy!"

O'Hara kept the crew cheering for

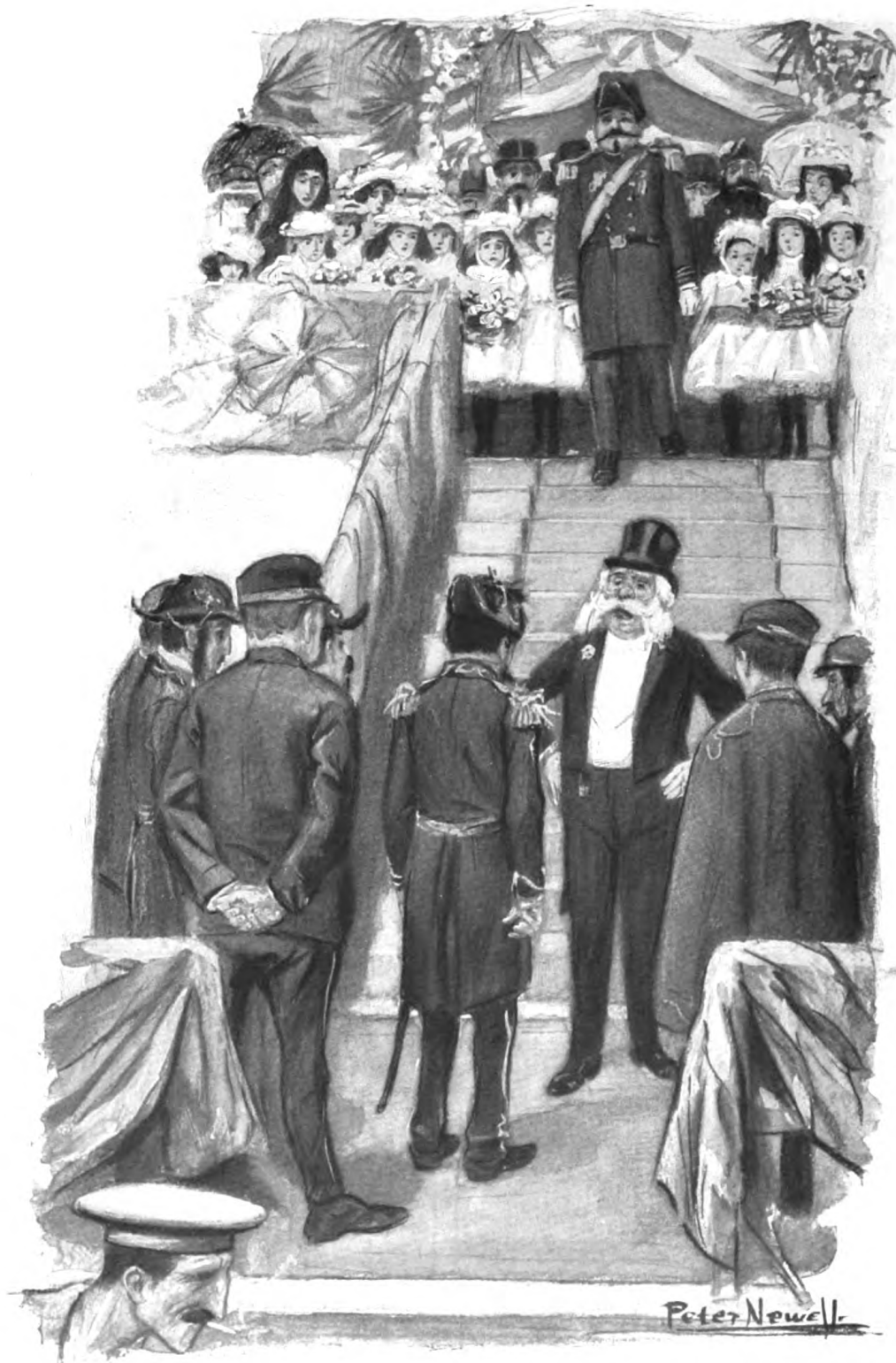
several minutes, and a band on the quarter-deck, when it could make itself heard, banged out the Yrujoan anthem, the crew, led by the boatswain's mate, joining in with admirable fervor. Then came the last farewell, the band was set ashore, and O'Hara's "All hands unmoor ship!" rang out.

In pride and unreserved determination the old ship glided from her berth, two tugs urging her into the stream. Señor Rivas and his secretaries watched her from the wharf, and waved from time to time to the seven officers, who, with chests thrown out until the buttons of their glittering uniforms creaked, raised their weighty chapeaux in response.

The *Decatur* cast no longing, backward look. She was heart and soul for the new life and what it held for her. She had heard Señor Rivas's speech, and appreciated the spirit in which the new masters took her, and she saw no reason why there should not be years of faithful, perhaps distinguished, service awaiting her. She was a sort of soldier of fortune now, a warrior under a new standard, which should be upheld and guarded as unselfishly as the old. And the slip and run of the water at her sides cheered her, the noise of the decks and O'Hara's thunder cheered her; she was living again! Viva Yrujo!

Montariqua's harbor is nearly circular, the narrow entrance to it, known as "The Water Gate," being between two gently rising hills, green to the water's edge. On one is perched a gray stone fort, whose duty it is to fly the red, yellow, and green flag, and whose pleasure the diversion of the public which promenades there and listens to its band on fête-days. Several guns, which no one in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had had the temerity to fire, grace the parapet, and as the initial step in the preparations to welcome the coming ship an apprehensive squad of soldiers was told off to clean, load, and, at the proper time, fire them.

On the opposite hill a watch-tower was erected to a great height in order that the ship might be discerned while she was still far at sea, and permit the officials ample time for gathering at the government wharf. At various points



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" THE MINISTER CRIED

along the driveways which skirted the harbor, flagstaves were raised and arrangements made for the detail of a field-piece and gunners to each, so that the firing, to begin at the Water Gate, might be continued as the ship passed on to her anchorage close to the city.

A pavilion was built on the wharf, with a wide flight of steps leading down to a railed float, at which the officers of the ship and her crew were to land. In the pavilion President Morazan, his Ministers, the Senators, the Alcalde of Montarigua, and the members of the Ayuntamiento, with a delegation of leading citizens and representative men from various parts of Yrujo, were to receive the naval officers and accompany them in a body to the Palace, where luncheon was to be served in the banquet-hall. A state ball was arranged for the evening, and to it the President and Madame Morazan had bidden two hundred of Yrujo's incomparably fair daughters and as many of her dashing sons. During the ball the plaza would be illuminated, and it was expected that the President would come upon the balcony and address the people. Placards were posted in the streets notifying the populace when the Yrujoan man-of-war should arrive, and requesting a generous display of flags and decorations, especially by householders along the water-front. A line at the bottom of the notice stated that the firing of a gun at the watch-tower would give token of the ship's approach.

The day of days was one of golden sunshine and fluttering breezes. From the break of dawn the watchers in the tower had swept the sea with their glasses. It had been computed that the ship should come into view about nine o'clock in the morning, but at eight Montarigua tumbled from its restless bed. As the guns of the fort were smoothbores, they were loaded early and the soldiers warned to keep away from them. The Yrujoan flag was broken out on all the staffs, and the gun squads sent to their posts. The pavilion erected upon the wharf was draped with crimson festooned with the Yrujoan tricolor, and a broad strip of crimson carpet laid from it down the steps to the landing-float. For its entire length the wharf was decorated with rosettes of the national colors, and thick

garlands hung from painted poles. At the city end a triumphal arch spanned the way. All the shops and dwelling-houses along the water-front were gay with flags. The plaza was a riot of color, the statue of General Santa Rosa in its centre being almost hidden in flowers and flags. From every window of the Palace long graceful bands of bunting extended to the main doorway, over which rose an enormous shield bearing the arms of Yrujo. In the square before the Palace a pyrotechnic set-piece showing a man-of-war was hidden from inquisitive gaze by a cotton cover. All the shops were closed, and the populace loitered about the streets and made merry of its waiting.

Suddenly the echoed roll of a distant gun vibrated through the city. The merry noises in the streets ceased abruptly, and then a cheer arose from the crowd about the Palace, where the gorgeous military had been assembled since early morning. Again the courier of the President dashed out and spurred his lean mount down the dusty street. General Morazan appeared a moment at the balcony window and waved his hand to the throng below.

Prolonged cheering greeted the carriages of the Ministers, which gained the doorway with difficulty through the mass of people. When the commotion was greatest a cavalryman clattered up, bearing the official information that the man-of-war had been sighted from the watch-tower. This aroused new cheers, and the band struck up the Yrujoan anthem, as General Morazan and his Ministers, he in the uniform of the General of all the Forces, the others in frock-coats and top-hats, emerged from the Palace. The military guard formed a dazzling lane for the state procession, the President bowing continuously, every inch the fine old soldier. The band hastened to the front, the soldiers fell in behind, with the carriages bearing Madame Morazan and her ladies, and the people swarmed on all sides, waving, clapping, and cheering. Montarigua had never known such another gala-day.

By the time the state party reached the gay pavilion the wharf was thronged with officials and other dignitaries,—officers in uniform, and women in fluffy gowns. At the steps leading to the float

a score of little girls in white frocks clung resolutely to baskets of flowers which they were to strew upon the crimson carpet when the navy should arrive. In the harbor the fishing-boats were brilliant with color, and far down at the Water Gate the Yrujoan standard could be seen standing stiffly out in the breeze. It was a period of anxious waiting, as, by reason of the guardian hills, those on the wharf could not see the ship until she should be actually within the Gate, so all eyes clung to the harbor entrance.

General Morazan's aide-de-camp was the first to see the ship. Dropping his glasses and, in his excitement, clutching the President's arm, he cried: "There! there! Look! There she is!" He pointed joyously to the distant waterway. A ship, almost enveloped in a cloud of smoke, was rounding the fort hill.

The President caught up the glasses, and the Ministers crowded around, shading their eyes with their hands.

Yrujo's proudest moment had arrived. How nobly the great ship rode, two quivering white feathers streaming backward from her prow! Ah, what envy she would arouse! Slowly the ship swung into full view and the mass of smoke blew seaward. The General muttered something to himself and glanced uneasily at the Minister of Marine. The assemblage wondered why the guns in the fort were dumb.

In a silence which seemed to hold all the earth the ship passed through the Water Gate and approached the city. Not a flag flew from her masts, but over her stern flapped a rectangle of dingy blue. Could that be the man-of-war Yrujo was waiting to welcome,—this blunt, rusty thing with a red funnel? Impossible, impossible. Its valiant ship must be close astern, and in a moment or two the salute would come thundering to their ears. But no other ship appeared at the harbor mouth.

Instantly it dawned upon General Morazan that the watchers had been deceived. They had given the signal upon seeing the smoke on the horizon without waiting to make sure. They had mistaken a battered British tramp for their man-of-war. He smiled weakly, not relishing the error, but determined to meet it like a President. He was about to

make a jest of the matter, when the alert-eyed aide-de-camp sprang to his side.

"Some one aboard is waving to us," he exclaimed. "See, there in the bow; some one in uniform. Look! there are others; they are waving!"

In the bows of the tramp stood a little knot of men. They had ceased waving, and were gazing before them with hanging heads. Down the steamer's length fully two hundred dirty-white figures had clambered to vantage-points, and were clinging there in sorrowful silence.

The party in front of the pavilion, amazed, comprehending nothing, and hushed in apprehension, saw a boat lowered away from the ugly steamer and the blue-clad figures stumble down the ladder into it. The Minister of Marine whispered to the President, who replied, with a miserable shake of the head: "I cannot understand. Let us wait."

A murmur quivered through the crowd as it pressed forward, watching the boat toiling toward the shore. Madame Morazan leaned upon the arm of the aged Minister of State and fanned herself.

As the boat grated against the float, Captain Peten and seven bedraggled blue figures wearily arose and stepped out. Their uniforms were torn and discolored, the gold lace hung in green strips from their wrinkled sleeves, and coats and trousers had shrunk to bursting.

The Minister of Marine gripped General Morazan's hand and ran down the red steps. Captain Peten staggered forward into his arms.

"What does this mean?" the Minister cried. "Speak, man." For answer Captain Peten shook his bowed head with a gesture of sad entreaty to his ragged companions. They hung back, speechless and bewildered.

From the wharf above, the officials and the women stared at them with startled eyes, and two of the little flower-girls burst into wild tears.

General Morazan, impatient and alarmed, hurriedly descended the steps. "Peten," he cried, "tell us what has happened. Where is—come, can none of you speak?"

And lumbering up from the rear of the dejected group, O'Hara touched his forehead and said, "We sunk off Hatheras, sir; that's the English uv it."

The World Beyond Our Senses

BY CARL SNYDER

THE world wherein lives Helen Keller would seem to us, translated there, singular enough. In her world floats no sound; the rustle of the forest, the roar of the cataract, the harmonies of Wagner, the magic of the spoken word, enlist no thrill. Dawn and dusk, days and seasons, are alike. The glory of the summer, the burgeoning of the spring, the colors of October, are known to her only through dim changes in the warmth of her skin. The places of the earth are all the same, the desert or the crowded Strand. Bagdad and the Yosemite differ for her only in their smell. Save for the reports of those around her, of the living world she knows little, and could learn little more.

And we, dowered with the seeing eye and the listening ear, have pity for this stricken girl. Slightly we realize that in some sense we are all Helen Kellers, and that ours too is a Helen Keller world. Suppose, by some magic, our eyes might be opened so that we could see the filmy waves of light which reflect for us the landscape and the morning sky, or the waves of sound which bear to us the carolling of the lark? Suppose that in the dancing air we could see the myriad particles wildly chasing one another at a speed of nearly half a mile a second; that in the lump of sugar or grain of salt we could watch the twirly-whirly Sir Roger de Coverley of the atoms, partners skipping gayly one to the other like as on a ballroom floor; suppose we could watch the twinge of pain, the thrill of joy, as it travels along the nerves; that we could see the "lines of force" which circle round a magnet and generate electricity in a dynamo; suppose that beyond the deepest red, or the faintest violet, all the colors of the spectrum might be opened to our view,—would not such a world seem as strange to us as would our visible world could Helen Keller's sightless eyes be touched to the light of day?

It is from our eyes that we learn most concerning the things about us. Were it not for them, the images we make of objects and events would be confused and crude enough. Beside our other senses, marvellous they seem. They measure and compare every little dot and stroke and turn on this printed page, so hopelessly bewildering to the untaught, and alike the gleam of a star distant, it may be, hundreds of thousands of millions of miles.

Yet beyond all that the eye may see, that ear may hear, that hands may feel, outside of taste or smell,—outside of any native sense,—there lies an unseen, unheard, unfelt universe whose fringe we are just beginning to explore.

A flash, so to speak, from this supra-sensual world came with the discovery of the Roentgen rays. It is now eight years since we first learned that we may look straight into our bodies and see our bones, that in this light even great books of philosophy become quite clear—transparent even; and the wonder has a little died. But they are still called X-rays, for we still do not know what they are nor where they belong.

What is tolerably sure is that there is a wide gap between the Roentgen light and common light, and the gap seems to lie far above the shortest little light waves hitherto known. It is in the form of minute waves, more than microscopic undulations in the all-pervading ether of space, that physicists nowadays conceive light. And it is a difference in wave length merely that makes what we call color. The red and the orange are long waves, not more than 33,000 to 40,000 to a linear inch; the indigo and violet waves are only about half as long, from 50,000 to 60,000 per inch. In between are the yellow, green, blue, and all their insensible gradations.

It was Sir Isaac Newton's first notable discovery that white light is a compound

of all the others, and that a sunbeam may be broken up into its component colors by means of an ordinary three-cornered prism. A three-cornered glass of water or other liquid does much the same, and that is exactly what the rain-drops do when the sun strikes them right. The colored image produced by the prism is an artificial rainbow. Old Sir Isaac called it a spectrum, and the name has held. It is the same as our word *spectre*, an apparition.

Curious-minded men were not long in finding out that beyond either end of the visible spectrum curious things go on. For example, if a thermometer be held below the red end of this artificial rainbow, in the "infra-red," as it is called, it gets hot, although there is very little heat in the visible part of the spectrum. The quite unbearable heat you get with a burning-glass is due to these invisible heat rays, and not to the light at all. So, for example, it is possible to split up a sunbeam with a prism, and then focus only the invisible infra-red part of the spectrum, and get almost as much heat as though you had focussed the entire body of the light.

Of course if our eyes were sensitive to these invisible "heat rays" as they are to the "light rays," we could "see" with heat just as well as with light. Indeed, we can conceive a race of men fitted with eyes sensitive to the heat rays, and only to them. To such a race our day would be bright as to us, for in the sunlight are both light and heat rays; but they might also sit and read in a room with a warm stove, that to us would be pitch-dark. Their windows might be made of thin plates of hard rubber, to us entirely opaque, and they might look at the sun and the stars through telescopes with lenses made of the same materials. Theirs would be a world beyond our senses.

So too with the other end of the spectrum, the beyond-the-violet end. When Daguerre and others found that upon certain delicate salts, like nitrate of silver, light has a chemical action, they opened the way for an exploration of the ultra-violet. For it did not take long to find out that here again it was a question of invisible forces. A large part of the waves which affect a photo-

graphic plate do not affect the eye at all. So it is possible, by means of a prism and a little screen, to shut out all the visible parts of the spectrum and still take photographs just as usual. These are the so-called actinic or chemical rays, and in a chemist's hands they are capable of a variety of actions. Had they been known two or three centuries ago, men would surely have thought they had found the philosopher's stone, for these rays will turn one kind of phosphorus into another and quite different kind; they will produce violent explosions, and make substances conduct electricity which otherwise do not. They seem to have healing powers, for under their influence cancers disappear, and many skin diseases may be similarly treated. Their rôle in nature, too, is immense, for it is these rays which in the green leaves of the plant turn the carbonic acid and water into sugars and starches: the first of those conversions of the inert materials of the air and the soil into food; the first step toward the organization of life.

These ultra-violet rays go through many substances impervious to visible light, so that if we had a race of men with eyes attuned to these rays, they too might live in rooms black as ink to us. In some sense theirs, too, would be another world than ours.

Has any one the notion that while these suprasensual domains may exist, after all they do not amount to much? Let him construct for himself a scale, that he may have a clear idea of precisely how much his chief and most highly developed sense, the sense of sight, really takes in.

Waves of light are measured in millionths of a millimetre—that is, in units of about one-twenty-five-millionth of an inch. They are called micro-microns, and written with the two Greek letters $\mu\mu$, for short. One $\mu\mu$ bears the same relationship to an inch as one inch does to fifteen miles.

The longest red rays visible measure about 810 $\mu\mu$, and the shortest visible violet rays are about 380 $\mu\mu$ —that is, about one-half as long as the red. It is not possible as yet to go very far into the ultra-violet; when it is we shall get very close to the ultimate structure of matter. But even now it is possible to

detect invisible rays that have only a quarter the length of the shortest visible ray—that is, about $100\ \mu\mu$.

Far out in the spaces beyond the beyond-the-violet, in regions yet unexplored, lie probably the Roentgen rays, and yet others possibly which experiment may disclose the effect, even though we may not as yet apprehend them directly. Far beyond the confines of what we call matter there seem to be minute particles, the tiny grains of which the relatively huge atoms of matter are made. These particles are thrown off from all highly heated or highly electrified bodies, such as the sun, the electric arc, etc. They are the so-called cathode "rays," which Sir William Crookes and latterly Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge in England, have studied so deeply. These, bombarding space and all it holds with terrific speed (fifty to a hundred thousand miles *per second*), give rise to all sorts of perturbations of the ether, and of these the X-rays are one. The cathode rays are made to impinge upon certain chemical substances, and through this impact we have that peculiar fluorescence which shows through solid things. No means have yet been found to measure the wave length of this new kind of light.

Beyond the other end of the spectrum the measuring hand has gone much farther. The longest light wave is but 810 micro-microns; the longest heat wave so far measured is 70,000. Here are the materials for a scale. This will give you an idea of the compass of the rays upon which we depend for the most of our knowledge of things outside us:

would be needful that we have a temperature sense as acute as our sense of sight, and eyes as sensitive as a photographer's plate. We have neither. A comparison may help to make this clearer. The naked eye, in clear skies, might count in all the heavens perhaps two to four thousand stars; the number would vary greatly with individuals and climes. Aided by the finest telescopes, this number rises to tens of hundreds of thousands, and more. Calling in the aid of the photographic plate, an international star-map is now being made which will definitely locate the position of twenty to thirty million suns. That is the difference between the eye and the camera. In some part, these twenty-odd million stars are fixed by means of the invisible rays of the ultra-violet, to which the eye is wholly insensible.

Again, it is with difficulty that we realize a change in temperature until that change amounts to several degrees on the thermometer. In order to detect and map the invisible rays of heat, the infra-red rays, it was needful to construct instruments about one million times as sensitive. The most delicate of these devices is the bolometer, which was the invention of Professor S. P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. It will accurately register a change in temperature of one-millionth of a degree, Centigrade. It will register the heat of a candle a mile and a half distant.

Lest any one surmise that there is some guesswork about this, it may be noted that there are several heat-measurers, of almost equal sensibility,

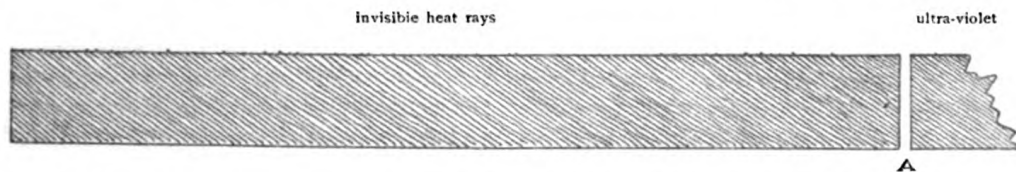


Diagram scale, showing the relations of the visible part of the spectrum to the invisible

The small portion of ether waves concerned in vision is indicated by the little gap marked "A." By far the larger part of the ether vibrations, the "heat rays," and the ultra-violet, affect our senses but slightly.

It is only through the little gap marked "A" that we get a glimpse of the real world. In order that we might make use of this wide range of ether waves it

whose results accord perfectly with Professor Langley's extraordinary machine.

From the longest heat rays, measuring 70,000 $\mu\mu$, to the shortest known rays of

the ultra-violet, but 100 $\mu\mu$ in length, we have an unbroken series of ether waves. This series covers the first faint tremblings sent out, let us say, by a bar of iron that we have begun to raise in temperature, up through the red glow which first makes the bar visible in the dark, to the dazzling light it sends forth when it has become white hot. What we call heat and light, then, are but purely personal or subjective sensations, aroused by the same medium, and differing only in the rapidity of motion in this medium.

Have we reached nature's limits, or may we farther go? At the moment exploration of the ultra-violet seems blocked, but at the opposite end subtle experiment is reaching out to link yet another great field of science to this long chain. That is the field—one might almost say empire—of electricity. I have elsewhere given account of recent endeavors to ascribe electrical phenomena to the movement of extremely minute particles of matter, a thousandfold smaller than the smallest atom known, called corpuscles or electrons. However this may turn out, it is certain that some forms of electricity, and heat and light, are very close of kin, apparently merely varieties of ether motion.

This was predicted by Clerk-Maxwell in a purely mathematical calculation more than forty years ago, long before sufficient experimental evidence existed. Its verification, in the hands of Heinrich Hertz, a quarter of a century after, was the strongest support the ether-wave theory has yet received.

If Maxwell's ideas were sound, a discharge of electricity across a gap would set up vibrations in the ether round about, just as a stone dropped in a pond will set up waves that go travelling outward in every direction. And Hertz found that this is exactly what happens. It was this discovery which made wireless telegraphy possible. These ether vibrations are called, in honor of their discoverer, Hertz waves.

Hertz found that his electric waves measured about 150 feet from node to node—that is, from the top of one wave to the top of the next. The waves used

by Marconi, in telegraphing across the Atlantic, are considerably longer than this—600 feet or more. These waves travel at the same speed as light—that is, at the incredible rate of 184,000 miles *per second*. Apparently they go straight through walls and mountains, and are only arrested by metal. Hence the employment of a network of wires at the receiving-stations in wireless telegraphy.

From an electric wave 150 feet long to a light wave measuring a few millionths of an inch is a far cry. The gap is wide. Nevertheless, the scientific imagination bridged that gap and accepted Hertz's discovery as proof of the identity of the two. Since then the Calcutta physicist, Jagadis Chunder Bose, who was the first to send a signal by wireless telegraphy, has succeeded in producing electric waves but two or three millimetres (about a tenth of an inch) long. The waves sent out by this delicate little machine are much nearer to the longest heat rays than to the longest electric waves. The actual gap is only from three millimetres to seventy micromillimetres. Filling this gap is really a mere mechanical detail.

Thus is one great chapter in the physical account of this world practically complete.

It need hardly be added that, as for the longer waves of heat our senses grow dim and uncertain, for the electric waves we have no sense at all. They lie outside our sensual world, and until science had devised new senses, as it were, we had not so much as a suspicion of their existence. Suppose that we could be dowered with such an electric sense: the spark gap of the oscillator, or sender, answers to a source of light, the receiver to a mechanical eye. If our eyes were sensitive like this mechanical eye, then we might watch the progress of a play in Buenos Ayres, or have witnessed the struggles at Peking through the long days which brought no word. Only years of patient and toilsome research,—the steady labors of men stirred not by love of money, but by love of knowledge,—will disclose to us what more we may learn concerning the unseen world about us.

The Bluebird

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

A WISTFUL note from out the sky,
"Pure, pure, pure," in plaintive tone,
As if the wand'rer was alone,
And hardly knew to sing or cry.

But now a flash of azure wing,
Flitting, twinkling by the wall,
And pleadings sweet and am'rous call,—
Ah, now I know his heart doth sing.

O bluebird, welcome back again;
Thy burnished coat and ruddy vest
Are hues that April loveth best,—
Warm skies above the furrowed plain.

The farm-boy hears thy tender voice,
And visions come of crystal days,
And sugar-camps in maple ways,
And scenes that make his heart rejoice.

The lucid smoke drifts on the breeze,
The steaming pans are mantling white,
And thy blue wing's a joyous sight
Among the brown and leafless trees.

The loosened currents glance and run,
The buckets shine on sturdy boles,
The forest folk peep from their holes,
And work is play from sun to sun.

The downy beats his sounding limb,
The nuthatch pipes his nasal call,
The sparrow sings atop the wall,
And robin lifts his evening hymn.

Now go and bring thy homesick bride,
Persuade her here is just the place
To build a home and found a race,
In downy cell, my lodge beside.

The Conspiracy of Arnaye

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

I

“AND so,” said the *Sieur d’Arnaye*, as he laid down the letter, “we may look for the coming of *Monsieur de Puysange* to-morrow.”

The *Demoiselle Matthiette* contorted her dainty features in a comic expression of disapproval. “So soon!” said she. “I had thought—”

“Eh, my dear niece, Love rides with a bloody spur, and curbs his fantasies no more than in the day when Mars was taken in a net and amorous Jove bel-lowed in Europa’s kail-yard. My faith! if he distemper thus the thin, spectral ichor of the gods, what wonder that the blood of man leap somewhat strangely at his bidding? It were the least of his miracles that a lusty bridegroom of some twenty-and-odd outstrip the dial by a scant week. For love—I might tell you such tales—”

Sieur Raymond crossed his white, dimpled hands over a well-rounded paunch and chuckled reminiscently; then, remembering to whom he spoke, his lean face suddenly took on an expression of placid sanctity, and the somewhat unholy flame died out of his green eyes. He resembled nothing so much as a plethoric, well-fed cat purring over the follies of kittenhood. One could have taken oath that a cultured taste for good living was the chief of his offences, and that this benevolent gentleman had some sixty well-spent years to his credit. True, his late Majesty, King Louis XI., had sworn *Pacque Dieu!* that *d’Arnaye* conspired with his gardener concerning the planting of cabbages, and within a week after his death would head an uprising against Lucifer; but kings are not always infallible, as his Majesty himself had proved at *Peronne*.

“For,” said the *Sieur d’Arnaye*, “man’s flesh is frail, and the devil is very cunning to avail himself of the weakness of lovers.”

“Love!” cried *Matthiette*. “There can be no pretence of love ’twixt *Monsieur de Puysange* and me! A man that I have never seen, that is to wed me of pure policy, may look for no *Alcestis* in his wife.”

“Tut!” quoth *Sieur Raymond*, complacently. “So that he find her no *Guinevere* or *Semiramis* or other loose-minded trollop of history, I dare say *Monsieur de Puysange* will hold to his bargain with indifferent content. Look you, niece, he buys—the saying is somewhat rustic—a pig in a poke as well as you.”

Matthiette glanced quickly toward the mirror which hung in her apartment. It reflected features that went to make up a beauty already famous in that part of France; and if her green gown was some months behind the last Italian fashion, it undeniably clad one who needed few adventitious aids. The *Demoiselle Matthiette* at nineteen was very tall and somewhat too slender for perfection of form, but her honey-colored hair hung heavily about the perfect oval of a face whose nose alone left something to be desired; for this feature, though well formed, was unduly diminutive. For the rest, her mouth curved in an irreproachable bow, her complexion was mingled milk and roses, and her blue eyes brooded in a provoking calm; and altogether, the smile that followed her inspection of the mirror’s depths was not unwarranted.

Sieur Raymond laughed wheezily, as one discovering a fault in his companion of which he disapproves theoretically, but yet finds flattering to his vanity. “Eh,” said he, “I grant you, he drives a good bargain. Were *Cleopatra* thus featured, the Roman lost the world very worthily. Yet, such is the mad humor of man that I doubt not he looks forward to the joys of to-morrow with much the same calm self-restraint that you now exercise; for the lad is young, and, as rumor says, has been guilty of divers verses—ay, he has



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THE YOUNG MAN HESITATED FOR AN INSTANT

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bearded common sense in the vext periods of many a wailing rhyme. But, I warrant you, niece, he, like any man, keeps these whimsies of loves and doves laid away in lavender for feast-days and the like; they are somewhat fine for every-day wear."

Matthiette stirred uneasily. "Is love, then, nothing?" she murmured.

"Love!" Sieur Raymond barked like a kicked dog. "It is very discreetly fabled that love was born of the mists at Cytherea. Thus, look you, even ballad-mongers admit it comes of a short-lived family, that fade as time wears on. I may have a passion for fogs, and, doubtless, the morning mist is very beautiful; but if I give rein to my admiration, breakfast is like to grow cold. And thus—bah! have done with this mooning after mists and look to your frying-pan! A niece of mine prating of love!" The idea of such an occurrence, combined with a fit of coughing which now came upon him, drew tears to the Sieur d'Arnaye's eyes. "Pardon me," said he, when he had recovered his breath, "if I speak somewhat brutally to maiden ears."

Matthiette sighed. "Indeed," said she, "you have spoken very brutally!" She rose from her seat, and went suddenly to the Sieur d'Arnaye. "Dear uncle," said she, with her arms about his neck, and her soft cheek brushing his withered countenance, "are you come to my apartment to-night to tell me that love is nothing—you who have fed me on love since I can remember—you who have shown me that even the roughest, most grizzled bear in all the world has a heart all made for love and tender as a woman's?"

The Sieur d'Arnaye snorted violently. "Her mother all over again!" said he, inconsequently. Then recovered himself. "Bah! I have sighed to every eyebrow at court, and I tell you this moonshine is—moonshine. I love you—you baggage!—too dearly to deceive you. We of gentle quality may not yield to each leaping pulse. I love you better than my heart's blood; but I love Arnaye as well. Arnaye and Puy-sange together may withstand the Armagnacs; Arnaye alone may not. Is it of greater import that a girl have her callow heart's desire than that a people go free of Monsieur War and Madame Rapine? Death yawps at the

frontier; will you, a d'Arnaye, bid him enter and surfeit his maw? An alliance with Puy-sange alone may save us. 'Tis, doubtless, pitiful that a maid may not wait and wed her chosen paladin, but our vassals demand these sacrifices. Think you I wedded my late wife in a Roland's humor? I had not seen her before our marriage morn; yet we lived much as most couples do for some ten years afterwards, thereby demonstrating—"

He smiled, evilly; Matthiette sighed.

"So," said he, "remember that Pierre must have his bread and cheese; that the cows must calve undisturbed; that the pigs—you have not seen the sow I had to-day from Harfleur?—black as ebony and a snout like a rose-leaf!—must be stied in comfort; and that these things may not be, without an alliance with Puy-sange. Besides, dear niece, it is something to be the wife of a great lord."

A certain excitement awoke in Matthiette's eyes. "It must be very beautiful at court," said she, softly. "Masques, fêtes, tourneys every day; and—and they say the King is very gallant—"

Sieur Raymond caught her roughly by the chin, and turned her face toward his for a moment. "I warn you," said he, hoarsely, "you are a d'Arnaye; and King or not—"

He paused suddenly as the voice of one singing without in the moonlit gardens stole through the open window.

"Eh?" said the Sieur d'Arnaye.

Sang the voice:

"When you are very old, and I am gone
Out of your life, it may be you will say—
Hearing my name and holding me as one
Long dead to you—in some half-jesting way
Of speech, sweet as the first, faint sound of May
That wakens in the woods when throstles sing—
He loved me once. And straightway murmuring
My half-forgotten rhymes, you will regret
The vanished days when I was wont to sing,
Sweetheart, my sweet, we may be happy yet."

"Really," said the Sieur d'Arnaye, "one would think that the voice of Raoul, my new page."

"Hush" whispered Matthiette, softly.
 "He woos my maid, Alys. He often
 sings under the window, and—and I wink
 at it."

Sang the voice:

"I shall not heed you then. My course be-
 ing run
 For good or ill, I shall have passed
 away,
 And know you, love, no longer—nor the
 sun,
 Perchance, nor any light of earthly day,
 Nor any joy nor sorrow—while for aye
 The world speeds on its course, unreckon-
 ing
 Our coming or our going. Lips will cling,
 Forswear, and be forsaken, and men for-
 get
 Our names and places, and our children
 sing.
*Sweetheart, my sweet, we may be happy
 yet.*

"We shall know better then. We shall have
 done
 With all the toil and turmoil of the
 day;
 And yet what profits it that we have won
 The Secret of All Secrets, when we stray
 No more together? Will this wisdom
 lay
 The ghost of any sweet familiar thing
 Come haggard from the Past, or ever bring
 Forgetfulness of those two lovers met
 Within the springtide, nor too wise to
 sing,
*Sweetheart, my sweet, we may be happy
 yet?*

"Yea, though the years of vain remembering
 Draw nigh, and age be drear, yet in the
 Spring
 We meet and kiss. Ah, Lady Matthiette,
 Dear love, there is yet time for garnering!
*Sweetheart, my sweet, we may be happy
 yet!"*

"Eh?" said the Sieur d'Arnaye, softly.
 "You mentioned your maid's name?"
 "Alys," said Matthiette, with un-
 wonted humbleness.

"Tut, tut! Beyond doubt, the gallant
 beneath has made some unfortunate er-
 ror. Captain Gotiard," he called, loud-
 ly, "will you ascertain who it is that
 warbles in the gardens?"

II

Gotiard was not long in returning; he
 was followed by two men-at-arms, who

held between them the discomfited min-
 strel. The latter was not ill-favored; his
 close-fitting garb, wherein the brave reds
 of autumn were judiciously mingled, at
 once set off a well-knit form and en-
 hanced the dark beauty of a counte-
 nance less French than Italian in cast.
 The young man stood silent for a mo-
 ment, his black eyes mutely questioning
 the Sieur d'Arnaye.

"Eh! so?" chirped Sieur Raymond.
 "Captain, I think you are at liberty to
 retire." He sipped his wine meditatively,
 as the men filed out. "Monsieur Raoul,"
 said he, sweetly, when the door was closed,
 "I grieve to interrupt your very moving
 and very excellently phrased ballad in
 this fashion. But the hour is somewhat
 late for melody, and the curiosity of old
 age is privileged. May one inquire, there-
 fore, why you warble my nightingales to
 rest with this pleasing but somewhat ill-
 timed madrigal?"

The young man hesitated for an in-
 stant before replying. "Sir," said he at
 length, "I confess that had I known of
 your whereabouts, the birds had gone
 without their lullaby. But you so rarely
 come to this wing of the château, that
 your presence here to-night is naturally
 an unforeseen pleasure. Thus, since
 chance has betrayed my secret to you, I
 must make bold to confess it—'tis that I
 love your niece."

"Surely," assented Sieur Raymond,
 pleasantly. "Indeed, I think half the
 young men hereabout are in much the
 same predicament. But my question, if
 I mistake not, related to your reason for
 chanting canzonets beneath her window."

Raoul stared at him in amazement. "I
 love her," said he.

"You mentioned that before," sug-
 gested Sieur Raymond. "And why not?
 She is by no means uncomely, has a low,
 sweet voice, the walk of a Hebe, and
 sufficient wit to deceive any man into
 happiness. My faith, young man, you
 show excellent taste! But, I submit, the
 purest affection is an insufficient excuse
 for outbaying a whole kennel of hounds
 beneath the adored one's casement."

"Sir," said Raoul, "I believe that
 lovers have rarely been remarkable for
 sanity; and it has been an immemorial
 custom among them to praise the object
 of their love with fitting rhymes. Con-

ceive, sir, that in your youth, had you been accorded the love of so fair a lady, you had scarce done otherwise. For I doubt if your blood runs so thin as yet that you have quite forgot the young *Sieur Raymond* and the gracious ladies that he loved—I think that your heart needs yet treasure the memories of divers moonlit nights, even such as this, when there was a great silence in the world, and the nested trees were astir with desire of the dawn, and your waking dreams were vext with the glory of some woman's face. 'Tis in the name of that young *Raymond* that I appeal to you."

"H'm!" said the *Sieur d'Arnaye*. "As I understand it, you appeal on the ground that you were coerced by the trees and led astray by the nightingales; and you desire me to punish your accomplices rather than you."

"Sir,—" said *Raoul*.

"Tut, you young dog, you know that a poet lies buried in the breast of the most prosaic of us, and you make the most of the knowledge. And you know that I have a most sincere affection for your father, and have even contracted a liking for you, which emboldens you, forsooth, to keep me out of bed with this prattle of moonlight and nightingales. I am no lank wench in her first country dance, sirrah! There's not a seigneur in France save me but would hang you at the crack of that same dawn for which your lackadaisical trees are whining outside; but the quarrel will soon be *Monsieur de Puy-sange's*, and I prefer that he settle it. Meanwhile, allow me to request you to pester my niece no more."

Raoul spoke boldly. "She loves me," said he, standing very erect.

Sieur Raymond glanced at *Matthiette*, who sat with downcast head. "H'm!" said he, dryly. "She moderates her transports indifferently well. Though, again, why not? You are not an ill-looking lad. Indeed, *Monsieur Raoul*, I am quite ready to admit that my niece is breaking her heart for you. The point on which I dwell is that she weds *Monsieur de Puy-sange* to-morrow."

"Uncle," cried *Matthiette*, starting to her feet, "such a marriage is a crime! I love *Raoul*—*Raoul*; do you hear?"

"Undoubtedly," purred *Sieur Ray-*

mond,—"unboundedly, madly, distractedly!" He sank back in his chair and smiled. "Young people," said he, "be seated, and hearken to the words of wisdom. Love is a divine insanity, in which the sufferer fancies the world mad. And this great world is made up of these madmen, who condemn and punish one another."

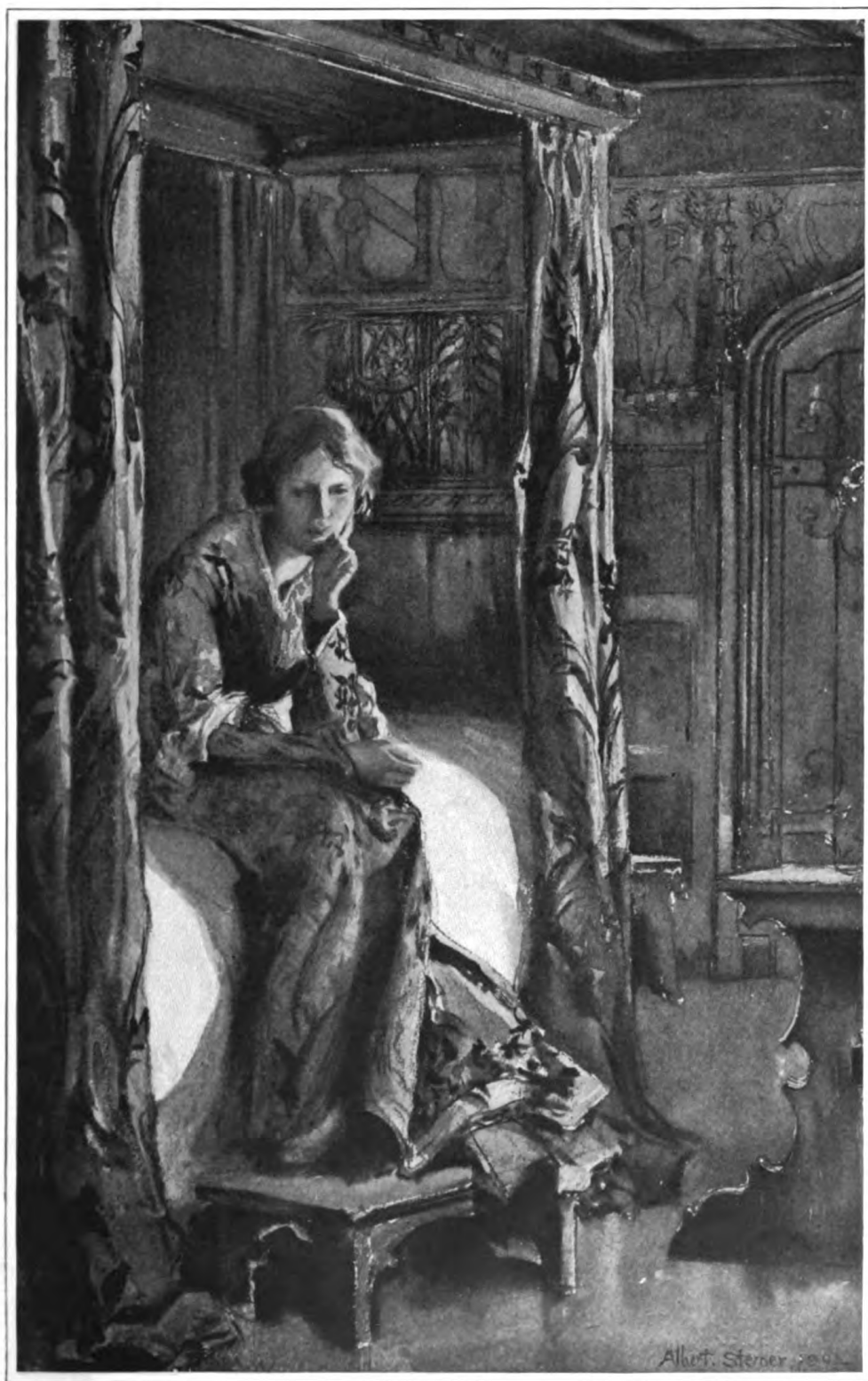
"But," cried *Matthiette*, "ours is no ordinary case!"

"Surely not," assented *Sieur Raymond*; "for there was never an ordinary case in all the history of this old world. I too have known this madness; I too have perceived how infinitely my own skirmishes with the blind bow-god differed utterly from all that has been or will ever be. 'Tis a sure sign of this frenzy. Surely, I have said, the world will not willingly forget the vision of *Chloris* in her wedding-garments, or the wonder of her last clinging kiss. Or, say *Phyllis* comes to-morrow: will an uninventive sun dare to rise in the old, hackneyed fashion on such a day of days? Perish the thought! There will probably be six suns, and, I dare say, a comet or two."

"Ah, sir," said *Raoul*, smiling, "I perceive that you have not forgotten the true lover's humor."

"Tut!" snapped *Sieur Raymond*. "I am of the world; and the world would be somewhat surprised at such occurrences, and suggest that *Phyllis* remain at home for the future. For whether you—or I—or any one—be in love is an affair of very little importance to the world. After all, what matters it?—and what avails reasoning with madmen? So love one another, my children, by all means: but do you, *Matthiette*, make a true and faithful wife to *Monsieur de Puy-sange*; and do you, *Raoul*, remain at *Arnaye*, and attend to my falcons more carefully than you have done of late—or, by the cross of Saint Lo! I'll clap the wench in a convent and hang the lad as high as *Haman*!" He smiled pleasantly, and drained his wine-cup as one considering the discussion ended.

Raoul sat silent for a moment. Then rose. "*Monsieur d'Arnaye*," said he, "you know me to be a gentleman of unblemished descent, and as such entitled to a hearing. I forbid you before high Heaven to wed your niece to a man she



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MATTHIETTE SAT BROODING IN HER ROOM

does not love! And I have the honor to request of you her hand in marriage."

"Which offer I decline," said *Sieur Raymond*, grinning placidly—"with all imaginable civility. Niece," he continued, "here is a gentleman who offers you a heartful of love, six months of insanity, and forty years of boredom in a leaky, wind-swept château. He has dreamed dreams concerning you: allow me to present you to the reality." He grasped *Matthiette's* hand and led her to the mirror. "Permit me to present the wife of *Monsieur de Puyssange*. Could he have made a worthier choice? Ah, happy lord, that shall hold within his grasp such perfect loveliness! Ah, happy lady, that shall taste every joy the age affords! Is that golden hair not made to be surmounted by a coronet? Are those wondrous eyes not fashioned to surfeit themselves upon the homage and respect accorded the wife of a great lord? Surely: and, therefore, I must differ from *Monsieur Raoul*, who would condemn this perfection to bloom and bud unnoticed in a paltry country town."

There was an interval, during which *Matthiette* gazed sadly into the mirror. "And *Arnay*—?" said she.

"Undoubtedly," said *Sieur Raymond*,—"Arnay must perish, unless *Puyssange* prove her friend. And, therefore, my niece conquers her natural aversion to a young and wealthy husband, and a life of comfort and flattery and gayety; relinquishes you, *Raoul*; and, like a feminine *Quintus Curtius*, sacrifices herself to her country. *Pierre* may sleep undisturbed; and the pigs will have a new sty. My faith, 'tis quite affecting!"

"And so," he continued, "you young fools may bid adieu, once for all, while I contemplate this tapestry." He strolled to the end of the room and turned his back. "Admirable!" said he; "the leopard is astonishingly lifelike!"

Raoul stole softly toward her. "Dear love," said he, very tenderly, "you have chosen wisely, and I bow to your decision. Farewell, my sweet—oh, brave, perfect woman that I have loved so well! And last of all, I thank you for one great thing—that you have accorded me your love for a time at least. That was such a wonderful gift that you bestowed upon me, woman of my heart, that I cannot

but think it atones for all that follows. Come what may, I shall always remember that you loved me once, and that is a thing for which one may thank God with a contented heart." He bowed over her unresponsive hand. "Ah, my love," he whispered, "be happy! For I desire that very heartily, and I pray God—though I confess without shame that there are tears even now in my eyes—that you may always be. But, ah, my dear, do not forget me utterly—keep a little place in your heart for your boy lover!"

Sieur Raymond ended his inspection of the tapestry, and turned with a premonitory cough. "Thus ends the comedy," said he, a little wistfully. "*Monsieur Raoul*, woman is wonderfully fashioned and far superior to ignoble man—so much so that, I confess, the extent of the superiority is not always discernible." He drew his arm through *Raoul's*. "Farewell, niece," said he, smiling; "I rejoice that you are cured of your malady. Now, in respect to *gerfalcons*,"—said he.

The arras fell behind them.

III

Matthiette sat brooding in her room, as the night wore on. She was pitifully frightened, and her chest seemed empty as she tried to soothe the quick, choking sob of her breathing. There was a heavy silence in the room that her voice had no power to shatter. She seemed aware of a multitude of wide, incurious, unseen eyes that watched her from every corner, where the dim panels snapped at times with sharp echoes. The night was wellnigh done when she arose.

"After all," said she, wearily, "it is my duty." She crept to the mirror and studied its depths.

"*Madame de Puyssange*," said she, without any intonation. Then threw her arms above her head. "I love him!" she cried, in a frightened, sudden voice.

Matthiette went hurriedly to a great chest and fumbled among its contents. She drew out a dagger in a leather case, and unsheathed it. The light shone evilly scintillant upon its blade and danced merrily before her uncertain eyes. She laughed, and hid it in the bosom of her gown, and fastened a cloak about her with impatient fingers. Then crept down

the winding stair that led to the gardens, and unlocked the narrow door.

A sudden rush of night swept toward her, big with the secrecy of dawn. The sky, washed clean of stars, sprawled heavily above,—a leaden, unalterable blank; the trees whispered thickly over the chaos of earth; to the left, a field of growing maize bristled in the uncertain slate-colored light like the upturned chin of an unshaven, slumbering Titan. Matthiette rustled into the silence.

She crept through the soft, wet grass as through the aisles of an unlit cathedral, and heard the querulous birds call sleepily above; the margin of night was thick with their petulant complaints; behind her was the great shadow of the Château d'Arnaye, and past that an angry, elemental red that spoke of day. Her grief was an atom lost in infinity: the leaves whispered comfort; each tree bole hid laughing fauns that reeled tipsily in the heavy grass. Youth awoke in the world.

Matthiette came to a misshapen hut, from whose open window came a shaft of faded golden light, spread out like a tawdry fan against the twilight. From without she peered into its one room and saw Raoul. A flickering light burned upon a table, and his shadow moved blackly upon the rough wall,—a wavering mass of head upon a hemisphere of shoulders,—as he bent over an open chest, sorting its contents, singing softly to himself, while Matthiette leaned upon the sill without, and the gardens of Arnaye took form and stirred in the heart of a chill, steady, sapphirerlike radiance.

Sang Raoul:

"Lord, I have worshipped thee ever—
Through all of these years
I have served thee, forsaking never
Light Love that veers
As a boy between laughter and tears.
Hast thou no more to accord—
Naught save laughter and tears—
Love, my lord?"

"I have borne thy heaviest burden,
Nor served thee amiss:
Now thou hast given a guerdon;
Lo, it is this—
A sigh, a shudder, a kiss.
Hast thou no more to accord?
I would have more than this,
Love, my lord."

"I am wearied of love that is pastime
And gifts that it brings;
I pray thee, O lord, at this last time
Ineffable things.
Ah, have the long-dead kings
Stricken no subtler chord,
Whereof the memory clings,
Love, my lord?"

"But for a little we live;
Show me thine innermost hoard!
Hast thou no more to give,
Love, my lord?"

IV

Matthiette crept noiselessly to the battered door of the hut; her little hands fell irresolutely upon its rough surface and lay still for a moment. Then with a hoarse groan the door swung inward, and the light guttered in a swirl of keen morning air, casting convulsive leaping shadows upon her upturned face, and was extinguished. She held out her arms in a gesture that was half maternal. "Raoul!" she murmured.

There was a great wonder in his face as he turned toward her. A sudden bird plunged through the twilight without with a glad mating cry that pierced like a knife through the silence that had gathered in the little room. "You! you!" cried Raoul, a sob tearing at his throat.

"Surely," said she. There was a piteous catch in her voice. "Dear love, have you not bidden me—*be happy?*"

Raoul drew his hands impotently through the twilight about him. "Made-moiselle," said he, dully, "I would not for the world avail myself of your tenderness of heart; that you have come of your graciousness to comfort me in my sorrow is a deed at which, I think, God's holy angels must rejoice; but I cannot avail myself thereof."

"Ah," cried she, helplessly, "you think that I have come in—pity!"

"Matthiette," said he, "your uncle spoke the truth. I have dreamed dreams concerning you—dreams of a foolish, golden-hearted girl, that would lose—lose gladly—all that the world may give to be one flesh and soul with me. But I have awakened, dear, to the brave reality—the valorous, pure woman, strong enough to conquer even her own heart that her people may go free. I must worship you now, for I dare no longer love."



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RAOUL SMILED DOWN UPON HER

"Blind! blind!" cried she.

Raoul smiled down upon her piteously. "Mademoiselle," said he, very simply, "I do not doubt that you love me."

She went wearily toward the window. "I am not very wise," said she, in a tuneless voice, and looking out upon the gardens; "and I do not understand. My uncle bids me with many wise saws and pithy sayings to wed Monsieur de Puy-sange; I have not skill to combat him. For I know it is my duty; but I cannot do it. And love tugs at my heart-strings, bidding me cling to you, and forget the rest; but I cannot do it. For I love very heartily the comfort and splendor and homage you cannot give me. I am very pitifully weak. I cannot come to you with an undivided heart—but my heart, such as it is, I have given you. And I deliver my honor into your hands to preserve or trample under foot, as you will. I have come to you, Raoul; and, before God, I will never leave you unless you bid me."

He came toward her. "I bid you go," said he, "in the name of duty."

She smiled wistfully through unshed tears. "I disobey," said she,—"this once, and no more hereafter."

"And yet last night—" said Raoul.

"Last night," said she, "I was strong. Or my vanity was strong—I do not know. But in the dawn all things seem very little, saving love alone."

They looked out for a moment into the dew-washed gardens. The day was growing strong, and already clear-cut forms were passing beneath the swaying branches. A trumpet snarled shrilly in the distance.

"Dear love," said Raoul, tenderly, "do you not see that you have brought about my death? For Monsieur de Puy-sange is at the gates of Arnaye; and he or Sieur Raymond will hang me ere noon."

"I do not know," said she, in a tired voice. "I think that Monsieur de Puy-sange has some cause to thank me; and my uncle loves me very dearly, and his heart, for all his gruffness, is very tender. And—see, Raoul!" She drew the dagger from her bosom. "I shall not survive you long, O man of all the world!"

Perplexed, uncertain joy flushed through his countenance. "You will do this—for me?" he cried.

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"Dear heart," said she, "I love you."

He bent eagerly over her drawn face, that turned quickly from his lips.

"Not here," said she,—"before all men, if they try to take you from me."

Hand in hand they went forth into the daylight. The kindly, familiar place seemed in Matthiette's eyes oppressed and transformed by the austerity of dawn; the world wore an alien aspect. The cool recesses of the woods, now vibrant with multitudinous shrill pipings, the purple shadows creeping eastward on the dimpling lawns, the intricate and broken traceries of the dial, where they had met yesterday, the blurred windings of their path, above which brooded the peaked roof and gables and slender clerestories of Arnaye, the broad river lapsing silently through deserted sunlit fields—these things lay before them scarce heeded, stript of all perspective, flat as an open scroll. She and Raoul were alone, despite the men of Arnaye, hurrying toward the court-yard, who stared at them curiously, and muttered in their beards. A faint morning wind stirred in the tree tops, scattering riotous apple-blossoms over the lush grass. Raoul brushed tenderly a flushed petal from the gold of Matthiette's hair.

"Before all men?" said he.

"Before God Himself," said Matthiette.

They came into the crowded courtyard as the drawbridge fell. A troop of horse clattered into Arnaye, and the leader, a young man of frank countenance, dismounted and looked inquiringly about him. Then came toward them.

"Monseigneur," said he, "you see that we ride early in honor of your nuptials."

Some one chuckled wheezily behind them. "Love one another, young people," said Sieur Raymond; "but do you, Matthiette, make a true and faithful wife to Monsieur de Puy-sange."

She stared wonderingly into Raoul's laughing face; there was a hint of anger in her bewilderment.

"Eh!" chuckled the Sieur d'Arnaye, "thus my last conspiracy succeeds; for I have taken Love into the plot. Jack has his Jill, and all ends merrily, like an old song; and I'll begin on my pigsties after breakfast."



FLIGHT OF THE ANTS

Worker ants urging males and females to speed away from the home nest, while another ant covers the entrance to the nest with pieces of clover leaf

The Royal Mother of Ants

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

“**W**HAT kind of ants are flying ants?” This question is often asked by persons who fancy that there is a distinct species of ants that have wings. All known ants, one small genus excepted, are “flying ants” in their ancestral origin. The males and females are born with wings, which the males keep until death, and the females soon lose.

A complete formicary contains one or more fertile queens, workers of two or more castes, and young males and fe-

males. The last are sometimes called “virgin queens,” for they are the predestined royal mothers of ants. Both sexes are carefully attended by workers of the community, who feed them just as they do the baby ants or larvæ. They remain within the home nest until nature, with vigilant concern to perpetuate the race, prompts to the swarming or “marriage flight.” Usually the workers assist nature. One may see males and females being driven out of the nest and from the surrounding herbage by squads of workers, who pinch them with

their jaws, and otherwise give them notice that their room is held to be better than their company.

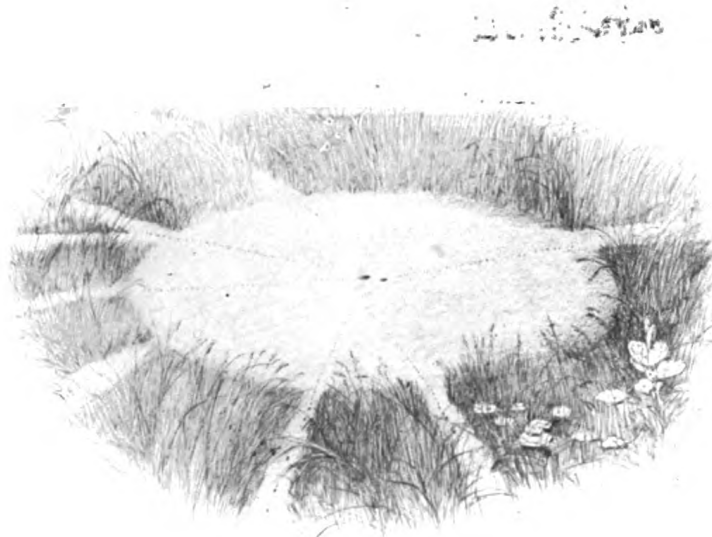
During their pupilage these winged members of the formicary lead a lazy and merry life. While studying the habits of the Agricultural ant of Texas, the writer saw some of them enjoying an outing upon the large circular pavement or plaza which surrounded the central gates of an immense formicary. Their visits to the outer air were not frequent; but they were plainly made for exercise and the benefit of the sunshine. One female was seen swinging, with evident gusto, upon a grass stalk, not unlike a youth on a turning-bar.

On another plaza a bunch of young queens were having a joint outing, a sort of picnic which they heartily enjoyed. A large pebble near the gate was the chief sporting-ground. This they would ascend, and facing the wind, would sit erect upon their hind legs, taking as veritable a rampant posture as any heraldist could wish. Several of the queenlings would climb up the stone at one time; and then ensued a playful passage at arms for position. They pinched one another with their mandibles and chased one another from favorite spots. One was reminded of a group of boys sparring for place upon a big rock, or a bevy of girls in a game of "tag." So universal and natural is the impulse to play among the young of all living creatures, from an ant to man.

Thus the brief youth of the winged dependents of the formicary is passed in idleness and pleasure. But at length the time

comes when they must go forth from their native city, to return no more. It would seem a sharp change and a most radical one; but nature has prepared the adventurers for it. Commonly the marriage flight occurs during the autumn. On a warm evening of a September day one may see multitudes of newly exiled male and female ants fluttering above the surface of the earth, the mass rising and falling as the members weave to and fro as in the mazes of a dance. Again, winged individuals may be seen rising from the foliage surrounding an open formicary and flying away until lost to sight, or until they drop to the ground, where they may locate their "claim" for a new city.

Strange stories have been written and told of the immense numbers that escape in the swarming season from myriads of ant-hills, darkening the air, and covering several inches thick the surface of rivers and lakes, and even of the sea. Some accounts may be exaggerated; but enough facts are known, of which there is no doubt at all, to justify belief of most of them. The writer has seen a swarm so vast as to shade the earth like



EXERCISING IN THEIR PLAZA

Circular pavement above the formicary of the Agricultural ant of Texas. Plaza is eleven feet in diameter, and from it roads diverge to facilitate foraging, harvesting, etc.

a light cloud. When one considers that these myriads of creatures are, up to this point, supported wholly by the labor of the workers; and that in addition the care and nurture of the numerous larvæ, the excavating of galleries and rooms for the extension of the community, defensive and sentinel duty, and foraging for supplies, all are wrought by the same class,—he will quite unite with Solomon in holding up the ant as a model of industry. But he who would find an ideal commonwealth, wherein are no non-producing classes and individuals, and where all work for the community, must go elsewhere than to an ant-hill.

After the marriage flight, the males soon perish. Most of them fall victims to birds and insects of various sorts; but such as escape these enemies hide under stones, or in hollows of the ground, or underneath shrubbery, and being unable to provide for themselves, soon die. Their mandibles, which are the implements of war and industry among emmet tribes, are usually rounded, feeble, and unsuited for active service.

It seems a cruel transition from being communal favorites and objects of unceasing care to a state of exile and aban-

donment to death. It is another form of that harsh dealing with the useless members of society that one sees among their hymenopterous cousins, the bees. But the active savagery of the beehive appears in the formicary as neglect. The result in each case is the same; and perhaps the short, sharp method of the bees with their drones is the more merciful of the two. Nature, as operative in these vital atoms, having secured the perpetuation of the species, casts aside the individual when the one function for which he was provided has been performed. It is another example of Tennyson's large deduction:

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

Every female and worker is furnished with two strong movable jaws, or mandibles, hollowed inside like the palm of a hand and with toothed edges. With these they gather food, defend themselves against foes, open out homes in wood, as do the carpenter ants, or excavate galleries underneath the earth's surface and rear mounds upon it, as do the mason ants. As soon as the home flitting is over, they settle upon the ground

or on a tree, and first of all begin to "undress." They know—although one can only wonder how—that their wings can be of no use in the new life before them, while burrowing in the ground or tunnelling in the fibres of wood. Therefore, by pulling and rubbing, they rid themselves of those gauzy incumbrances.

This accomplished, the queen—for she may now be truly ranked as a founder of a



AT PLAY IN THEIR PARK

Young queens of the Agricultural ant romping on a pebble



THE QUEEN ANT AND HER CIRCLE OF ATTENDANTS

house, although without a following—makes for herself a nest in a small cave in the ground or in a slight hollow in a tree. Therein she lays several eggs, from which a small brood of worker ants is hatched; since the needs of the formicary first require workers. The eggs which produce males are not hatched until later. Whether, as in the case of bees, ants are able to develop queens from ordinary worker larvæ by special food and treatment, is not known. But Lord Avebury has shown that eggs are occasionally dropped by workers, who are really undeveloped females, and which always produce males.

While the first brood is maturing, the queen attends to all domestic duties. She is a fair type of the primitive human princess. She forages for food; cleans up the house; digs out a new room for a nursery, if need be; washes and cleanses with her tongue her infant progeny; feeds them in the way common among ants, by regurgitation; and, in short, nurses and nourishes them until they are full-grown ants.

Then they are set to work for themselves. Their first duty is to assist in nursing their younger brothers and sisters. They take to this without instruction and while they are yet callow ant-lings. As they become a little toughened and hardened, they are pushed out-of-doors to help the queen mother gather

food. By and by they are strong enough to assist in the work of house-building, and begin digging out new galleries and rooms. Thus the work goes on and enlarges as the colony grows.

All this time the queen continues to lay eggs. There is need for an immense number, for there is great loss of life in an ordinary ant-hill. The daily exigencies of service among these little creatures are extremely severe. All sorts of enemies lurk in the way to devour them. The feet of passing beasts and human beings crush multitudes.

These frequent losses have to be made up by the fertility of the royal mother; and by and by it becomes necessary for her to devote herself wholly to increasing the colony. Foraging for supplies is abandoned. Household work, domestic service, nursery duty, are gradually given up, and the workers of the growing community take those tasks upon themselves. The queen is restricted to the function of motherhood. Therein lies her supreme claim to sovereignty.

The ant queen's subjection to her subjects is not reached without resistance on the part of her emmet majesty. But resistance is useless, and she becomes in the end subject to the powerful house which she has reared around her. She is confined closely to the interior of the formicary, and wherever she goes, through

chambers and halls, is attended by a circle of workers known as "courtiers,"—a name that has a large and dignified sound. But the courtiers are simply a body-guard; and their chief office is to restrain the liberty of their sovereign within the bounds prescribed by the communal needs, and to look after the eggs when they are dropped. Almost necessarily this phase of ant life must be observed in artificial formicaries. Therein one may watch the courtiers surrounding the queen in a circle, attending her during all her movements. The circle never ceases to close around her as she passes

from place to place. Sometimes the queen, falling into a fit of stubbornness, will attempt a course different from that which her court prescribes. Then one attendant gently nips a leg and gives it a little push; another closes the mandibles upon the body and gives a slight pinch; a third tenderly seizes a quivering antenna and draws it to this side or that. The whole body-guard meanwhile closes around the queen, and by pushing her and obstructing her path diverts her course, or quite turns her around, her huge body, several times as large as a worker's, moving sometimes readily, sometimes with sullen resistance. Thus at last the courtiers carry their point.

Once a queen escaped from the surface gate of one of my formicaries. Not a courtier was in sight. She was free! Off she ran, as though intending to have a good romp and enjoy her freedom. But she had reckoned without her host, for she had gone but a little way when her body-guard pursued and seized her somewhat roughly, and immediately began to pull her backward toward the gate. She resisted sturdily, but at last gave way, and was drawn down the opening into the royal domicile. Poor queen! Certes, there are some drawbacks to the dignities that hedge about an emmet throne.

The courtiers maintain their circular sentry while the queen is laying eggs. When they are laid, a worker catches up the tiny white pellets and pulls them to one side. Then they are borne



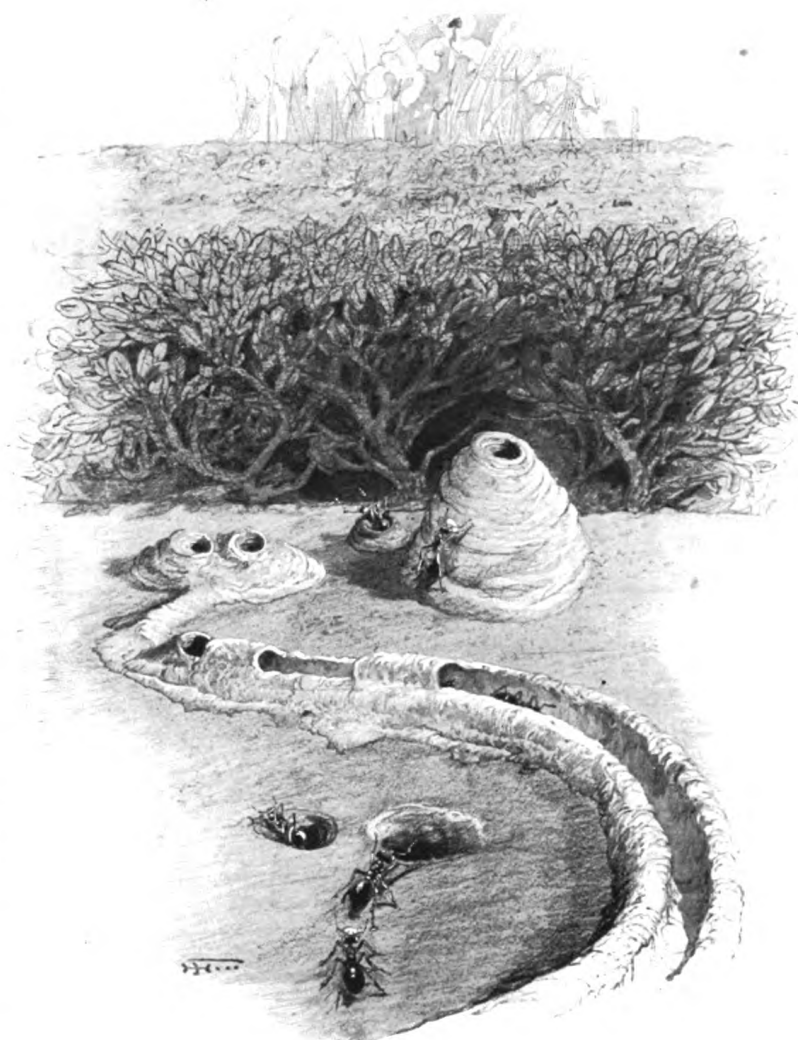
FORCED HOME BY HER BODY-GUARD
Courtiers dragging ant queen back to her quarters

away into the nurseries, wherein all eggs are set aside, and watched and cared for by the workers who have the special charge of that department.

From what has been written it appears that the name "queen," as commonly applied by entomologists and others to the fertile female of hymenopterous insects, such as bees, wasps, and ants, is misleading to the general reader. The functions of the ant queen seem to be limited to those above described, namely, first, the mason-work and other labors necessary to establish the original nucleus of a formi-

cary; and, subsequently, the increase of the colony by depositing eggs. There is really no headship analogous to that which the word "queen" expresses among men.

The entire administration of the community appears to be in the hands of the workers. All changes, such as emigration to a new nest, or wars of defence and offence, or the extension of the public works, are directed by them. These movements appear at times to be spontaneous in an entire community, and the reasons for them are often beyond human ken; but sometimes they plainly lie in



SURFACE MOUNDS OF THE MEADOW ANT

Works thrown up on a garden path in May, when the ants are enlarging the formicary for the growing community

special annoyance, inconvenience, danger, or necessity.

Every ant seems to be a law unto itself, and preserves independence of action in all things. The only sovereignty which it recognizes is that of personal influence and example, which create a potent social atmosphere or environment. When this becomes effective upon the individual worker, it is urged forward in the line of labor, apparently wholly independent of other rule or restraint than that which its task imposes. In fact, the proverb which, many centuries ago, described the wise workers of the ant-hill as "having

no guide, overseer, or ruler," has been proved by modern myrmecologists to be literally true.

It would be more appropriate, therefore, to speak of an ant community as a pure democracy than an absolute monarchy. The queen is simply the mother of the home; the source of all life and prosperity, because of her power to produce offspring. Her life is guarded and regulated by a view single to the interests of the

the writer for the first time saw this venerable sovereign, living in the ingenious artificial formicary which had been prepared for her. She was then in the prime of life, as it afterward appeared, being seven years old.

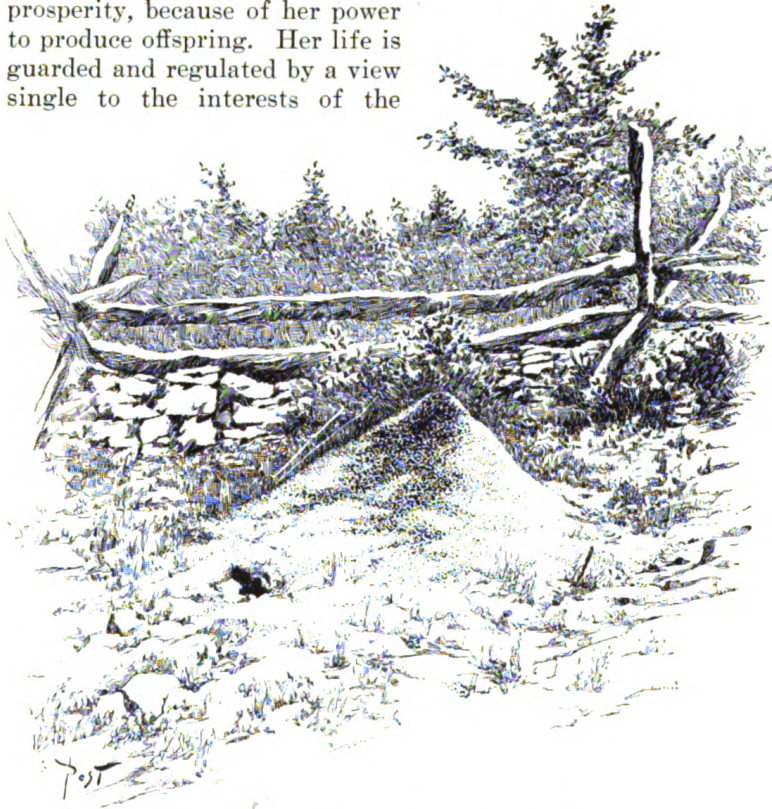
In the summer of 1887 Sir John was again visited, this time at his town house in London. After greetings, he was asked about his royal pet.

"I have sad news to tell you," he answered.

"What? Is the queen dead?"

"She died only yesterday. I have not had the heart to tell the news as yet even to my wife."

Having offered my hearty condolence, I asked to see the dead queen. Sir John led the way to the room where his artificial nests were kept. The glass case which contained the special formicary in which the old ant had lived was opened up. Ly-



MOUND-MAKING ANTS OF THE ALLEGHENIES

Surface nest, showing mound three feet high, and twenty-five feet in circumference at base

community, and, as far as can be seen, not at all with regard to the dignity and office of the royal mother herself.

How long may an ant queen live? In their natural habitat some queens doubtless have short lives; but by reason of the protection afforded them, and the seclusion enforced by the workers, they probably live much longer than other members of the community. Within artificial surroundings they attain a comparatively long life. The oldest emmet queen known to science was one preserved under the care of Sir John Lubbock, later Lord Avebury. A number of years ago, during a visit to this distinguished naturalist at his country-seat, High Elms, Kent,

ing in one of the larger open spaces or rooms was the dead queen. She was surrounded by a crowd of workers, who were tenderly licking her, touching her with their antennæ, and making other demonstrations as if soliciting her attention, or desiring to wake her out of sleep. Poor, dumb, loving, faithful creatures! There was no response. Their queen mother lay motionless beneath their demonstrations.

"They do not appear to have discovered that she is really dead," remarked Sir John. Afterward he wrote me of another queen which died at the age of fourteen. The ants dragged her body about with them when they moved until it fell to pieces.



"SHE MAY HAVE RIDDEN BROOMSTICKS"

Old Witch

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

A MOTHER GOOSE sort of old, wild creature she was, in her calico gown and gingham apron, leaning heavily on her cane, her long chin turning up, her long nose turning down, their tips nearing each other ominously with the lapse of teeth and years, so that you watched through the alley fence for the hour of their meeting.

"How would she eat then?" asked Peter, whispering lest she should hear you. She sat alone upon the steps of her shanty, muttering, putting her thin gray locks from her eyes, tucking them into her cap with her skinny fingers. "Gee! how would she eat then?" whispered Peter.

"They could feed her," you whispered back—"with a nursing-bottle."

Peter snickered, giggled—an old-witch suckling!

There was a squeal from the shanty.

"Ye dirty little brats! Get out av here!"

"Old Witch, Old Witch!" you chanted together, making farewell faces at her through the fence.

"Ye dirty little whelps!"

"Old Witch, Old Witch!" you sang, pointing at her with your forefingers, and dancing back into the middle of the alley.

"I'll old-witch ye, ye damned little . . ."

Now, she may have ridden broomsticks. Certainly she wielded them, as you had known to your sorrow, lingering daringly once too often by the alley gate. There was a sudden warmth netherwards that burned to-day in your memory. So you waited only for the swear-word, then ran like mad, never once stopping, never once looking over your shoulders, till you sank, panting, beyond your fence. Tumbling together

in the grass, you and Peter, you giggled gleefully. Well you knew that for an hour afterward the Old Witch would be quarrelling on her door-step and shaking her bony fist at the alley gate.

"Is she *really* an old witch?" asked Peter.

"Of course, Silly - Billy," you said. "Of course she's an old witch. Doesn't she live all alone with a cat?"

Now the alley woman had a cat out of the story-books; black he was, with eyes all green and shining, and would not answer to the name of Pussy, however sweetly spoken, but skulked alone in the alleyway, crouching and staring at nothing at all, leaping fitfully in the shadows as at spectre rodents, communing with himself the while in whining accents that sent the shivers running like a shuttle up and down your spine.

"What do old witches eat?" asked Peter.

"Toads and snakes and mice."

"Geel!" shuddered Peter. "I wouldn't like that. What do they drink?"

"Blood."

There was an awful silence.

"Whose blood?" whispered Peter.

"Whoever's they can get," you replied. "Children's mostly, 'cause they can catch 'em easiest."

"Does *she* catch children and drink their blood?" asked Peter.

"Of course. They all do."

"What does she do with the bodies?"

"Buries 'em in the middle of the night."

"Does *she* do that?"

"Yes."

"Geel!"

Peter looked over his shoulder, for the lilac shadows were deepening and the sun was dropping behind the alley fence.

"I—I guess it's time for me to go home," he said. "I think my mother wants me."

"Good-by," you said, as you turned to leave him. "Good-by, Peter; but look out when you get to the bush by your front gate—the one with the dark place!"

Then you slammed the door. How Peter got home that night you never knew, but he was alive next day.

Only your witch-lore saved you in those perilous days of your playing. Many a time the Old Witch hobbled and

babbled past you as you crouched in the gloaming.

"Hold your breath, Peter, or she'll smell your blood!"

And, sure enough, she failed to scent you, and you rose unscathed.

"But *why* can't she smell your blood when you stop breathing?"

"Because your blood stops too."

"But, I don't see—"

"You're a ninny, Peter. Look here. If you hold your breath, no one can *hear* it, can they?"

"No."

"Well, then, if you hold your blood, no one can *smell* it, can they?"

Peter succumbed.

Now it happened on an autumn morning, a Saturday when there was no school, that you had carried in the wood, so Mother said you might and you ran across the way to Peter's, where had assembled casually, from the four winds of Ourtown, Jimmie Figson, Andy Mooney, Bud Le Fevre, and Penny Whistler, all sitting on the fence. Whereupon you fell to bantering, after the fashion of your kind.

"Penny's stuck on Mabel Jones," Andy said, and everybody laughed. Penny flushed.

"I ain't either," he muttered, flinging a clod at his accuser. It was well aimed.

"Aw, go on!" cried Andy.

"Go on yourself, Mooney."

"Oh, Penny!" laughed Jimmie Figson.

"Oh, Penny—stuck on a girl!"

"Aw, Penny!" sang the chorus.

"You needn't say anything, Jimmie Figson. What about Lulu Berkenheimer?"

The chorus warmed to its work—"Oh, Jimmie!"—and it was Jimmie on the spit.

"Well," he said, passing the torture on, according to the custom of those days—"well, Bud Le Fevre's got a girl."

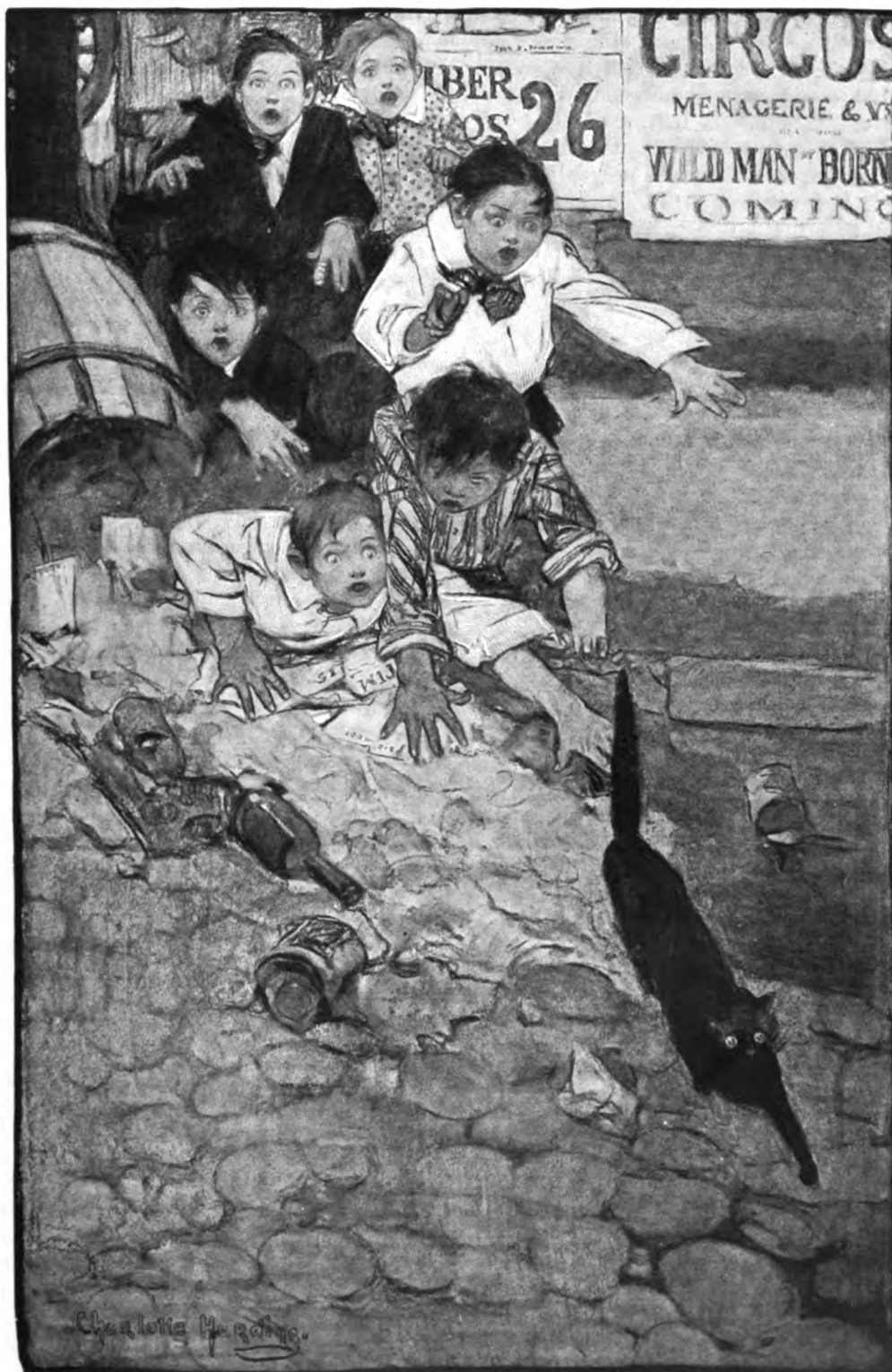
"That's a lie!"

The chorus outdid itself—"Oh, Bud!"

At bay, red-faced with shame, Bud sought some loophole of escape—and found it prowling.

"The Witch's cat!" he cried, leaping to his feet.

Discord vanished. It was no time for wrangling. Six jarring minds had found a common cause, a common enemy. Six voices rang with a common battle-cry.



"THE WITCH'S CAT!"

"The Witch's cat!"

A black tail disappeared over the fence. Six pairs of boy legs scrambled after. Yours were not last in the hue and cry, but your heart was with the quarry. That was the soft spot in your boyhood, and as the hunted creature dodged and doubled and scurried across the lawns and barn-yards, you saw with secret joy how deftly it ran the gauntlet, how cunningly it laid its flight toward the Witch's gate in the alley.

"Grab him!"

"Get a-hold of his tail!"

"Hit him with a brick!"

"Kill him!"

Your heart beat faster.

"Oh no!" you cried; but they did not heed you. Hurling sticks clattered on

barns and fences. Stones fell in a shower. The battle raged about you. The cat turned—faltered for a fatal moment, cornered in an angle, and you saw the fiendish glee in Andy's face.

"Kill him!"

"No!" you cried, for the witch cat turned his eyes upon you, and with all their green fire and their glaring you saw his littleness and his dumbness and his brave last stand in the angle.

"No!" you cried, and flung yourself on Andy. Something struck you . . . there was a wild cry . . . "Out, ye damned little . . ."

And when you opened your eyes, there in a chair by the kitchen stove sat the Old Witch, smoking and muttering. By her side, licking his ruffled fur, sat the black cat.

"Ye saved the cat," she cried, turning upon you a face haggard with rage, so that you shook with terror of it and with faintness.

"Ye saved poor pussy. I saw ye, I tell ye. Wid me own eyes I saw ye," filling again her black dudheen. "Aye, that ye did. Ye saved poor pussy-cat from thim—"

She raised a coal from the fire-pot, lighted her pipe, and puffed wrathfully.

"—ye little devils!" she screeched out suddenly, her eyes blazing, her bent frame shaking with her wrath, so that you jumped in your chair. You would have fled, but you could not rise. You sat, half swooning.

"What made ye do it?" she asked, turning full upon you her glittering eyes.

"I—I don't know," you stammered.

"Ye dawn't know?"

"Well," you faltered, "I l-like kitties."

"Ye do, hey?"

You nodded faintly. The Old Witch eyed



"YE SAVED THE CAT," SHE CRIED

you. Then she looked once over her shoulder, and thrust out to you her wrinkled face. She whispered, hoarsely,

"Did ye iver see a black cat wid blue eyes and goold teeth a-singin' in the moonlight?"

"N-no," you gasped.

"Ah-h, ye should ha' seen 'im. He cam' wan night an' stood there in the doorway, in the moonlight. 'Whisht!' says I, 'an' what d'ye want here?' says I. 'Meaou,' says 'e, very politely says 'e—'*'ave ye seen me father's owld goold breeches?'* That very thing he says to me, a-standin' there in the doorway, an' the blue eyes av 'im an' the goold teeth av 'im a-shinin' like a wet marnin'. '*'Ave ye seen me father's owld goold breeches?'* says 'e—just like that. I puts down me pipe and gives 'im the laugh. Hi! Oh my! I gives 'im the laugh. 'Yoor father's owld goold breeches?' says I. 'Yis,' says 'e, '*the wans 'e woor the night they pit the 'andcuffs on poor Mike Tilligan.*' An' wid that he lifts oop his voice an' sings 'ymns like the devil himsilf."

The Old Witch leaned her elbows on her knees, her eyes twinkling, her thin lips tremulous with a smile so cracked and fearsome that you measured mentally the distance to the open door.

"Whisht!" she hissed, and your heart sank within you. She had read your very thoughts.

"Whisht!" she hissed, looking over her shoulder, and crooking at you a bony forefinger whose black claw held your eyes. "Whisht—dawn't ye iver tell."

"N-no, ma'am."

"Dawn't ye breathe wan word av it. I saw it meself. He stops singin', does the cat, an' says 'e to me, says 'e, '*'Ave ye a wee drap o' milk,'* says 'e, '*for a poor body as hasn't tasted food since the last toime?'* says 'e. '*Sure,'* says I, pourin' it out for 'im in the blue saucer. He laps it oop, an' licks the chaps av 'im an' the fine long whiskers av 'im, an' picks the cream from 'is goold teeth wid a splinter av wood from the coal-scuttle. '*I bid ye good-marnin,'* says 'e. '*Call again,'* says I. '*I will—next time,'* says 'e. '*Do so,'* says I, an' wid that he gives a swish av 'is long black tail an' joomps over the fence. An'—wud ye believe it?—the very nixt day whin I washes me

hands in the owld basin forninst the doorway, I sees shavin's from his goold teeth a-lyin' on the door-step, an' when I picks 'em oop in me two hands"—her voice sank to a whisper—"they're five-dollar goold pieces an' twinty-dollar goold pieces till ye couldn't coon't thim 'twixt daylight an' dark. 'Aha,' says I, 'the black cat's paid damned well for his milk,' says I, puttin' the money where no wan knows but meself. *An' I've lived like a lady iver since that day*—iver since that day."

"I guess I'll go now," you whimpered.

The Old Witch turned again to you. She seemed to remember, and her eyes softened.

"Ay, ye'd better be goin'. Your mither 'll be worryin'. But *hist!* Niver play wid thim byes again! Tell me noo. What were ye all a-playin'?"

The truth might remind her, so—

"Indians," you said.

"Indians?"

"Yes."

"Oh, thim red min?"

"Yes."

"Oh, aye. I know thim. Very handsome people they are, too, wid their feathers all over thim. Ah, yes, I've seen thim—in froont of cigar-stores. Oh, aye."

"Good-by," you said.

"Good-by. Ye may coom whenever ye like."

"I will," you said, and slipped with a throbbing head but a lighter heart through the shanty doorway and the alley gate.

Five heads bobbed up from behind the fence; five white faces beamed upon you—for you had risen from the dead. And twenty times that day you told your story.

So you came to sit sometimes with the Old Witch on her shanty steps, stroking her black cat gingerly and listening to her tales—listening with one eye on the alley gate. You told them again in the evening dusks, Peter and sister Lizbeth and Julia, the little girl next door, all hushed and shivering beside you.

"... and when I went into the shanty, the Old Witch was a-gnawing a bone. 'Whose bone is it?' says I. '*A little white baby's,*' says she, just like that—'*a little white baby's.*' 'Whose baby?' says I. 'That's a secret,' says she..."

"Oh, Harry, weren't you frightened awfully?"

"Naw," you explained. "I had my hand on my jack-knife."

"Oh, Peter, isn't he brave? You aren't brave like that, Peter."

A greenness sank into Peter's heart. One day he stole up the alley, privately, with a saucer of milk purloined from a pantry pan. "Here pussy, nice Pussy!" For there is only one way to a witch's heart, and it lies through her cat.

Sitting, one day in autumn, in the Witch's kitchen, she smoked her pipe and told you tales. There in the midst of Ourtown's peacefulness she lived a rude, wild life with peril ever at her heels. For her, outlaws lay in wait in the alley shadows with bludgeons in their hands, as in the good old days of the story-books. White ghosts lurked behind the stables to glide at midnight through her thrice-barred shanty door, and strange and fearful were the things they told her—of women murdered in their beds, and caldrons bubbling and frothing with a stew of dead men's bones.

"... Dawn't ye iver tell I told ye. On a Thursday I saw her plain as I see ye noo, an' all beautiful an' pink as roses in summer were the cheeks av her. 'Good-marnin',' says she. 'Good-marnin',' says I. Whisht! Come nearer! On Friday they laid her, cowl'd an' white as the winter snaw, in the church-yard on the hill."

Her voice sank to the faintest whisper:

"*Some wan knows what happened to her that Thursday night. God knows I dawn't.*"

The blood had left your heart dry as a bean-pod. You rather wished you were safe at home, or that Peter was with you, or that the black cat would stop his prowling and whining about the kitchen walls. Now and then he would crouch close to the bare floor with fixed green eyes; then spring, with claws distended, into the empty air. Or was the air really empty? There was a kind of prickling in it. Your mouth was parched. You gulped. Through the open doorway you saw the red vines trembling in the autumn wind. There was a splash of nice warm sunlight beyond the threshold, and it soothed and cheered you. No, you would not run—not yet.

For a long time she sat there smoking silently. Then she turned to you. Her glance was soft again in a way it had sometimes when she gazed upon you, and the wilder her tale had been, the softer was the afterglow in her eyes' shining.

"You're a good little lad," she said, "an' ye 'mind me o' Terry."

"Who was Terry?"

"Ah, a foine little lad was Terry, wid the blue eyes av 'im an' the goold-red hair, an' the saft voice, an', oh, the breeches av 'im—ye niver could kape a seat in ony pair av thim, for I tried it meself. 'Ye little brat,' says I, 'where's the patch I pit on the seat av ye?' 'I hung it on the fince to dhry,' says 'e, a-wrinklin' the little pug-nose av 'im an' dodgin' me hand. Or, 'I lint it,' says 'e. 'To whom?' says I. 'To Pat Rooney's big dog,' says 'e, 'for 'is dinner,' says 'e, 'an' lift 'im a-chewin' of it,' says 'e, 'on the ither side av the wall.' 'I'll tache ye to lind the seat av your breeches,' says I, 'an' me a-warkin' from daylight till dark to fill oop the holes av ye—an' the wan in your breeches as bad as the wan in your belly,' says I. 'Coom here till I trounce ye,' says I. 'Aw, no,' says 'e, a-plumpin' down on the groond. 'Ye *can't*,' says 'e. 'Why not?' says I. 'Cause I'm *sittin'* on it,' says 'e—the *darlin'*."

"An', oh, the dirt av 'im when he played in the coo-yard! My, *my*, ye should 'ave seen the hands an' the chaps av 'im! 'Ye pig,' says I. '*Mither*,' says 'e—'*mither darlin'*.' Noo what could ye say to that?"

"Oh, you were his mother, then?" you said, to fill up the silence.

"*An' who dares say I wasn't?*" screamed the Old Witch. "Who dares? I'll tear him *limb from limb!*"

Her body shook and swayed with her sudden passion. Her eyes, her distended mouth with its white tusks, her evil nose. . . . She levelled upon you a trembling finger, and you cowered in your chair.

"Ah, that's the way wid ye. That's the way ye treat a poor owld dodderin' woman wid your dirty lies an' your foul names. That's the way wid ye all, *ivery wan of ye*, ye pack av snivellin' curs snappin' at me heels whenever I leave me door. 'Old Witch!' ye call me. 'Old

Witch! Old Witch!—ye damned little harpies. ‘Old Witch!’ Ha! ‘Old Witch.’ Oh, aye . . .”

“But *I* don’t call you Old Witch any more. Mother said—”

“What’s that ye say? *Mither?*” Her voice broke. “Say it again. *Mither*—did ye call me?” Her eyes melted. Her whole face shone. You had seen that look before on another woman’s face; you had seen that yearning.

“Aw, no, darlin’, wid all your pranks an’ your torn breeches an’ the dirt av the coo-yard on your blessed face, you’re the last an’ bist av me foor byes, an’ your mither loves ye, ye little red rogue. What mischief ha’ ye been in the marnin’? Ye’ve been chasin’ the Squire’s dooks again. Aha! Your owld mither saw ye. She saw ye, bye, wid wan eye on your playin’ an’ the ither on the wash-toob. You’re a chip av the owld block, Terry—a chip av the owld block. . . .

“‘Woman,’ says ‘e to me—‘woman,’ says ‘e, ‘*ye’ll niver raise the lad.*’ ‘Docthor,’ says I, ‘he’ll be the flower av thim all.’ ‘Ay,’ says ‘e, ‘but he’ll bloom in another world, I’m thinkin’.’ ‘Docthor, *dawn’t!* For the love av God,’ says I, ‘for he’s all I have lift, wid three byes an’ their father slapin’ oop there on the hill-side.’ ‘There’s wan chance in a hoondred,’ says ‘e, as he rode away. I can hear the bate av ’is horse’s hoofs. ‘In another world,’ says they to me—‘in another world’—an’ I covered me face wid me two hands. . . . No, no, darlin’, they won’t be takin’ ye froom your owld mither. Ye mustn’t lave her alone, Terry. She’ll pit a patch on your breeches *ivery* day, darlin’, an’ niver wan hard word will she say to ye, if ye’ll only stay, me own swate, last little lad . . .”

Slowly the Old Witch turned upon you the gleaming of her eyes. Then a smile broke through her tears, and her



Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

SO YOU CAME SOMETIMES TO THE OLD WITCH

whole face shone again with the love of other days. “An’ ye did stay, Terry. Coom, dear. Fill oop the kettle, lad. It’s time for tay.”

Mating

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

THE bliss of the wind in the redbud ringing!
What shall we do with the April days!
Kinceups soon will be up and swinging—
What shall we do with May's!

The cardinal sings, "They are made for mating!"
Out on the bough he flutters, aflame.
Thrush flutes echo, "For mating's elating!
Love is its other name!"

They know! know it! but better, oh, better,
Dearest, than ever a bird in spring.
Know we to make each moment debtor
Unto love's burgeoning!

Editor's Easy Chair.

AMONG the means of amusing us mortals on the way where we know so little to the end where we shall know everything or nothing, the favorite with the Supreme Wisdom seems to be the simple action of the pendulum. It is not the employment of the pendulum in noting the passage of time, which we have now grown so used to as hardly to notice it, but its perpetual oscillation, its agreeable and persuasive swing from side to side, and its promise of pause at the extremes, which beguile the spirit. No doubt, if the pendulum were really to stop at the farthest right or the farthest left, and hang there, it would fatigue the sensibilities; but it is the nature of the pendulum to return from the one to the other, and it is the nature of man to desire this reversion.

It is with the nature of both that Providence deals in ordering that perpetual

change which seems the one absolute law of life here, and if life persists, then not imaginably less the law of life elsewhere. The very faith in this life elsewhere is subject to the law, and perhaps more notably subject than any other principle of our being. No sooner has the pendulum swung in the direction of faith, and dogma has got its little nail and hammer ready to rivet the pendulum there in a creed, than the pendulum begins to drop, and to slide down, and to swing slowly up to the opposite point, where doubt is foiled in a like attempt to fasten it. What really endures is mystery, which is the prime condition of existence, and will doubtless be its ultimate condition.

Sometimes the mystery seems pervaded with despair, and sometimes with hope, but it is at no time without incentive for the mind and soul. We must still seek to fathom it; but if we could plunge the lead of

our learning to its bottom we might bring up from those rayless depths only the sands of our familiar shores; and it is in our highest interest that we are kept within the familiar bounds of surmise, and safe from positive knowledge. Till we know everything we are rich in the possibility of knowing something that may outvalue everything, and we reconcile ourselves to our ignorance, if we are wise. If we are not wise, we are all the same held to it until the time appointed for its dispersion has come.

I

The question of the life hereafter, which at a certain dreadful moment seemed reduced to a formula of alphabetical rappings, has again resumed the dignity of those conjectures in which our longing to be assured had patiently dwelt from the beginning, and must doubtless dwell to the end. At another dreadful moment, our conjectures were forbidden us by the savants who found in them none of the tangible results confessedly impossible to them; but that moment passed too, and now again we have the comfort of our conjectures, which divine much or little according to the mood we are in, but which modestly refuse to conclude anything. They form the atmosphere in which we must acquaint ourselves with a good deal of the latest thinking, and in which most of his sympathetic readers will turn the sibylline leaves of such a book as Mr. John Bigelow's on "The Mystery of Sleep," which, after his careful revision and enlargement, we now have from him in a new edition; and perhaps they will create that common ground on which they will feel themselves safer with him in his speculations than in his documents. What is speculative, what is hypothetical, in his essay, is somehow more convincing than what is documentary.

The proof that the soul may have here in the dreams of sleep a life concurrent and contemporaneous with the life that the mind has in the facts of waking, lies in the impalpable impressions, the almost obliterated experiences of each reader, rather than in the testimony of sacred and profane literature. This, when it is alleged, seems forced to an unwilling office, and it is the part of Mr. Bigelow's work which we care for so little that in

the interest of his thesis we could wish to dispense with it except in those instances where it is least absolute. The point he seeks to carry can be carried only through the intimate self-knowledge, the recondite self-question of each reader, and cannot be avouched by any accumulation of testimony, which in the very act of being summoned turns irrelevant and unacceptable.

Dreams, like apparitions, are quite inalienably personal. They are, when they are most significant, so entirely for the dreamer alone, that if he repeats them he has one chance of convincing his hearer against a thousand chances of merely boring him; the twice-told tale is not nearly so tedious as the once-told dream. The fabric of one's visions is so insubstantial that it shrivels in one's hands, if one attempts to show it, to so little that the temptation to eke it out with invention is almost irresistible. We each know from our own experience that there are wonderful dreams, but we do not find the dreams of another wonderful without suspecting him of romancing. These are the terms on which the documentation of the mystery of sleep becomes the very material of misgiving, and the facts have the effect of incredulously questioning themselves in the act of affirmation.

Yet the mystery and the wonder and the infinite intimation remain, and it is in touching them that the essay of Mr. Bigelow has its fascination. Why we spend a third of our lives in the realm of inexorable mystery; how sleep becomes one of the vital processes of spiritual regeneration and the renewal of mental vigor; why sleep diminishes as life becomes more complex; how the experiences of sleep are stored up in the internal memory, so that we are not permitted to remember them in waking; how we die daily in sleep, and how death and sleep are of the same essential effect: these are theses which approve themselves to our reason through the simple appeal to our consciousness, and fail to convince in proportion as they are accompanied by the evidences necessary for conviction in other things. What we rather ask of our author than his instances, his dreams of Agassiz, or Cicero, or Scipio, is the report of some such augustly sol-

emn and authoritative passage as "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." For it is in words like these, and not in incident and circumstance, that mystery dwells, and everything that seems to dispel or explain or diminish the mystery of sleep, or renders it the property of exact knowledge, seems to make us the poorer and not the richer.

II

The mystery of sleep is, after all, a little thing beside the mystery of waking. We may, if we like, or if it comforts or amuses us to do so, believe or make believe that in the silence of sleep, where, as in death, "beyond these noises there is peace," the soul has her life more absolute than in "the midst of men and day," but the mystery is not greater there, not more palpable or more awful than here where the mind is knowingly alive and the body vividly sentient. In fact, every pulsation of conscious experience deepens the mystery in which we are conditioned. Nothing happens to us or from us which does not suggest question of our inscrutable origin and destiny. We cannot suppose ourselves underived or undestined; that is not thinkable; but why was any particular one of us selected from potentiality to become actuality, and what will be the effect of each thing done to us or by us? The questions press from every point, and there is no answer to the most elemental, such as why do we enjoy and why do we suffer, or to what useful end, in a universe where all other functioning seems to have its obvious use? When did consciousness become conscience, and how did thoughts and desires and deeds which in themselves seem natural and harmless, and in yet unscionced millions of the race are without the effect of depravity, define themselves as sinful? Why should some of us be in light and some in darkness, and why should the children of light seem to grieve rather more than the children of darkness? Why should there be beauty and ugliness, and how was it decided which was which? Why should the leaf of clover be exquisitely decorated to match the other two of its group, and so

many forms of life be left hideous and repulsive?

What is the source of happiness that we should desire it, or is happiness, as it seems, the true end of life? What is the essential quality of love? Is it finally the most exquisite egoism, or the very reverse of that?

If the answers to these riddles are known to our dreaming, as they are certainly not known to our waking, then they are securely folded away from our knowledge in that internal memory which keeps record of the life of the soul, and shall be disclosed to us only when the soul has its life free of the body. What Mr. Bigelow's inquiry suggests is that in certain moments of rapture, in that ecstasy of consciousness when consciousness seems to cease, we have intimations of supernal things in waking, which are of the property of our habitual experiences in dreaming. We recover from these intimations with a start, and are what we call ourselves again; and perhaps we have been no nearer the solution of the puzzle than we are when we are immersed in affairs, and employed with matter-of-fact concerns. Yet there is an effect of authority in these intimations, which does not suffer us to condemn their message, if we may give a name so positive to the ethereal communication which they seem to open between our inner and outer selves. We are not necessarily nearer knowledge of their secret now, when men send word to one another on the viewless currents of the air, than we were when the conception of wireless telegraphy was as remote from the race as the conception of deity still is. Still we are in an age when science has opened up the realms of wonder so illimitably and the surprises of the known are so far beyond anything which the unknown once seemed to hide, that we cannot quite forbid ourselves the hope of appreciable consolations from mystery itself.

III

At any rate there has been a swing of the pendulum from one of those extremes to the other, and now from denying ourselves all such consolations, as unscientific and unworthy, we are turning to them with a zest scarcely known before in the history of man. We read eagerly a book like this book of Mr. Bigelow's,

and the only grief we have with it is that it does not leave us entirely to its conjectures, to its suggestions of parity in all human experience in the occult, to its speculations that cannot be established, but offers us documents in corroboration of its conjectures, suggestions, speculations. We read eagerly whatever Mr. William James writes upon his favorite themes because it similarly abounds in the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. All psychology, which disclaims its putative relation to the soul, is alive with fresh interest for those who seek to know it through the mind, and a whole order of literature has arisen, calling itself psychological, as realism called itself scientific, and dealing with life on its mystical side. This, in fact, now includes what is best known in fiction, and it is not less evident in Tolstoy, in Gorky, in Ibsen, in Bjørnsen, in Hauptmann, and in Mr. Henry James, than in Maeterlinck himself.

It would not be possible to say with which of these eminent authors the reaction from science, from realism, began. Which talent so strongly weighted the pendulum, then, when it began to slide from the scientific extreme, and gave it the momentum which carried it to the mystical extreme? Maeterlinck's weird dramas, in which, as we have said before, the persons are not so much men and women as mortals, are not more mystical than certain passages of Tolstoy, whose psychologism is rooted in a realism as rank and palpable as Gorky's own. It is not necessary, as it is not possible, to discover the origin of the present condition, but that it is an actual condition no one can doubt, who looks at any current magazine, and notes the psychologic coloring of the dramatic thinking in it. We have indeed, in our best fiction, gone back to mysticism, if indeed we were not always there in our best fiction, and the riddle of the painful earth is again engaging us with the old fascination. The old insoluble problems of life and death, of good and evil, present themselves to us with a novel promise of comfort, inviting us to repose in their insolubility with the patience which each must use, and with the faith that this patience shall be rewarded in each. So far from being taught by the new inspiration,

coming no one knows whence, the old desolating doctrine of denial, we are somehow authorized, or encouraged, each in the belief that—

Something is, or something seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.

It can be said that this is not very much, that it is no better than a form of agnosticism, but then it can also be said that agnosticism is not an unpromising or unhopeful frame of mind. It may be only one remove, as it is only one syllable, from a Gnosticism wiser and not less trusting than the old; and perhaps the present psychologism is the beginning of it. At any rate, we have the psychologism, in many phases, and we may justifiably fancy that we are encountering it at many points where we are ostensibly confronting every-day, matter-of-fact things. In spite of all the hello-girls, and the frightful jargon which the daily use of the telephone has created, the telephone is still a very respectable mystery, which is really as impossible to the imagination as it is practicable to experience. As for the wireless telegraph, that is still too remote from familiar custom to have lost the bewilderment which the mere concept of it has; it is still much more a miracle than any manifestation of the outdated spiritism which for half a century has prospered on its commerce with another world. The beneficent discoveries of science in many other directions are so wonderful that though the recent report of the blind seeing without the direct agency of the optic nerve is already discredited, there is much reason to believe that the deaf can be made to hear in many cases once thought hopeless.

The reasoning used by Lord Byron in the lines—

When Bishop Berkeley said there was no
matter,
And proved it, 'twas no matter what he
said—

no longer holds with the force which it had at the beginning of the nineteenth century, "when the thoughts that shake mankind" were not yet fairly in motion.

The question so smilingly put by, repeats itself now with novel force; and how much or little of the universe is subjective, is again matter of speculation which does not seem so altogether idle. It recurs with peculiar force in the presence of such a wonderful book as the "The Story of My Life," where the blind deaf-mute, Helen Keller, tells the fairy-tale of her emergence from the darkness and silence of her infancy into the full radiance of such being as all the senses bring to few of us. We may account for it by the extraordinary native powers evident in her, and still leave ourselves a wide margin for marvelling at the scope of the knowledge which has reached her through one sense alone; still lose ourselves in the maze of surmise which her unparalleled experience suggests. The world of color and form and sound seems to exist as appreciably for her, by force of her creative imagination, as for any who hear and see the things that can only be known intellectually to her; and as one reads, the mystical purport of the saying, "The Kingdom of God is within you," avouches itself in new significances, or at least new suggestions. Of course one knows that Helen Keller's development from a child, bereft of all the ordinary means of learning, into a woman as rarely accomplished as endowed, has been through the infinitely patient teaching of the friend whose devotion is one of the richest strains of the poem embodied in their joint record. All the facts which constitute her mental experience have been imparted to her by the indefatigable touch, the innumerable touches, of the faithful friend whose witness of her life is by no means the least interesting, the least wonderful, share of their work; for the autobiography of Helen Keller would be incomplete without the contributions of Miss Anne M. Sullivan to the knowledge of her history and character. Her friend had first to create a language of touch, had somehow, in whatever miraculous wise, to invent a primary understanding, by which she could convey meanings through the only avenue open between them, and then slowly, and with incredible assiduity, communicate to the

imprisoned intelligence such a knowledge of the form of words that the child could feel it not only from the touch of the finger, but in the motion of the lips, and even in its inarticulate rise through the throat. It all seems impossible, but it has become the commonplace of two lives united as none have been before. By virtue of their union, Helen Keller, blind, deaf, dumb, speaks the words she has never heard, reads and writes the words she has never seen, not alone in English, but in French and German, Greek and Latin. She is admirably accomplished, far beyond the wont of young ladies who have the use of their eyes, ears, and tongues, and she knows something of the best of all literatures, with an insatiable hunger for learning.

IV

The lesson of such a life, apparently so fatally blighted in the bud, so brilliant and glorious in the flower, can be single only for intelligences more limited than Helen Keller's was before her illumination began. On its surface the story is that of a being as rarely gifted as hopelessly bereft, surmounting every disadvantage and arriving at a fulness of consciousness, a passionate interest in the universal frame of things, known to the very few; but below the surface it is rich in intimations yet dearer to the race than any hints toward the perfectioning of its existence here. We seem to know the outer world from the world within us. Somehow there, in the dim, inmost of life seems the test of material things; and the question which will oftenest recur to some readers of Helen Keller's wonderful story is how much her knowledge of the inaudible and invisible world around her was guessed by her exquisite nerves from the conscious intuitions and the unconscious moods of her devoted friend, and how much has been revealed from the sources which again we are beginning to interrogate with renewed courage, if not with renewed hope. The swing of the pendulum is once more toward the highest point in the direction from which a little while ago it seemed to have fallen forever.

Editor's Study.

I

WHAT is there in our life of to-day that will be interesting to the general reader of the twenty-fifth century? The answer might well be—just those things which are of supreme interest to ourselves, in so far as we have ideals, aspirations that transcend those merely material considerations which have relation to our comfortableness and even those higher considerations, mental or moral, which prompt and develop our institutional life. The varied applications of science to industry and to domestic comfort will claim the attention of the future engineer and contractor. The general reader will concern himself with our discoveries in physics, chemistry, and biology, not with reference to their practical results, but for what they themselves indicate as to our knowledge of nature. The details of our social life—our domestic economies, our politics, our schools, our ecclesiastical systems—will appeal only to special students. Our idea of God, our view of human destiny, indicated in whatever way, would be of profound and general interest, as would also be our empire,—our hold upon the human world,—because that is something which reaches to even a remoter future than that we have posited in this speculation, something also of intense interest for all the coming centuries of Christendom because of its far-reaching influences directly felt in the destinies of mankind, just as the Roman Empire is interesting to us. Higher even than this vitally practical interest in our world-controlling achievements will be that which is always evoked in the minds of men by all great aspiration that has for its end power rather than material gain. The heroes of any period are an everlasting human possession.

Next to these heroes in permanent interest—if we are to judge from the past as it affects us—should be the men and women connected with some dramatic development of the master passion, such as are enshrined in the great epics and idyls of all time; but here we should fall short of any sublime record, partly be-

cause in our day such personages and events lack those peculiar associations which made Cleopatra and Dido and Guinevere objects of supreme romantic interest, and partly because in the general opinion certain irregularities of conduct would be regarded as immoral rather than romantic.

Of living artists there are probably not more than three or four at the most whose names will be known five centuries hence; works which we praise for their technical value will be forgotten, and such as will be remembered will survive because of some distinctive charm which age cannot extinguish.

If we attempt to apply the test to contemporary literature, what discrimination can we make that will correspond with the eliminating process of the lapsing years? What has lasted for centuries will probably last for centuries to come. The books which have phenomenal sales to-day will not be read fifty years hence, while here and there a few books published at considerable intervals during the last hundred years, but now buried in our best libraries, having but few readers, will survive all the others because of this distinction, which will become more apparent age after age—that they alone, creatively or interpretatively, continue the luminous train of human culture.

II

Now, these things in art and literature which remain and are cherished become an imperishable possession, and we call them classic. But what precisely is meant in the distinction between the classic and the romantic.

What is romance? Even the colloquial use of the term is varied. When we say "you are romancing," or call anything romantic as distinguished from what is real or what is true, we mean one thing, but quite another when we apply the term romantic to natural scenery. And in this application we must distinguish between the effect upon us of that which we call romantic because of human associations with certain sights or sounds and that wildness of nature which we call

romantic because of its absolute dissociation from anything human.

Keeping out of mind for the present the use of the word in artistic and literary criticism, let us try to find what element of reconciliation there is in the diversities of colloquial usage.

In all that is generally called romantic in the cases above mentioned, there is the common element of *strangeness*. We easily revert to what must have been the original sense of the word in its connection with those medieval modifications of the Latin tongue known as the Romance languages. The Saxon or Celt would have found his native tongue sufficient for all ordinary needs; but if he caught the Roman air in any way, by travel or refinement of taste and habit, he would, to meet the newly developed need, borrow the graces of the Roman speech—that is, he would romance.

In this sense, old France is *par excellence* the land of Romance, for what Italy had as a birthright was hers by rapturous choice. In an able article on Dumas père in a recent number of *Cornhill* Mr. Frank Mathew, after saying that the martial, amorous, and fantastic behavior of the French of old days chimed with romance, adds: "and their country—wide, smooth, unencumbered, crossed by long, open roads where the poplars stood sentries like tall grenadiers, and enclosing dim towns and that huddled and tragical city, Paris—was as prone to inspire an urgent romance as their qualities were, and as was the kind, vigorous air, not made dull by too much of the sun nor harsh by too little." Mr. Mathew thinks Tennyson's "Idyls" are a puny rendering of Malory's legends, because the poet was writing of England, whose people were antipathetic to romance, and where there was no such forest as Tristram and Lancelot knew.

It seems to us that Mr. Mathew attaches too much importance to the actual environment of the writer, whose failure to meet the romantic conditions of his theme must rather be accounted for by certain limitations of his imagination. Tennyson's distinction may be found, in the ultimate criticism, to rest on his excellence of form and subtlety of interpretation rather than upon the dramatic power of his ima-

gination—that is, the power to absorb himself from the present thought and feeling and to creatively reproduce the living men and women of a remote past. "The Lady of Shalott" and "The Palace of Art" seem to justly represent the qualities and the limitations of Tennyson's imagination. Subjective interpretation could no farther go, complete in content and embodied in exquisitely perfect form, yet lacking the objective picturesqueness and impressiveness of the old masters. Those who appreciate the excellence are thankful for the limitations. We do not complain of Milton's poetry because it is not romantic any more than we would because of its lack of humor. It is true that the theme of the "Idyls" treated in the old legends was romantic; but this does not prevent a modern poet from another style of treatment, translating the heroic legend into the terms of the present instead of translating us back to the heroic age. Even so we are not justified in saying that the "Idyls" are destitute of the element of romance, though we deny them the romantic quality of Malory's legends.

We associate romance especially with medieval times, in which it was christened, and which folded in their mists the legends of our heroic age; we invest it with the mysticism and grotesquery so characteristic of those times; and when we speak of romanticism in modern art and literature we mean usually a revival of the medieval mood and spirit. But it is, of course, older than its Roman name, which indeed the old Romans never knew—as old as human nature. Hellas had more of romance than Rome, and to early man it was a native investiture.

In whatever age, the element of strangeness is characteristic of it in a distinctive way. This is something more than mere novelty,—something alien which is shyly courted into familiarity; a hitherto inexperienced impression imaginatively cherished,—something whose strangeness survives its novelty, never indeed suffered to pass wholly from the world of the imagination to that of ordinary every-day life.

Romance, thus considered, is the product of the imagination dealing with the objective material of human life, but

eschewing such material as makes up the ordinary and trite routine of that life, selecting the stuff of its dream from regions remote and invested with mystery, or from remote times whose cities and men are brought to view as by a *mirage*, magnified and transformed.

The strangeness which requires this condition of remoteness made the romance of the *Odyssey*, which involved also the marvellous and grotesque, and of the stories told by Herodotus. The modern romance, when it is not historical or a new shaping of old legends—since new material of that sort is no longer to be had,—depends for its strangeness upon the fact that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives—another kind of remoteness, making the dream possible.

The poetry and monuments of art that have come down to us from ancient times, and which we call classic, have in them even for us the romantic element, which at the time of their production and for those to whom they first appealed must have seemed far more romantic. Were they rude and archaic,—if they had not beauty of form and that deeper rhythm which is their soul,—we might still consider them romantic, though we would not call them classic. The beauty of form heightens romance.

III

There is little left to us of the kind of material that went to the making of the old romances, and in the external aspects of our life we have even less to bequeath to those who come after us. It is still possible, and probably always will be, for the master novelist, who will give his heart and mind to the task, to produce the historical romance, reviving for an unpicturesque time the pomp and pageantry of the past, the heroism and the passions which in our day would seem to merit obloquy or would be granted the grace of oblivion.

For the most part, our fiction—certainly the best of it—confronts immediately the elements of the life we are living, demanding of these, with sphinxlike directness, their beauty, their meaning, their worth. In this drama the knight is divested of his armor, and external equipage becomes merely symbolic. The

subjective is magnified at the expense of the objective. Thus there is disclosed a new kind of romance, more wonderful than the old, meeting a new curiosity. The few novels of this kind that we are producing which will be read centuries hence will survive because they are romances that through their perfection of art will become classic.

Fiction therefore is not properly classified as romantic and realistic. The story wholly destitute of romance is a commonplace affair; it not only has no future, but it has no present tenure of human interest. When we disparagingly speak of a novel as romantic, we mean that it is silly or sentimental—a cheap romance, having no justification from either nature or art. We decry certain historical novels—not as being historical, since many others dealing with contemporary life have the same defects—because they only juggle with romantic effects in a kind of mock necromancy. Contrast with these the romances of Dumas, or, better still, those of Sienkiewicz, especially his great historical trilogy, manifesting a creative genius which reminds us in some of its phases of Homer, and in others of Shakespeare. In these novels not only is the denouncer of romanticism disarmed, but the romance itself is justified; moreover, it is shown that the romance may bring into its service the deepest study in the interests of historical truth, and thus be in the best sense realistic.

For realism is a means, not an end in itself. In the purely creative field—in the great masterpieces of poetry—it is not a conscious aim; the impression of reality that is made upon us is not the result of study, but of the creative intuition that goes with the creative power. But the novel in its genesis and procedure does not lie wholly in the creative field. It is in its very nature a study of human life, past or present. It may show creative power in its characterization, and creative intuition in its novel disclosures of the human spirit; but in its whole constitution it must give evidence of the writer's direct, accurate, and thoughtful observation or of close and careful study; its action, situations, and environment may not seem so wholly like a dream as, for instance, Shakespeare's

Tempest, though there is sometimes an approximation to this effect, as in du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*, whose very theme is the culture of the dream, and the prevailing reminiscent mood of which accorded with this *motif*. A novel from a great master will often, as in the case of a great poem, have such stress of rhythm as to lift it out of the ordinary plane of life, its characters seeming typical rather than, in the particular sense, actual, and its scenes and situations having something of the glamour of a dream cast over them—an exquisitely romantic effect. The child feels this rapture in the reading of Dickens.

But generally in the novel certain realistic requirements hold the author, and only as these obligations are met can the reader have perfect satisfaction. Wherever the novelist touches the actual he must be realistic. But even here, if he is an imaginative artist, there will be overtones and something of the light not seen on land or sea; and in this upper realm he is free. It is here that the spiritual romance enters.

It matters not whether it be in the hall of the castle or in the garret of the lodging-house. Splendid or sordid, the material environment vanishes in that other light, and we see only the hopes and fears, the conflicting passions of the spirit. The meagreness of outward equipment is a condition most favorable to the romantic illusion. The bare room seems empty for the entertainment of heavenly guests; the famished cheek and lustrous eyes are already far advanced beyond the border separating the world of actualities from the world of dreams. The void of all material advantage seems to lie next to spiritual plenitude. Ambition, devotion, passion, in this environment, seem most like inspirations; a light from some mysterious source suffuses the thin transparency of barren things.

There is the truth of life in such situations, since the world has always been conquered and possessed by the children of poverty through the leverage of their dreams. And if one of these conquerors, after the satiety of wealth and power, is suddenly discrowned and dispossessed, he becomes again, as by a second birth, through his divestiture, a

more strikingly romantic hero than ever. Thus Victor Hugo, to whom Napoleon at the height of his power seemed an incarnate devil, found in the exiled Emperor a god for idolatrous homage. The contrast begets that strangeness which is the ever-present element of romance.

IV

How absurd, if we are really to give it a serious thought, seems Jules Verne's recent prediction of the speedy death of fiction.

To this prophet, not only is the truth of science stranger than fiction, but the facts of life as recorded in the daily newspapers are more replete with dramatic and romantic interest than anything the novelist can present. The newspaper has doubtless more thrilling interest than it ever had before; but does the blunt incident or the striking but crude dramatic situation give such satisfaction as we derive even from the sensational novel? Then why is it that we constantly hear of venerable senators, eminent surgeons, erudite professors, and busy financiers who, notwithstanding the fact that they carefully read the daily papers, show the keenest relish for exciting works of fiction—some of them especially preferring the dime novel?

There never was a time when fiction was so widely read as it is now or with such appreciation of its varied charms. If even the sensational novel can rival the dramatic disclosures of the daily press, what immeasurably greater claim upon the reader of cultivated tastes has the fiction of a higher order! The field of the great novel transcends that of the newspaper, and even that of ordinary human experience and observation.

It is clear, then, that this wonderful hold of fiction upon the general mind is not due to its excellence as a merely accurate rescript of the actualities of life. The truth of the novel is something deeper than is disclosed in these actualities, which are often confusing and deceptive. It is the office of the artist to find the central truth—to displace the delusion of the actual by the illusion of the ideal. Whatever new forms, therefore, fiction may take in its progressive development, it will always live in the world of romance.

An Omar for Ladies

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM

ALIKE to her who Dines both Loud and Long,
Or her who Banting shuns the Dinner-gong,
Some Doctor from his Office chair will shout,
"It makes no Difference—both of you are Wrong!"

Why, all the Health-Reformers who discussed
High Heels and Corsets learnedly are thrust
Square-toed and Waistless forth; their Duds are scorned,
And Venus might as well have been a Bust.

Myself when slim did eagerly frequent
Delsarte and Ling, and heard great Argument
Of muscles trained to Hold me up, but still
Spent on my Modiste what I'd always spent!

With walking Clubs I did the best I could;
With my own Feet I tramped my Ten Miles, good;
And this was All that I got out of it—
I ate much more for Dinner than I should.

And fear not lest your Rheumatism seize
The Joy of Life from other people's Sprees:
The Art will not have Perished—*au contraire*,
Posterity will practise it with Ease!

When you and I have ceased Champagne to Sup
Be sure there will be More to Keep it Up:
And while we pat Old Tabby by the fire,
Full many a Girl will lead her Brindled Pup.

Mis' Deborah Has a Visitor

A MONOLOGUE

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

Mis' Deborah is seated by a table in her kitchen. Her elbow rests on the table, and her hand is pressed to her cheek as though in pain. A knock is heard.

WHO'S there? . . . Why, Sarah Jane, walk right in—yer did give me a turn. I'm glad ter see yer. I was jest a-thinkin', I feel that depressed, I'd be tickled ter death ter see my worst enemy.

. . . Yes, I'm feelin' pore—it's the nooroligy again. . . . Does it look so red? . . . No, 'tain't fever. It's where I had my jaw tied up with salt pork sprinkled in red pepper. Mis' Phipps she told me 'bout it. Her husband's brother used to suffer terrible—same's I do. He said there wa'n't nothin' give him so much comfort when he got it real bad. Tie yer face up at night, good and snug, and in the mornin' it's 'most all gone.—Take off yer bunnit and make yer-self ter hum. . . . Turned yer bow again, ain't yer? Queer how some folks will have



"Used to suffer terrible"

sech luck with them common ribbons. I don't a mite. This is the third time, ain't it? . . . Yes, 'tis, Sarah Jane. . . . Now jest see here—yer got it three years ago last spring, the day after Malviny Love was tuck with the measles fer Marthy Pratt's weddin', and the next year yer turned it fer the Baptist Sunday-school picnic, and then fer Mis' Gowdey's fun'ral, and now yer done it again. . . . Oh no, course I didn't, Sarah Jane; yer jest fergot.

Well, as I was tellin' yer 'bout Mis' Phipps' husband's brother—sech a nice man, strictly temperance and a good provider. Well, after he went to the city he got the nooroligy so bad he took on dretful. Mis' Phipps says while she was down there visitin' his folks she woke up very late one night,—'bout ten o'clock,—and heard a kind of moanin' sound. Course she thought it

must be burglars, at that hour, and up she got to go an' hunt. Well, she went out to what they call the dinin'-room (they have a sep'rate room to eat in,—the kitchen ain't good enough fer 'em). There was Ephraim

a-drinkin' out of a black bottle. He said it was his nooroligy had tuck him so bad again, and their hired girl had et up all the pork, and so he had jest found this med'cine he'd had put away in a trunk. He was sufferin' awful. Mis' Phipps said; he could hardly stan' up. Sne says he was tuck with a spell 'most ev'ry night while she was there. Terrible sad.

Do you smell anythin' burnin'. Sarah Jane? My land, I hope 'tain't them pie-plant pies. Wait till I look. . . . "Said it was nooroligy" No, 'twan't. Sech a sight o' cookin', with this hayin' goin' on. Seems 's if yer never could fill them men up. . . .

I don't b'lieve in this city visitin', anyhow. Sorter turns folks' heads. Mis' Phipps ain't never ben the same sence. She ain't the only one, neither. . . . No, I think my say; I don't care to repeat it. . . . Well, what do you think o' Susie Tucker sence she come back from visitin' her city kin? Sech airs! I can't understand Anne Tucker's lettin' her go on so. Soon's Susie got home, nothin' would do but her pa'd got ter buy her a real hand-painted pieter ter go in their best room. . . . I knew you'd think 'twas terrible. But that ain't all,—jest wait. They've got a store carpet for the settin'-room! They're awful set up 'bout it. Anne took me in ter show me, and, land sakes! she wouldn't open the blinds till she'd spread *The Farmer's Guide* all over the floor so's the sun couldn't tech it fer a minnit. . . . Yes, 'twas han'some—sorter dark plum-color with wreaths of yellor roses on it. That ain't all yet. Miss Susie had to have two books and a red plush album ter go on their marble-top centre-table. Her pa



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hitched right up and went up-street and jest told 'em he wanted two of the best books in the shop ter go on their table in the parlor. . . . One of 'em I never heard of before—'bout a man called Dant—D-a-n-t-e. It's all 'bout the internal regions and hell-fire. I don't think it's 't all the proper kind o' book to have in the house, with a young girl 'round; but they seemed to set a sight o' store by it at the book place. They said 'twas what was called a standard work. Ole man Tucker 'lowed he didn't know what 't meant, and asked my 'pinion. I said 'twas plain 'nough—'twas one o' them fancy books to go on one o' them little brass standards—a sorter easel. Well, when it came to pickin' out the second book Tucker spunked up some and said he was goin' to have somethin' he could enjoy,—he s'posed they'd never buy no more books so long's they lived. So he took that noble work *Afflicted Man's Companion*. It's dretful han'some and full o' high oppressive thoughts. . . .

I s'pose yer heard 'bout ole Si Watkins bein' tuck with another o' his dyin' spells? . . . Yer didn't? Well, Sarah Jane, yer never do seem to know nothin'. I never seek information myself, but there ain't much goes on in this here town I don't know 'bout.—'S I said, he was tuck with one o' his dyin' spells las' Tuesday night.—Now wait; was it Tuesday or was it Wednesday? Well, I know 'twas *the* day or the day before Mis' Wheatley was tuck down with one o' her chills an' sent fer me. Now, lemme see—yes, 'twas on a Wednesday. Si'd gone up ter bed enjoyin' the same pore health he always does, and— No, 'twan't Wednesday, neither—'twas a Tuesday, jest 's I said at first. Well, Mis' Latimer said he'd et a light supper—only six flannen cakes and



"Full o' oppressive thoughts" have a man o'

some fried pork and two cups o' coffee and a few fried cakes. He hadn't had much of an ap'p'tite lately, and he couldn't eat hearty 'cept he was hungry. He said, as he went out ter feed the chickens, he felt a sorter weight on his chest. 'S I said, he went up ter bed 'bout dark, and pretty soon he was tuck with the worst spell o' dyin' he ever had. . . . Die? No. I won't say they wished he would, but it's pretty hard ter

his years up an' dyin' ev'ry now an' then 'thout its ever comin' ter nothin'.—Then course yer didn't hear 'bout young Si's nose? . . . Well, I say, "cast thy bread upon the waters." Yer remember his nose always bein' bent ter one side, 'count o' that kick he got from the ox he was yokin'? Talk 'bout the unscrutable workin's o' Providence! Yer won't b'lieve it, but las' week that same ox kicked him t'other side o' the nose, an' now it's straight again 's ever. Yer'd never know it hed been teched, 'cept it trembles a little when he stands in a draught. . . .

Did yer go ter the medical lecture up ter the op'ry-house? . . . No, I didn't, neither, but Hiram went. He bought one o' the bottles o' med'cine the man talked 'bout. Wonderful stuff, I take it. I'll show it ter yer. Wait till I fetch it. . . . Land sakes! I can't hardly reach it—the rheumaticks give me sech a twinge ev'ry time I try ter raise my arms. . . . Can yer? Thanks, Sarah Jane.—I don't know where I left my specs. Lend me yours. My! your glasses are a sight older 'n mine. . . . Well, o' course. Listen what it says. . . . What's it good fer? Why, fer what ails yer. It describes my symptoms exact. Here's a letter writ by a lady out in Washington Territory, an' one from Yucatan, and one from South America. You see the med'cine's very widespread. It says 'twill cure any ailment in two doses. This lady writes: "I have used your wonderful pain-killer for thirteen years, and expect to use it thirteen more, the Lord sparing me, but I have no fear of death as long as I carry a bottle of your wonderful invention with me. Yesterday our cat got scalded with hot fat and it took all the fur off its back. I instantly applied freely your pain-killer, and the cat has lain very quiet ever since."—You see, Sarah Jane, there ain't nothin' 'twon't do. Here's how you tell how you feel: "Do you feel tired on going to bed at night? Do you feel a sense of fullness after eating? Are you low-spirited? Do little things annoy you? Are you always afraid something is going to happen? Do certain people affect you unpleasantly? Do you feel a disinclination to exertion? If you recognize any of these symptoms you



"Her pa had to buy it"



"He'd et a light supper"

are on the downward path to the grave. Make haste and commence on Dr. Bibble's pain-killer at once and vanquish death." Elegant language, Sarah Jane. "Two doses will effect a complete cure. Six bottles, two dollars." Yes, wonderful stuff. The man said 'twas used by the President and all the ministers in the country. I was goin' ter take some over ter Mis' Reynolds fer her little boy, but I kinder hate ter take the cork out, I set so much store by it. . . . Why, yes, he's ben awful sick again—sorter spasms. Mis' Reynolds seems ter think he's some better, but I don't think he's gone ter live very long. I told her she'd better be prepared fer the worst.

Mis' Sims's learnin' her little girl sech stylish manners. She learns them to her out of a book—somethin' called sociable etyquette. They was ter supper t'other night. I won't say Mis' Sims wanted her ter show off her new manners, but—well, 't enny rate, I asked her if she would have a cup o' tea, and this is what she said,—I got her ter say it over after supper, so's I could write it down. Sez I, "Clarissy, will you have milk an' sugar in your tea?" Sez she, "Milk if cream; if not, no. Sugar if lump; if not, "*Sech stylish manners*"



no. Out or in, in or out, it makes no materials." I do love han'some language. Her mother's goin' ter spoil her with her stravage. Bought her a new pair o' white lisle-thread gloves, jest 's she's learnt ter hold her hands so's the darns in the old ones didn't show!

Next fall Mis' Sims's goin' ter have her learn art, and soon's she's finished it and has her first long dress Mis' Sims's goin' ter take her to the mountains for a whole week, for a summer vacation! Course Mis' Sims has travelled a good deal herself. 'Fore she was married her father used ter take her ev'ry year to the seashore ter spend a day.

That was terrible 'bout Mis' Dimmick's new eye, wa'n't it? . . . Yer didn't hear? Land o' goodness! yer don't seem ter know nothin', Sarah Jane. Well, her sister's husband's stepnephew works in what you call a optican's store,—somethin' to do with eyes; an' he said he could pick her out a dretful nice eye that could do everythin' but see. Well, the eye come, but it didn't seem to fit real well—sorter small; but she was that proud of it she was set she'd wear it ter Sunday meetin', whether or no. Durin' the hymn she got singin' pretty hard, and sez I right then, "Pride goeth before a fall." Well, she must have bulged herself, for, flip! out it rolled onto the floor, and her little niece stepped on it and squashed it ter flinders. Course she



"That Towser dog"

ordered another right off,—she was bound she'd have it fer the Dobbins christenin'. The eye come, but, bless you! 'twa'n't blue 't all, but black. We all thought she wouldn't wear it; but, lawsy sakes! she's so set on style, and go she would with that eye. It did give me such a turn when she come walkin' in with her own blue eye and that store black one. Well, soon's she commenced to cry—you know she always will cry at christenin's,—soon's she began to cry that eye swum right down her face and onto the floor. 'Twas jest the same size as t'other one, and she'd wrote 'em she wanted a whole half-size larger. Course that Towser dog of the Dobbinses saw it first thing, and up and swallowed it right off. Now Mis' Dimmick says she wants the dog killed so's she can get her eye back, and Mis' Dobbins's folks say she hadn't order wore a loose eye inter their house, anyhow. Don't know how they're goin' ter settle it.

How'd yer enjoy yerself ter Aunt 'Liza's funeral? . . . Did yer? I think 'twas a shameful display o' money; that's my 'pinion. I know they've ben savin' and plannin' fer this 'casion fer the last ten year, but

even so.—She'll be a great loss ter the community. Last year she knitted eighty-nine wash-cloths fer the heathen,—she'd hoped ter make it a hundred 'fore she was called. They'll miss her. . . . Still, I can't change my 'pinion—I think 'twas a shameful display o' money. I'm jest burnin' ter tell yer, Sarah Jane, but I won't. . . . No, wild horses wouldn't drag it from me. . . . Well—well—did yer notice the silver handles on the coffin? Marked with the gentleman's name that made 'em—"Sterling." I've heard tell he puts his own name ter ev'ry piece he thinks worth anything. Well, I 'lowed I'd paid fer most o' them handles. Yes, ma'am, I jest cal'lated this way: now when I send 'Mealy over ter borrow a cup o' molasses or brown sugar, they never send back full; but when I return, I send full! So I says ter myself that they'd saved 'nough off me in sugar and molasses alone ter pay fer them handles!

Some say she made a dretful han'some corpse, but I have my 'pinion 'bout that, too. I say it was sinful, her bein' all tricked out an' looked so gay at her own funeral. Plain black was good enough while she was alive—and bein' dressed up as though she was goin' ter a party! . . . Well, yes, Sarah Jane, there is some truth in that—it was her own party, in a way. And what do yer think of their takin' the glass cover off the wax flowers? Jest ter show money wa'n't no object ter *them*! They didn't care, like common folks, if they did get dust on 'em. If that ain't temptin' Providence! Yer noticed the corpse had on that red carnelian ring? I think you'll be s'prised when I tell you 'bout that. Well, the day before she went, she dvided up all her things and give 'em away. There was some dissatisfaction, I b'lieve. I think myself 'twould have been more 'ppropriate to have given little Mary Ellen her stuffed



"Elegant language"

parrot, an' Mis' Babcock her best black silk, 'ceptin' viecey vercey. But you know she always was sot. Well, when it come to that carnelian ring, she said she'd given up ev'rything else but that ring, and that she was goin' ter take with her!

. . . . Oh, must yer be goin', Sarah Jane? I have enjoyed yer visit so much. Yer talkin' always does cheer me up. . . . Good-by. Mind the pineys as you go by. They will creep up over the border. . . . Sarah Jane, come back. I jest remembered—'twas a Tuesday 'stead o' Wednesday, jest 's I said at first, ole Si had his dyin' spell. Good-by.

'Member?

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

'MEMBER, awful long ago—
'Most a *million* weeks or so,—
How we tried to run away,
An' was gone for 'most a day?
Your Pa found us bofe,—an' nen
Asked if we'd be bad again,—
An' we promised, by-um-by.
Do you 'member? So d' I.

'Member when I tried to crawl
Frough vat hole beneaf your wall,
An' I stuck, becuz my head
Was too big? Your Muvver said,
When she came to pull me frough,
S'prised you didn't try it *too*.—
An' you *did* it, by-um-by.
'Member? Do yuh? So d' I.

'Member once, when you an' me
Found your Muvver's pantry key?
All ve folks stayed out till late,
An' we ate an' ate an' *ate*.
Ma was s'prised, so she confessed.
Vat we didn't eat ve rest;—
An' we *did* it, by-um-by.
Course you 'member! So d' I.

'Member when your Muvver said
'At she wisht I'd run an' do
All ve mischief in my head
All at once, an' get it frough?
S'pose we did, why, maybe ven
We could do it all again!
Guess we *could* if we should *try*,—
Will y', sometime? So 'll I.



A Paradox

*I GUESS my sister's strong as me,
For Uncle John was sayin'
That when she works the piano, she
Jest calls it only playin'.*

When Greek Meets Greek

DICK VALENTINE was very shy,
And found it quite beyond his pow'r
To tell Miss Ballentine that he
Had loved her from their meeting-hour;
He strove and strove in vain to speak,
To utter love that all could see,
So penned at last this fond appeal:
"Will you not share *ma V* with me?"

Now, she was up on French herself,
And even Latin, too, because
She'd studied "L'Abbé Constantin."
And learned Professor Greenough's laws;
So down she sat and grasped a pen,
And gave this answer to his plea:
"*En V* to change my name I have
As soon as possible. *D. V.*"

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

Reversible

WISHING for a book I sent a boy to the different rooms in the building to see if any teacher had it, at the same time handing him a list of the numbers of the different rooms to aid him in his search.

On returning, he handed me the book with the remark that he had found it in Room 12.

Glancing at the list, I inquired, "Why, have you written the letter 'H' after each number?"

"Why, that means 'hasn't.'"

"But there is an 'H' after 12," I persisted.

"Oh, but *that* means 'has,' don't you see?"

John and the Church

THE minister was looking for a sober janitor, and he found John. John is a strapping fellow, clean and wholesome-looking. The

minister was much pleased with John.

And John had some good recommendations, and seemed to know his business so thoroughly that the minister engaged him.

"Do you know where the church is?"

John shook his head.

"Well, it's down on the south side of East End Avenue, near Lexington Street. Now do you remember?"

"Aw, yis," said John. "It's the wan just across from Mike Sullivan's saloon."

R. R. K.

Disappointed

A THREE-YEAR-OLD youngster came home from Sunday-school, and upon being asked whom he saw, said, promptly, "I saw ever'body I knew 'cep'n' God."

A. H. R.



A FOXY CUPID



MR RINO'S SCHEME FOR READING IN BED

Uncle Pete and the Automobile

BY VICTOR A. HERMANN

DE hay-cyaht rumbled down de road,
 De oxen wahn en tihed;
 En 'way up deh on top de load
 Ol' Uncle Pete puspied.
 He thought in sech a quiet place
 He'd trust his spotted team,
 So he pulled his wide hat 'cross his face,
 En dess lay bac' to dream—
 Did Uncle Pete det sultry day,
 'Way up deh on top de hay.

Den sloweh moved det ol' hay-cyaht,—
 De stechs seemed to be noddin';
 Dey didn't heah no wohd to staht
 Noh feel a green pole proddin'.
 De locust in de tall gum-tree
 Set up a song foh heat,
 Det made dem lazy es cud be—
 Dey hahdly moved deh feet.
 While Uncle Pete he dreamed away
 Clah up deh on top de hay.

Fah down de dusty road deh came
 De strangest kind ob racket;
 En sumfin wid a big red frame
 Cum puffin' lak a packet.
 De oxen lifted up deh eahs,

Deh eyes grew big en wide;
 Deh wa'n't a mo' skeeped paih ob stechs—
 Dey shook fum bone to hide.
 En Uncle Pete he cahmly lay
 'Way up deh on top de hay.

De red thing wid de sof' gray wheels
 Swep' lak a spahk ob fiah;
 De ol' stechs jumped en stuc' deh heels
 Fas' in a pool ob miah.
 Deh wah one awful hissinn' soun',
 De tootin' ob a hohn,
 A crash lak houses fallin' down—
 En den de thing wah gon'.
 En Uncle Pete he sailed away
 Fum up deh on det load ob hay.

De noon-hohn blow, de cohn-fiel' crowd
 Cum up de road to dinneh;
 Dey heah sumbody prayin' loud—
 "Oh, Lawd, ah'b bin a sinneh.
 Oh, spahe dis po' ol' cotton-head,—
 Ah seen ol' Nick dis mawn;
 He ride in a chahiot ob red—
 En toot a great brown hohn."
 Said Uncle Pete, who'd slep' det day
 'Way up deh on top de hay.



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Illustration for "Romeo and Juliet"

ACT III.: SCENE I. THE DEATH OF MERCUTIO

Painted by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., for Harper's Magazine

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CRITICAL COMMENT BY ARTHUR SYMONS

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

THE play of *Romeo and Juliet* is like a piece of music, and it is the music which all true lovers have heard in the air since they began listening to one another's voice. Here, for once, youth becomes conscious of itself, and of the charm which is passing out of the world with its passing. A young man wrote this wise and passionate eulogy of youth; and it is that contemporaneous heat of blood in it which has kept the names of these two young lovers alive in men's minds as the perfect exemplars of unspoiled love. Love in youth is an emotion that may well seem exaggerated "to animals that do not love"; and if the passion of *Romeo and Juliet* is at times as clamorous as Italian love in Italian operas, that leaves it perhaps all the more like the thing which it renders so frankly. In *Ferdinand and Miranda*, in *Perdita and Florizel*, there is a more subtly human poetry than in *Romeo or Juliet*; only we remember that for its poetry, while we remember this as if it were love itself.

Compared with one of Shakespeare's later women,—with *Imogen*, for instance,—*Juliet* is but a sketch; she lives, but only in her love: as *Romeo*, indeed, but for his love, is any hasty and ardent youth out of whom passion strikes un-

looked-for sparks of imagination. But it is precisely by this concentration upon the development and consequences of one impulse, irresistible and yet ineffectual, that Shakespeare has given us, not this or that adorable person who, among other things, loves, but two lovers who, besides loving, just remember to live. They have but one desire, and this they attain; so that they must be said to have succeeded in life. But they have no force over circumstances; they bend to their will only the consent of a few hours.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which we see the other side of love, played out before the world on the stage of the world, the two eager and calculating lovers have the larger part of a lifetime given to them to love and hate in. This play, as Coleridge has noted, "should be perused in mental contrast with *Romeo and Juliet*." It is indeed in these two plays that Shakespeare expounds the whole art of love. It may be that he has left something over; for there is another garden besides *Juliet's* in which *Sakuntala* walked; and *Isolde*, in Wagner's music, has added a cry to "the desire of the woman for the desire of the man." But the whole art, certainly, is in those two plays. *Romeo and Juliet* is the breviary of lovers who have loved young and at first sight.

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ACT I: SCENE V. A HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

ROMEO: "*Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?*"

Romeo, when we first see him, is already in love with love; but Juliet has learned nothing yet from experience. To be married, says she, is "an honor that I dream not of." Love has not yet been thought of; marriage, about which she has heard her mother talk, is a grave thing, an honor. When she sees Romeo she gives him her heart as simply as her hand; innocent, unshamed nature speaks out of her mouth with the simplicity of a child saying, I am tired, I am hungry. She is as eager to be loved as if she knew that her moments in the world were counted, and that there is no other earthly flame which can give a little light and heat on this side of the grave. Turn from that lyric scene in the garden to the scene in which Cleopatra enters leaning on the shoulder of Antony, and saying her slow, experienced first words,

If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

She has set bounds to her passion, and a narrow limit to love. Love, to her, is hedged in by the senses, and these are mortal. But Juliet, saying the words as her instinct teaches them to her, can say, truly:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite!

The unrealized idea of love can suggest to her neither reservation nor any ending; she responds to it with the entire energy of her being.

Love, in Romeo and Juliet, is first an inspiration, then a religion, then a madness. Both awaken as if from a dream, and the awakening is to that true reality which henceforth shuts them off from the world, as if in a deeper dream. The first love-scene in the garden is a duet of two astonishments. Each is amazed that such a moment can find them, and that they can be ready for such a moment. Instantly it becomes incredible to them that anything else could have happened. They have only to exchange hearts. But that has already been done. When? When Romeo leaves his wife after their one night of love it is with a profound peace that they say over to one another that divine *aubade* which the lark and the nightingale seem to say for them. Death is behind them and before them.

and Juliet, looking down on her lover as he lingers in the garden, sees him, with an "ill-divining soul,"

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

To the end their love is a sacred madness; it fills every word that they are to speak, as it has filled every corner of their being. It exalts and purifies their words with its own intellectual purity, as it has transfigured their souls; imagination comes into the verse, sweeping it clean of fancy. It is not the same Romeo as the gentle lover of the garden ("I would, I were thy bird"), or even as the grave and tender lover of Juliet's chamber ("How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day"), who rises to a kind of triumph as he looks on the dead body, as he thinks:

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
..... I will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids:
O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

Lovers live by apprehension; love makes every man superstitious; and throughout the play there is a continual muttering of omens and presages, like warning notes striking through love-music. We are warned from the beginning:

These violent delights have violent ends.

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Just before he is to hear the news that Juliet is dead, Romeo has dreamed an ambiguous dream, from which he draws comfort:

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

Hearing of her death, he has but one thing to say, for a calamity so immovable has struck him atheist:

Is it even so? then I deny you, stars!

In this play, in which love seems to be everything, and nothing else to matter, Shakespeare has created a whole world around these two central figures, and by



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ACT II.: SCENE VI. FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL

FRIAR: "*Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both*"

so doing he has given us not love in the abstract of a brief lyric, but love living its own deaf and blind life in a world busied about other matters. The action takes place during five days, and in this precipitancy we see Shakespeare's aim at giving us the essential part of love, love in its intensity, not its duration. He begins sharply in the streets, with that "motley dance of all ranks and ages to one tune," as Coleridge says, "as if the horn of Huon had been playing behind the scenes." The atmosphere is prepared; we see hate, Italy, and the heat:

For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

After the fighting with swords comes the fighting of wits. As the swords were drawn idly, for trivial reasons, and by those who had no personal share in the hereditary feud of two houses, so Mercutio and the other talkers talk for effect, "by art as well as nature," and only then seem to themselves, as they put it, "sociable." This antic and fantastic talk, part Euphuus, part fashion of the court, part parody, which, if it has lost some of the bloom of its youth, keeps nimble to this day, may be contrasted with the crueler banter of the Restoration: each images the lighter "form and pressure" of an age, and in only one was there room for poetry. There is youth in Shakespeare's gayety of humor in this prelude to tragedy; it is as if his genius had not grown wholly accustomed to itself, and must turn every amble into a steeplechase, so eager was it for display, for the mere excitement of exercise.

And outside this society of wits and brawlers, probably so true to the circumstances of Shakespeare's time, there is another, homelier group: the old Capulets and the immortal Nurse. The others come, glitter, and fade out; for, when true passions have begun to work, these mummers and jesters have no further place. But the people about Juliet are set there for the sake of their fixed opposition to her quite otherwise fixed resolve. They are age, custom, the family, the vulgar; they are the world itself, in its lumbering journey along its own road. Shakespeare, after his wont, has been prodigal with them; the comic creation

of the Nurse is as full of his genius as the tragic creation of Juliet.

In the Nurse we have the satiric after-part of Greek drama, brought boldly into the midst of the tragic action; in Friar Laurence we have one aspect of the chorus, that aspect in which it fulfilled Schlegel's partial definition and became "the ideal spectator." The one point fixed, where all else is turning, he represents philosophy among the passions, judging them, humoring them, and helpless and disturbing enough when he has succeeded in setting them moving to his own pattern of abstract wisdom. The Nurse and the Capulets, who would also fetter a live passion, or teach it the direction in which it should grow, are seen even more helplessly at its mercy. It is with an immense tragic gayety that Shakespeare shows us this ancient busybody hobbling after her mistress, running her errands and the errands of her mother; looking wisely after affairs, as she and the mother suppose; with all the instincts of the procuress, rendered harmless by the invincible innocence of Juliet. She is the first of those pets and preachers of iniquity who come to ripe philosophy in Falstaff and to the scavenger's wisdom in Thersites.

It is one of the signs of that judgment which was part of the genius of Shakespeare that he should have begun by working on what lay nearest to his hand, and with the materials which he was sure that he had in his possession. It is probable that *Romeo and Juliet* was written a few years after the two narrative poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece"; and in these poems we see Shakespeare exercising himself, so to speak, by giving the most elaborate expression to sensual and to heroically domestic love. In the comedies there is scarcely a perceptible note of preparation. Love is a game, a sentiment, a thing of fashion, preference, polite employment; it is worn as an ornament, the heart on the sleeve wholly as a motive of decoration. We are no nearer to genuine passion than is Romeo when he laments over the coldness of Rosaline. "Night's candles" are not yet "burnt out"; the lover has not yet said, "It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!" But the two poems lay down a kind of foundation, solid in the earth,



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ACT V.: SCENE III. A CHURCHYARD

JULIET: "*O happy dagger!*
This is thy sheath . . ."

on which to raise this chapel of romantic love. It is through the senses that Shakespeare has found out love, and finding it, he has not plucked the flower away from the rest. The passion of Romeo for Juliet and of Juliet for Romeo is a part of nature; not a whim, not a dream, not a sick fancy bred in the brain, but nature itself. It is sex, although the idea of sex is overflowed by a divine oblivion; Romeo sighs after "the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand," and Juliet's is the most honest, the most daylight passion that has ever been spoken in words; it speaks as straight, feels as deeply, and adds as much courtesy to passion as the heroic love which takes on chivalry without quitting nature in Gottfried of Strasburg's *Tristan und Isolde*.

Although *Romeo and Juliet* contains certain lines and passages which are as mature in imagination and as brilliant in execution as anything which Shakespeare ever wrote, the main part of the play has all the characteristics of his early, somewhat formal and somewhat exuberant, period. There are not only rhymes in couplets, but crossed rhymes, in fixed stanzas; the blank verse is often monotonous, line following line, for five lines at a time, with unvarying pauses; sometimes it is as bad as

Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

It can rave like Jeronimo, or split hairs with the painful ingenuity of the period, as in Juliet's series of puns on the word "Ay" and the letter "I." The writing is often self-conscious; the narrative passages have a certain stiffness. We see Shakespeare unwilling to trust wholly to his ear, to abandon himself frankly to his imagination. In the midst of some of his most splendid writing he seems to check himself, and stops to write in a passage on some accepted model.

There is a charm of its own in immaturity, and, for the most part, when it is the immaturity of a vast genius, some rare beauty, growing out of the mere happy accidents of growth, which must be lost with ripeness. Here we have a whole spring-tide of buds; "spring with its odors, its flowers, and its transiency," as Coleridge says, in that exquisite passage in which he turns the play into an

allegory of spring. It is the first play in which Shakespeare touches maturity, but he touches it only, and relapses into the defects and graces that belong to an incomparable promise. There are whole passages, like the lament of the Nurse and the Capulets over Juliet, which are purely lyrical, or like answering music. The *aubade* again is frankly music and a song. Juliet's monologue before drinking the sleep-drink is the first of those many curious questionings of death, in which Claudio is to lead the way to Hamlet. It has been said by Hazlitt, with too hasty an emphasis, that "Romeo is Hamlet in love." There are touches in him of what was probably most like Shakespeare in Hamlet; that is to say, of passionate absorption, of a will which seems infirm because it is too much at the mercy of deeper questionings; but if Romeo sometimes speaks for Shakespeare, a little aside from his character, Hamlet is a wholly consistent part of Shakespeare, detached finally from his creator.

It is natural that *Romeo and Juliet* should always have been a favorite with actors. It is full of pictures; it appeals to the most popular of the emotions; its poetry is only too well fitted for recitation. There never was an actress under fifty who did not feel herself a Juliet, or an actor under sixty who did not see himself as Romeo. For once, Shakespeare wrote great poetry which the mob could not but love, could not but find itself at home with. Juliet is the Englishman's symbol for Helen; and Shakespeare has made her the name for virtue in love, fatal indeed to herself and to Romeo, but innocently fatal. We are far from "the couple of unfortunate lovers" of Brooke's *Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, "written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br.," one of Shakespeare's sources, whom Brooke hastily shows us "finally, by all means of dishonest life, hasting to most unhappy death." "The two hour's traffic of our stage" was, to Shakespeare, concerned with "the misadventured piteous overthrows" of "a pair of star-crossed lovers": he lays the blame on no one, not even on fate, giving us the story as it happened;

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

By Favor of the Gods

BY ANNE STORY ALLEN

I

WHEN the carriage stopped, Mrs. Lawrence alighted with more speed than dignity. She ran up the stoop in the same impulsive fashion and rang the bell. It had occurred to her to take the dogs for a run, and Mrs. Lawrence's thoughts and actions were wont to be as nearly simultaneous as possible.

The butler opened the door. He was Mrs. Lawrence senior's butler. The house was Mrs. Lawrence senior's house. Both were characteristic of that lady—slow, heavy, oppressive.

"The dogs, Smith."

Smith inclined his head, but before he could raise it there was a scratching and scampering across the hall above, and two Japanese spaniels flung themselves down the stairs and on to their mistress. She seized their leaders from the hall settee and fastened one to each wriggling, collared neck.

"Mr. Lawrence and I dine alone to-night, Smith," she said.

"Very good, ma'am."

"We will dine in my sitting-room, and Lena will serve us."

"Very good, ma'am," said Smith again.

"Your master will be home soon," she cried gayly to the dogs, as they ran down the steps in high glee.

Smith closed the door on them, to open it a second later for Mrs. Lawrence's maid.

"What is it, Lena?" asked her mistress, as the girl's face appeared at the carriage window.

"I heard your voice in the hall, and I ran to get this,"—handing her a note,— "and then I was afraid you had gone. I'm setting the table myself, Mrs. Lawrence, and it looks beautiful."

Mrs. Lawrence laughed happily.

"Be sure you keep it a surprise, Lena. Put out my old white chiffon, and have

the roses in the big cut-glass bowl. Has Mr. Lawrence telephoned?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, if he gets home before I do, keep him out of my sitting-room and tell him I am coming back directly. I'm going to the park with the dogs."

"Yes, ma'am;" the maid nodded sympathetically.

The carriage rolled down Madison Avenue, with a round black face emerging from either window, and yelps of salutation and inquiry sounding above the rumble of the wheels. Mrs. Lawrence leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction.

"It's ridiculous to be so pleased about it," she said aloud to Toto's back.

He glanced over his shoulder at her, wagged his stumpy tail, and devoted his attention to a messenger-boy who in exciting proximity was enjoying a ride on the back of a cab.

Mrs. Lawrence laughed.

"Come here, you two," she cried, pulling the dogs toward her. "Won't we have fun! You shall each have a chicken wing, and they're very bad for you." She kissed a silky ear of each and let them go.

"Now we'll be staid and nice again." She straightened her hat and adjusted her veil, stopped to pick up her card-case, and found the unopened note lying at her feet.

"From Tom," she exclaimed. "I hadn't noticed."

She tore open the envelope and read the contents quickly, then more slowly—and then sat very quiet. The dogs, finding there were to be no more confidences, leaned again from either window.

The carriage stopped at Twenty-fifth Street, and Mrs. Lawrence got out slowly, followed by Toto and Pitti Sing, who seemed to have become staid and settled-down dogs, far removed from the excited little beasts that had bundled into the brougham a few blocks farther up-town.



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

PITTI SING WHINED. THERE WAS NO RESPONSE

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On the fourth turn around the park, the little dogs' tongues hung from the sides of their mouths, and their eyes turned up appealingly at their mistress. Not once had she stopped or even slackened speed; and the Japanese spaniels, a trifle overfed and sadly underexercised, found the pace telling on them.

It was too much of a good thing, they said to themselves. First one and then the other lagged behind at the end of its leader, and finally they tugged till their collars slipped up about their ears. Mrs. Lawrence looked around impatiently to see what was delaying her progress, and stopped suddenly.

"You poor little things," she said, stooping and tucking one under either arm.

She turned toward the carriage, and then paused. "I can't go home," she said. "I won't. It's too disappointing." Two big childish tears filled her eyes.

She sat down on a bench near the avenue, and the dogs curled up close to her and went to sleep. Their mistress's mental thermometer had dropped with depressing suddenness. The Lawrence mansion had become a hated prison, and Smith a stern jailer who would close the door on her entrance. Her husband had grown to be a cruel and neglectful person; while the little dinner she had planned took on the proportions of an important engagement, which both love and courtesy should have forbidden him to break.

Mr. Tom Lawrence hung in the balance, while his wife piled his stepmother, his stepmother's butler, and all the unpleasant features of her present life in the opposite pan of the scales. Tom flew into the air at once. Then love hung on and pulled him down bit by bit, till indignation jerked at the other side. They were wavering doubtfully, when Pitti Sing awoke and stretched herself.

At the other end of the bench sat a woman in much the same attitude as Mrs. Lawrence. The other woman's head was bowed a little more and her hands were clasped together. And while Mrs. Lawrence's mouth was set sternly, it was a temporary and superficial sternness, but the lips of the stranger were pressed together as if to shut in a cry of suffering.

Pitti Sing looked searchingly at her.

Then she walked across the space between them and peered up into her face. Two brown unseeing eyes looked straight into two brown inquiring ones.

Pitti Sing whined. There was no response. Pitti Sing pulled her leader from her mistress's undetaining grasp and climbed into the woman's lap over the clenched hands. Placing her paws on the woman's chest, she whined louder. The unseeing eyes opened a little wider, and a look of interest crept into them. Pitti Sing wagged her diminutive tail encouragingly. The woman's hands unclosed and touched the soft coat of Pitti Sing. The tail wagged faster, and a small pink tongue hung over the edge of tiny white teeth in a smile of good-fellowship.

The pale, set features relaxed, moved convulsively, and, with a sob, the little dog was gathered up into a crushing and unexpected embrace.

The scales that Mrs. Lawrence was busy with were left with their contents hanging in mid-air, and Justitia laid aside her rôle to become once more a loving, sympathetic woman, with a heart big enough to include friend and stranger, and to make one of the other as occasion demanded.

She slid toward the shaking figure, dislodging Toto and depositing him on the ground.

"What's the matter, you poor child? Are you ill?" she asked.

The sobs ceased, and there was quiet—a tense quiet that betokened a painful effort at self-control.

Mrs. Lawrence understood. "Don't try not to cry," she said, softly. "It hurts awfully not to cry." As she spoke, she tucked a handkerchief into the hand that held Pitti Sing and patted the arm near her own.

The homely, unconsidered action, the friendly touch, broke down all effort at self-control, and a shower of tears drenched Pitti Sing's coat and Mrs. Lawrence's handkerchief impartially. The sobs died away, and a face with flushed cheeks and wet eyes rose above Pitti Sing's head and turned to its neighbor.

"How good you are!" said the stranger. "I'm not ill, — thank you. I was a bit upset, I think, and the little dog looked so sympathetic and dear."

Here Pitti Sing struggled to free herself. It was all very well to be friendly, but she had been squeezed too hard. Moreover, the strange lady was talking, and so she must feel better. According to Pitti Sing's ideas, when people talked they felt better.

"Pitti Sing is a dear dog," remarked Mrs. Lawrence, looking carefully in another direction as the other woman dried her eyes and set her hat straight. "She's almost human, I often say. Twice as knowing as Toto, though I'm fond of them both."

The stranger looked at her gratefully.

"I beg you to believe that I am not in the habit of sitting on park benches and enlisting sympathy in this fashion," she said, in a tone of mingled apology and annoyance. "I wouldn't have believed I could be so stupid."

"No one saw you except me," said Mrs. Lawrence, in a matter-of-fact voice, "and you needn't mind me in the least. Why, when I sat down here I could have cried myself, with disappointment and rage. If I had been a small girl instead of a grown married woman, I should probably have screamed and slapped my nurse. Maybe I should have cried in another minute anyway, if you hadn't. I can't tell."

The other woman laughed, a soft little laugh, and then stopped suddenly. "I don't believe I've laughed before in weeks," she said. "That's another thing to thank you for." Then she handed the tear-stained bit of lace and linen to Mrs. Lawrence. "It's awfully mussed," she said.

"That's nothing," said Mrs. Lawrence, tucking the handkerchief into her chatelaine. "And I have to thank you for crying and saving me the trouble."

The woman laughed again. "I believe I'm getting normal again," she remarked; "I'm getting back my sense of humor."

"Have you been abnormal too?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"Too?" repeated the other.

"Yes, too. I must be abnormal to fly into a temper and feel myself abused just because—well, for almost nothing."

"Sometimes," said the other woman, "the almost-nothings are the last bits of the big somethings. Were you ever lone-

ly?" she asked, abruptly. "So lonely that it seemed that you would die if you couldn't speak and tell some one how lonely you were?"

Mrs. Lawrence nodded. "I know," she said. "I wasn't lonely, but I knew I was going to be, and that's what made me come and sit down here. I couldn't bear to go home." She reached down for the dogs' leaders. "We didn't like it, did we, Pitti Sing, to dine all alone?"

Here she realized that she was talking rather freely and personally with a stranger, and that stranger's need of sympathy having apparently been supplied, a natural reserve made her rise to her feet to depart.

But the other woman was still reaching out. She had not quite gained her mental balance.

"Dine alone!" she was saying. "I have dined alone every night for weeks, and it seems centuries. I've been walking round and round this park to see if I couldn't get tired and hungry enough not to mind it to-night. But I believe it's going to be worse than ever."

Her big brown eyes were tear-stained and very appealing. She rose and held out her hand. "I have been alone so long that I've forgotten how to act when any one speaks to me," she said, with a tremulous smile. "Forgive this ridiculous wail, won't you? Good-by."

Mrs. Lawrence took the hand, but did not drop it at once.

"My dear," she said, impulsively, "we are two lonely women to-night. You don't know why I am lonely, and I don't know why you are. That doesn't matter. Why can't we forget for this evening that we're not old friends? Why won't you come and dine with me at my home? I will promise to send you home at a most respectable hour, in my mother-in-law's most respectable carriage."

A generous response showed in the stranger's face.

"How delightful—" she began. "But you don't know me."

"Neither do you know me, but I'm sure we shall like each other. Come on, Toto; come, Pitti Sing."

The other woman caught her breath. A childlike smile came to her lips.

"Oh, if I could—" she said, doubtfully.

"Well, you can, and you're going to. There! don't cry again, or I shall too, and we won't look nice for my dinner party. We'll have a lovely time. Here, you take Pitti Sing's leader. Come on, Toto."

II

"I could put a porch on that end, and there's just room enough this side the stable for a rose-garden. That would suit Meg down to the ground. It's more than I wanted to pay, but, hang it all! a man's got to have a home. What's the odds if it does leave my bank-account a bit sick-looking? I can earn more. I'm tired of living with the old lady, and I'll bet Meg is too, though she's too decent sort to complain."

With this disrespectful reference to his stepmother and characteristic compliment to his wife, Tom extracted from his case a large cigar and carefully lighted it. He paced the back porch slowly and with a delightful sense of proprietorship.

"Meg shall have her trap too—what's the odds?" he went on; "and maybe I can squeeze out a couple of saddle-horses, if my C. B. A. goes up. Where on earth is that confounded cab? Rexford said he'd send it right over. I'll get a bite at the club and chase home and tell Meg all about it. Hope she wasn't cut up because I didn't dine home; seemed to want me for some special reason. Well, when I tell her about this—Hi, there! what you doing?" He broke off suddenly in his musings to call to a figure that was crossing the lawn from the stables.

Having in his mind already bought the place, made several desirable improvements, renamed it from "The Poplars" (without a poplar in sight) to "Rose Manor" (the rose-trees were yet to be planted), Tom felt a certain responsibility, a householder's right and duty, as it were, to know who was crossing his lawn from his stable in that suspicious fashion.

"Hi!" he called again.

At the unceremonious address, the man turned and raised his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said. Then, coming nearer: "I didn't know the place had been sold. I have been taking a look at the stables. The caretaker should have told me they had changed hands."

In the gathering dusk Tom saw a man about his own age, whose face looked unnaturally pale, and whose hair showed prematurely white under the rim of his hat.

"I was rather hasty, my friend," apologized the embryo owner of "Rose Manor." "Fact is, I don't own the place yet, but I expect to, as soon as the papers can be made over and the check signed. Really, it doesn't belong to me now any more than it does to you, so I'm afraid I was a bit previous, not to say discourteous."

Tom's apology brought a smile to the stranger's face.

"The darkness may have been responsible for your taking me for a tramp," he said, "and I can quite understand that feeling of ownership."

"Pretty good sort of a place," remarked Tom.

"Pretty good sort," replied the stranger.

"Do you know the owner?" asked Tom.

"I used to be here a good deal," returned the man; "I was looking in the stable to see if 'The Lady' was there, but the traps and horses are all gone."

"The Lady?" questioned Tom.

"A roan mare."

"That must be the one Rexford thought I could get for my wife," said Tom. "He said the horses had all been sold except this one, and that he thought the owner would let her go at a reasonable price now. Says she's a dandy little roadster."

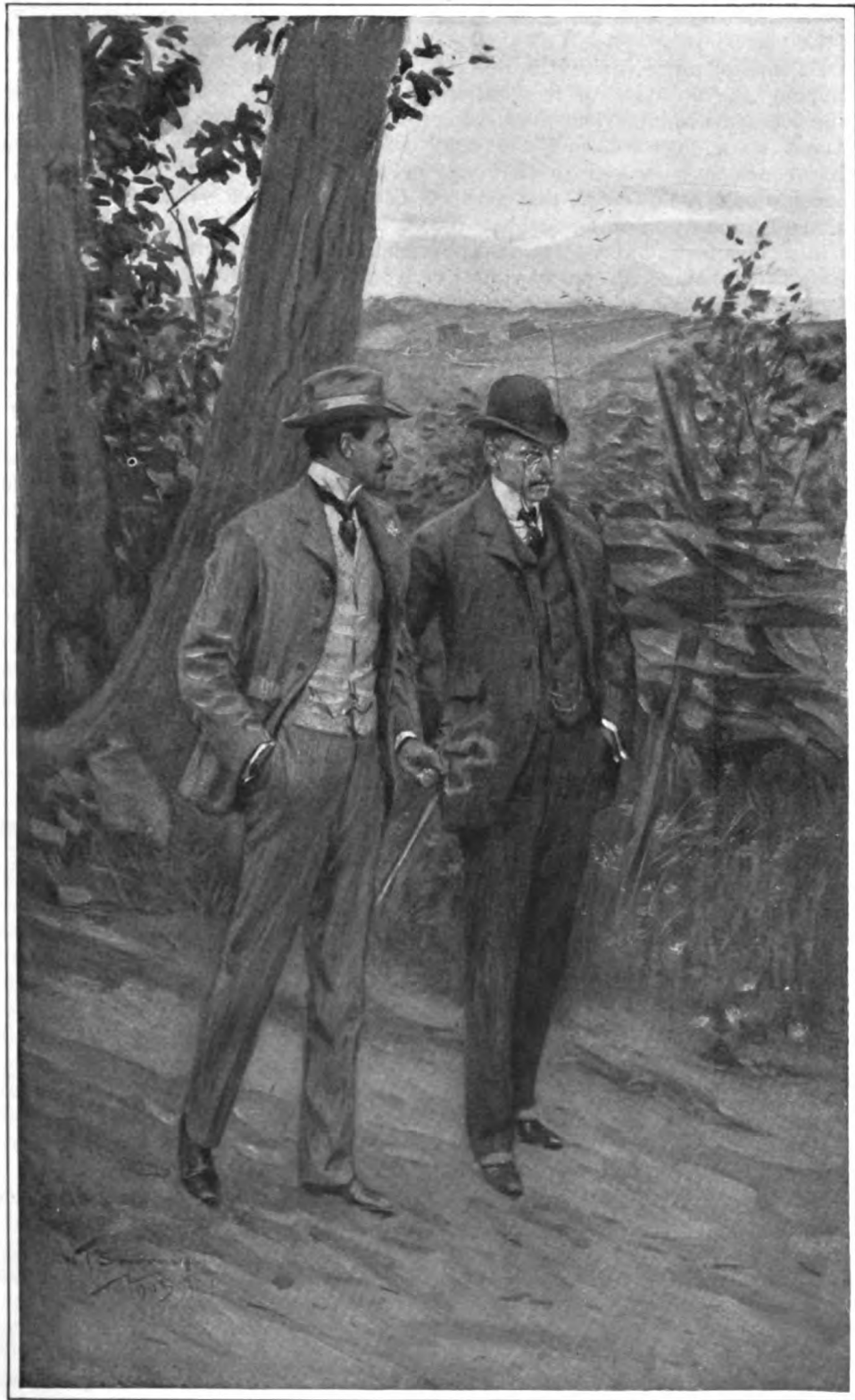
"She is," said the stranger, adding hastily, "Used to see Mrs. Carleton driving her a good deal."

"Live near here?" asked Tom.

"No," answered the man; "I've moved."

During the conversation he had been gazing about nervously, bending his slender walking-stick back and forth. Tom watched him with an impersonal interest at first, then curiously.

The man's manner was queer, and Tom, who was unsuspicious by nature, but could on occasion reach swift conclusions, suddenly announced to himself, "He was in love with her"; after which womanlike intuition manly reason asserted itself and cried out, "He wants to



HE CAREFULLY REFRAINED FROM SPEAKING OF "ROSE MANOR"

buy the mare"; and then, through a noble effort of intellect, "He's going to try to buy the place."

Mr. Tom Lawrence invited himself to accompany the stranger to the station, having learned his intention of catching the next train to town, and the man having courteously agreed to the companionship of Mr. Lawrence, that gentleman made himself most agreeable. He carefully refrained, however, from speaking of "Rose Manor," endeavoring by this strategic silence to give the impression that the purchase was a matter of trifling importance in his mind. But he strained his eyes as they neared the station to catch the first glimpse of Rexford, who he was sure would be waiting for him. The stranger was very quiet, and his silence seemed to confirm Tom's suspicions as to his design of obtaining the place they had just quitted. With each step Tom became more grimly determined to see Rexford first and to clinch the bargain before the other man could make an offer.

The train was rushing into the station as the agent dashed up in his high cart.

"Didn't the cab call for you?" he cried to Tom.

Tom excused himself hastily to his companion and ran up to Rexford.

"No; but no matter," he said; and then, leaning in muddy proximity to the wheel: "Be sure you come to my office with the papers early to-morrow. I'll have the check ready. I've said I'd take it, you remember, and you're not open to any other offer!"

"Lord, man, I don't expect any other offer," said Rexford. "Men aren't standing round in bunches ready to make cash payments for real estate. Of course I've accepted your offer and glad to get it, though you're getting a bargain too, young fellow; you don't want to forget that."

"All right," and Tom started for his train.

The stranger had turned abruptly and walked through the station. He was just entering the rear car as Tom, with a mingled feeling of triumph and meanness, followed. On the top step Tom heard his name called, and turned to find Rexford behind him. The train was starting.

"Ask him what he'll take for 'The Lady,'" he called breathlessly. "I believe he'll let her go cheap."

"Who? What?" ejaculated Tom.

"Carleton." Rexford was trotting beside the moving steps. "Make him an offer. The man you were just talking to, chump! She's worth five hundred, but I believe he'd let her go at—"

There was a loud whistle from the engine, and Rexford's figures were lost. Tom clung to the rail and leaned over the steps.

"All right," he shouted back to Rexford, who was fast dropping behind. "Much obliged," he bellowed again, and with a farewell wave of the hand he entered the car.

So that was Carleton, the owner. Well, he—Tom—had made several kinds of an ass of himself, but, hang it all, why had the fellow been so dumb? Why couldn't he have said, "Who the devil are you, ordering me off my own place?"

He sank down by Carleton, who had not glanced up as he paused by him. It was evident that the present owner of "The Poplars" had no overwhelming inclination for the society of the future owner of "Rose Manor." When Tom was actually seated, however, he nodded pleasantly.

"Looked as though you were going to miss the train," he said.

"Had to speak to Rexford," said Tom. "Look here!"—he turned to Carleton abruptly and drew out his card-case: "My name's Lawrence—Tom Lawrence. Here's my card, and I've just made an offer for your house, and it's been accepted. Why in thunder didn't you tell me you owned the place?"

For the second time, Tom's honest bluntness brought a smile of appreciation. Carleton hesitated a moment before replying.

"There were several reasons," he said, finally. "the most important being the fact that I don't own 'The Poplars.'"

"Why, aren't you Carleton? Have I made another blunder? Why, he told me to ask how much you'd take for 'The Lady.'"

"I won't sell her at any price—and I told Rexford so."

The abrupt, aggressive answer gave Tom a sensation as of sudden contact

with an electric battery. The shock, though unexpected, was not wholly unpleasant.

Carleton searched for his card-case. "Allow me," and he handed the pasteboard to Tom. "My name is Carleton, and the mare is mine, and I won't sell her. But I'm not the owner of 'The Poplars.' It belongs to—Mrs. Carleton."

"I beg your pardon for being so insistent," said Tom. Something in the man's manner confused him. In the background of his mind hovered the intuitive impression he had received when the owner had said, "Used to see Mrs. Carleton driving her." But the thought that this man was in love with Mrs. Carleton was of no value, intuitive or otherwise, for this was Carleton himself, and naturally—and then he glanced at the card he was holding. "Mr. Edmond Carleton, Paris," he read. Reason came to his rescue. "The Poplars," was evidently the family home of the Carletons. The son might own the horses, but evidently the place had been left to the mother—stepmother, very likely. Tom was suddenly sympathetic. There was a place on the Hudson that ought by good rights to be his, only that his father— Well, no matter now. And here this poor chap was obliged to see the place he loved sold, and out of his reach perhaps for good. He leaned toward his companion.

"Why didn't you make her an offer through your lawyer?" he asked. "She probably wouldn't have known nor cared where it came from, so long as it was cash. By Jove, if my father's place gets into the market, you can bet I'll make one good try for it, if I have to put up any sort of a game on the old lady."

Carleton looked at him. There was something very truth-compelling in Tom's boyish gaze, and Carleton found himself saying, quite gently and as if trying to soften the embarrassing effect of his explanation:

"The place belongs to my wife, Mrs. Carleton. She left me two years ago;" and then he added, "I haven't seen her since,"—though of what possible interest that could be to Mr. Tom Lawrence, or why his voice had that unfamiliar sound in it, he could not have told.

Strangely enough, a scene of his child-

hood came before Carleton. He saw himself with a little spade in his hand, standing before a mound of rough brown earth. He seemed very much alone in the world, though mother and father and sisters and brother were all safe and at home in the big plantation. He had escaped from them all, and had done the work alone. And then a tramp, a dirty, ragged tramp, had appeared from somewhere, and stood looking at him. The overpowering need of human sympathy had suddenly overwhelmed him. It would not, could not, wait, and driving fear before it, broke from his lips in—"My dog is dead. He's buried there."

Why should this picture leap back to his memory just now? There surely was nothing similar in the situation; but just as into the eyes of the vagabond had come the sympathy needed and demanded by the child, now over Tom's sensitive face there passed the softening touch of understanding.

It was gone in an instant, for the twentieth-century stoic asks and expresses the minimum of verbal sympathy.

"Oh yes—well, that's different. Of course, you don't want the place, then." Tom's voice was sympathetically unexpressive. He glanced at the card he was holding. "You're living in Paris, I see. I was over there in '98. Bully old town, Paris."

"Yes," agreed the stranger, "unless you like New York better."

"Well, I'm a New-Yorker, born and bred, and my father was before me." Tom's anxiety not to intrude on Carleton's private affairs was leading him to speak of his own with unwonted freedom. "My wife is a New-Yorker too. Paris is a bully old town, as I said, but New York's home."

"Yes," agreed Carleton, again. "New York's home. But sometimes the doors of home are shut in one's face, and then we beg a room in a neighbor's house. Paris has been a kind neighbor." He laughed a little as he spoke, but Tom didn't care much for the laugh.

Ignoring all he felt to underlie the man's words, he gave his ideas as to homes in wordy detail. It was true, he declared, that New York was not a city of homes. Of course the apartments were delightful and temporarily desira-

ble, but one couldn't add to an apartment. You couldn't build on a porch here, a bay-window there. There was no garden, nor lawn, nothing green about the place—except the janitor.

And then Carleton took up the thread and told of his apartment in Paris, and mentioned some of the people he knew, and suddenly it dawned on Tom who Carleton was.

"Why, you're the artist!" he said, abruptly,—“the fellow that does animals! Why, Meg's got a lion of yours.”

Carleton laughed a natural hearty laugh that made Tom smile in response, though he turned a little red.

"I'm slow," he said; "I ought to have known. But names mean so little to me, and I was thinking—"

"Mr. Lawrence," said Carleton, "you were thinking of buying a house for yourself and your wife. You weren't thinking nor caring a button whether I was Carleton the painter or Carleton the plumber. I'm glad to have met you. I'm glad you're to have 'The Poplars,' and I hope to God you'll be as happy there as I was—once."

The last bit of ice floated down the stream of sudden friendship and melted quite away as the two men shook hands. Unreserved as Tom was by nature, his frankness was met by his new friend in the same degree. By the time the train rolled into the station the two were to dine together at Tom's club, and as the ferry touched the New York slip, Mr. Carleton was saying, "An hour ago no money could have bought her, but I'm glad Mrs. Lawrence is to have her."

"Meg loves horses, and I'm a thousand times obliged, old man," said Tom, simply.

They ordered dinner in a small room off the café. Carleton seemed tired and ate scarcely anything.

"I believe I'll sail Wednesday, if I can get a cabin," he said, suddenly.

"Tired of us so soon?" asked Tom.

"New York's getting on my nerves," said Carleton, trying to speak lightly. "I need something quieting."

"Like Paris?" scoffed Tom. "Come, stay a while longer. I want you to meet Mrs. Lawrence."

"Next time," promised Carleton. "I'd really like to, but—"

"I wish—" began Tom, vaguely.

"Don't," interrupted the other; "I've wished so often that I've worn myself out wishing. Lawrence,"—he leaned over the table toward Tom,—“if a woman told you that she never wanted to see you again, that she'd made a mistake and wished she could undo it, what would you do?"

"I'd—I'd get out, I suppose," said Tom, trying to force his imagination to listen to such words in Meg's voice.

"Well, that's what I did—I got out. But the trouble is I can't stay out. I come crawling back like a whipped cur. On one excuse and another I've been back six times the last two years. And then I catch sight of myself mentally and remember the whip-lash of her words, and then—I get out again. Nice business, isn't it?" And Carleton the envied, Carleton the successful, turned a strained white face away from Tom's scowling sympathetic one. "I'll walk a few blocks with you, if you don't mind," he said, abruptly.

They walked along the avenue without speaking. Tom was thinking deeply. As for Carleton, he was like one in a dream. His eyes were narrowed into two gleaming brown lines, and his jaw was shut tight on his cigar.

Smith let them in.

"Just one nightcap, old man," urged Tom. Carleton acquiesced, still silently.

"Who is the carriage waiting for?" Tom asked.

"A friend of Mrs. Lawrence," replied the butler—"Mrs. Lawrence junior."

"She's had some woman to dinner, and is sending her home," guessed Tom. "Come into my den."

He stood before the tray of glasses and decanter that Smith brought, but made no move to offer his guest refreshment.

"I've been thinking," he began, abruptly. "It's none of my business and I'm not much good at settling things or offering advice—even if you'd take it; but it seems to me—" Carleton pulled himself together and listened politely.

Tom's voice jarred, and Carleton was conscious of an overwhelming desire to get away—then, that moment, out of the house and away from the man who had surprised him into talking of things that wounded and bruised.

A revulsion of feeling swept over him. Instead of sympathy he wanted indifference. He felt that he would give years—years of his life—if he could unsay the words that had opened his heart to this stranger. Tom was speaking. Carleton listened with a strained smile that was masklike in meaning.

"It seems to me—I've been thinking—suppose it was Meg—Mrs. Lawrence—it seems to me—I'm doing it badly, I know, but perhaps if you should see her, could meet her just once—Don't you know where she is—"

"I know the place—from the other side of the street."

"It seems to me that if you would go there—ask to see her, you know—and just walk up to her and say—"

"Good-evening?" broke in Carleton, the smile deepening. He felt he should choke his host in a moment. How could he ever have thought this man sensitive, sympathetic? He was a blundering fool.

"No," went on Tom, literally—"say, 'I've come for you. I want to take you home.' Why, I—I believe, old man, she'd go."

"Do you?" asked Carleton, in a voice that was ominous in its controlled quiet. "You're a good adviser, old man. It's easy. Just go to her house—she's living in her father's old Washington Square place—and ring—follow the butler to her sitting-room, perhaps—and say—what you suggest. Simple, isn't it? I wonder I never thought of it before. To be sure, the insignificant fact remains that she has told me distinctly that her happiness lay in never seeing my face again, but of course if you advise—"

But Tom had not followed the words, and the tone was agreeably modulated. When Tom thought, he thought deeply, and it took a good deal to arouse him.

"Women are queer," he went on. "They're awfully queer, and sometimes they say and do things there's no accounting for. And do you know,"—he leaned toward Carleton with an air of triumphant conviction,—"*I don't believe she meant it at all.*"

"You are more kind—" began Carleton, slowly. "Kinds of a fool," was on his tongue. His nerves were on edge. How came it that he, Edmond Carleton, was here in this stranger's house, talking,

discussing his wife, Sylvia, whose name had not passed his lips for two long, hateful years! He couldn't remember how it had happened. He only knew he must get away before he struck him. He should strike that smiling confident face in another second.

"You are more kind—" he began again, and then knew that he mustn't finish. He backed toward the door.

"Don't look so upset, old man," cried Tom, "and I'm not kind at all. It's just a conviction I've got, and if you should feel like saying what I've told you—just trying it, you know—"

With a mingled sound of rage and despair Carleton turned toward the door. He summoned all his self-control in a final effort.

"Excuse me, Lawrence," he said. "You've been very lenient to a stranger's insane maundering. Glad to have met you." He thrust a shaking hand at him.

Tom shook it genially. "Try it," he said. "Faint heart, you know—" and his laugh sounded to Carleton like the jeer of a torturer.

"And you won't have a bit of Scotch?" But Carleton had the door open and was half over the sill.

He stopped at the sound of a silken swish of skirts.

"Your wife," he said, stepping back into the room.

"You're so good to let me have Pitti Sing," said a voice, half-way down the stairs; "I'll bring her home in the morning. No, the man isn't here, but I'll let myself out. Don't come down. You look out of your window and see me safely away. Oh, it's been such a lovely evening, and I can't thank you enough. I'm thankful—so thankful I met you. Are you? That is good of you. But you weren't unhappy, and I was. It's going to be better now—I feel it is. Good-night, good night."

Mrs. Lawrence's voice, raised and carrying well, came down to the hall:

"Smith ought to be there. You're not afraid? If my husband were at home he'd go with you. Good-night, dear child, and come early, won't you?"

"Good-night!"

A figure was passing through the hall. Carleton took a step forward.

"Wonder who it is?" said Tom, in a

low tone. "I don't know her voice." And then he suddenly caught sight of Carleton's face!

The figure came into the full light of their door, turned, paused.

Tom gave Carleton a little push. "Try it," he said in a loud whisper—"I've come for you," and closed the door of the den gently.

Two wide brown eyes looked into Carleton's by the dim hall light. Their frightened expression changed into a questioning gaze. Under their influence and Tom's hypnotic suggestion Carleton began: "I—I've come for you—I want to take you home." Then he stopped. Tom's suggestion had gone no farther.

"Do you?" asked a wavering voice; "do you—really—Edmond?"

"Do I?" cried Carleton, hoarsely—all trace of hypnotism gone. "Of course I do. Oh, Sylvia! Sylvia!"

Pitti Sing gave a little yelp.

"Wait, dear, not here," said Sylvia.

"Yes, *here*," said the new Mr. Carleton.

Tom ran up the stairs to his wife's sitting-room. Mrs. Lawrence was looking down into the street through parted curtains. He heard the carriage door close and his wife's low exclamation.

"Meg!" he called.

She turned a startled face toward him.

"I thought I saw a *man* get into the carriage," was her greeting.

"You did?" asked Tom. "Then it's good-by, Rose Manor."

"Rose Manor?" echoed his wife.

Moonlight and Music

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

DEAR Heart, do you remember,
That summer by the sea,
One blue night in September
When you were here with me,
How like a pearl uplifted
The full moon rose and drifted,
And how the shadows shifted
Until the stars were free?

Along the beach the breakers
Brought in their lavish store,
Gathered from ocean acres,
And strewn the curving shore;
Grasses that gleamed and glistened,
Flowers that the sea had christened,
Shells at whose lips you listened
To learn their wonder-lore.

Softly the breeze blew over
From groves and gardens fair,
Spilling a scent of clover
Into the balmy air;
The breath of pines around us,
Fragrant it came and found us
Just as the moonlight crowned us
And Love at last came there.

What music hailed our rapture!
What singers on the sand
Were they whose hearts could capture
Our joy and understand?
O Wind and Wave, they guessed it,
They sang it and confessed it,—
Their love and ours,—and blessed it
There on the moonlit strand!

Dear Heart, still sweet the story,
For all the years gone by:
Still floods the moon with glory
The land, the sea, the sky:
And still the night-moth hovers
Around us and discovers
The same devoted lovers,—
Wind, Wave, and You and I.

Plant and Animal Intelligence

BY NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER

Dean of Lawrence Scientific School, and Professor of Geology, Harvard University

THE question as to the extent to which intelligence controls the universe is perhaps the oldest and most debated of all philosophical problems. As soon as men came to the sense that the world demanded an explanation they began to be truly human in that they felt the necessity of accounting for things beyond the range of brutal needs. They saw that the world was full of actions which had a kind of order clearly related to such as they themselves shaped—that the successions of day and night, the round of the seasons, the ways of animals, all, indeed, that met their eyes, had a shape and order that were best explained by supposing that they were made and guided by unseen beings like unto mankind. Out of this primitive effort to interpret nature came first a variety of simple explanations. The invisible controlling powers were the spirits of those men of might who had passed away, or they were those of great beasts and birds, or in more developed accounts of the matter they were gods who had existed from the beginning. The main point of it all is that the natural process of explaining the world is by the supposition that it is under the control of intelligence; that method of interpretation seems to be the inevitable beginning of the thought which has led in one way to the higher religions, and in the other slightly divergent way to natural science.

Between the dogmatism of religion and the positivism of science, like motives which were early established, there remained something of the earlier speculative state of mind, that exploring motive—of which we find traces in able savages and children as well as in philosophers—which is never satisfied with loudly affirmed certainties, but regards imaginings. From such people, evidently, in very early days and with new origi-

nations in every age to our own, came the idea that the power which rules the universe is intelligence; not separated from it and dwelling apart as a man does in the field he occupies, but resident in the realm, so that all that exists is the god. There are sundry interesting variations in this pantheism; but whether we find it in the faith of India or in the curious speculations of Schopenhauer, it involves the idea of intelligence dwelling in things,—a view which is sharply contrasted with the ordinary concept of the divinity ruling from without, or that of natural law impelling events in inevitable sequence.

Although pantheism is a permanent view as to the order of the universe, it has never held a considerable place in the thought of Western peoples. It offends their religious spirit by denying the personality of God; it exasperates science because it seems to be a vague, unprovable hypothesis, and therefore not worthy of consideration. So strong has the tendency of modern naturalists been to get rid of the notion of intellect having any efficient share in the management of the universe that Huxley and others have held to the view that mind was a peculiarity of man, the lower animals being essentially automata, all their apparent intelligence being due to mere reflex action essentially comparable with mechanical movements such as those of sensitive instruments,—with no intelligence whatever in the action. At first sight this seems an almost preposterous opinion; yet it has been adopted by many sagacious students, apparently for the unconscious reason that in no other way save by sharply limiting the field of intellect to man can we avoid the necessity of extending its operations throughout the whole field of organic life; and this extension would in turn require that we

shall carry the interpretation into the realm of the inorganic as well. It was natural that men of the extreme Darwinian school should contend against any view as to the domination of phenomena by intelligence. The doctrine of natural selection had to them the advantage that it placed organic life in the control of mechanically operating laws, thus uniting it with the rest of the universe. The strain on the logic of their reasoning when they made an elephant an automaton seemed less serious than it would be to suppose that animals were in any measure guided by intelligence. They were seeking to establish a monistic conception of nature, and to gain that philosophers have often made such a sacrifice. In this instance it was in vain, for it traversed experience, and even the inventor of the notion lost faith in it before his death. Once again naturalists are tending towards the idea that there is some form of intelligence resident in all organic forms, not only in those of the animals, but also in the lowlier plants.

To those who have not followed the studies of modern botanists which bear upon what we might term the animal-like habits of plants it will be difficult to convey an adequate idea of how like are the actions of these apparently remote creatures. Moreover, any effort to set forth the facts in illustrative detail would require space not here admissible. Taking, however, certain familiar instances, we may cite the growth of plants in darkness towards the light, and the movement of tendrils in the direction of a support which they seek. There is a host of similar actions which may conceivably be automatic if we are willing to introduce the conception of the automaton wherever it is needed, though without proof that it is present, much as the ancient astronomers dealt with the notion of epicycles when they found their computations called for it. In effect, the automaton hypothesis, though in a way legitimate, now appears to be in many instances more objectionable than that which accounts for the action of plants by the operation of some mode of intelligence. The question is one of great difficulty, for the means whereby critical tests may be made are not in our hands; the best we can do is to approach

the problem with an open mind and with the conviction that on its solution may depend the view we are to hold as to the nature of the control which shapes the world.

In approaching the question as to the existence of intelligence in plants the student has but one available resource. He must contrive to build a series, or a kind of a ladder, reaching from the clearly determinable, step by step, over the unknown to the point he is to determine. In this instance the first step of the ladder must rest on human nature, on the intelligence we know in ourselves, and thence the successive steps of the series lead by way of the animals downward until we attain to the grade of creatures not above the plants in complexity; then by comparison between the earlier animals and the plants we may obtain a basis for a judgment,—as we shall see, a fairly well-affirmed foundation for belief.

Even the automatonists have to acknowledge, apparently to their sorrow, that intelligence exists in man, but they hold this to be an eminent peculiarity of this aberrant species. Moreover, they hold that even in man the automaton is the greater, the basilar part, the intelligence being no more than a light upon the summit of the structure, which as a whole is essentially mechanical. This view as to the nature of man appears to be based on a confusion of the intelligence which is conscious of itself and that which is below the plane of that peculiar mode of mental action. One of the most important results of modern psychology has been to establish the fact, long fairly evident, that a large part of our mental processes, as truly intellectual, save for the peculiar illumination of self-consciousness, as any of our mental work, goes on without our knowledge. In fact, if we could separately weigh the two groups of thought, we should probably find that by far the greater share of our thinking never comes to light. Still farther, we see that many of our actions which become after a time essentially automatic, as, for instance, writing or fencing, begin in the field of self-consciousness, and thence pass to that of the unconscious. Others, such as breathing, may be performed, as in the lower animals, in the so-called automatic

way, or they may by man be voluntarily done. In a word, we may accept the statement that our higher intelligence is but the illuminated summit of man's nature as true, and extend it by the observation that intelligence is normally unconscious, and appears as conscious only after infancy, in our waking hours, and not always then.

Next let us note the important point that while each of us knows himself to be endowed with a conscious and unconscious mind, we only infer that state in other men, basing the inference on what they tell us by their words or deeds. It is true that it is perhaps the safest of all the inferences we are called on to make, yet we make it on the basis of our observations of things which are beyond our personal knowledge. There is the possibility—it is true almost infinitely improbable, yet the possibility—that the observer is the only individual actually possessing the quality he terms mind, and that all the others seemingly so like himself are really automatic. This view of the matter, although it appears preposterous—indeed offensive—to us, should be clearly apprehended, for it sets forth the solitary position of the individual, and makes it clear that all he can know of the other individualities in the universe has to rest on judgments based on their actions. We have to take such evidence as proof of kinship; if we decline to do so, we are at once imprisoned in ourselves.

Accepting the proof that our kindred and our friends are like ourselves and other than automata, let us after the manner of men very easily extend it to those who are evidently of our race because by speech they declare it to us; then, less easily, to others of alien language who do not so plainly declare the identity of their quality with our own; further, with some difficulty, to the insane, to the idiots, and so to the lowest levels of human nature. The logical steps of this inquiry are spontaneously taken; it has needed no argument to enforce them; it would be unreasonable to do so now but for the further steps in the argument. The first of these steps takes us across the space that parts man from his lower kindred of the anthropoid group. In the chimpanzee and the goril-

la we have, it is true, species which are somewhat farther removed from mankind as a whole than the highest species of our genus from the lowest, yet the interval is not much greater. Every bone, organ, bodily function, is the same in the humanlike apes as it is in man. There is no reasonable doubt that the actions by which they indicate states of mind exactly like our own may be taken as true indices of that likeness. To hold any other view we have to do it not only without proof, but against evidence of exactly the same nature that leads us to believe that our fellow men are as rational as ourselves. It is of course to be conceded that these anthropoids may lack self-consciousness; it is, in fact, very likely that all or nearly all their mental processes are without that peculiar light, as is probably the case with our children in their early infancy. But that a chimpanzee thinks, whether he thinks that he does so or not, rests upon as good evidence as that which affirms the existence of chemical laws in the processes of the sun. If we give over using the principles of likeness of results as a basis for interpreting causes in this instance, consistency leads us to the destruction of all scientific interpretation.

Accepting the conclusion that intelligence is not limited to man, but exists among creatures which dwell on the other side of the boundary that parts the swiftly progressive human species from the slower-advancing groups, we at once are committed to the plan of following the series downward through the vertebrates, at least, seeking some place where there is reason to believe the intelligent being gives place to the purely automatic. If the reader will look for himself, he will surely come to the conclusion that there is no such point of passage. He will see that the fundamental qualities of the mind as he finds it in man and his nearer brute kindred appear to remain the same through all the stages of the descent down to the fishes. That the creatures are feebler in intelligence, especially in rational quality, in proportion as they are lower in the series is fairly evident, but all the way to the lowest forms which we can term vertebrates the likeness remains, so that throughout the type of back-boned animals the evidence requires

us to postulate an intelligence as akin to our own as is the plan of construction of the body.

In the present state of our knowledge there is no approach to certainty as to the series through which the vertebrates derived their life from yet lower forms. That the type graded downward into the lower invertebrates and thence into creatures such as we class as protozoa may be assumed as certain, and that in these invertebrate series we have groups of action which are more explicable by intelligence than by any other known mode of action is clear. Taking the lowest of the protozoa, the least organized so far as we can determine, where there is so little visible on which to base any judgments, the group known as the amœbæ, we have creatures which reveal hardly more than does a bit of transparent jelly. There is no mouth, no digestive tract, no apparatus for sensibility such as a nervous system, or organs of sense. Yet here, as in other protozoa, we have actions such as motion, feeding, choice of stations, etc., which are, so far as we can see, different in no essential way from like actions in the higher vertebrates. It is, of course, possible, assuming that there are such things as organic automata, that somewhere in the descending steps from man to the lowest living creature we pass a point where there was an infinite change, all the creatures below being mere physical engines unenforced by intelligence, and the next above with some share in the higher, utterly different conditions of action. The observer has to be watchful for sudden changes in series, but he may never invent them without evidence, otherwise he is not true to his craft, and here there is no evidence whatever to justify the notion that an original automatic series gave place to an intellectual. It is altogether to the effect that an originally simple diffused intelligence residing in all parts of an undifferentiated body, as in the amœba, became with successive advances specialized in a nervous system and greatly developed in its range and scope.

The view just above set forth, as to the essential kinship of the primitive intelligence of the lowliest animals with that of the higher, finds something like proof in the fact that developing from the low-

lier groups, from a plane well down in the invertebrata, there go off two other series besides that leading towards man, both of which attain to mental powers which, though differing in certain ways from our own, are of a high order. These are the higher articulates and the cephalopods. In both these groups the sense organs are, as regards their position, essentially the same as in man. The creatures cognize their environment in the same way: they see, hear, smell, and touch; they react on it in the same manner, they love, hate, and fear. In the cephalopods, of which we know very little as regards their habits, the range of intellectual action is as limited as it is wide in the insects. In the last-named group we have marvels in the way of deeds which, though hard to explain on the basis of intelligence, elude all explanation whatsoever on any theory of automatism. The fact that from the common life of the lowlier invertebrata two separately developed series have led to distinctly intelligent forms indicates that the common foundation whence they sprang contained the germs of mind.

If we may regard it as established that the animal series from the lowest to the highest forms are in some measure influenced by intelligence—the evidence seems to me to compel this opinion—the question arises whether there is any reason why we should limit the action of mind to this kingdom, allowing it no place in the vegetable. On this point it may be said that while the ancient views as to the strong demarcation between plants and animals have had to be revised, there remain certain physiological differences, which serve in a general way to separate the two groups. Thus the plants are so ordered that they are all able to obtain food directly from inorganic matter, while animals have that ability in very small measure. Plants have also the capacity to break up the compound of carbon and oxygen, commonly known as carbonic acid, which is not characteristic of animals. Yet when these differences are weighed they do not lead us to believe that the two groups are anything like as distinct as they are commonly supposed to be. The most reasonable view is that they both are derived from some common ancestral

form which could not well be termed either animal or plant, but was merely organic, and from this primitive stage of life diverged the two series: the plants to keep a close relation to the mineral kingdom, and to develop towards structures not greatly affected by intelligence; the animals, to take their food from plants, and to push up towards structures destined to afford habitations for mind.

Looking toward the organic world in the manner above suggested, seeing that an unprejudiced view of life affords no warrant for the notion that automata

anywhere exist, tracing as we may down to the lowest grade of the animal series what is fair evidence of actions which we have to believe to be guided by some form of intelligence, seeing that there is reason to conclude that plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, we are in no condition to say that intelligence cannot exist among them. In fact, all that we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work.

Achievement

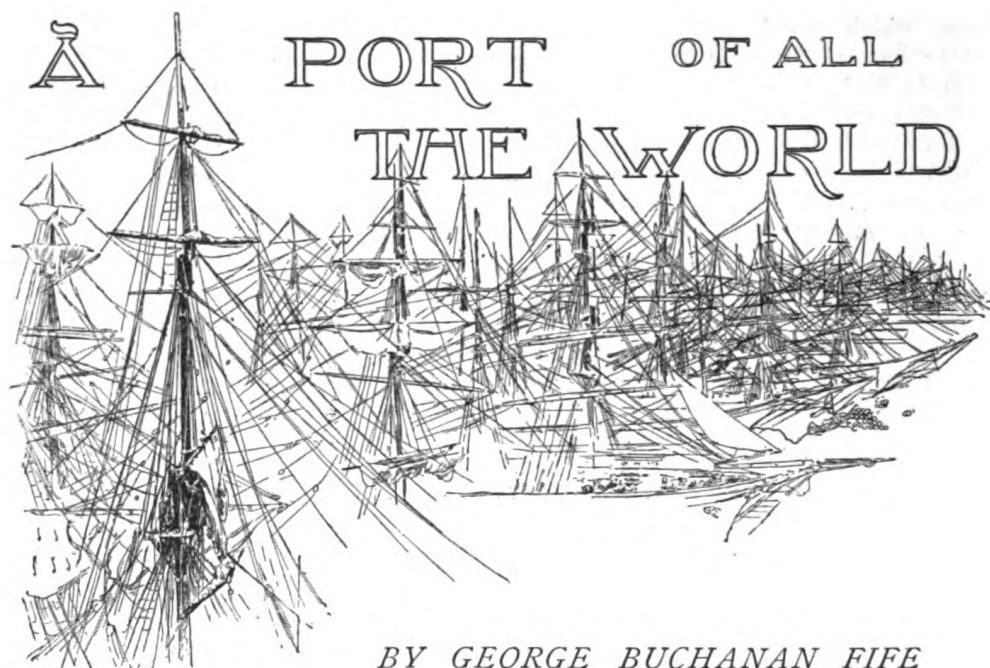
BY MADISON CAWEIN

HE held himself splendidly forward
 Both early and late;
 The aim of his purpose was starward,
 To master his fate.
 So he wrought and he toiled and he waited,
 Till he rose o'er the hordes that he hated,
 And stood on the heights, as was fated,
 Made one of the great.

Then, lo! on the top of the mountain,
 With walls that were wide,
 A city! from which, like a fountain,
 Rose voices that cried:—
 "He comes! Let us forth now to meet him!
 Both mummer and priest let us greet him!
 In the city he built let us seat him
 On the throne of his pride!"

Then out of the city he builded,
 Of shadows it seems,
 From gates that his fancy had gilded
 With thought's brightest gleams,
 Strange mimes and chimeras came trooping,
 With moping and mowing and stooping—
 And he saw, with a heart that was drooping,
 That these were his dreams.

He entered: And, lo! as he entered
 They murmured his name;
 And led him where, burningly centered,
 An altar of flame
 Made lurid a temple—erected
 Of self—where a form he detected,
 The Love that his life had rejected—
 And this was his fame.



HAD there been an element of Gallic fancifulness in the temperament of those who selected names for New York's landing-stairs, South Street and West Street,—or, perhaps, had they been able to see from their years into ours,—they certainly would not have so named them; instead they would have made the ship-hedged highways one, given it some such appellation as “The Street of the Nations,” and gone prophets to their graves. Were such a name bestowed now there would be nothing of vainglory in it, because to these two streets come the peoples and the wares of the world. They have called to the dwellers over-seas with promises they knew they could fulfil, and from North, South, East, and West the answer has been borne in the throbbing, headlong liner, in the dawdling “tramp,” the striving, dauntless ship of sails, and the heavy-laden coaster. And it is in these streets one comes to fullest realization that the port of New York is a port of all the world.

Along its wharves one walks from clime to clime, hearing the speech and the slang of many tongues, seeing fellow mortals of every known shade of skin. It is a geographical jumble, a sort of international fair presided over by one goddess—Commerce. Little does it seem to her that only the breadth of a pier should

separate Orient from Occident, the cool northland from the tropics. She has marshalled her forces from the limits of her widespread empire, hastened them along converging ways, and then permitted her glad servant, Man, to give them bidding-place. And in New York the glad servant has no alternative save to berth them where he may, for ships are many and berths are few, and Commerce brooks no waiting. From ten to twelve vessels arrive in port, day in, day out, through the year. In one recent month 261 deep-sea craft with tight-stowed holds came to their piers along South and West streets, and the flags they flew were American, British, German, Norwegian, French, Danish, Italian, Dutch, Cuban, Belgian, Spanish, Austrian, and Portuguese. They brought the people and the merchandise of twice a hundred ports, and some, the China ships, had come through a hundred and sixty days of sea to deliver up their chests and bales.

In becoming a port of all the world, New York has only attained its manifest destiny. Mother Nature arranged it all when the waters receded. She planned the great, quiet water-court of the bay, and drew the gates almost together to yield the weary, thankful sailorman a fuller knowledge that his voyage was at an end. Within the gates she gave him generous

sea-room wherein to draw aside from the highway and rest craft and self. Far off his bows she set an island like a rugged hand for man to build a wonder city in its palm. Then Commerce, who had been awaiting the call, went to the gates and summoned her legions. By this time prosaic man had dubbed the gateway The Narrows, and named two fingers of the close-held hand South Street and West Street.

The reason the cosmopolitanism of the port is more appreciable along the water streets is that there it has its beginning; one sees it before its ever-widening ripples are all save obliterated in the turbulence of the city. Whatever comes to the port from foreign shores, be it fish or flesh or good red herring, comes to one or the other of the water-stairs, and although it may be lost as soon as it leaves Bowling Green astern, for a brief space at least it is part of the hurly-burly of the wharves.

But as West and South differ and yet are related, so is there difference and yet relationship between the two cardinal highways. West Street is of this year and last year, South Street is of this year and fifty years ago; and each, after its own fashion, is striving day and night, to the racking cough of donkey-engines and the tramp of endless files of bow-backed, shuffling men, to handle the commerce of the port.

West Street is the haven of the long, swift liners, with their polite passengers and perishable goods. There one strikes hands with the capitals of the Old World.

Paris leans eagerly against the rail in frills and flounces, and waves a very small scented handkerchief in a very small tightly gloved hand under the admiring protection of a waved mustache, peg-top trousers, and shoulders of the Farnese Hercules; London stands quite straight in a tailor-made gown and flat boots, and makes indifferent comment upon the row to a stolid, florid companion-piece in tweeds; Berlin, rosy and round, catches sight of Wilhelmina and Heinrich hailing from the pier long before Gottfried has ceased wondering at the towering buildings; Rome surveys the scene through dark homesick eyes, and darts a glance at radiant St. Peters-

burg and marvels at her English. Then they come bustling down the gangplank, sandwiched between innumerable stewards in shell-jackets straining under great loads of multilabelled luggage. New York is waiting for them at the foot of the incline to welcome them as Argonauts—for the Fleece is still seen golden in the Westland—or as home-seekers, and, after the customs ordeal, whirls them away in car and carriage and loses them among the masses of her people. No sooner has the stream of passengers begun pouring down the gangplank than covers are whisked from hoisting-engines, and the stevedore with



STRAINING UNDER LOADS OF BAGGAGE

his whistle takes command. Up from the warm holds comes the cosmopolitan cargo,—bales of rugs from the tedious looms of the East, silks from France, plethoric barrels of German pottery, boxes of English cloths, wines in cask



A BEWITCHING SENORITA

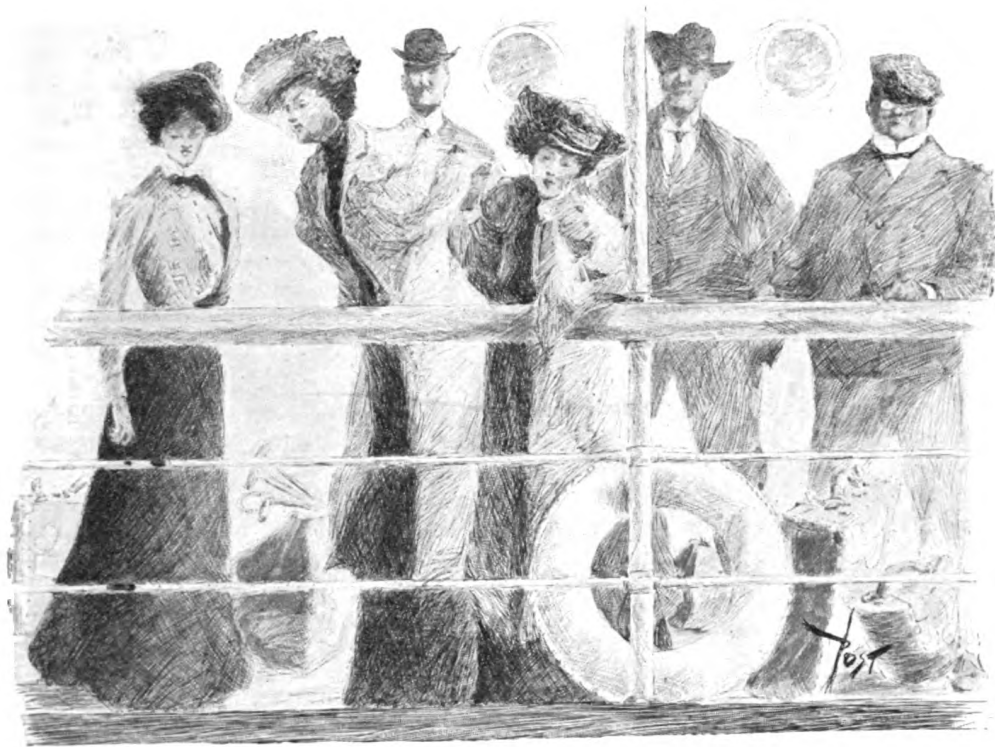
and case, all the wares which competition demands shall reach their destination with the greatest possible despatch. Sailing-ships are slow and wet, and not for such as these, wherefore steam lords it over sail and decrees a new romance of its own.

Close on each hand of the express liners are the river and Sound boats, and a cable-length away the coasters and

the West-Indian and South-American steamers. These last, like the Spanish ships and the fruiterers, are the ones which bring the air of their South ports with them, not only in the scent of their laden decks, but in the figures which crowd them, and talk and talk and smoke and smoke with many gestures and undeniable grace. The fruiterers come in mainly at the southern end of West Street, and the blacks who break out the huge, odorous bunches of green bananas keep up a loud conversation, which seems to be addressed to every one within hearing, since answers come from all directions. The squat, deep-chested black with the straw skull-cap—a hat shorn of its brim—is calling to another in the strange, soft patois of Martinique, and not a dozen feet away a St. Vincent negro shouts down the hatchway with the broadest of broad a's and a cockney disregard for h's. Meanwhile the stevedore is telling the visitor about a man who was bitten by a tarantula in a bunch of bananas that day six weeks ago, and that his arm swelled up as big as his leg;—now, you ask the skipper if that isn't so; sure, it often happens. And after that the visitor watches the men who shoulder the bunches with infinitely more interest.

The lemon-ships are redolent of the warm South. The bulging boxes with their elaborate purple lettering and stencilled figures of impossibly ugly signorinas are often adrip from the crushing of the fruit, and the air about is heavy with the pungent odor. One hears little else save Italian, unless it be a full-mouthed Irish oath at the slowness of some dark-skinned, dumpy man in brown velveteen trousers, who mutters "Si, si!" and "shakes a leg" rather less quickly than before. These cheerful, undersized men can carry prodigious loads from sunrise to nightfall, and then shuffle homeward in their much too large coats and picturesque hats—there are few swaggerers of the stage who can wear their wide hats with half the dash of the Italian long-shoreman—chattering for all the world as if they were just going to their labors.

It is when a Spanish ship arrives that color and mirth and music come into the port. There is no need then, for the sake of that iridescent, misapplied thing called "local color," to drag in by the heels



ON THE DECK OF A LONG, SWIFT LINER

such enhancing "props" as "olive-skinned sons of Spain thrumming guitars," and "bewitching señoritas with midnight hair," and the like, because they are there, courting all the euphonious adjectives of verse and as merry as the four-and-twenty black birds. When the Spaniard comes to her pier, the señorita in her marvellous pompadour is likely to be hatless, unless the day be cold, while the señor seems all ashiver at her side. Color is often as conspicuous among the men as among the women, for the men cling to blankets and serapes, save in midsummer. They congregate aft in a noisy crowd while the steamer is being made fast, and chatter and roll cigarettes. The blankets, which they wear in brigand fashion, are bordered with gay colors if they are not already blue or red, and muffle their wearers to the ears. Some of the men have coarse woollen capes which sweep the deck. No one ceases smoking for an instant, and there is a prodigious amount of "borrowing" of lights. The women have eyes for everything—and such eyes!—and many are not quite so slender as they might be; but that is

no fault in Spain—Carmen has not been a slip of a girl these many years!

In voyaging to Spain the Spanish ships set an Irish course; they go first to Havana, gather passengers and cargo, and steam back to New York to fill their holds; then, when all is snug, they sail for their destined port. Two or three days are sometimes required to stow the American goods, and it is during this period that the ships add most to the cosmopolitan character of the port. They become hotels for the time, the women passengers making occasional sallies into the city in the brightest hues their wardrobes afford, evidently bent on demonstrating that Spain acknowledges no such thing as a clash of colors. If South Street, where the Spanish piers are set, were not quite accustomed to what those who navigate above the Fourteenth Street parallel deem extraordinary, these brilliant birds of passage would undoubtedly create a commotion. As it is they attract little attention, because the street is too much occupied to do more than turn its head when the swish of skirts and wake of

Chypre announce the passing beauty. The idlers and the longshoremen who lean against the sunny walls of the warehouses and wait for work see them, of course, and pay them doubtful tribute in ogling and ejaculation, but the tramping crowd of nations on the sidewalk gives small heed. There are too many nations in the world—and in South Street—for that.

In the evening the Spanish ship in port forgets all about New York and becomes a Spanish island, at least between decks; mandolins and guitars are brought out just as if it were in a stage setting, and there are singing and dancing far into the night. With hand on hip and high-tossed head the dancer stamps and sways through the tarantella, ending with a merry half-conscious laugh in the clamor of applause.

"Dance?" the longshoreman said, standing by to make fast a dripping hawser as one of the Spanish ships was being warped alongside her pier. "Say! I've seen 'em dance in there like reg'lar variety-show dancers. A couple of fellers is settin' off to one side with guitars, pattin' their feet for time, an' a girl gets

up and steps into the middle an' does a dance as would knock your eye out. An' say! can't them Spanish fellers just pull a guitar inside out! They keep their heads goin' from side to side and pullin' away till it sounds like a whole brass band. I don't know what they're singin' about, but they cert'nly can sing. There's always three or four of 'em aboard with guitars, an' it seems as if every one of the women can dance. Now, I'll bet you *she* can dance." The man jerked his head in the direction of a young woman who was leaning her elbows on the rail, watching the mooring operations. As we looked up at her she drew back, and although this apparently did not indicate anything save a desire to avoid scrutiny, the longshoreman said, "I told you so," with the evident intention of being heard on the upper deck. The young woman did not show herself again, whether she understood the implied compliment or not; and half an hour later, when the passengers hurried over-side to enjoy a motionless foothold and explore a new city, she was not to be distinguished from a score of others who had very black high-rolled hair. But



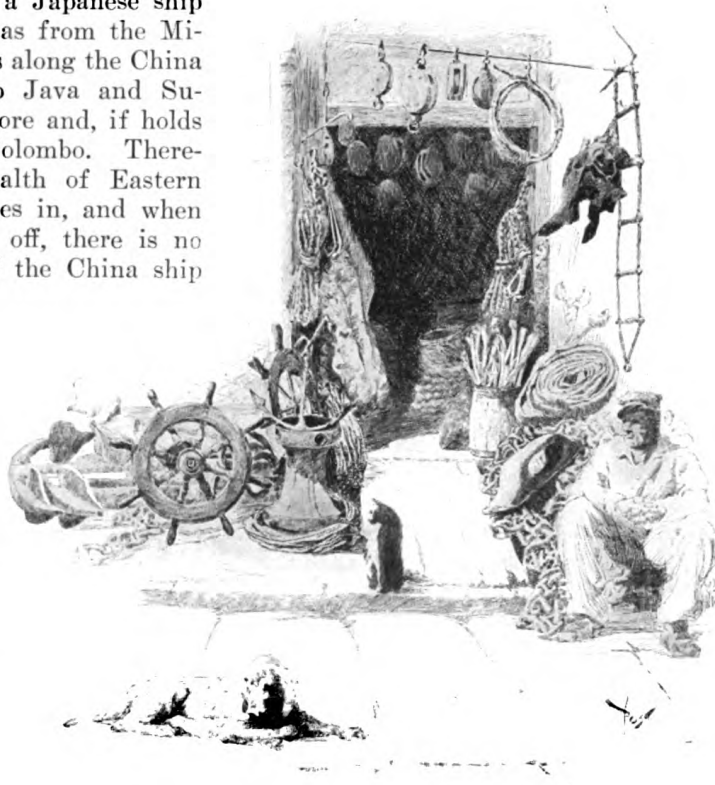
WHERE LONGSHOREMEN WAIT FOR WORK

it should be said, in behalf of the long-shoreman, that she was probably one of the dashing figures in the merriment which filled the ship that night, as there were five in the dances who looked amazingly like her.

From Spain to China is a far cry, save in South Street, and there the countries are within the toss of a biscuit. The odor of the raisins, the licorice, the Cadiz casks, and the bales of cork from Seville is mingled across a few narrow piers with the indescribable yet all-describing scent which arises from a China ship. The China ship is also a Japanese ship and an East-Indiaman, as from the Mikado's Empire she ranges along the China coast and southward to Java and Sumatra, thence to Singapore and, if holds be not yet filled, to Colombo. Therefore it is with the wealth of Eastern ports that the ship comes in, and when her hatches are thrown off, there is no doubt that the proof of the China ship is in the smelling. She has aboard sandalwood, cinnamon and other spices, tea, black-wood ware, hides, and coir matting, and the odor is of each and all. Occasionally about the deck one meets a fore-castle Chinaman, but these are as rare as the curios in the skipper's cabin; what one never fails to see is John the cook, in blue drill blouse and trousers, leaning from the doorway of the galley, stoically uninterested in what is going on about him. His inner self never appears to be aroused until Li Fow and Charlie Fong come down from Doyers Street to visit him and cheer him with their greetings, which begin and end on the same key.

Farther along the piers is a stocky, low-riding steamer with a cargo of dates from the Persian Gulf, and, a hundred yards away, a ship with a load of currants from Greece. One misses here the noise of hoisting-engines, and sees in-

stead a patient-looking, flea-bitten horse, with a rather less patient driver, toiling full-chested against its harness to raise the cases from the hold. A Belgian bark at an adjoining pier is laden with window-glass and rags for paper-making, a Norwegian barkentine astern of her is giving up a store of wood pulp and matches, and to the southward another bark with a grizzled crew has brought a cargo of mica from Greenland. It is an



ANCIENT SHIP-CHANDLERS CLING TO THE WALL

endless array of shipping, each ship with its distinctive burden from remote shores, and all pouring their treasure of commerce at the feet of the city.

South Street is a street of old-fashioned things, and scores of years look down upon the toiling, teeming highway from high-peaked roofs and dormer-windows. There the ancient ship-chandlers cling to the wall against which Progress has thrust them and speculate upon their chances of existence. In their shops are



IDLERS SUNNING THEMSELVES IN SOUTH STREET

redolent, museumlike collections of marine wares. Huge, many-sheaved, weather-beaten blocks hang from overhead beams like hams in a smoke-house; sidelights and forestay lanterns, some clinging still to the fading distinction of polish, share the dusty eminence, and against the walls countless fathoms of anchor cable, highly suggestive of sausage, trail down into rusty piles on the floor. In the grateful background shadows, modest companies of rope coils and sea-worn sails court rest and quiet behind bulwarks of superannuated deck-fittings. Among the tenantry of the "show" windows are stands of carbines, short-swords, unreliable-looking revolvers, oilskins, and generally a coat of military cut with greenish braid and buttons. The shops are gloomy, mysterious places, equally appropriate for refurbishing four-masters or fitting out Central-American revolutions; their business is mainly with lean men in caps and wrinkled clothes who haggle interminably over prices.

Shoulder to shoulder with the ware-

houses and shipping-offices, and as if leaning against them for support, are the low, fat "hotels" with saloons on the street floor. These are filled with the noise and smoke of garrulous seafarers and wayfarers; big bony men who have not made the harbor for more than a year,—and men without a hailing port, whose only cruising is from bar to bar. Near the corner of Fulton Street are the meeting-places of the skippers, clean wide rooms with a multitude of arm-chairs, where Cap'n Jack and Cap'n Jerry—surnames entirely superfluous—may indulge in cribbage or seven-up, "write home," or read the papers. Across the way—and that means from the Hook to the Battery—are the ships coming, tarrying, going, the liner with three millions of gold in a steel box, the schooner with a deck-load of Georgia pine.

Peoples follow trade, so they crowd to the port. Every day through the iron gateway east of the Barge Office an amazed, confused throng of men, women, and children, alien in tongue and dress, enters upon new life in a new

country. These Argonauts hesitate a moment on the sidewalk, their loneliness full upon them, not realizing that, whatever be their native land, they shall not walk many steps before encountering a countryman; that somewhere in one of the water-front streets a ship is unloading a cargo from their own shores. Camel caravans, donkey trains, sledges, poled dugouts, lumbering river steamers, and breech-clouted bearers are laboring throughout the zones to send their wares to this universal port; liners are gathering their multitude of packages, "tramps" are nosing from harbor to harbor for trade, and sailing-ships, creaking with their cargoes, are staggering under booming canvas to keep alive their old-time glory.

And so the ships of the nations meet

at the piers, some vain of the loads they have brought and braggarts of their zeal, others content to set down an armful and hasten back for more.

Off Liberty Island the "tramps" are gathered, fretting at their cables,—because it is the habit of the "tramp" to tarry no longer in a port than is necessary to unload and load again; up the bay the coaster and the ocean liner are racing with the sun to gain Quarantine, rather envious of the doughty brig ahead which has passed the station and, confessing the inadequacy of sails, taken a line from a tug. From sunrise to sunset the ships come in with their costly gifts, rivals for the favor of an imperial mistress, whose courtiers have hastened hither from the ends of the earth.

"1685"

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

BELOW the hill as I came down,
Across the flats where the peewits fly,
I heard the drums through all the town
Beat for the men that were to die!

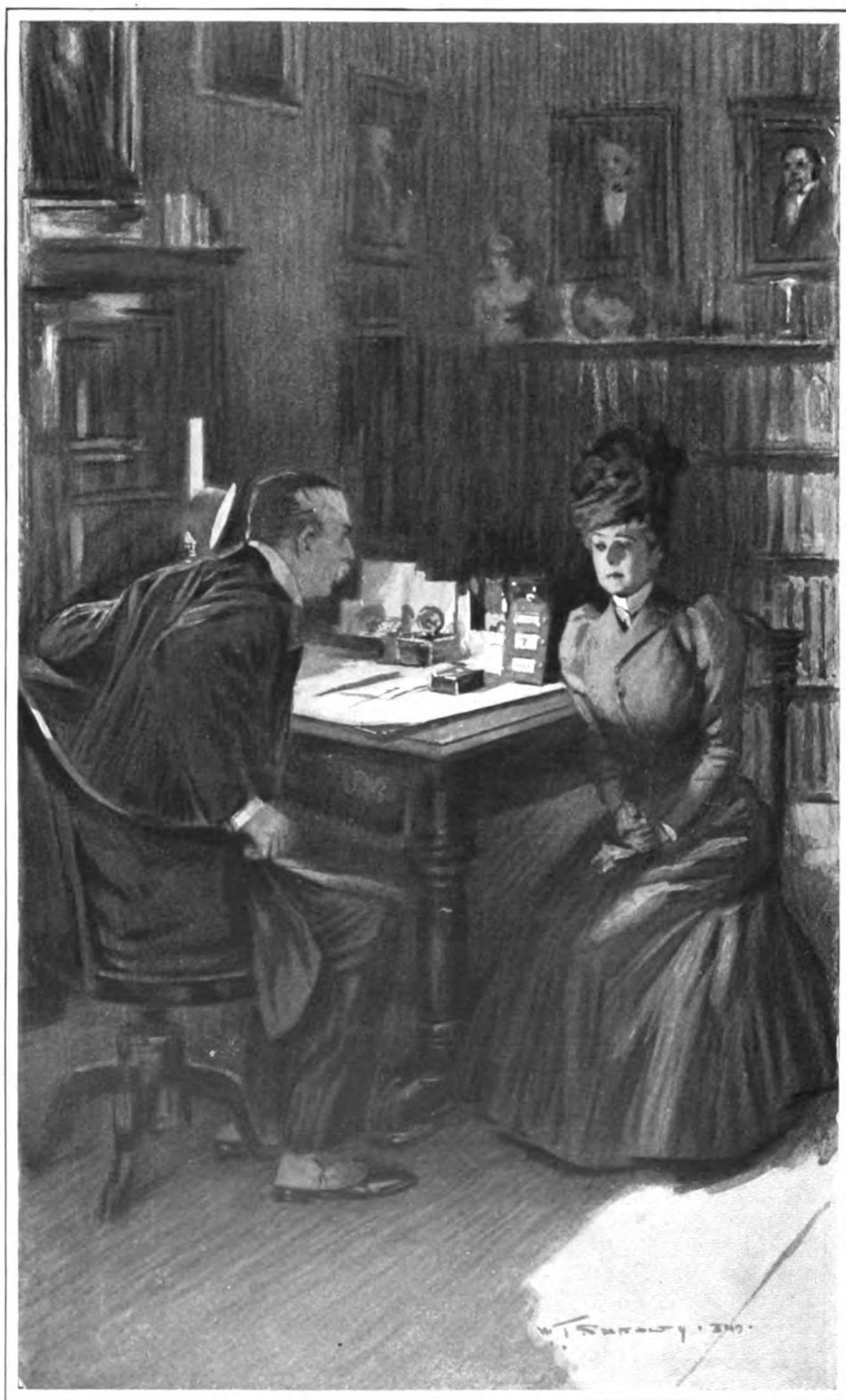
Oh, blithely up the morning street
Looked in with me the early sun,
Up to the market-square, where feet
Went marching all like one.

And dark against the high town-hall
The shadow of the shambles fell;
And clear beneath its gilded ball
The town-clock tolled their knell.

Came bleatings from the distant farms,
But from the market not a cry:
Though wives with babes upon their arms
Stared and stood waiting by.

Oh, oft I come, and oft I go,
And see the roofs against the sky,
But not the town I used to know
Where simple hearts beat high.

Now like a wreck each homestead looks
While round it sunlight falls in flood;
And all the peewits by the brooks
Are crying out of wasted blood.



See page 199

HE SPOKE INSTANTLY AND FORCIBLY

His Prerogative

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

"WHAT did you say? Mrs. Berand? What time is it?"

"Half past eleven, sir,—a little after."

"Where is she?"

"In the drawing-room, sir. I didn't leave her in the reception-room. Somebody else might come in. I thought—"

"You did right. Was there a card? No? And no message except that she wishes to see me? Do you happen to know if she is the wife of Henry Berand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you seen her before?"

"At the trial, sir."

"Who is with her?"

"She is alone, sir. She came in a cab, and paid the man and sent him away."

Governor Werden looked thoughtfully down at the papers piled before him on the desk at which he was sitting. He turned at last with a motion that with a man smaller in mind and body would have been a troubled shrug of the shoulders, and gave his orders carefully to the waiting servant.

"Go up to Mrs. Werden's sitting-room and ask her not to come down to my office to-night unless I send for her. Ask her not to retire until I see her. Be careful not to alarm her, Wilson, but let her understand that I may need her, or perhaps her maid. Tell her Henry Berand's wife is with me. She will understand. I want you to sit in the hall outside of this door and listen for my bell. You may bring Mrs. Berand here."

Governor Werden, with every one else, had heard almost more of Mrs. Berand than of the prisoner at the time of the trial, and had seen her pictures flaunted perpetually in the papers. After the verdict he had heard still more of her. Her youth, her remarkable beauty, and her peculiarly unprotected and conspicuous position had been among the many

unsuccessful arguments brought to bear upon him, and now it seemed to have been decided that their direct appeal should be applied at this eleventh hour. The time chosen, and the fact that she had come alone, at once added to the prejudice he had already felt against her.

He rose as the door opened, and found himself looking with great surprise at the woman who had entered. It at once occurred to him that this could not possibly be the one he had expected to see, for at first glance she had not, in his eyes, the slightest claim to either extreme youth or great beauty. Though there was nothing studied in her appearance, it was plain that all she wore was skilfully chosen, and so worn as best to bring out every detail of what beauty there was to adorn.

She was closing the door carefully after her,—not turning to do so, but with her hand stretched behind her,—and with the door closed she stood motionless before it, as if waiting timidly for some sign from Governor Werden before she ventured to take her next step into his presence. He stood silent, watching her with a certain surprised amazement. What her age was he could not accurately tell, nor did he believe that any one could correctly guess at the years of a woman whose very features seemed capable of such sudden changes. One moment she had appeared to him plain, not young at all, hard-featured and distinctly world-worn. The next moment she was young, her eyes softly alert, her face curiously beautiful, and with an expressive beauty that held both the eye and the imagination.

All the instinctive forces of self-protection that belonged to him seemed suddenly to stand at arms in Governor Werden's mind.

"Your Excellency—" Her hesitating voice was full of modulations, peculiarly searching and sweet, and her

pause was most womanly, but in reply Governor Werden only came forward silently and gravely. Before he spoke he drew a chair towards her. He gave her neither the offence of bluntness nor the encouragement of a coldness which she might hope to melt.

"I fear, Mrs. Berand, you have had poor advisers. They should have spared both you and me this interview, which they ought to have known could lead to nothing but pain. Everything, I assure you, that could have been said has been already said by your husband's lawyers and friends. They have been very loyal to him. I know you and they feel, very naturally, that it is now I, and I alone, who hold the power of life or death, and I think it will make it very much easier for us both if you will let me try to make you understand at once that as his conviction stands, as the facts in his case stand, I have no more right to pardon your husband or to commute his sentence than you yourself have. What might move me emotionally and most deeply as a human being could still never give me the right or the power to act emotionally as an official. I hope you understand me?"

Beautiful! In that moment he was aware that he was looking down at the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and knew that in all probability he would never see any other woman as beautiful. For the moment, he fairly forgot what he had said to her, as he stood staring at her. It was not merely that her beauty was so dazzling, but its softness, its half-fulfilled possibilities,—above all, its unexpected womanliness,—were utterly bewildering.

"I—I must think a moment," she said, confusedly, as he paused. "You haven't met me just as I thought you might." Her brow was drawn, and both her face and manner were perplexed and irresolute. "If you had been harsh," she cried, suddenly, "I was ready; but you are not harsh. They told me that you were—that you had been, and that you would be, like iron." She looked up swiftly, as if better to read his face, and Governor Werden, standing above her, gravely looking down, responded at once as if to a question asked.

"There can be no change whatever.

I beg you to believe that is final. Let me urge you again to spare us both this interview. You can only make it necessary for me to prove to you that it is utterly useless to hope at all."

Her face was almost plain again, expressionless and dull, as with her head bent she sank slowly back into the chair. Her eyes were lowered to the floor.

"If you would sit down!" she said, suddenly, glancing up again as she spoke. However abrupt her motion or her speech, there was no roughness. Every quick gesture was graceful, and her voice always gentle, however agitated. "Somehow I can't think with you standing there waiting for me. If you would sit at your desk,—as you generally sit, I suppose,—and if you would let me talk as if I were on an ordinary errand, I could do better. It's very hard for me to speak at all. I see you think I was wrong to come, but you don't know anything about it yet, so you can't judge. I haven't told you anything yet."

Governor Werden hesitated a moment, then sat where he was asked to sit. The work which still lay before him was, he saw, to be wholly different from anything he had expected. Vehement pleadings, tears, passionate and distracted entreaties, he had looked for. He was prepared for the hysterical distress of a woman denied that which he intended steadfastly to deny. None of this was happening, nor did he now feel that it would happen. Of one thing he was confident. There was some strong force at work here which it might prove no idle task to meet. This was not a weak woman. Trained as he was by instinct and by his profession to a quick and subtle analysis of character, Governor Werden knew that his earlier impression, formed by hearsay, was false. There was in this woman's nature, or he was widely mistaken, an irresponsible power not betrayed on the surface. As he sat silent at his desk, without looking at her directly, he could see Mrs. Berand's nervous hands as they lay in her lap with the fingers locking and interlocking. When she spoke suddenly at last, as if urged by a quick resolve, and leaning forward slightly, her wonderful eyes were rising and falling, as she seemed able and then unable to lift them to his

face. Her breathless voice also rose and sank. At times he could only hear her with difficulty.

"I know you are thinking I have only come to plead for a pardon. Before I say anything else I—I ought to tell you that perhaps the unkindest thing you could possibly do for me— No, no, that sounds too dreadful as I begin to say it! Only—look at me and tell me—do I look in the least like a woman who loves her husband and knows he is to die to-morrow? I never loved him and he never loved me. That—that is why—" She broke off as if it were impossible to say more.

Governor Werden did not need to be told to look at her. From the first words, so totally different from anything he could have expected, he had sat gazing at her. Instinctively he felt that she was speaking the exact truth, and knew also with a shocked certainty that those words which she had not ventured to speak were truest of all—the news of the death of this man who was her husband would not be to her horrible news!

When she spoke again, it was with a rush of words.

"I—I come to-night to tell you something that no one else knows; but when I try to speak I have no words—When I try, it—it sticks fast in my throat. You must wait. I may not say it at all!" She glanced up at him again, and meeting his waiting, fixed regard, a look of curious irresolution and of distress swept over her face. Her upper lip quivered suddenly, her eyes filled with tears. "I can't—" she said, helplessly, and then broke into a sudden hysterical laugh, as if surprised and annoyed at herself. "I can't be looked at like that," she cried, brushing the tears from her eyes. "Why are you so—so respectful to me?"

She half rose from her chair, and though nothing he had ever heard of her, nothing that he now saw, taught him a confidence in her, Governor Werden knew he was not mistaken in recognizing a passionate shame which did her credit. He spoke instantly and forcibly.

"You have gone much too far, Mrs. Berand, not to be able to tell the rest."

She lifted her head quickly and dropped back in her chair. Both her

eyes and her face hardened slightly. The note of official sternness, the half-threat, seemed to rouse her defiance and nerve her to speak.

"You have all believed that Henry Berand and the—the other one quarrelled about money, haven't you?" she said. Her voice was strained and uncertain. "It wasn't money they quarrelled about—" She broke off for the moment, as if enough had been said, then went on: "Can't you understand now? Don't you see?"

Governor Werden rose to his feet. "What do you mean! Was the man Henry Berand killed in love with you?"

Her only answer was to cover her face with her hands; but Governor Werden stood over her, catching her wrists and forcibly drawing down her shield.

"Answer me!" he cried, sternly, almost shaking her in the strength of his grasp. "Did your husband kill him because he was your lover!"

She had bowed her head low between her arms, so that he could not see her face. The answer came in a smothered voice:

"Because he was my lover—yes."

He still held her in the same harsh grasp.

"And you knew no jury would have convicted him if you had told this! You let him almost die before you—"

She twisted her hands from him with an unexpected violence and sprang to her feet, her face, as she lifted it, flushed crimson, her breathing sharp and quick.

"What do you know about it? How do you know what I've gone through? If I spoke in time that's enough and more. And how do I know the jury wouldn't have convicted him anyhow? He did kill a man—the man I loved, and he did it deliberately. Why should I have interfered at all?" Her voice rose suddenly and broke in a sob.

"Why, indeed?" said Governor Werden, slowly. He set his eyes fixedly on Mrs. Berand's face. "How am I to know if this story is true or utterly false?" he asked suddenly. "How am I to be sure this is not a clever scheme cleverly contrived and cleverly carried out to save the husband you may not love but for some reason do want to save? If any part of this story is true, how was it possible for you to escape

all suspicion at the inquest and trial? You were on the stand more than once, and cross-examined."

Though she was already looking up full into his face, such power of change lay in her eyes that it was as if she suddenly lifted her lashes and with a quick contemptuous glance from her deep eyes said more than words of explanation could have told. She stood revealed, a woman knowing herself supremely seductive from head to foot, confessing her power and exulting in that which had proved her defence in her time of need.

"Did you," she asked, with slow significance, "see nothing else in the papers about those cross-examinations?"

He had, and knew at once to what she contemptuously referred. Whenever questioned by the lawyers of either side she had been so gently handled, so speedily released, as to cause newspaper laughter for days afterwards. As he now looked at her standing there, flushed and tremulous in her excitement, exultant, defiant, beautiful with a strange compelling beauty, he saw the lawyers' dilemma as plainly as if they had confessed it to him. He himself had no actual power, save persuasion, to make her speak further, none to make her speak the truth.

"Am I to understand," he said, gently, "that you are asking me to accept your absolutely unsupported testimony in granting your husband's pardon?"

The excited color ebbed from her face. Her attitude was as if her recent effort had tired her. Her reply was almost querulous at first.

"Why, I have never once asked you for a pardon! I've only told you the truth. Only we three knew. He is dead. I have spoken, and the man who ought to have been a husband to me won't speak. I don't know why he didn't speak at the trial. Every day I expected it. It never occurred to me he wouldn't. From the day I married him he has always tormented me. I was prepared then for all that would come with his speaking, and day after day went by and he let it go—and let it go. I thought it was to torment me with waiting for it to the last moment. I don't know now why he didn't speak. He never loved me. It was the slight to my honor—or to his honor—or

whatever it's called—that enraged him. It was very easy to say the quarrel was about money, for they did quarrel about money too. People who lived as we did are always quarrelling about money with everybody. You don't know all I've lived through. And you've got to remember he killed him before me, under my eyes. Oh, my God! The only human being I ever cared for! I don't know why I came here to-night. I can't tell you why. We all do foolish things sometimes, I suppose. I think I got the notion, as the hours went by, that some time or other—not for years, of course, but after I got old and foolish perhaps—I might come to lying awake at night over this. Then I saw how I could hand over all the responsibility to you. If the truth of all this would have weighed with the jury that convicted my husband, then I knew it would weigh equally with you. And now I know I was right. I've done all my conscience will ever ask of me. This is all, isn't it?"

She was looking towards him as if questioning him impatiently for his permission to go. But Governor Werden still stood looking at her closely. A sudden suspicion based on a new belief in her, a sudden impulse towards a final test of her, had seized him.

"One moment, Mrs. Berand," he said. In his manner there was a deferential gentleness, and as he spoke the quick glance she cast towards him told that she noted the change. Her eyes widened and darkened, the color sprung into her face, her lips parted. As she turned, glancing up at him, she looked younger, more innocent and natural, than she had yet appeared, but there was in her attitude something that suggested a startled bird stooping for flight as the shadow of a captor's hand passes over it.

"May I ask you to sit down again, just for a moment? Thank you. I want to ask you one or two more questions. First of all, may I ask what you think might be the consequence if I went to your husband to-night and told him you had confessed to me this story? How do you think he would reply? Don't hurry to answer me. Take your time and think before you speak."

"Why, how can I possibly tell you what Henry Berand would reply? He

might deny it or he might agree to it. I rather think he'd deny it. I told you before I don't understand him."

"Then, as I understand you, you think that even when I told him you had confessed to me, he would still guard your secret to the literal death. Do you at all realize what a strange thing you are stating, Mrs. Berand? Whatever his faults as a husband, do you realize how you yourself believe in him? It is you, his wife, who tells me that though he knows you were faithless to him, knows you betrayed him for the lover he killed, yet you believe he will still guard you, still place his very life as a shield between you and open dishonor? Doesn't the thought of this devotion, even from the man you despise,—you only know with what reason,—move you as you think of it? For me, as a mere spectator, an outsider,—I cannot think of it or speak of it with composure."

He was standing near her, and she looked up at him steadily, silent for a moment, then her eyes lit slowly, a flame burning in their depths, the flush rising higher in her cheeks. She moved uneasily as she spoke rapidly.

"Yes, yes, I know exactly what you mean! As you tell me the story I thrill too. I feel it. But I feel it all as if it were about somebody else's husband. I can't, I couldn't if I tried,—I must not try,—feel any such emotion for my husband. You never had to stand by and see the man you ought to love kill the man you do love. There are a great many things that people who never saw them can't know anything about—"

Governor Werden checked her, his hand lifted with a gesture that seemed involuntary.

"Oh, stop!" he cried, pitifully. "Stop! It is as I thought. You don't deceive me. It's all useless." He bent yet nearer, speaking with deepening feeling. "This cannot end as I believe you wish and have planned it should end. I do not—no one on earth could—blame you for this effort. It was courage itself! I cannot yield to you, but I honor you from the bottom of my soul as a woman trying to save the husband she loves even at the price of her own pretended dishonor—"

He broke off with a quick indrawn breath, the words chilled on his lips.

"I!" Mrs Berand had cried, starting from him sharply with a look of loathing that seemed to fling his words back into his face.

"I!" she repeated. Her face crimsoned with an emotion too instant and intense for simulation. "I love Henry Berand! You think I would sacrifice anything to save him! Did he spare me? Did he spare—" She shuddered; her eyes widened as if a horrible sight were again visible to her. She shrank down in her chair. "Don't, don't make me remember that again! Don't make me remember what he did, what I saw him do! I hate him. I hate the thought of him. If you do pardon him, I shall never see him, he shall never see me again."

Governor Werden had drawn back at her first words with a gesture that had in it an intensity of avoidance. He stood with his eyes narrowed, as if shutting out the sight of her.

"I was mistaken," he said, with slow emphasis. "I believe your story now from beginning to end, and believe you to be exactly what you have described yourself. I can say no worse and no more. You will see by the papers to-morrow how I decide to act as regards your husband, if you are interested to know."

As if by main force he dragged forward some portion of his wonted formal courtesy of manner, and moved aside, waiting for Mrs. Berand to rise and pass him. As she still sat motionless, looking fixedly up at him, he spoke again, with a sharp contempt in his voice which he made no effort to hide.

"That is all, madam; I will detain you no longer." Without looking towards her he turned abruptly, and crossing the room, opened the door.

"Your Excellency—" She was speaking breathlessly as she swiftly crossed the room to his side, and he knew she was standing near him by the open doorway, breathing deeply, agitated, hesitating.

"Have you anything more to say?"

"Nothing!" she cried out, suddenly, and with a motion as abrupt passed from the room.

Before it was civil to do so, Governor Werden had closed the door as if shutting off from return all that which had just gone out, but even in the act he

knew that he had shut in with him a trouble that could grow only the larger as he thought of it.

"I know I'm disobeying you, dearest, Your Excellency! But indeed I can't keep awake any longer. I simply can't. Wilson came up ages ago and told me you might want me, and I was to be ready to come to you at call, but my own impression is that you found you didn't need me, and so simply forgot my existence. Wilson confesses you've been alone and walking up and down this room for almost an hour. Yes, you did forget me. I see that in your guilty face."

"I always need you, and I never forget you," said Governor Werden, instantly. He paused in his mechanical walk to and fro, and stood looking at his wife, who had softly opened his office door and crossed the floor to his side. Though he turned and spoke, his manner was as if he were striving to rouse himself to reply at all. Mrs. Werden drew nearer to slip her hand through her husband's arm, shaking it slightly.

"Wake up," she said, laughing, "wake up and rest yourself in my reposeful presence. If you hadn't married a fond, silly young wife to divert you, I know you'd be translated in an inky cloud of utter seriousness some fine political day when great issues are abroad. What's abroad now? I never saw you more remote. By the way, who do you suppose paid me a call in my box at the theatre to-night after you left me? You'd never guess, so I may as well tell you now. Mr. Ai."

"Mr. Ai!" repeated Governor Werden, in a tone of amazement.

"Come, sit down, and I'll tell you all about it." She led the way, laughing gayly as she went, to a low sofa set at right angles with the fireplace, where an open fire burned.

"Mr. Ai," repeated Mrs. Werden, as if announcing her subject, and again stopping to laugh. "What do you suppose possessed the man? He sent in his card by the usher and waited in the most formal fashion for permission to pay his respects, and then he came in; and, dearest, why, in his way, the man's charming! Common as he can be, of course, but delightful. And the funny part of it was

he talked to me all the time as if he were half afraid he'd break me. Not deferential at all; I don't mean that—he wouldn't know how to be that. I'll tell you what it reminded me of. You know how cornet-players practise with stops on their instruments so as not to alarm the neighbors; well, that's just the way Mr. Ai talked to me, with a stop on his cornet all the time. You don't know how funny it was." Governor Werden flung back his head and laughed aloud.

"I can imagine it," he said, "I can imagine it. Anything more incongruous socially than you and Mr. Ai would be hard to find. Could you make out what he came for,—or was it a mere sudden social aspiration? You've met him casually, of course, haven't you?"

"Oh yes, plenty of times, when I have been receiving officially. I met him in that way long before I was Mrs. Your Excellency. But he had never had the chance to make himself agreeable until to-night. He was always silent, awkward, very properly out of place, whenever and wherever I have seen him socially; but to-night, as I tell you, he really was delightful."

She laughed again, as much in enjoyment of her listener's appreciation as at her own recollection.

"What do you think he said as he came into the box? That he wouldn't have ventured to pay his respects in person if he hadn't had your leave. Did you give him any such invitation?"

"I? No! He got his English a little confused, as he not infrequently does. He meant to say he wouldn't have ventured to intrude if he hadn't known *I'd* left. What else did he adventure?"

"Oh, not a great deal, but he exerted himself seriously, and really made a very deep impression on me. All joking aside, he made me fully realize what an enormous personal power he must have over men. Almost he persuaded me to like him, which was all he wanted of me just then."

Governor Werden's face grew serious.

"He has that power to an extraordinary extent. He makes men follow him as Moslems Mohammed. I know good—good men who are his unquestioning body-servants politically. He is undoubtedly very remarkable in his line.

He may even become nationally a dangerous factor, if he isn't so already. And he hasn't an honest hair in his head! I don't quite like his boldly coming to your box in that way, Millicent, and I don't understand it."

"I don't think there was anything more behind it, dear," she answered. "It was the more impertinent of him if it was so, but I had the feeling all the time that he came just for fun, for his own amusement."

"Your intuitions are generally to be trusted," he said. "Well, what did you do and say?"

"Oh, not much. I can't really remember anything definite that happened. It was more the impression he was able to make on me that interested me. I should think anybody so adaptable as he and so magnetic might prove most dangerous politically. Your relations with him are friendly, aren't they?"

"Worse! Politically we are more or less close at present. Trying to understand party politics without him would be a little like trying to read a language without its dictionary. I never have trouble of any kind with him. I've hardly spoken to him in months." He laughed again at his half-conscious admission. "We deal by emissaries chiefly. In some way he's not unlike a good-natured venomous serpent. They don't kill unless somebody interferes with them; neither does he. But then it's as well to remember that some snakes call simply walking past them interference."

Mrs. Werden looked up quickly.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "May Mr. Ai resent your possible nomination to the Presidency? Might he call that passing by him? I thought he had committed himself to you. He referred to a speech he had made in which he 'stumped' for you, as he called it."

"No, I didn't mean to insinuate anything. I don't see how Ai could at all regard my possible nomination as passing him by. He knows the people too well for that. He's satisfied with being the lion of his party, I think, and indeed he has reason to be. He sends his jackals hither and yon. They purvey for His Majesty satisfactorily enough."

As the man of affairs fell as if by accident into the discussion of affairs, the

lines of thought that had marked his features when his wife first came into the room settled back into their grooves, making his face seem graver and more set, older than he actually was, and careworn. Mrs. Werden spoke again, hurriedly dismissing the questions that had arisen.

"Well, he was agreeable enough to-night, in his own way. You may wake up some fine day to find the wife of the Reform Governor a 'heeler' for the machine ruler."

"It's no use, Millicent," said Governor Werden, turning to his wife as if dropping a rôle which it wearied him to carry, and lifting her hand to his lips as he spoke. "I'm not to be distracted to-night. You might as well give it up, dear. You are good, as you always are, but there's something on my mind that I've got to worry out before morning. Nothing will refresh me until it is settled. Everything you say only reminds me of it. I can't dismiss it. Berand's wife has been here to-night."

"Wilson told me she was here," answered Mrs. Werden, after a moment's silence. "Oh, dearest, how could they let her come? Was it a terrible scene? Poor soul! Just what you've been afraid might happen, wasn't it?"

Governor Werden rose, walking again slowly up and down the room.

"Nothing happened just as I thought it might," he said. He turned suddenly to his wife. "Millicent, I am going to tell you something, and I want you to reply to me quickly after I speak. I want your intuitive, not your thoughtful, advice. Berand's wife came to tell me that the man her husband killed was her lover, and that he killed him for that discovered reason. He must have known that no jury would have sentenced him to death, knowing the truth. He was silent to screen his wife, she to screen herself. To-night she broke down in a way, and came to tell me this."

Mrs. Werden had risen slowly to her feet as she listened, her delicate face flushing, her eyes bright.

"And to think," she cried, excitedly,—"to think that I have been wishing you had no right to interfere! We can't be thankful enough that you have. I never heard anything nobler! But how—how

could his wife hold out so long? She must be without any heart whatever. What a punishment for her now!"

"How is she punished?"

"How? With all this published, every one knowing she almost accepted his sacrifice! And then the earlier part of the story—"

"None of it need ever be known. I am not obliged to give any reasons in exercising the Governor's prerogative. I have an almost royal power to act without reasons given, while I have the power to act at all."

He stood waiting, looking at his wife, and she drew nearer to him, as if perplexed by his attitude and his words.

"Yes, but you—you can't act here without giving your reasons. This is the man there was so much trouble over, isn't it? Berand? If you pardon him now with no reasons given, the whole country must believe you yielded, after all, to party pressure. It was an open secret; every one knew; the papers stated what party pressure was brought to bear on you from the first. This is the same man, isn't it? The party politician, Henry Berand?"

Governor Werden turned and caught his wife in his arms. He laughed more naturally than he had since she came into the room as he looked down on the flushed face he held pressed against his breast.

"Go to bed!" he said, smiling. "I don't know why I ever thought I could surprise an opinion with no politics in it out of your father's daughter and your husband's wife. It's inbred with you. Can you go up-stairs now and forget all this and go to sleep? You had to know it sooner or later. If I act with reasons given, you'd know the whole story with the public; if I withhold my reasons, there is just one being in the world to whom I should owe an explanation, and that is you."

"Then you have decided to act?"

"That goes without saying, it seems to me. Isn't it merely a question of my reasons being given or withheld?"

Mrs. Werden, her head still resting close against her husband's breast, looked up into his face, her eyes earnest and thoughtful, her brilliant face glowing, but now more with intensity of thought than with excitement.

"Wait one moment," she said; "let me think. Is the woman's story true?"

"I had just finished with that question when you came in. Mrs. Berand's story is true. If I ever saw contempt and aversion expressed in any human face, it spoke in hers whenever her unfortunate husband was mentioned. There was no merit in her confession, no wish whatever to save him. It was, in my observation, clearly a case of gadfly conscience making a coward. It was exactly as if she swung off the responsibility with a shrug of her shoulders to my shoulders. She was a horrible woman."

"Can you get any other evidence?"

"None whatever. Berand is the only other living witness, and his testimony is valueless either way. One way he might agree to save his life; the other, he might still deny to save his wife's honor. Some men's wives are dearer to them than life; he seems, in his way, to be one of us."

He smiled down into his wife's serious face.

"I am almost sorry I told you this before it was settled, Millicent. It may involve the loss of something that I am afraid you will take to heart."

She looked up at him with her response in her beautiful, reproachful eyes.

"No, oh no! Why should I take that to heart? You hurt me saying that. You know I never care about your political life, except in an outside way. I love politics; I always did. But it's not as it was before. Now it's only as if you had bought me a box, and we sit together at the show, and then—then we go home."

"If I pardon Henry Berand with no reasons given, it has to mean gaining the contempt of those whose good opinion I value more than anything on earth. I've got either to betray the secret this man is willing to lay down his life to keep—give him his life at a price he has scorned to pay for it—or take all the consequences. All that was what was staring me in the face when you came in. Now, dear, you've done all you can—first trying to divert me, then to help me with my work. Time is flying; I shall have to be alone."

"Let me stay," she urged. "I won't speak. Let me sit there on the sofa by the fire and wait a little. You know I

couldn't sleep now—not just yet. Let me wait here a little.”

He looked at her, smiling quizzically. “Do you really want to be in at the death?”

She looked up with a swift glance. “What do you mean?”

“You know.”

She hid her face against his arm for a moment, and they both stood silent. Governor Werden lifted his hand stroking his wife's hair when he finally spoke. “There hasn't been any real chance of deciding any other way from the first; not the slightest chance. There are some things that have to go just one way, whatever else happens, and thinking over them is simply a waste of time. If you can make yourself believe that a certain end justifies a certain means, you act one way; if you can't, you act another.”

She did not look up as she answered. “Then you mean to pardon him?”

“No; to commute his sentence.”

“And with no reasons at all given?”

“None; now nor later. You had better go, dear. If you stay you'll watch me write my despatch as if it were my death-warrant.”

“It is,” she answered, looking up wide-eyed and grave. “Politically it is. I told you I'd know whatever you did was right, but there's no use in shutting our eyes to what must happen.”

“Yes,” he agreed. “Politically it is death, and I feel as if the vultures had already scented my carcass and come hovering around. Are you anticipating holding my left hand, Millicent, while I write my despatch with my right? It ought to be written now.”

Her composure suddenly and wholly recovered, she turned from him, and before he could prevent her, quick and graceful in her motions as a hummingbird in flight, she was kneeling by his desk chair, a charming, laughing figure full of life and audacity, holding up the heavy glass inkstand in both hands, as if it were a cup for him to drink. Governor Werden sat down in his chair, laughing also, and drew the despatch-pad towards him. As he dipped his pen in the ink she looked up seriously enough, her eyes filling with tears.

“Don't!” she cried—“don't be so much better than I! I don't mind your being

absorbed. I don't mind your being His Excellency and your manner of state. But I do mind your being so much better— It puts me miles away from you.”

“What is it you would really want me to do?”

His wife laughed through her tears. “As if you'd care a penny which I said! Still, I like your asking. I want you to write what you said you would, because you wouldn't be you if you didn't; but I wouldn't be I if I didn't hate to have you write it. But, indeed, I only care for your sake. I don't care for myself.”

“Then if you only care for my sake, and if I care most for your sake, what are we waiting for?”

He took up his pen and dipped it into the ink which she again held towards him. Mrs. Werden leaned forward, looking over his shoulder as he began to write on the pad. Absorbed as they were, a knock on the door made them both start. Mrs. Werden set the inkstand on the table and rose quickly.

“Let me go to the door,” she said; “we could never stand beginning all over again!”

She had reached the door as she ended, and opening it, received a package from the butler.

The man hesitated. “I was to put this into His Excellency's own hands,” he said.

Governor Werden replied from his desk: “I am here, Wilson. It's all right. Is it official, Millicent?” he asked, as the door shut again.

“No,” she answered, “and it doesn't look important.”

“Open it, then; or, if it isn't important, it can lie until morning.”

There was silence in the room, save for the scratching of the Governor's pen writing on the despatch-pad and the rustling of papers in Mrs. Werden's hands. Suddenly she was standing by her husband's side, her hands trembling so that the papers she held fell on the desk before him. Her face was white, her eyes frightened, and her voice broke as she spoke incoherently, both hands catching his arm.

“Oh, you were right, you were right! He came into my box to-night for pure insolence! It was to triumph over you. He thought he'd already ruined you. She

says you shall do nothing for her. But—oh, we can—we must!”

Governor Werden turned bewildered from his wife's face to the papers dropped on his desk. Among them and almost under his hand lay a certified check payable to the bearer, and signed by Ai. It was drawn for a sum of money that made Governor Werden hold his breath, and look again to be sure he had read the figures rightly. Was it possible—! He caught up the other papers. They were in the shape of a letter which was signed by Mrs. Berand:

“YOUR EXCELLENCY,—I cannot do it. I tried, and I think I succeeded, but I cannot. Either I overacted my part and made myself more horrible to you than I can endure to remember, or you— You treated me throughout as men haven't always treated me, and you would try to believe in me in spite of everything. I haven't any better reason for writing this, and it's the only reason I have. The cause Henry Berand is convicted on is the true cause—nothing else. Everything I told you to-night was false, except that I hated my husband and I loved the man he killed. But my husband never knew I loved him; he never knew it himself. Only one person suspected me. He always knows everything, or almost everything. The mistake he made to-night was not in the woman he sent, but the man he sent her to. No one

could have foreseen—whatever it is that has made me drop out. He had every reason to trust me. I warn you—warn you that he has turned against you. You have only seen what he drank—not the thirst that I know he has. As a proof of all this I send you what it finally took to make me do what I did to-night. You can see what he was willing to stake on his belief in my dishonor—and your honor. I know I am doing a foolish thing in giving it up. It was to be mine for trying, whether I failed or succeeded, but I've done with the whole affair—and this goes with it. Perhaps if I had married a better man—but then all of us would have been good women if something had happened or hadn't happened. Until now I never had an honest claim on your attention. When you have destroyed this check—as I suppose you will—the only thing that ever brought me to your notice at all will be, so far as Your Excellency is concerned, exactly as if it had never existed—as I must be. You owe me no gratitude, nothing, but if you can bring yourself to again believe in me—no, that is asking too much. I think, and the thought frightens me, that from now some things in my life can never be quite the same, not quite as they have been, but whatever I become and whatever becomes of me must be my own story. No one else can help me, and you—believe me, you have done all you can. The rest, whatever it is to be, is mine.”

Sunday Morning

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

O II, quiet Sabbath! Now the breeze
 Scarce stirs the leafage of the trees.
 The sunshine like a blessing lies
 On the green earth. The cloud-flecked skies
 Stretch their great silence over all,
 Pierced only by the birds' clear call.
 All nature seems to pause to-day
 In a rapt quietness, to pray,
 And while its strife and labors cease
 God grants to earth His gift of peace.



A CLASS IN MECHANICAL DRAWING

The Business Organization of a Church

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

THE conduct of a modern church in a big city is a business in itself, like the management of a huge industrial enterprise—a railway or a factory—requiring unusual business aptitude, technical skill, and financial and executive ability. Such a typical church,—vast, intricate, with paid and unpaid laborers,—run like a great railway, is St. George's, Stuyvesant Square, New York. As its rector, Dr. Rainsford, was the pioneer in blazing the right way to the conquest of the East Side, and as it has been the pioneer and the pattern in methods of dealing with East Side problems, it will serve admirably as an illustration of all the representatives of the new church.

In St. George's last Year Book, the rector calls for an endowment of a million dollars. He says he needs at least forty thousand a year in addition to what he can collect from his congregation, needs it for maintaining "*our Church and extensive plant.*" The italics are not his. And he gives a hint of the nature of this extensive plant when he says:

"To take one item. Space for gymnasium, dancing, drilling, teaching the various branches of industrial work, costs in New York large sums of money, and the people who need these things cannot possibly pay these sums."

Turn to the financial statement of the church, and you find that in the twenty years since Dr. Rainsford reorganized the old and dying church into the new and ever more vigorously alive church, it has spent two and a quarter million dollars—at least four-fifths of it upon the extensive plant. Again, you find that last year the church spent about \$97,000, which would be the income of nearly two and a half millions at four per cent.; and almost all of this went into the plant. And these figures make no account of the labor, the free labor, of more than two hundred workers who constitute what may be called the minor superintendence of the plant.

The altar is there; its influence permeates the vast whole, and it is as the hub of a huge fly-wheel. Dr. Rainsford has a staff of assistant clergymen who de-

vote themselves by day and by night almost wholly to spiritual and religious work—to regular and special services in the church itself, to meetings held elsewhere in the region round about, to visits of condolence and encouragement, to the celebration of the holy communion by tenement sick-beds, and so on. But Dr. Rainsford is also a general superintendent of a plant which, excepting for his supervision, is carried on almost exclusively by laymen connected with the church. His wardens are an executive committee, his vestrymen are a board of directors, his regular lay assistants are his division superintendents and foremen, and his workers are the skilled labor. Affairs once regarded as purely secular absorb most of their time and thought. The spirit, no doubt, is of the world to come; but is not the substance almost wholly of this world, of its hard and toilsome life and its pressing and practical concerns?

St. George's latest annual report contains 258 pages. The first thirty-six are Dr. Rainsford's annual report—six pages or thereabouts concerning the church, thirty pages concerning the plant. Sixteen per cent. the report of a rector;

eighty-four per cent. the report of a general superintendent. Then follow about thirty-five pages of reports on religious work, pure and simple. The rest of the book, just under 200 pages, is almost wholly made of the reports of the foremen of the various departments in the secular plant. And as you study these reports, you understand why St. George's has grown from a membership of a few hundreds twenty years ago to more than 8000 to-day, why it exerts such a vast influence, direct and indirect, throughout New York city and upon the clergy of the entire country. It is more than a church; it is more than a "plant." It is a complete society, a complete social organization in itself, a sort of model community founded upon an idea which lies at the basis of the activities of all the great New York churches, up town and down, nowadays.

That idea is, to use Dr. Rainsford's phrase, "team-work."

To reach the masses, which in the true sense include all the so-called "classes," these church model-communities have broken with notions of creed-brotherhood or brotherhood of all comfortably-off people, have gone back to the old original idea of universal brotherhood—"Ho,



PRACTICAL LESSONS IN COOKING

every one that thirsteth, come ye!" But for the emblazoning of this ideal upon the church's standards, St. George's would have been forced to sell its site and move up-town or go out of existence long ago. And it would have had the same fate had its notion of universal brotherhood been, "doing something for the worthy poor." The "my-good-man" and "my-good-woman" attitude will wreck any institution in the East Side—or anywhere else in America—unless it is well endowed or well backed by people who wish to have some place to go where they can play lord or lady bountiful.

The St. George's conception of universal brotherhood, the conception of all these church model-communities, has been and is that every human being, regardless of surface differences, is endowed with a double capacity that is not affected by the law of inequalities—the capacity to give, the capacity to receive. St. George's recognizes that the passion for progress is as universal as its need. It has not collected alms from the rich; it has not patronized the poor: it has organized rich and poor, educated and uneducated, fashionable and ragged, foreigner and native, for mutual help, for team-work.

This view-point for theory and practice is important; it defines the chasm between these democratic church plants and the aristocratic church plants of Europe, and of America also—for, unfortunately, America too has aristocratic church plants, imitated from Europe, where the caste curse is at least explicable and, perhaps, not wholly inexcusable.

The entire membership of St. George's is organized into sub-associations for the



THE SHOOTING-GALLERY

development of intelligence, skill, and character. Some are nominally teachers; others are nominally pupils; but all are, in fact, at school to each other day after day, evening after evening. Singing, sewing, acting, tailoring, manual training, shooting, kindergarten work, social entertaining, housekeeping, plumbing, carpentry, gymnastics, wood-working, cooking, the care of babies, dressmaking, millinery, embroidery, debating and public speaking, basket-weaving—these and many other activities are engaging the energy and the enthusiasm of the eight thousand members of the church in their capacity as members of the church plant.

And the plant of necessity occupies a large area, the floor-space befitting



BASKET-WEAVING

a great factory or combine of factories. There is the church proper, steepleless and with two massive towers, whose clocks seem to be keeping time upon its toilers, warning them that a moment is approaching when a great whistle shall blow the close of the day's work. In the church proper the pews are free—no one can have the same seat, except by accident, two Sundays in succession. And the crowds that gather hear sermons that are also lectures on various phases of the practical life—addresses by the general superintendent to inform or to encourage or to get aid for or from his staff of workers. Behind the church is the Rectory, the residence and office of the general superintendent, the headquarters or general office of the works. Behind the Rectory, facing as it does upon East Sixteenth Street, is the big Memorial House, the main building of the great industrial and social-character factory. Across the way is the Deaconess House, a sort of headquarters for the women superintendents and their staffs, and including an admirably equipped infirmary. Through East Sixteenth Street, three blocks farther into the East Side, is the Industrial Trade School. And finally there is the Seaside Cottage,

where the huge team takes its summer outings—daily excursions, vacation stops. In buildings, real estate, machinery, etc., this plant represents an investment of upwards of a million and a half dollars—and it rents its quarters for the Industrial Trade School.

The Memorial House gives the best opportunity to see the plant in operation. In the basement is the shooting-range for the Boys' Battalion—a military organization modelled on the Seventh Regiment and thoroughly trained. On the first floor are the Clothing and Relief departments, where poverty is dealt with on the self-respecting basis. The Medical Department and Infirmary used to be here also, but have now been removed to larger quarters in the Deaconess House. Also on the first floor of the Memorial Building are the Circulating Library and half a dozen societies for promoting social relations. On the second floor is a great hall. One day in the seven it is the Sunday-school, with more than two thousand scholars and about one hundred and fifty teachers—it rarely happens that so many as half a dozen teachers are absent. Six days in the seven this room is used for lectures, classes, schools of manual train-

ing, meetings of various kinds, dancing, all sorts of plant purposes. On the third floor is the Men's Club—a general room, a library, a billiard-room, gymnasium, baths, lockers—a complete club, open from eight in the morning until eleven at night. The fourth floor is the clergy-house. The top floor is for the Battalion Club, the Battalion Armory, and the Dramatic and Literary Society.

The plant is unceasingly active. Its secular operations begin at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when the Men's Club opens for the day. At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon the Circulating Library is receiving and giving out books. At nine o'clock on Monday morning, with the assembling of the kindergarten, the week's work opens for full blast. That evening—any evening—you would be amazed at the variety of noises that would reach your ears as you walked the broad corridors or went up or down in the elevator. The crack of rifles, dance-music, and the steady beat of dancing feet, chorus-singing here, a man lecturing there, a boy's voice raised in earnest debate yonder, the tramp, tramp of military drill, the click of billiard-balls, the clash of gymnasium rings. And, a little

earlier in the evening, through the halls and in and out of doors were passing throngs of men, women, youths of both sexes—some seeking groceries and clothes at cost prices, others seeking a dance, others a lecture, others a game of billiards or a quiet smoke in the Men's Club; this boy bent on gymnastic exercises, that young mother inquiring for the lecture on the care of babies, the group at the elevator waiting to be carried to the top floor, where they are to rehearse a play. And farther out East Sixteenth Street scores of boys are busily learning trades.

There is no side of life upon which St. George's does not seek to touch. Are you out of work? There is its Employment Bureau. Are you sick? There is its Medical Department and Infirmary. Do you need a lift over an impossible place in the road? There is its Relief Department. Do you wish to improve your mind? Library, reading-room, lectures, debating society. Is it the physical that you seek? Gymnasiums, military drill, baths, addresses on health and sanitation. Do you wish to learn a trade? Manual and industrial training for both sexes. Housekeeping, cooking, sewing, the care of home and family? You need



CABINET-WORK

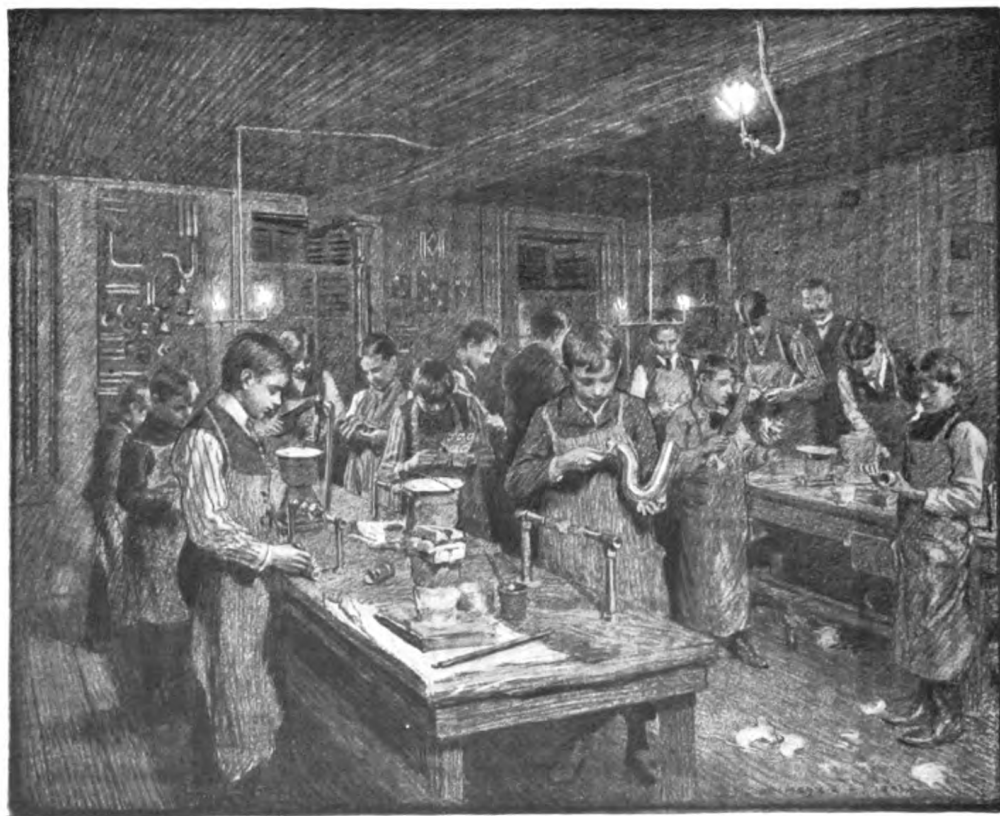
look no farther. Are you in search of amusement? Billiards, chess, cards, in the Men's Club; dancing, receptions, teas, fairs, plays, Germans, parlor games. Do you wish merely to sit quietly and reflect? St. George's Church, large and calm and thought-inspiring, always open, that the wayfarer may enter and sit and remain as long as he wishes.

But this is not all. It is only a bald outline of part of the factory. It gives but a meagre hint of what is perhaps the most important part.

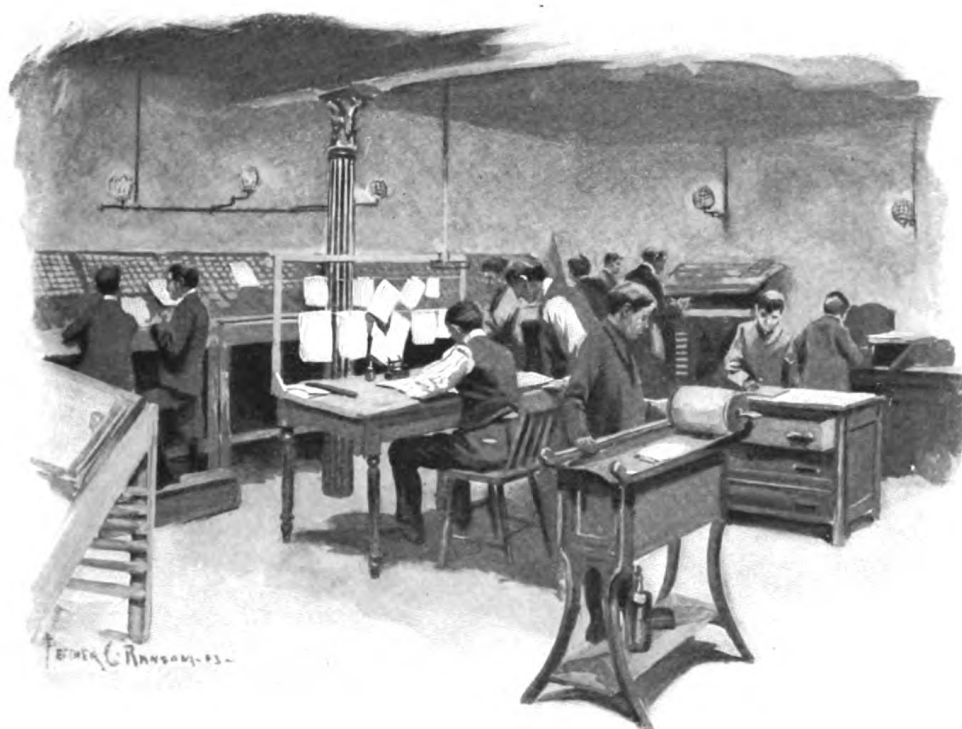
In the statistical table in the latest Year Book you will find that during the year 10,967 visits were made and 15,419 visits were received by the general superintendent and his staff of workers, paid and volunteer. Those figures are the cold and utterly inadequate summary of a vast social life that is vital to the plant. They furnish the clue to the persistence and triumphant growth of St. George's in a locality where decay would seem to be inevitable for such a democratic, God-helps-those-that-help-them-

selves organization. They explain why, although St. George's loses nine per cent. of its membership every year by deaths and removals, it more than makes good the loss.

The general superintendent permits no one to be negligent, no one to be lost sight of. About six hundred of his subordinates live in private residences—the rich, who perhaps most of all need the benefits that come from working in and for the plant. About a thousand live in apartments and hotels—the well-to-do who must be kept in line for what they can do and for their own sakes. Another thousand live in boarding-houses—the young fellows and young girls who are working and are presently to set up housekeeping as men and women of family. The rest—about five thousand five hundred—live in tenements, and, like the others, they must be carefully looked after. The general superintendent not only goes himself, not only sends his immediate staff, not only sends his volunteer regular workers; he also sends these



LEARNING THE PLUMBER'S TRADE



IN THE PRINTING-SHOP

eight thousand to call on each other, to keep track of each other, to keep each other up to the mark, that they may benefit the plant and be benefited by it. He goes and sends his men and women, his boys and girls, out, always out, after those who are falling away, after new men and new women, new boys and new girls. New York is a madly busy, an incessantly changing, city—there are on the average three thousand changes of address in St. George's membership annually. It is a tremendous task just to keep together the organization, to prevent enthusiasm from flagging, to make good inevitable losses, and to show an advance each year. And it is inspiring to note that St. George's and its like prosper and grow where plants based upon patronizing and pauperization shrink and wither.

This brings us to the basis of St. George's strength—the social life. It is social life that New-Yorkers of all classes and kinds most need and most crave.

We constantly hear of the lack of social life in the tenements—as if the lack were

not universal in New York, were not greater in the tenements only because they are more populous. Every great city is socially a vast desert.

The abysmal craving of New York—West Side and East Side, hotel and apartment, boarding-house and flat—is for friends, for sympathy, for the gayety and intimacy of the private circle, for social life, such as people can have in other cities, in the towns, in the country even.

And St. George's and its like among the new church model-communities seek to supply this lack, seek to respond to this craving. Its plant is essentially social throughout; and it reaches out constantly, assiduously, far and wide, up and down, to draw in and to assimilate to its high and broad standards the timid and the awkward, the poor and the forlorn, the rich who long to be useful, the lonely who sit in the cheerless solitude of hall bedrooms or haunt the saloons or the dance-halls. It gives the older people a chance to smile, the younger people a chance to court, all a chance to work in the sunshine of fellowship.

The Chow-chow Kid

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

HOP TONG, the happy possessor of many ancestors, sang persuasively to any of the gods who might by chance be in hearing as he once more defended his house with lighted punk-sticks. He had heard many times that the white man would descend upon the camp to drive the colony of Chinese laborers from California, but his faith still abided with his deities. Surely the smoke from the punks could not fail to affright those evil spirits who would tempt or goad the whites to deeds of immoderation.

Little Hop Sing, the first-born of Hop Tong, was sitting out in the sand near the door at the rear. He was waiting for his parent to come for a moment of their customary play before dinner. He watched his father with baby interest. He liked the little red papers which the happy Hop Tong strewed about to flank the burning punks. Had the papers been visiting-cards left by the gods themselves, Hop Tong could not have displayed them about his house with more confidence in their power of establishing security to him and his.

He was still engaged in constructing these defences of paper and smoke when the long-threatened raid suddenly came.

It broke without warning. Lawlessness arrived at the camp in an avalanche. The canyon above abruptly swarmed with cowboys, miners, and laborers, who, with shouts, curses, and din of shots, came running in a furious horde through the one crooked street.

Their calm thus so unexpectedly invaded, the Chinese were thrown into panic at once. They darted from their houses, bareheaded, yelling, and fleeing in all directions. The raiders created pandemonium, which their madness momentarily increased. They fell upon doors and windows; they beat and kicked the frightened coolies. They drove everything in a wild stampede before them.

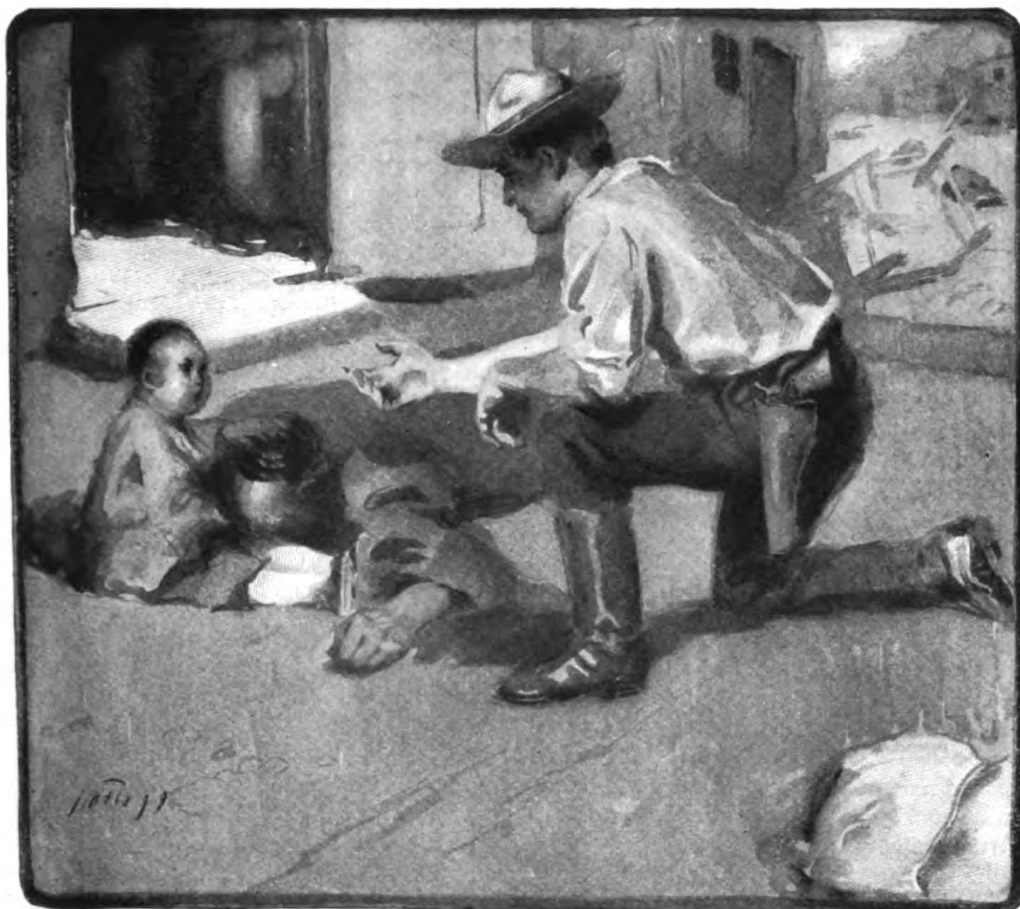
More than half of the raiders fired their guns and pistols purposely high. They had come to drive, more than to slaughter. Nevertheless, a few aimed with more malignity. A number of running creatures fell, stricken down in strange attitudes.

Hop Tong hastened out at the front of his house to see what the frightful disturbance implied. Spellbound for a moment by the sight of the army of whites thus in wrath descended upon them, he could neither move nor speak. On erratic courses a dozen of his countrymen came dashing toward him. He raised his hand, as if to ward off the vision. A bullet struck him, with a sound of spattering. He reeled and fell. But he struggled to his feet sturdily, and running back through his house to little Hop Sing, lurched head foremost to the earth within a yard of the wondering youngster.

The man remained on his face. The baby chuckled, and crowing delightedly, crept to his father, who had come thus to play their little game. He patted the coiled-up queue on the motionless head, and then waited for the frolic to continue.

The canyon-sides were clattering with the sounds of shots and bawlings and yells. The noise of the raid swept by the house of Tong, and so on down the gorge below, where raced both pursued and pursuers. The sounds grew fainter at last, till an absolute silence fell upon the camp bathed in the light of the sun. Indeed, a calm too strange for peace settled where the emptied shanties huddled together in the gulch.

Little Hop Sing remained sitting in the sand, crowing inquiringly, and softly patting his father's twisted queue. The little chap, whose mother had died at his birth, had never known his father to play so long, nor to hide his face for a joke so persistently.



"WANT *TO GO WITH ME—HOME?"

The long afternoon, so still and so fragrant of the mountains, went by. The sunset zephyr toyed with the tiny pig-tail braided at the back of little Hop Sing's neck. Long shadows crept eastward from the peaks and hills. The chill of the autumn air trailed where the shadows lay deepest.

At length the silence was broken. Above the camp some one was whistling. A miner, come from his claim to borrow some rice at the Chinese camp, presently issued from around the bend of the trail in sight of the cabins—and halted. He ceased to whistle.

In the one crooked street there was furniture, thrown out and broken. Doors were smashed; windows were shattered. Nowhere did the visitor behold a living human being.

Haltingly the man came walking down the street. A grim look had come upon

his face. His gaze travelled about slowly, recoiling from several objects, a closer examination of which he dreaded. But presently his glance was detained. Then he walked across the intervening space, strewn with rocks, till he loomed up darkly above little Hop Sing, clinging with a chubby brown hand to his father's queue.

The tiny urchin, so bonny brown, so plump, pretty, and wonder-eyed, looked up timidly in the face of the rough young miner above him. He winked his big brown eyes slowly and hung his little head, but continued to watch his visitor as if with doubt.

The miner regarded the form of Hop Tong silently, and a stern look appeared in his eyes. "Feud," he muttered. "Race feud. . . . Worse than mine and Henderson's."

The scene of the desolated camp had

wrought upon his memory vividly. He wondered if any feud could be worse than that of the Blakes and Hendersons. He saw again his own mother shot down and lying in a furrow before him. He must always remember her thus, fallen backward on the moist earth, slain in her dead husband's clothing, which bravely she had adopted to deceive the Hendersons into believing a man was still about the place. This she had done to save her boy—this miner who now stood looking down at the body of Hop Tong.

"You can't stay here, little Chow-chow kid," he presently said to the child. He knelt on the sand and held out his big, rough hands. "Want to come?" he said. "Want to go with me—home?"

The tiny man clung fast to the coil of hair he had patted so long in his play. His little red bud of a mouth was tightly pursed. Blake expected him to cry, but he made no sound.

"I don't want to drag you away, little kid," said the man again, "but you'll have to leave that soon." He reflected a moment earnestly. "Perhaps if I wait you'll go to sleep," he added. He sat on the earth patiently.

The darkness gathered from the hollows. Big-eyed and wistful, little Hop Sing continued to gaze up at his visitor's face timidly. The miner's countenance seemed to undergo strange alterations as the darkness crept upon it. He was now a grinning Nemesis, anon a carven god like a Buddha, calm and benignant. At length he merged with the form of Hop Tong as he lay there, still at play with his first-born son. Then there came a movement. Something arose from the earth, and little Hop Sing was lifted up bodily. His wee bronze fist clutched hair again, but now it was warm. Less chilled, more sleepy than ever, the silent little man was borne away from the dark canyon, where coyotes began to howl their melancholy song.

Now that he had his tiny Chinese urchin in his cabin, the miner was not exactly certain of what he ought to do. The pretty little scamp was asleep, after sitting up, awake and blinking, through nearly all the night.

Blake had crept away to the sunlight out by his tunnel. The "kid" must not

be disturbed. The river roared unceasingly a few rods away, but its great lullaby was wonderfully calming.

The day was perfect, with that stillness and fragrance which only the autumn can bring. From the slopes of the hills a breath of pine-trees and dry manzanita wafted away in its evanescence.

With his pick between his knees, Blake sat on a boulder, thinking. His grim memories of the day before had gone. Day-dreams flitted through his mind. The vein of quartz he had tunnelled so far to follow had led him at last to a chimney of gold as rich as butter. This was good to begin with. Then there was her highness—Miss Mountain Dryad.

He knew her by no other name. She called him "Mr. Say," and they were both contented. He was wondering now if she would come again to-day. If she did—he would speak at last. He dared to speak now, for what else had he delved so hard in his mine?

But what would she think of the Chow-chow kid? She would be surprised. She would see what a pretty little rogue he was. She would like him—she couldn't help it. But, best of all, she would know what ought to be done about his immediate future.

So absorbed did the man become that he was wholly unaware of her advent when "Miss Dryad" rode quietly down the trail and halted her pony.

That the man thought upon her joyously was in no wise a wonder, for a sight more delightful would have been conjured with difficulty. She was such a bright, animated bit of color! Her cheeks were so smoothly ruddy and olive, her eyes so dark and dancing full of light, her lips so red and curving with smiles, her hair so glossy black and tumbled!

She was laughing at the day-dreaming miner. She filled her hungering gaze with the sight of his Saxon manhood. She was certain his flaxen hair and steady blue eyes were emblematic of strength and courage, honesty and traits of affection. She gazed so ardently that presently he felt it. He looked up and caught her.

"Oh, hullo!" he said. "You, is it, little Miss Dryad, appearin' again out of nothing but air?"

She nodded. "Sancho would go home this way—the silly thing," she said. The pony came nearer and halted.

"Didn't you want him to come this way?" he asked.

"Oh, I didn't care. One way is as good as another." She looked at him roguishly.

"Hm! I don't think so myself."

"Don't you, Mr. Say? Why not?"

"Oh, 'cause."

"'Cause why?" she asked, glancing for a second straight into his eyes with their frank confession that made her heart go bounding.

"Well," he said, while his eyes began to dance in time with hers, "I think Sancho likes this trail the best. And my tunnel is on this trail. That's why."

"I don't see it—not yet," she persisted, artfully.

"It's plain enough. Where my tunnel is, there I am."

"Yes—it couldn't run away."

"And where Sancho is, you are."

"Sometimes."

"Always. And that makes it plain. Don't you think so yourself?"

"If you wanted to say something nice, it's a long way 'round," she said.

"This trail is your long way home," he retorted. He added: "I like long ways. Don't you?"

"It all depends where they get—at last," she murmured.

"That's so," he admitted. His voice had suddenly become husky. His heart was thumping tumultuously under his ribs. "You—you know you haven't told me your name all this time," he faltered.

"All what time? It isn't so very long," she answered. She appeared to be calm; in reality her excitement was tremendous.

"Don't you think it's long enough for that?" he asked her, earnestly.

"Maybe," she responded. Then averting her face for a moment, she added, "I'll tell you my first name if you will tell me yours."

"Mine is Lincoln," he told her. He felt as if his heart would turn completely over.

"Mine is Winnie," she murmured, and for one supernal second she looked in his eyes in a soft, womanly mood.

He came close enough to place his hand on the pony's neck, near to her dainty

brown fingers. "Winnie—Dryad," he said. "Don't you think the Dryad part—could be changed? I mean, don't you want—wouldn't you like to—change your name—your last name, Winnie?"

The flame from love's smouldering fires leaped to her cheeks. His hand went suddenly to hers. Her fingers tingled as the exultation of her nature raced to welcome his touch. She looked straight down in his eyes through a light of love. Her red lips were slightly parted. She felt she should sink toward him till the kiss that was there should be taken. Before she could speak, or move, or answer with more than her eyes, a crunching sound in the rocks broke the silence. Then a gruff voice startled them both:

"Sis, what are you doing here? Who—"

Blake turned with catlike alertness. He found himself facing a man as big as himself, the visitor whose speech had died so abruptly on his lips.

For a moment the two men stared at one another in amazement. "Henderson!" said the miner, hoarsely.

With a single impulse the foes leaped at one another and clinched in a fierce and sudden embrace. A cry escaped from Winnie Henderson's lips. Her pony shied and ran away down the pass as if in instinctive fright. She tried to stop him. It was useless.

With all the hatred born of generations of blood-guilt and feud between them the two men fought. Both unarmed, they strove to murder with their naked hands.

The whole affair had happened so quickly that neither had taken so much as a second in which to think or to prepare for the conflict.

Brute force swiftly transformed the two. White hot in their fierceness, they fought with all their might in the effort of each to gain a swift advantage. Panting, tramping hotly over rock and brush, they wrestled, emitting explosive breaths and snarls of hatred.

The duel of brawn against brawn brought the pair to the brink of the river. Together in at least one thought, they fought back from the treacherous edge.

Not a blow was struck. There was no time for blows. But Henderson had fastened his fingers on the miner's neck,

and Blake, unable to break the hold, drove his hand through the other's guard till he too clutched on his enemy's throat.

They staggered again down the river's rocky bank. They could spare no energy now to prevent the slipping. They were choking one another to death.

A fragment of granite, thrust from its bed, gave way. The two men, locked in their mad embrace, hung for a second on the crumbling edge, and then toppled head foremost over into the rush of the torrent.

Blake was flung from Henderson's grasp when they struck, even as his own grip was wrenched from its hold. He threw out his arm to grasp at anything in reach. He caught an alder that grew above the stream.

Henderson sank, but rose at once, swimming like a dog. He was bowled down the rapids. Blake beheld him forge, as he thought, safely through the race, and so around the bend to the whirlpool below.

The miner clambered out on the bank, dripping, and found himself alone in the Red Ravine.

A horse, half concealed at the turn of the trail, was suddenly turned and ridden down the river.

His rifle had taken the place of his pick in his hands, and Blake was waiting like a tiger in the last cover of jungle. He expected Henderson. His enemy, he knew, would hunt or be hunted. The time had come. There could be no escape from the dread fatality through which they had met again. Was not California far enough from Kentucky? No! The end of the earth would not be sufficiently far to defeat the feud between them. Hate would bridge an interstellar space!

For twenty-four hours the man had waited and watched, with his gun in his hands. He had eaten nothing; he had not slept. He failed to see the little Chinese urchin that gazed on his hard, forbidding face like a timid little creature from the brush. But at length he stood before the child, staring at it strangely as he slowly remembered. The little man had gone without eating all this time. "Hell!" said Blake, "I've got no feud with you."

The little fellow winked his big brown eyes and watched the stern countenance grow a trifle less forbidding.

"Don't look like that; I wouldn't hurt you, child," said the man. "Don't be scared of me. Don't cry."

The child had made no sound since that day of the raid. He made none now. Blake placed his rifle in the corner.

"Don't be scared—little Chow-chow kid," he repeated. "I'm not a brute. I'm not a brute!"

Yet his jaws were still clenched, so long had he held them ground together. The hard light was still in his eyes when he built up the fire and boiled a pot of coffee. With this and some bacon to serve with a dish of beans and lumps of biscuit, baked in the ground three days before, he set forth a dinner for two.

Provided with knife, fork, and spoon of iron, little Sing clung to the handle of the last because the miner had placed it in his fingers. He looked at his host doubtfully, wistfully.

"Can't you eat, old man?" said the miner presently. "We have to eat, whatever happens."

He saw that the youngster needed assistance. Therefore he moved nearer, and after various unsuccessful experiments, soaked bits of bread in his coffee and placed them in the wee bud of a mouth. The child was famishing for food, nevertheless it ate obediently only, never greedily. Blake continued to supply his small guest until he would take no more.

The man had not yet relinquished the feud-anger burning within him. He could not, therefore, awaken to the forlorn condition of little Hop Sing immediately.

The silence of the brown urchin affected him first. Had the child complained he would have understood it better. He did, however, realize that his foundling was far from happy. He studied the pretty little face earnestly.

"You're scared of me yet," he said, yearningly. "Can't you trust me a little. I won't be cross. . . . Would you like to go out and play in the sun?"

He started as if to carry the youngster forth, but halted, took up his rifle, and went to the door to scan the outlook.



HE SEARCHED THE CANYON WITH HIS PENETRATIVE GLANCE

Gun on one arm and child on the other, he went out. The sternness came back to his face as he searched the slopes and the turns of the canyon with his penetrative glance.

He placed little Sing in the sun-warmed sand. The day was perfect. The air was barely suggestive of the autumn chill and far more balmy than the lateness of the season ordinarily permitted.

The tiny brown man watched his host unceasingly. Blake yearned to see this look. He put aside his rifle and sat himself down. His face was troubled.

"I'll play with you; I'll do anything, old man," he said, "if only you'll smile—not look like that."

He got down on his knees and gathered pebbles and small pine cones to toss in his hand and to give to little Sing. He built miniature towers of bits of quartz, and toppled them over to catch the baby fancy. Then he thought of his gold in the mine. He hastened to fetch some lustrous yellow pieces to make his solemn little foundling glad.

The smile for which he yearned could not be induced to appear. He would have been contented with such a small one, or if only the tiny man would cease to watch him with that dumb, sad question in his eyes. He was so like a timid little animal taken captive from its mother. Yet it seemed as if he might be so happy and lively and playful if only everything were right. He would hold obediently to whatsoever the man placed in his tiny hand, but this was all.

The miner expended the day amusing and feeding his diminutive partner. When he carried him into the cabin at evening's approach, he forgot his rifle, and left it out in the rocks all night.

Two days like this went by. Blake was troubled concerning the appetite and diet of his small bronze guest. For bacon and beans, with coffee, and saleratus biscuit as large as his head, the youngster appeared to have but scanty relish.

"What would you like, little Chowchow kid?" said the miner, after one of these meals. "Ain't the cookin' good? Don't you feel to home—not yet?" Then, after long meditation, and watching that pretty little face with its questioning eyes, he added, "You see, I ain't a woman."

Blake was worried before the clouds banked up in the canyon's meagre strip of sky. When the mountain storm commenced he found that the little man's clothing was far too thin, that the tiny baby arms and the little bronze legs were cold and looking just a trifle pinched. He started to cutting down some of his own thicker clothing to fit the baby out.

But a pair of old trousers cut off at the knees were still amazingly too large. The miner cut again, and yet again. Indeed, he pruned so ingeniously that presently he had nothing but rings and strips of cloth all about him on the floor.

He then patched the pieces again together. Thus he constructed on the child a garment which had no architectural prototype on earth. It could not be taken off without ripping it up a seam. This ripping and resewing Blake performed patiently time after time.

The dressing and undressing, indeed, provided the man with a pleasure beyond calculation. On the blankets spread thickly on the floor he would roll his little naked Chinaman about by the hour. He played with the tiny toes; he tried all his rough but tender games of tickling; he gambolled about on all-fours. Once or twice only did the timid little chap seem just about to smile, and then his tiny brown face became a trifle more wistful and wan than before. Yet Blake in his yearning was certain the baby was getting acquainted with him at last.

The miner gazed forth on the scene in the canyon in vague alarm. The snow was a foot in depth and more was falling.

Glancing affectionately back at small Hop Sing in the bunk, the man saw those two brown eyes so appealing and steadfast that he moaned. He knew at last that his little human rabbit was pining away in this kindly intentioned captivity. The tiny man was so thin, so silent.

"I'll start; I'll take you to San Francisco, old fellow, just as soon as it stops this snowing," said the miner. "There must be some Chinee left there yet, all right. But couldn't baby sleep a little first? It's a long, hard trip. Want me to sing you to sleep?" He shook his head as he mused. "You don't like the white-baby songs, I'm thinking. I wish I knew

the Chinese kind. God knows I wish I could do something right!"

He looked around on the dark interior of his cabin helplessly. "Partner," he added, hungrily, "I'll give you the mine—everything I've got—if only you'll brace up and get strong and well again and laugh at me—just a little. Couldn't you smile for your old partner today? No? . . . Well, don't bother. It's all right."

He put his head down beside the youngster and hummed an old-fashioned tune his mother once had sung.

The words were more than he could conjure back. At length the little stranger went to sleep. The miner remained where he was, unmoving, till he too dropped off into slumber.

When Blake awoke in the morning, not only had the snow banked up all night, but the wind had risen to a gale. The air was filled with driving sleet.

Little Sing had been awake for hours. He was gazing at the man with eyes that blazed with a light the miner had not before observed.

"O God! wait—wait!" he cried. "You ain't suffering, are you, little partner? You can cry if you want to. Wouldn't the baby like to cry? Can't you try to be better just a little bit longer? I'll get you away from here. We can't wait for San Francisco now. I'll take you somewhere. There must be some good woman down in the valley—and a woman would know what to do."

He was putting on his overcoat already. His eyes were aflame with eagerness. His brain was darting full of thoughts as he tried to remember which was the nearest home in the valley below where a woman presided.

Suddenly the man paused. His face became white—and hard. He had thought of the Hendersons. Theirs was the nearest home to his. The others were miles beyond.

Everything forgotten for days came back upon him. The man's heart sank. In his nature a fearful contention suddenly raged, where his manhood's emotions struggled one against another.

His head sank on his breast. He breathed heavily. His hands hung at his sides listlessly. The light of feud-hatred had come again in his eyes, even

as he turned to gaze at the child. Across the baby face such a look of concern went creeping that the man felt stabbed through the heart.

"Baby," he crooned, "I'll go—I'll go. They are the nearest ones. He can shoot—but she couldn't refuse to take you in."

He prepared in a fever of eagerness. He took no weapons. With the child securely wrapped from the cold, he strode out into the blizzard and headed downward against the storm to fight his way to the valley. The moment had come. Fate had demanded that the last of the Blakes and the last of the Hendersons should meet. The miner thought of this and smiled grimly.

The snow was nearly two feet deep. The wind drove the icy particles like chilled shot. Protecting as best he could the tiny burden in his arms, the man received the brunt of the storm on his face and hands. Some of his fingers froze.

He fought for every inch he conquered. For more than an hour he staggered blindly on. He could feel the cold between his clothes and his skin. He was tired already. Frequently he stumbled and fell to his knees in the drifts. He missed the road and struck upon hidden rocks. It seemed to him all his strength was gone, that he could sink down so gladly and give up the struggle.

He could never cover the distance. This conviction came upon him inexorably. Winnie had frequently told him where they lived; he knew the place, but now he could see far less than twenty yards into the storm. How long had he been there in the snow laboring with his last breath? How long had he been so cold? He staggered onward for another hour. It was useless. They were lost.

Weakly he reeled along, anywhere. Then through the blinding particles he saw a dull rectangular mass of gray. At last! It was Henderson's house. He knew it! His remaining spark of strength suddenly died out, now that the goal was reached. His feet dragged like lead and he halted, barely able to stand.

"Winnie—Henderson!" he called.

If Winnie could come to the door, a truce of five minutes' duration might be granted.

But there was no sign. He gathered strength desperately and called again.

"Scott—Henderson!"

This was louder, but the wind seemed to beat it back. The miner summoned all that remained of his force and shouted, hoarsely,

"Winnie—Henderson—help!"

There was absolute silence. The snow swirled fiercely about him. He tried to move, to forge ahead just so far as the door. His foot collided dully with a snow-covered rock. He floundered down, his one last rally of strength expended to prevent his weight from crushing the child.

Then out through the storm a lithe gray figure came, swiftly running toward him and crying in anguish, "Lincoln—Lincoln!"

Crooning his name, she fell on her knees where he lay in the snow. His arm had dropped leadlike beside him. The tiny form of little Hop Sing was partially uncovered as he lay there, so wan, so timidly gazing upward from his blanket.

A woman's low wail of maternal anguish aroused the man. He opened his eyes and wearily looked at the face so near his own.

"Winnie," he murmured, brokenly, "Scott can—shoot me if—he likes, but—you wouldn't—refuse to—save—the Chow-chow—kid."

"Oh, Lincoln, and I loved you so!" she sobbed to him, tenderly. "I must get you in! I must get you warm! Scott never came home. He was drowned—in the river. I rode back up—I saw you both—when you fell—that day. I tried to save him—I tried—I tried, but he struck on a rock—and he never came home. I'll get you in! I'll run for Mrs. Howes to help!"

"Oh, Winnie—Oh God—I'm sorry!" said the man, in a hoarse whisper; and then as he felt his light little burden plucked from his arm he sank in the stupor that comes to men who freeze.

He awoke, lying still, in a soft white bed. His hand was held in Winnie's two as she knelt at his side and watched his troubled face. His gaze wandered slowly from the blanket, and there, sitting quietly beside him, most strangely content, and smiling upon him with baby affection at last, was the wan but happy little Sing.

The miner blinked his eyes, but they dimmed despite his effort. He looked at Winnie wistfully.

"He—couldn't, Winnie—he couldn't—smile if—the feud—wasn't—over—he couldn't."

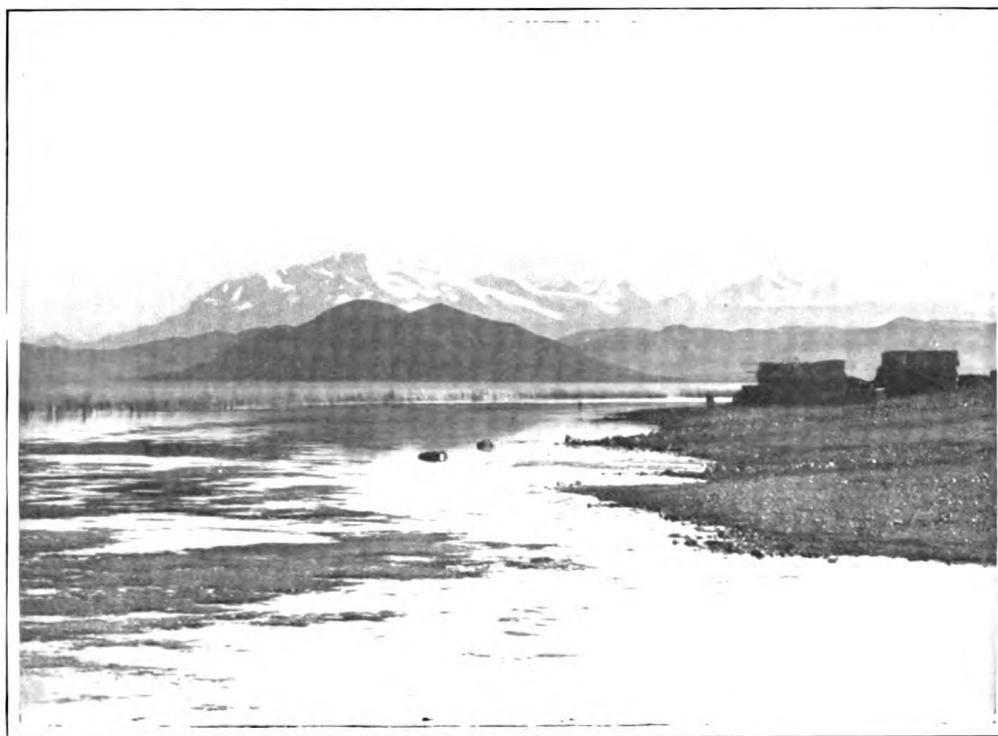
She could make no reply. She held his hand against her cheek, and the tears flowed down on his fingers.

The Chain

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

I WAS singing in the lane
On a day when Love came by,
And was fain
To elude him, but the pain
Of his pleading made me sigh—
So he bound me with a chain.

Who is Love, that he should be
Master of a passing maid,—
Who is he?
When I met him I was free,
Now I tremble all afraid—
Lackaday, my liberty!



SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS LOOM ABOVE THE LAKE

Navigation above the Clouds

BY ERNEST C. ROST

THE highest lake in the world, on which there is navigation, is Lake Titicaca, 12,540 feet above sea-level, or almost two and one-half miles in a perpendicular line above the level of the ocean. To reach this lake, where steamers travel above the clouds, one journeys over perhaps the most remarkable railroad in the world. The Arequipa-Puno Railroad, which starts from the Pacific coast at Mollendo, Peru, is 327 miles in length, and its construction under the American railroad man Henry Meiggs was completed in 1873, at a cost of \$41,250,000.

Mollendo is a small town, built upon an extremely rough, rocky bluff, beyond which are the dreary, bleak, arid sand-hills, so common to the Peruvian coast. Not a sign of any vegetation whatsoever is seen, excepting, indeed, one solitary tree, which has been plant-

ed in the central "plaza,"—if that word can be used to describe a small, open, unpaved square. Mollendo's buildings have quite the appearance of those in our small villages, being built of wood, as are also the sidewalks. The wood used in their construction is said to have been imported from the United States. Mollendo has the worst harbor on the coast, owing to many rocks and the tremendous ground-swell. Freight is landed with great difficulty, and steam-cranes are employed to raise and lower the passengers who sit in a large chair. Mollendo, through which passes practically all the merchandise which comes from the interior of Peru, is as well the most important outlet for Bolivia's commerce.

A passenger-train, leaving Mollendo every morning for Arequipa, skirts the sea for a short distance, after which it turns

abruptly to the north, passing over a sandy plain for some ten miles, when one comes to Tambo, 1000 feet above the sea, and which lies in a quite fertile valley. From the railroad one sees sugar-cane and corn-fields, as well as orange and fig trees. After leaving this station the tourists soon enter another sandy desert, with no signs of vegetation, save a very fragrant white lily, which bears one flower, on a stem some eight inches in height, and which has no leaves. This star-shaped lily is seen for many miles along this sandy desert, and is gathered and sold by the natives to the passengers at the stations. We next stop at several small, unimportant stations consisting of three or four mud huts, and then arrive at Cachenda, 3250 feet above the sea, where we breakfast at the railroad station. Then we come to the great sand desert called Pampa de Cachenda, where is naught but sand and loose stones as far as the eye can see, not even a scraggy cactus.

After passing another "town" of three or four mud huts, we enter the famous desert of Islay, on which are what I consider the most remarkable natural curiosities to be seen on this globe; for we are now among hundreds—nay,

thousands—of pure-white sand crescents, on a plateau 4500 feet above the level of the sea and 54 miles from the coast, where all else is of a dark-red or chocolate color. Whence comes this sand, and why always in a crescent shape? Professor Bailey, whom I afterwards met at Arequipa, in charge of the Harvard University Observatory, told me that scientific men do not agree as to the reason why the sand always forms the same crescent shape, although it is generally believed that the whirling eddies hereabouts are responsible; some, however, argue that such is not the case, since each one of these crescents has an opening toward the northeast. At any rate, the inner circle is an almost perpendicular wall, of the finest pure-white sand, and from the upper edges the crescents slope gradually away on the outside. They average about 20 feet in height, the inner circle having a diameter of some 50 feet, although I have seen one at least a mile and a half in diameter, which was, however, not much higher than the average. These crescents move, it is estimated, at the rate of three inches every twenty-four hours; and when, on the slow jour-



BOLIVIAN CUSTOM-HOUSE AT CHILILAYA, LAKE TITICACA



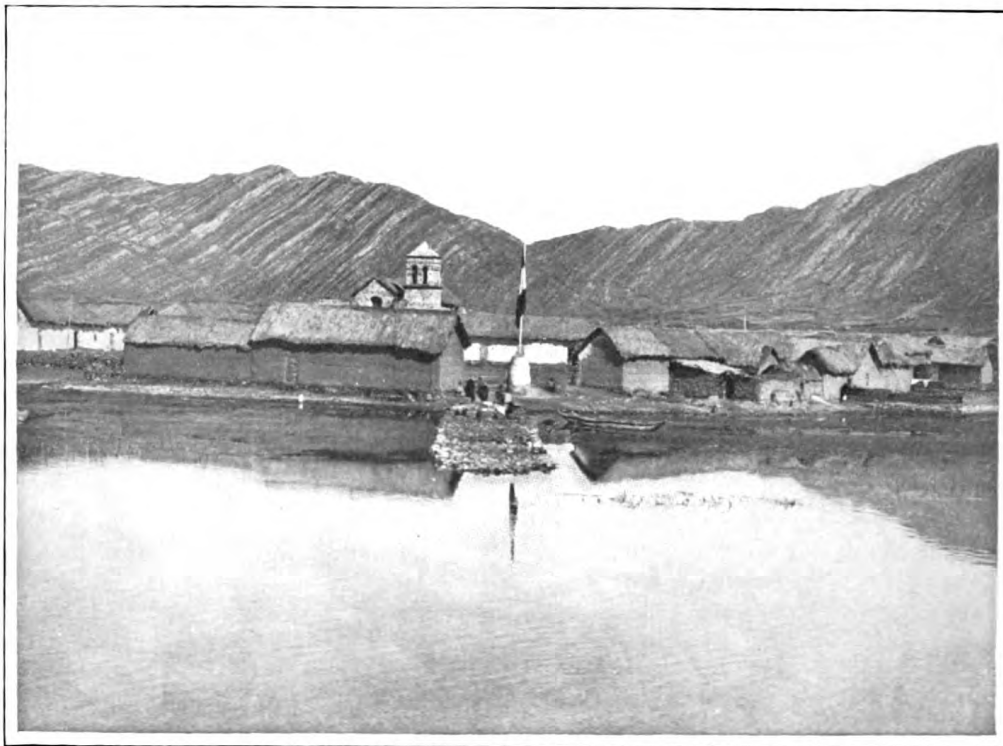
SAND CRESCENTS IN THE DESERT OF ISLAY

ney, one comes near the railroad, it becomes necessary to shovel the sand across the tracks, after which it travels on, forming new crescents or mingling with some of the others. We pass through mile upon mile of red soil covered with these white crescents, which disappear at San José, at an altitude of 4850 feet. The entire desert is devoid of water, the winds always blow from one direction, and there is never any rain. The heat here is oppressive, the glare from the white crescents almost blinding, and the fine dust raised by the motion of the train compels us to close all car windows, this making the atmosphere almost stifling.

At Vitor, 76 miles from Mollendo, and at 3250 feet elevation, the grade becomes steeper, and we wind among the valleys and around the mountains in the most sinuous, erratic fashion. Sometimes we run along the side of a valley, then make a complete circle, when we find ourselves on the opposite side. Then, again, as we wind in a zigzag fashion up the steep grades, we can see in one place five sections of the railroad below us, over which we have passed. Along here I have seen what seems to be great patches of snow left after a thaw. But upon inquiry I find they are salt and pumice. We then pass several more stations of no account, except that in spelling them one is apt to twist the alphabet out

of shape—stations such as Quishuarani and Achumayo. Along here have been accomplished marvels of engineering, which, with the vast scale on which this section of the country has been constructed by the Creator, and its absolute sterility, place it among the wonders of the globe. At times we pass a fearful precipice, with a raging torrent at its base; again we are shut in between two rows of solid rock of all imaginable colors, hundreds of feet above us; then we come to another valley, through which winds the river Vitor, along whose banks are eucalyptus-trees and grass; but these we soon leave behind as we run again among rocks and volcanic refuse for miles, until between the lower hills we get a glimpse of the great, huge cone, the extinct, snow-capped volcano Coropuno, the highest peak of the Andean range—and therefore of the western hemisphere,—covered with snow. Beyond this is Tingo, 7275 feet above the sea, where we cross the only bridge on this line, which spans the river Chile, and we enter the great plains on which stands Arequipa, the second city of Peru, at the foot of the volcano Misti.

It is a pleasant sensation to see the green fields and the trees, all of which owe their existence to the many irrigating-canals which furnish the only water-supply. We pass several miles



DESAGUADERO AS SEEN FROM LAKE TITICACA

along the fertile valley, in full view of the city nestling at the foot of the great volcano. Finally, late in the afternoon, we arrive in Arequipa, at a large iron and stone station, 107 miles from Mollendo, and 7550 feet in a perpendicular line above the level of our starting-point.

Twice a week passenger-trains leave Arequipa for Puno, on Lake Titicaca. The start is made at five in the morning, the cars and locomotives being like those we have at home. In company with Professor Bailey of the Harvard Observatory, and Sir Martin Conway, the celebrated English mountain-climber, I travelled in a private compartment at the rear of the train.

At the stations, which usually consist of depot and water-tank, and which are some 30 miles apart, one sees an occasional cultivated garden, but the only people visible are employees of the railroad and now and then a few Indians. In the stretches between stations may be noticed here a drove of llamas, again some alpacas, and rarely the wild vicuña. From Colca we see a beautiful snowy range, from one of whose peaks, the beau-

tiful volcano Ubinas, a great volume of smoke arises into the air; then our train dashes through cuts of huge masses of lava, and between great mounds of snow-white volcanic cinders which resemble banks and hills of chalk.

After passing Crucero Alto, the highest point on this road, 14,666 feet above the level of the sea, and where we are thus at a greater elevation than the summit of Pike's Peak in Colorado, we descend, and soon see two of the highest lakes in South America, Saracocha, 13,595, and Cachipascana, 13,585 feet above sea-level. These are small bodies of water, but very deep. No vegetation grows along their banks, and I noticed no boats of any kind.

The principal station along the line is Juliaca, which is 29 miles from the lake, and from which connection is made by rail to Sicuani, 197 miles distant, and thence by stage 90 miles to Cuzco, where the Incas, that wonderfully civilized race, had their seat of government before Pizarro's conquest. And at last we arrive at Puno, on Lake Titicaca, at 8 P.M., and our train runs upon the dock, where waits the steamer *Coya*, which is to con-

vey us across the lake. The surface of this lake is about 12,600 feet above the level of the sea, and about equal to the altitude of the famous Jungfrau of the Alps. Puno itself is a small town of mud houses with grass roofs, and absolutely no vegetation of any kind is seen in any direction, save the grass which grows in the waters of the lake.

At seven o'clock in the morning we begin our trip in the *Coya*, which is a twin-screw steamer of 800 tons displacement, and is one of three plying on the lake. We first pass through a narrow winding channel, then we come into the open waters, soon finding ourselves out of sight of land, which after a few hours we see again as we approach the Island of the Sun (or Titicaca), near which is the Island of the Moon. We pass close by these, and then, across the lake, behold one of the most wonderful sights in all this world—the famous range of the Andes, its highest peaks covered with the purest, whitest of snow, the peculiar inky-black water of the lake being in the foreground. They loom above you, these peaks, into the sky, and seem higher than any other mountains ever did; yet we remember that we ourselves are 12,540 feet above the level of the sea. In this great range is seen Sorata, of more than 23,000 feet altitude, which was long considered the highest peak in South America; also, Illampu and many other giant peaks. We now pass closer to the farther side of the lake, and again note the peculiar brown hills which surround it, on all of which still remain the famous terraces built by the Incas.

Hardly had the sun set before the full moon rose, thus again lighting up the lake, and the great mountains appear cold, bleak, and dreary. We arrive at Chililaya in Bolivia at eight o'clock, having travelled 117 miles in thirteen hours

across this lake, the highest in the world on which there is steam navigation. Chililaya has a custom-house, and a long pier running into the lake, but nothing new can be said about the scenery; it is desolation. From here the steamer runs to Desaguadero, the extreme southern point, from which starts the river of the same name, forming the only known outlet to this body of water; and across the river at this point is a wooden bridge, half of which is in Peru, the other half being in Bolivia.

The following morning we leave Chililaya, in a two-seated tilbury drawn by four horses, on a 45-mile drive over the famous, almost level plateau,—or *puna*, as it is here called,—and along the entire route have practically uninterrupted views of the famous range of snow-clad mountains, the great peak of Illimani finally coming within our range of vision. It was on this plateau that the potato was first discovered, the Indians raising great quantities, which they still preserve by freezing them, after which they are put in the sun to dry. On nearing the end of our journey we see great numbers of Indians driving packs of llamas, and others with the famous burros, or Bolivian donkeys, all loaded down with merchandise. They seem to be going in every direction, for we are nearing the point where all roads over this great plateau converge, and where our horses stop. We alight, and walk a few steps forward, and behold—hundreds of feet below us, in a great valley at the head of which is the giant Illimani—La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, appearing as a spot of red far, far down. We are driven at breakneck speed down the steep roads into the city. La Paz is 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has 45,000 inhabitants, and is one of the quaintest and most picturesque of cities.



“Le Soir,” by Jules Breton

JULES BRETON is the lyric painter of the French peasantry, and his pictures tell the story of souls subordinated to their environment. Less melancholy than Millet, he feels the charm of the country, and is not borne down by the cry of the earth which forever rang in Millet's ears, and the tragedy of the back-burdened laborer. The close of day with cessation from labor is Breton's favorite theme.

Millet's people of the furrowed field utter their message with more power and directness, but Breton's show more of the hopefulness and pleasure of life. Furthermore, in Breton there is a finer balance between theme and method. While he is not one of those painters whose interest is centred in technique to the exclusion of everything else, and who proclaim aloud that technique is art, he strives to make his method adequately express the poetry of his subject. In this particular he has been especially happy in “Le Soir,” which Mr. Wolf has engraved from the unexhibited picture in the gallery of Mr. Louis Stern. Its delicacy in line, color, light, and shade shows that the artist's powers are absorbed in expressing the poetry of his theme. Line, color, and light are elusive and intangible elements, but the painter seeking perfect expression must strive for their mastery.

Judged on technical grounds a wide span separates “Le Soir” from “The Communicants,” “The Colza-Gatherers,” and other well-known earlier pictures by the same hand. While it is in harmony with all this artist's representations of the life he loved to depict, its charm of cool color and subtlety of light furnish a striking contrast to those earlier works, and emphasize his discernment and happy portrayal of the poetic side of peasant life.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"LE SOIR," BY JULES BRETON

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Vol. CVII.—No. 638.—29

My Lady Clemency Goes to Rye

BY MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON

THOUGH it was not at all the way of my Lady Clemency Honeyfoot, the most discreet of ladies and the most modest of women, to go abroad with a stir and a jingle (like the dame of Banbury), there was a time in her history when, if the wind were favorable, all Rye knew of her approach by the clanging of sweet-voiced bells. So diffident was she, and so loath to tell any tale to her own credit, that had it not been for her brother, the young Earl of Oxney, who always delighted to praise her, the story of those bells would never have been spread far and wide over the Romney Marshes. Since the incidents leading to the tale were not such as his lordship could prattle out to all the world, a few preliminaries are needful.

The way of it was this: The April rains had been heavy, making the lanes about Pages Court, the Sussex house of the Earl of Oxney, impassable on foot for a lady. Hence, when necessity compelled my lord's sister, at once his senior and guardian and the chatelaine of his stately house, to travel the ten miles from Pages to Rye about some urgent lawyer's business, she must drive or ride. To ride was a sorrowful impossibility. For the last occupant of the pretty stable which my lord, on coming into his full estate but two years since, had so gayly furnished for his friends' amusement and his own magnificent requirements, had been sold in Rye at St. Bartholomew's Fair upon the wise insistence of my lady, who found that the mending of so large a roof as that of Pages was a more imperative necessity than the buying and maintenance of the finest breed of horses. One nag only would she let him keep, and on that he had ridden to London, where he hoped to see the new Orange King and win from him some good sinecure (the governorship of a Cinque port, or, more possibly, a court secretarship), but had come back, alas! empty-handed.

They were days of secret penury for my lady, and of moodiness for my lord, who, ever as gay and hopeful as his baptismal name of "Debonair," had in his sheltered life no experience, first-hand, of misfortune or stress, and was, above all, deeply dismayed at the notion that his sister should in any way appear to the outside world as having lost one jot of the dignity and grandeur of her surroundings. Over the disposal of her carriage-horses there had been a hot conflict of wills.

"Then you must stay at home, dear, in winter," he said, doggedly.

"If I wish to go abroad there are other beasts besides your priceless Irish nags that will draw the coach," she answered, ironically.

And, lo! the next day he found four sleek oxen from one of his farms being harnessed to the family chariot. He swore wrathfully, and forbade it—but tenderly.

"Europa rode a bull, and Juno had peacocks to pull her car," retorted Clemency, "and if I choose to sit behind a team of oxen, there is not a woman on the Marsh who will not envy me for setting so fine a fashion, for all her tongue may jeer. You shall see, Deb, how fine I look."

"You shall not go to Rye like that," he swore.

But she had taken her seat and waved her hand so prettily that he was helpless. And so, in her green cloak and the white beaver hat with the long plumes which one of my lord's friends had brought her from the Indies, my Lady Clemency went down to Rye in her coach behind the oxen like a young pagan queen, the coachman and foot-servant sitting stolidly and never daring to wince openly at the open mouths and titters of those they met on the road. My lady was glad that the day was milky soft, for the four worthy beasts who drew her had not



THE TEN MILES' JOURNEY WAS A SLOW BUSINESS

yet learned a smarter pace than the plough had taught them, and the ten miles' journey was a slow business; but at length Iden was passed and Peasmarsh reached, and but for a great crowd the equipage would have rolled at a handsome speed down the hill to the town. But a shouting, jostling throng blocked the way. Every cur yelped; every man and woman, boy and girl, whole and crippled, virtuous and unvirtuous, added his or her clacking to the whole hubbub. It seemed, indeed, that the whole of Rye Foreign—that is to say, the hamlet on the hill, where lived those outlanders whose business brought them to the town—was turned into the street. And all this because the silversmith, Hankyn Russe, whose father, a man of Delfe, had married a woman of Rye (for which reason their orphan son, a stowaway in one of the war-ships of Orange William, had come over to pick up a living in the town), had been child enough, and too little heedful of the side on which his cake was browned, to strike His Worship Master Wychellow, the Mayor of Rye, with his hand. In the open day he had done this, in *Trader's Passage*.

An hour before curfew, Hankyn, being in need of a new bellows, went down to Rye proper to bargain with the ship's carpenter, John Godsmarch, for wood. George Ruxley, a fisherman from Hastings, whom ill weather had driven into Rye Bay, was at the carpenter's shop waiting for the splintered oar which John was mending.

Ruxley had no great love of foreign folk, and he was, above all else, very sore because, when he had been last at Flushing, a pretty maid to whom he had taken a pair of earrings from Hastings had pawned them to redeem the chain she had of a countryman of her own, with whom she had quarrelled, and to whom she had been reconciled. And so, recognizing Hankyn, and full of vindictiveness and bad blood, he tossed Godsmarch a Flemish coin in payment. To this the carpenter objected, and the sailor asked, with many oaths and a leer at Hankyn, what was the difference between the weight of good English silver and that of Bruges or Ghent. The leer, more than the question, sent the blood to the head of Hankyn. He took up the word and said

stoutly that between Flemish silver and English there was as wide a difference as between a chop-back and a Christian mariner. Now to Hastings fisherfolk this epithet of "chop-back" has been the spark to a veritable mountain of powder ever since the days when the two Markwickses, herring-catchers and pirates of Hastings, boarded a Dutch hoy, massacred her crew, and tortured her master and his chief officer to death by the good use of an axe the whole length of ribs and spine. Nor were the Markwickses, alas! the only men who, provoked or unprovoked, had revived this cruelty of ancient Danish origin.

In an instant the arms of the fisherman were going like a windmill; but the delicacy of his craft had not made a milksop of the silversmith. Long and lean, he had ten years of youth to his advantage. The fray went on merrily, till the Mayor, whose house was not far off on the cliff, himself descended upon the offenders.

"Stop!" he roared.

"Tush!" shouted Hankyn, who was close upon victory. The Mayor's stick descended on Hankyn's shoulders, and Hankyn, wheeling about, struck the striker roundly and heavily between the eyes. There is the whole matter so far as the unhappy silversmith is concerned. The Mayor's part of the affair goes farther; for it was while the silversmith's fist stung him most smartly between the eyes that he recalled that portion of a certain Act of Elizabeth which provided that a man assaulting the person of the Mayor with hand or weapon should lose that hand by which he had offended. Upon this clause, as well as for his unseemly brawling, Hankyn was carried before the court next day, while his hut in Rye Foreign was seized by the Mayor's men-at-arms, who were charged with the removal of his confiscated wares.

It was dangerous work, for there were many craftsmen of the colony who, because of their foreign blood, were ready to make common cause against the authorities. They were poor, they could not pay the sum which made them freemen and barons of the town; they lived apart, huddled on the hill, and they were ready to stone and bespatter the Mayor's emissaries. And many of them, fine artificers,



THE COACH DREW UP BEFORE THE COURT-HOUSE OF RYE

cried with rage to see the handiwork of their neighbor treated as if it were a heap of broken sherds. The tanner and Ostender, Jaques Contaria, a pale but square-shouldered, thick-set bully, led the howls and aimed the straightest. Clots of dirt covered the men of the law and the front of Hankyn's workshop; flints and lumps of chalk crashed upon them and dented the half-finished bowls and flagons and dishes they hurriedly gathered together.

Explanations poured in upon my Lady Clemency as fast as the stones whistled about the ears of her two servants. The story moved her profoundly, and her eyes, quick to note all beautiful things, saw with distress the indignity done to a little silver figure which one of the raiders, smarting under stones and insults, savagely bruised with the very hammer that had helped to shape it, ere he flung it out to the yelling crowd. Hands lean and plump, soiled and clean, stretched after it. Her ladyship descended quickly from her coach, to the alarm of her escort.

"Give me the statuette," she commanded; "for I will see that it returns safely to the hands of the man who made it,—or good money in its place, if so he chooses."

The tanner drew close and held up his hand for silence.

"Who keeps the silver woman will have a taste of my thong," he roared. There was a desperate scuffle, and then a girl ran forward to the lady with the statuette in her apron.

"Friends, I will plead for this man," said my Lady Clemency; "two of you shall clear the way as I go, and the rest return to your business."

So Jaques Contaria, the tanner, and the brass-founder Formantine, ran in front of the oxen till the coach drew up before the court-house of Rye, under the supporting pillars of which a respectable mob was gathered.

With the silver figure folded in her green cloak, her face flushed, not more with the impulse of haste on her passage up the stairs to the justice-room than with the knowledge that she, a young and comely unmarried woman, was bursting without ceremony upon a council of men, my lady entered the court, where, besides those on the bench, were as many of the

commonalty as could squeeze in on the floor behind the seats and in the gallery. Looking now to right, now to left, with scorn and pity in her proud and lovely face, she trode at a leisurely pace towards the dais on which his portly Worship, with a patched brow, sat in his robes of office in the midst of his jurats, scowling with importance upon the assembly.

"Good-day, Mayor," said she, boldly; "I come to help your business, since my brother, the Earl, is not here to do it."

The Mayor rose and bowed. "Permit me, madam, to wait on your ladyship in the antechamber—this is a mere affair of ordinary justice, soon to be ended."

The jurats cleared their throats and looked at one another. Not a man moved. My Lady Clemency kept her ground, and regarded the Mayor's clerk, who was nearest, with a smile.

"Give me your seat, my man," she said, coolly. The clerk vacated it, with an awkward bow, to stand helplessly just underneath and stare at his master.

Her ladyship, smiling still, rested quietly in her seat exactly opposite Master Kerne, the town clerk, and appeared to take no notice of his prosings, but opened her cloak,—for the court-house was warm,—showing her pearl-gray silk, and the bunch of keys hanging at her waist. From her folds she drew the little silver figure, a foot in height, and set it on the edge of the clerk's little table in front of her, playing with it as if it had been a doll and she a curious child. And all the while Hankyn Russe, gripping the ledge of the dock, looked at her, his eyes starting out of his head with astonishment, perplexity, and adoration.

And now the town clerk's oration was over and Ruxley was called. It was here that her ladyship, quickly scanning the fisherman's visage, turned her full face suddenly upon the prisoner, who for that moment had taken his eyes from her to gaze in hatred on his enemy. The comparison in her mind obviously favored the smith, for the face that she turned upon him shone with courage and reassurance, and his heart leapt with joy and confusion when he became aware of her eyes.

Meanwhile, Master Kerne, the chief of the jurats, returned to his heckling. It only remained, as he pointed out, to fight



"I PRAY YOU, NOW, LOOK AT THIS HAND"

out the important question as to whether the offender had struck his Worship with the right or left hand,—a matter of no great importance, as all would agree, but one which, for the accurate application of the law, must be formally certified.

"His Worship has already informed the court that he came down Trader's Passage to the place of the affray," continued Kerne, pompously. "Ergo he would arrive at right angle to the prisoner, then in an attitude of ferocious onslaught upon Ruxley."

"The fellow was all arms," grumbled the fisherman. "He appeared to have a dozen hands when he fell upon me. How can I tell which one he used for his Worship?"

"Godsmarch, show us the position of the brawlers," snapped the jurat, waving Ruxley aside.

Godsmarch threw out his chest.

"The wood-shed end on the quay projects six feet by twelve," he said, screwing up his eyes and mouth with a professional air. "Whosoever did that bit of rabbetting at the corner should be hung, for 'tis terrible rough. Ten feet beyond the wood-shed is the jetty. Two feet to the right of this Ruxley fell, with Hankyn's knee upon his middle. Ruxley lay thus,"—he pictured the fisherman's prostration with a sweep of one palm across the other, like the clean swish of a plane,— "and the Fleming fell upon him, his knuckles bent like knees. And when he felt his Worship's stick too warm, he struck. But he rose not, and kept a hold of Ruxley's neck the while he struck upwards. Nevertheless, I am not sure that he did not cross over his arm."

"From the nature of the hurt," interrupted the lawyer, "it is absurdly evident that no cross-handed blow from a man half kneeling, half straddling, could have carried so much force"—all eyes peered and all necks craned forward, to estimate the exact extent of damage hidden by the large patch on the Mayor's physiognomy. He flushed with disgust. "Therefore," continued Master Kerne, "unless any witness can distinctly prove that his right hand was on the collar of Ruxley, it can have been no other but his right which sacrilegiously, lawlessly, and of full intent endangered the honorable person

and mocked at the high dignity of our respected Mayor, Master Wychellow. Gentlemen and jurats, in the name of the commonalty of Rye, I move, therefore, that the prisoner, according to the Act,"—here he quoted the text blandly,— "do lose his right hand by the common hangman, who shall sever it with knife or saw or axe (according as his Worship thinks fittest) exactly above the wrist and nowhere else, in the presence of myself and the Mayor's clerk, the prison surgeon being also at hand."

"The surgeon would make better work of it, your Worship," said Godsmarch, bluntly. For, now that he realized his share in the brutality, he was heartily ashamed. "By your Worship's leave I would say that I see not that a fellow who knows nothing really of axe or saw can—"

But a cry interrupted him—a cry so full of piercing horror, scorn, dismay, that a shudder ran through the assembly, which till that moment seemed stupefied by the sentence and by the application of a forgotten penalty so cruel.

"The prisoner has cried out," they babbled at the back of the room.

But at the front every one knew that Hankyn had not uttered. The high blood left his face, his marrow turned to ice, a cold sweat bathed him, the cords of his long olive neck tightened, his eyes were savage as those of a madman—a mist as of blood was in them. But at the cry his eyes grew clearer. The warmth ebbed back to him. His swaying figure steadied. His hands stretched out blindly towards the only place whence help could come.

My Lady Clemency, with that one loud cry of protest, had started from her seat and stepped into the centre of the space below the dais just in front of the dock. But she masked her face quickly and curtsied to the town clerk.

"A mighty neat conclusion, sir," she said. "How often *per diem* does your great brain superintend these incidents of the slaughter-house? A hand or two to-day, an ear to-morrow, and a couple of legs of Thursday—'tis a fine, heroic career of achievement!" She flung her head back and faced the bench. "And you, sirs, are you not all proud butchers? How greatly does the part become you, how nobly you thrive upon it! And what, sirs, is the price among your

shambles to-day?" She passed slowly along the dais, scanning each frowning, perturbed face with a cold smile. "What! will you not say? For I would buy—and I am no skinflint. Sell, then, sell, and fatten your purses!"

In an attitude of challenge she paused once more as at first—just below the dock, but not touching it, with her eyes upon the town clerk in his box opposite to her.

The Mayor rose. In his carriage there was all the splendor of one who resents insult upon injury, all the pity of one who could punish if he but chose to stoop.

"Your ladyship's words are against orderliness—these jests are not seemly," he said, loftily.

"No jests," she cried, with glittering eyes, "but earnest. You chop off a hand. I'll buy it. And since a dead hand is not to my liking, I'll buy this one ere it is carved off. Name me your price, gentlemen!"

"Your ladyship is respectfully enjoined to retire from the court," said the Mayor, with his most pitying smile. "Permit me, my lady, to have the privilege—" He descended the steps of the dais and with a large forefinger indicated a door on the left, which a sergeant immediately opened—the door into a robing-closet or antechamber. And still the lady held her ground, and seemed dead to all but her own fancies.

"A fine hand is yours, indeed, sir," she said, with a kind of shy boldness and a flutter of her beautiful lashes. "If I were bidding for that, I know not, indeed, how far my purse would compass the bargain."

She looked sideways at him—then down, in great confusion. It was this sudden veiling of her eyes which made the Mayor forget not only the eyes of the entire court, but also the patch between his eyes and the lump on his nose.

"It is yours—even now at your bidding, my lady," he said, with proud pleasure in his own adroit turning of her phrase. As he spoke he waved his hand, describing a generous movement towards her. Very suavely, and with excessive condescension, though the color mounted still higher in her face, Lady Clemency took the hand and studied it.

"'Tis the hand of a man of importance," she said. "The tissue is wonder-

ful heavy. It is a soft hand—the hand of a man of comfort. It is a hand which mislikes haste, or indignity, or small chafferings, or press of tiresome business. 'Tis the hand of a potentate born. I would not have it raised in anger or sad judgment, sir, lest the marks of such things should disturb its beauty. 'Tis a fine hand,"—she let it fall, with a delicate sigh,—“but 'tis not so valuable a thing to your Worship as your mind,—the throne of that true wit and wisdom to which Master Kerne's long speaking has given no opportunity. It is thought by some that, after a man's eyes, his right hand is his dearest part. But it is not always so, good sirs." She smiled radiantly upon the company. "To some their stomachs are the dearest, to others their hearts, and to others again their souls. I pray you, now, look at this hand." She turned to the dock and laid her finger lightly on the swarthy hand of the young smith. "This man's heart and mind, and, alack! his stomach—since his hand is the chief tool of his craft,—are contained in the hollow of it. And his soul is in it, too. See!"—she held the silver figure up before the company—"see! look at this little image of his—a silver angel with the church of St. Mary of Rye. Can any of you, sirs, make anything so full of godly cunning with your hands?"

"I see no difference between one bit of metal and another," snarled the town clerk; "a pewter pot for good ale serves the commonalty as well as all this Flemish filigree."

"By the same reasoning should a pig's trotters serve your Worships far better than this smith's hand," flashed my lady, sharply.

To her credit as a woman of high breeding be it added that my Lady Clemency was unaware that the lawyer had just wedded the ugly, shrewish daughter of a bacon-merchant for her dowry. In the uncontrollable laughter of the assembly which met her retort she read, therefore, nothing but innocent diversion. Then she saw in the town clerk's face that bitter glare of enmity which meant that only by a hard fight would she win.

"I mean, sir," she said, with a softened accent and a grave and modest air, "that the commonality has more need of pork than of a man's dead hand."

The old Adam in the conceited young Mayor's clerk could not resist his ancient lance-thrust. "Women's casuistry," he muttered at Clemency's elbow.

My lady swept round, and her look fell on him like a queen falcon descending upon a mole.

"The only goad for men's mulishness," she flung him smartly; then by her cloak and rustling skirts entirely eclipsed the weedy youth and hid him from further share in the business of the circle about her.

"With which hand?" she asked Hankyn, gravely.

He only shrugged.

She advanced up to the dock and touched his shoulder gently with her finger, in command.

His clasped hands twitched and knotted. He raised the right, then the left, and finally clutched the edge of his wooden pen once more.

"Say true," said my lady, in French, low and very gently.

He lifted his right; it wavered—and he let it fall again, looking into the very heart of her eyes in frantic appeal. The lady gave a little sharp sigh.

"So, sirs," Clemency turned to the bench, "the prisoner has confessed truly. For what reason can he have, save bare honesty, to condemn himself in the loss of his chief member? And therefore—"

"Your Worship will pardon me," interrupted the youthful Mayoral clerk, fussily, "but has your Worship observed the ring on the prisoner's other hand? It suggests—"

"'Tis enough," growled Kerne. "Hold out your other hand," he commanded.

Once more the long, thin, nervous hand of the silversmith was extended, this time the left hand. On the third finger of it was a ring, gold with a green stone in it. The hoop was so fine that it seemed as if the finger bore nothing but the jewel.

"Remove the thing," ordered Master Kerne, superciliously.

"Nay, it is not on the condemned hand," flashed the lady; "for this you have no right."

"Your Worship will pardon me," said the irrepressible young clerk, "but—and I will take it on my oath—the fellow has changed the jewel from his right to his left since his arrival in court, just before

his hands were unbound at your Worship's generous wish that he should at least have play of limb in the time that remained to him. When I watched the prisoner in the guard-room below the court-house, this gem glistened impudently on his right."

"You take the right hand, sirs, but the jewel is mine," flashed Clemency; "your sentence to all intents is passed, and the property is mine before you can change it, for I buy the jewel of the prisoner from his left hand." So saying, she took his hand and drew off the ring. She held her purse, in which the pin-money of a whole quarter was stored, before his eyes.

"See," she said: "this I keep in trust for you, and you shall redeem what is yours when you are free." The jewel she slipped on to her hand, coolly. It fitted her third finger, and she showed it with a smile to Master Kerne.

Once more a cry, as indignant as the first, and far more anguished, pierced the crowded court hall. The standing mass of spectators swayed this way and that, as if some mad creature were forcing a tortuous passage to the front—some one turbulent, dogged, and short of stature. Over the murmur of expostulation a girl's voice rose shrill and determined. The words were French.

"Let me go—I will pass! Let me go, or I will bite you! My fine gentleman, would you like my fingers to pinch your arm? Ah!"

Pushing, clutching, now staggering under the unexpected shove of some burly shoulder in that human mass, a girl emerged with a wrench into the free space between dock and bench. For a moment she could not steady herself, but swayed and spun like a piece of driftwood which an eddy tosses into a still pool. With torn dress and crumpled apron, her French coif limp and dusty, she faced the lawyers. Her hair was red and short, curling wildly just on to her shoulders. Her gray eyes were bloodshot, her face scratched. On her brown hands and arms were blood and bruises.

"Ah!" she cried again, and shrank back—like a cat about to spring,—then flung herself upon the lady and tore the ring rudely from her hand.

"Mine!" she said, "mine!" She clutched it to her, glaring at the other

woman, and then, turning as suddenly, hung upon the edge of the dock, sobbing. The prisoner stooped and put a hand on her head.

"For shame, Colombette!" he said.

Instantly her rage returned.

"Shame on you," she cried, "to let another woman take my gift to you. You meek-mouthed fool! Just because she wears gloves and feathers and scent! Shame!"

The half-choked words reached her ladyship. She divined, colored, and turned to the Mayor.

"Sirs, the jewel has most evidently a previous purchaser. Therefore its mystery is solved. It was but a loan apparently, a talisman against evil, a token either of friendship or coquetry." She lowered her voice. "It seems there is more here than we can quite understand. I beg you give the girl leave to speak."

Now Master Kerne knew none save legal French, and the Mayor and jurats little more; so they searched one another's face and then gazed with renewed distrust at her ladyship.

"Monstrous!" snarled Kerne to the Mayor; "the time and dignity of the court are tampered with, and all because of this petticoat dalliance!"

The angry red light leapt more quickly than before to the lady's face.

"If my brother Oxney heard you speak of his sister as 'a petticoat,' sir, he would quickly made of you a man of ribands soft enough to garnish the newest Paris hoop." And so with one sweep of her cloak she put her back to him as she had done to the younger clerk a little earlier. "Well," she persisted haughtily, "has your Worship nothing to say?"

"Let the sergeant put back all who have no part in this affair," commanded the Mayor, with a jerk.

The jurats retreated sheepishly to their benches. Only the Mayor kept his standing position below the dais, but moved a little back, while his weedy clerk grimaced in the rear, and my lady, looking haughtily at the crowd beyond, saw the black head and the great shoulders of Jaques Contaria, who was signalling wildly to her.

"Let that man through!" she commanded—and, ere the words were out of her mouth, had the tact to curtsy to the

Mayor again, with a "By your Worship's leave, I pray."

So Contaria passed under the rope, and then they pressed back the rest.

Contaria spoke eagerly. He knew both girl and man. It was from him that my lady heard their story. The girl was known as "La Colombette" to all the colony of strangers on the hill, a waif, a stray, without name, and without any father whom she could claim. Her mother, a stay-maker from Dieppe, had come over to look for her lover, and had died of fever in Rye Foreign, a raving, vengeful wreck of womanhood. The child—two years old at the time—had always been a fitful, fiery, incomprehensible creature, misunderstood, mismanaged by those upon whose charity she had fallen. As years went on, her name was given her in irony, for where La Colombette dwelt no peace nested. And then Hankyn came into her life, and tamed her; and to him she was promised and vowed as wife in the coming Whitsuntide, whereof the green jewel was her pledge of troth and his talisman against infidelity, to be redeemed by her gift of herself on Whitsunday, when the silver ring and neck-chain made by his own hand should be her badge of wifhood.

Over my lady's face flitted many feelings, wonder giving place to infinite pity, and pity to puckered deliberation, and deliberation to a bright shrewdness. And with the light of this in her deep, clear eyes, and the rich ring of pity in her voice, she turned to Colombette.

"Poor little bird," she said, "poor little bird, do not dash yourself against the cage so,"—for the poor wretch beat her head upon the wooden ledge more than once. "Dry your eyes—I cannot see them for your hair." The lady's gray gloves swept back the red tangle. "So! look at me. Trust me. Now tell me, on which hand did you truly put the ring when you made your promises?"

"His right," wailed the girl; "the one they are going to take from him and me."

"Then is his right sacred; therefore put the ring where it should be, in its rightful place," she said, speaking low but merrily. Turning from the dock, she threw herself once more into a pleading attitude before the dais, addressing the Mayor where he stood.

"Sir, by your strange law you are suffered to do two things in such a case—to hew off the sinning member, and to confiscate the goods owned by the prisoner in the hour of arrest. More you may not do. And so, by right, and at first seeming, this ring should be yours, for it was placed, on Lady day, by the giver, on the right hand of Hankyn Russe. Now see how fate perplexes us all. This hand, which you have condemned, is not yours. It was not in the possession of the prisoner in the hour of arrest; it has long been pledged to another in token of payment to follow. Unless Hankyn should redeem it of free will and also yield up the security for the counter-payment, the debt owed to him by this girl,—which security is her ring,—you cannot touch this hand, whether it struck your Worship and all the gentlemen of the court in turn a dozen times. Ask the maid if she will give it you. I know her answer."

"Quibbles!" roared Master Kerne, beside himself.

"Does not your law turn on these as a door on a hinge?" she cried back, fully as angry.

Her eyes cowed, her championship amazed him. Her boldness was a new thing to his experience. And to his fury he saw that the Mayor had little resistance left.

She glided up to the Mayor with a sweet smile.

"See; this hand, which you must carve off blindly, is full of service for your Worship, even though it be pledged to cherish and sustain another. It is truly hers—La Colombette's. Yet you may claim from it service as stout and reverence no less true than that which he yields to her. It can salute you nobly, it can bruise your enemies far better than it would attack you. It can make you images of gold and silver, images of virtue and beauty to delight your eyes; it can build you cups and flagons for your daily use and for your festivals, and on tables of silver tell of your worth and honors. See, it is a living thing, full of rare power and brave possibility. Your judgment annihilates all this and wins you a deadly enemy; and not one, but many—for this man has a woman who loves him unto death, and friends who never forget a cruel judgment. Your

mercy"—and here her face was lit by a light so beatific and entrancing that all wondered—"your mercy shall make this hand to bring forth a continual harvest of delicate things. Its craft shall extol you in monuments of everlasting durability. Your good-will and pardon shall win you, not one friend, but the blessing of a whole hamlet. Your good-will—your pardon! Such great things to give, presents so close to your feet that you but stumble if you disregard them. Give them, good Mayor, give them to me who beg!"

The crowd at this moment saw only a red-faced burgher of middle height, flushed and warm, much weighted by official robes, and marred by scratch and patch, pompously lifting a demure young woman from her knees with a fine attempt at the grand manner. But to Clemency, Master Wychellow was just a man who has suddenly come upon the heart which slumbers under a heavy waistcoat and much fleshy tissue, a human being who knew how to give, and radiant with the humility that befits the true giver. And Master Wychellow, for his part, saw, with a tremor that he had never yet known in the presence of a woman's tears, that the lady's eyes were full to overflowing.

"I may take these children away?" she said to the Mayor.

"The prisoner is now in your custody," he replied with a smile, as she rose on the support of his hands.

Her fingers unfastened the door of the dock, and linked the lovers' palms together, and her passage down the room on his Worship's arm made a lane for them all in spite of the curious crowd.

All the way from Rye Foreign to her brother's house my lady drove with a strange cortège. Jaques Contaria ran in front shouting, raced by Formantine the brass-founder. A swarthy Huguenot lad, with eyes like sloes, rode gayly on one of the two oxen heading her team, and a barelegged, joyous, blue-eyed German dyer's son on the other, singing loudly. All round the coach, and trailing behind it, tripped and trudged and trolled others—men and girls, some shod soundly, others barefoot, while the children tossed flowers from the lanes into the carriage about the woman who sat there, helpless, laughing, her cheeks brushed but not

bruised by the soft, wet petals of buttercup and windflower, celandine and starwort. And so, like Herrick's Sappho, her lap heavy with the spring, my Lady Clemency travelled up to Pages through the April lanes.

At Whitsun, true to her word, did La Colombette give herself to Hankyn Russe in the little wooden chapel outside the town, where, by the wisdom and good-will of Orange William, those of the Roman faith were still suffered to worship in their own way. For La Colombette, though loving many a Huguenot friend, loved her mother's faith better, and under the protection of its wings swept her lover with her. By my Lady Clemency's petition, however, the clashing bells of St. Mary of Rye were sounded in sweet sympathy with the marriage tinkle from the wooden shrine on the hill.

But there were other chimes besides these. Hankyn, working early and late when the commoner labors of the day gave him respite, had secret fancies to

embody in silver, fancies occasioning many hurried visits to the foundry of his friend Formantine. And when his benefactress drove down to Rye to receive the Eucharist in the sunny Pentecost morning, her oxen carried each a silver bell. On one had Hankyn sculptured a picture of the court-house of Rye, showing every pillar and window just as it stood, with marvellous exactness; and this bell was dedicated to "Justice." On another was an angel cutting the bonds of a kneeling prisoner, and labelled "Mercie"; a third bore a silver hand grasping the craftsman's chisel, and was sacred to "Mercurie," the god of all cunning; and the fourth bell, the most lovely voiced of all the four, displayed in high relief a crowned woman, enthroned, and was inscribed to "Our Lady of Victories." On the reverse of each bell were my lady's initials and the Oxney arms. My lord always vowed that the face of the madonna in the chair was the truest portrait ever made of his dear and amazing sister.

Thou and I

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

LOVE, I would have thee as the snow is, white
 And pure on hilltops of the winter day;
 Thou shouldst have sovereign rule, the spirit sway
 Of beauty, wide and shining as the light.
 Thou shouldst be as the evening star is, bright
 As heaven can make it; all thy summer way
 The melodies of June should sing and play
 In thee, the darling of the day and night.
 But I would have thee human first and last,
 One not untouched by trouble, sought of sin,
 Thine innocence not accident, but choice.
 Fit then my service: I should have no past,
 No future; newly would my life begin,
 Obedient to the music of thy voice.

The Log of the Bark Emily

AS KEPT BY L. R. HALE, THIRD MATE—1857-60

EDITED BY JOHN R. SPEARS

THERE lies on the desk before me a thin oblong book bound in dappled brown paper with red leather back and covers. It is dilapidated with years and handling, and bears the title "B. Emily, New Bedford, Journal—1857, 8, 9, 60," written in a large, ragged hand in thin, faded ink. The same hand has filled its one hundred and sixty pages (of old-fashioned blue paper) with the daily record of a whaling voyage made in the time when America controlled the whaling trade of the world, and New Bedford, Massachusetts, was its chief port. Rude illustrations, showing whales and ships and rocky shores sighted on the voyage, with now and then an incident of the chase, are penned on its margins, enlivening and assisting the text.

If rightly seen, this log of the cruise of the bark *Emily*, a New Bedford whaler, as kept by her third mate, Mr. L. R. Hale, is one of the most interesting sea records that remain from the old days.

The *Emily* was a bark of 333 tons, one of a fleet of 216 American vessels, of different rigs, that sailed in the whale-fishery in 1857, of which 95 hailed from New Bedford. Time had been when the number of vessels in the fleet had been far greater, and the profits were higher. Nevertheless, New Bedford capitalists still had confidence in the harvests of the sea, and the city itself was still the richest in the nation, in proportion to its size, because of the good fortune that had attended its whalers. The

wharves of the city were piled high with the full barrels discharged from the incoming whalers, and with the empty casks and staves for the outward bound.

The crew boarded the *Emily* on October 17, and the next day, October 18, at three, weighed anchor, and stood down the bay with a fair wind.

It was all smooth-water sailing until after nightfall, but the *Emily* was heading out to sea, where the long ocean swell caught her, and away she went rolling before the favoring breeze, while the third mate wrote in his log, "foremast hands nearly seasick." And to make it worse for the landsmen who had come seeking adventures, the breeze strengthened to a gale, and, fair though it was, the crew had to put double reefs in the topsails. Eventually (on the 22d) the wind shifted to northeast, and there it held during some of the longest and wretchedest days those foremast hands had ever known. For the waves rolled until they came solid over the bows of even this lightly laden

whaler, "carrying away our starboard gangway boards, starboard headboards, etc." The bow boats had to be taken in on deck to save them from the tossing seas, though they were swung to stout wooden davits five feet above the rail, and there were heavy brackets under their keels to brace them.



"FEB. 20, 1860.—CATCH A GONEY, TALLIED HIM AND LET HIM GO"

Facsimile of sketch in the Log-book

In the midst of the turmoil, with the freezing spray filling the air in clouds, and the solid waters washing across the deck more than knee-deep, the seasick



18th Tuesday. Commenced fine ship working
to windward with a light breeze from
S.E. & have seen nothing until this after-
noon when three whales were raised on
Lee bow. Lowered 3 boats & pulled to
windward some time then set sail & kept
by the wind until sunset
when we gave up the chase &
came on board the whale
were going to windward
- du Enk. Lat 71° 15' N



FACSIMILE OF ENTRY IN THE BARK'S LOG

crew came shivering from the fore-castle and were driven to the work of saving the boats. They scarcely knew a davit from a duck's back, or the fall of a tackle from a thole-pin, but they had ropes thrust into their hands, and possibly laid across their backs, while the mates told them when and how to pull. There is no more expressive sign-language in the world than that used by a ship's mate in teaching the ropes to a greenhorn in a gale of wind, and so these men were able to accomplish the work. Meantime, however, they had to cut down the sail to a staysail, close-reefed foresail, and close-reefed foretopsail, with which they went roaring on their course to the south-east. And thereafter the unfortunates were kept busy at the braces to trim the yards to the veering gale, while the rain fell in such torrents that even the seasoned third mate makes note of the matter. They were never dry for a moment during all those bitter days—days of storm that lasted without cessation until the afternoon of October 30.

On the 30th the log says, "ship going along under single-reefed topsails and

courses." The gale was moderating at last, and then comes this:

"31st October, Saturday, commences with fair wind and fine weather. Star-board watch on deck engaged peeling onions for pickles."

In later-day whalers, and in some during those days, it was the custom to take advantage of the first pleasant weather at sea to drill the greenhorns at the oars.

Fine weather and a smooth-enough sea were found on Sunday, but no record of a practice drill is written in Mr. Hale's log. It appears that Captain Luce was not one of the drilling skippers. However, they got a bit of training on Sunday that was entirely practical.

Since the weather had moderated a man had been kept aloft on each mast to search the seas for signs of whales. There were men at these perches as the Sunday morning wore away. And so it came to pass that as the *Emily* was washing along over the seas at ten o'clock, and the men were speculating on the character of a strange sail that had been in sight to windward for some time, there came a wild cry from aloft:

"There sh' *blo-o-ws!* Blows! Blows! There sh' blows!"

"Where away?" bawled the officer in charge of the deck, while the crew, to a man, ran, instinctively and as if stirred by a sudden shock, to the weather rail.

"Fair on the weather bow, sir, an' four miles off. There's more than one, sir. There sh' blows agin, sir!"

The Captain and the mates off watch came tumbling up from the cabin. The greenhorn who was learning to steer was hustled from the wheel in dazing speed, that one who knew how might take his place, and then, "Lee braces!" shouted the Captain. "Sharp up fore and aft!"

He grabbed the spanker-sheet from its cleat, and hauled the boom almost amidships, while the mates threw the weather braces off the pins, and the boat-steerers led the mob of the crew alee.

In a moment the *Emily* was brought to the wind, and then once more came the voice from aloft:

"There sh' blows! Sparm-whale—spa-a-rm-whale blows!"

The Captain was climbing the weather main-rigging in thumping fashion for a better view, but even the men on deck could see that the whales were of the cachelot variety. For as the *Emily* rose over a wave they saw two whales spouting their vapory breath twelve feet into the air, and each jet rose at an angle of forty-five degrees with the level of the sea. No other whale blows like that, and with nerves aquiver the crew of the *Emily* stood by to veer and haul at the oft-repeated order "Ready about!" For the *Emily* was beating to overhaul the whales.

Forgotten were all of their troubles in the thrill of the chase, for the whales were leaving a flaring white wake that lengthened ominously as they drove them away to windward. And there was the other ship coming down on the "pod" with a free sheet.

"Are the boats all ready, Mr. Bauldry?" shouted the Captain as he reached the futtock-shrouds.

"Aye, aye, sir, the boats," repeated the mate, whereat each of the mates ran to his own boat, swung the brackets from under the keel, cleared away the gaskets and other "fasts," and then looked carefully at the "geer" within.

Down went three boats. The crews followed as if falling overboard by common consent, and grasping the oars with their untrained hands, they began to splash the waters in a wild endeavor to "lift" the boat along. How the mates alternately cursed and urged their men, how the men tugged and pulled until their mouths were as dry as ashes and their hands were blistered raw, is not recorded in the log of Mr. Hale, but we can be certain of the facts, nevertheless. It was a heart-breaking effort, and all the worse because the boats of the other ship were already at work; but at last, when his men were all but beat out, the mate pulled up within range of a big bull, and in a stage whisper told his harpooner to "stand up and give it to him."

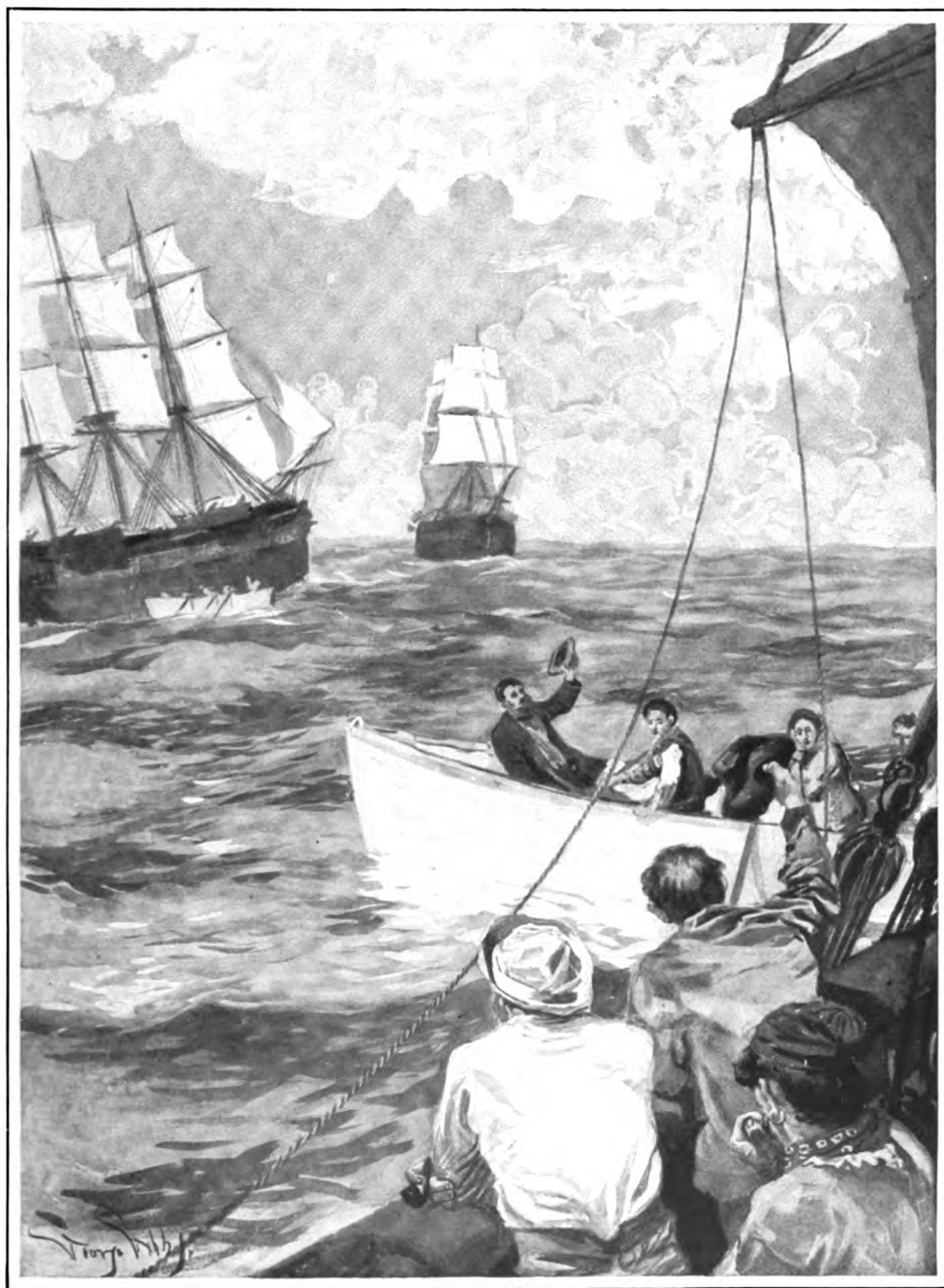
The man obeyed the order, and with his knee pressed into a little crutch built in the boat's bow to brace him, he picked up a new harpoon and poised it at arm's-length above his head for a cast.

But meantime the whale, a wily old bull, had seen the boat out of one corner of his eye, and now he began rolling over and over away from the boat, keeping just beyond the range of the harpoon.

"Give way—pull!" yelled the mate, and the men bent their oars as best they could to drive the boat up to the whale; but before she had fairly answered to the pull, the whale sank down as lead sinks, and when the boat passed into the greasy "slick" he had left behind he was far out of sight below.

"When he settled we saw an iron in him," writes Mr. Hale. He had "been struck by one of the other ship's boats," but had compelled them in some way to cut him adrift. And thereafter until four o'clock that whale repeatedly sounded and came up, and rolled away just as the harpooners were all but ready for him. It was as if he were playing with them, playing as a deer sometimes plays with the hounds; but at last he grew tired and went swashing away to windward at an eight-knot gait, leaving the dejected oarsmen to pull back to the ship and nurse their bleeding hands.

Meantime the stranger that had been in chase of the whales was recognized as the bark *Osprey*, Captain James E. Stanton, belonging to Swift and Allen, of



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

EXCHANGING VISITS IN FINE WEATHER

New Bedford. She too had failed to save either of the whales, and now her master brought her down across the stern of the *Emily* and hove to alee, when Captain Luce got into a boat and went over to her for a "gam."

"Gam" is the whaler's word for gossip. It is probably a contraction of the word gammon, for gammon is a very good word to apply to the stories that whalers commonly tell each other when making these sea calls. But when Captain Luce went over to the *Osprey* on this occasion he quickly lost any wish to cajole or tell strange untrue tales that he might have carried with him. For on reaching her deck he found Captain Stanton in a state of great mental distress. Captain Stanton had brought his wife and child (a babe in arms) along with him, and now the child was sick and was supposed to be about to die.

Captain Luce said what he could to express the hearty sympathy of a man, and asked if there was anything he could do or supply. To that Captain Stanton replied by asking if the *Emily* carried any spirituous liquor, and, if so, would Captain Luce keep in company with the *Osprey* for a few days, in order to supply enough of it to preserve the body of the child in case it should die. He wanted to carry the body home, so that it might be buried at least in Christian fashion.

Many tales of domestic life afloat are told in the history of the whalers. The high-line mate—the mate who had saved more whales than any other on the oil-laden ship—easily got a ship to command, and was then permitted to marry the girl of his heart and take her afloat for the next cruise. And the clear-eyed Yankee girls thought the cabin of a whaler afforded the finest bridal chamber in all the world. It is said that instances are known where two generations in one family have been born afloat in the whale-fishery. But nowhere else is such a tale as this recorded. Rather than bury their child in the sea, this father and mother would carry the little body with them through all the weary years of the whaler's cruise, in order to bury it at home.

After that eventful Sunday, November 1, 1857, the crew of the *Emily* saw no

whales for two weeks. They were put at work restoring the hold; they overhauled the rigging that loosened up a bit as she washed her way into warm latitudes; they worked the ship as occasion required, so the raw edges of their ignorance were slowly wearing away. Finally, on the 13th, the thrilling cry from aloft was heard once more. Away went three of the boats as on the former occasion, and this time the novices suddenly found themselves in the midst of a school of whales, and every boat fast to one of them.

As each harpooner drove his first iron into the back of a whale, he stooped and picked up the second, and hurled it after the first before the quivering beast could gather itself for a plunge forward. Good strikes were made by all three men, and they quickly ran aft on the thwarts, leaping over the oars of the men as they came, and finally exchanging places with the mates, who had theretofore held the long steering-oars. But as two of the mates went forward and picked up the lances, ready for the final work, two of the irons drew out of the whales.

The "new-fangled" diamond point cut its way through the flesh as soon as the strain of towing the boat was brought on by the mad rush that the whales made for liberty.

But Mr. Hale's irons were thrown by a master harpooner, and when Mr. Hale reached the bow, he picked up his lance and bade the men face about, grasp the line, and begin to haul it in to bring the boat up to the flying whale.

How these green hands worked, an old sailor can easily imagine, for the boat weighed, with all hands and the gear, about 1500 pounds, and it was already flying through the water at a ten-knot rate; but before the greenhorns had time to do very much the whale ahead was exhausted, and then Mr. Hale ended the flight by a plunge of the lance into the animal's heart. Swerving to the gripe of the mortal pain, the whale began "milling" around—swimming in a circle, while clotted blood flew from its spiracle,—and then with a last heave of its head it rolled over, with a side fin out of the water, and gasped its last.

They had heard their prize called a blackfish, and now the boat's crew could

see that it was a whale twenty feet in length, eleven in girth at the shoulders, and soft coal-black, save only on the back, where, half-way between its shoulders and tail, was a curious white spot. A thick, fat, finlike structure two feet long arose from the back well toward the tail. But what struck the novices as most peculiar was the fact that while it had a big mouth, well armed with teeth, the tongue was no longer than that of a cow. Its eyes, too, were about the size of a cow's.

They towed the carcass to the ship, and hoisted it on board, where they "skinned it," as Mr. Hale said—saved the blubber, which yielded perhaps one hundred gallons of oil, though of that Mr. Hale says nothing. The fact is, the oil, in the eyes of the crew, was the least important part of the fish. They had been at sea almost a month, and here was an abundance of meat not wholly unlike coarse beef, while the brains mixed with pounded hardtack and fried in the oil made morsels fit for far more fastidious diners than those of the *Emily's* fore-castle cabin.

Thereafter Captain Luce headed away for the Pacific. He had already reached the tropics (latitude 18°) when he struck the blackfish. He entered the trade-winds soon after, and reached across the belt in a way that might have made the old Nantucket whaler repeat his famed assertion, "We've had a—fine sail." But just as they were getting into the region of calms (4° north), on November 22, there was a sudden change in the monotony of their life. "The ship was going along on the starboard tack until six o'clock in the morning," writes Mr. Hale, "when the mate saw a spout close to, and directly after that made out a whole school of whales, which we had just run over and galled, it would seem, for they soon divided, and some went to leeward, while others worked to windward."

But we will not enter upon further details of the whaling adventures of the *Emily*. Passing to eastward of the whaling-grounds off the coast of Brazil, and leaving those of Patagonia far away (the bays on the Patagonia coast once swarmed with whales), the *Emily* washed slowly southward until December 25.

Christmas was a particularly lucky day for the crew in one way. They caught

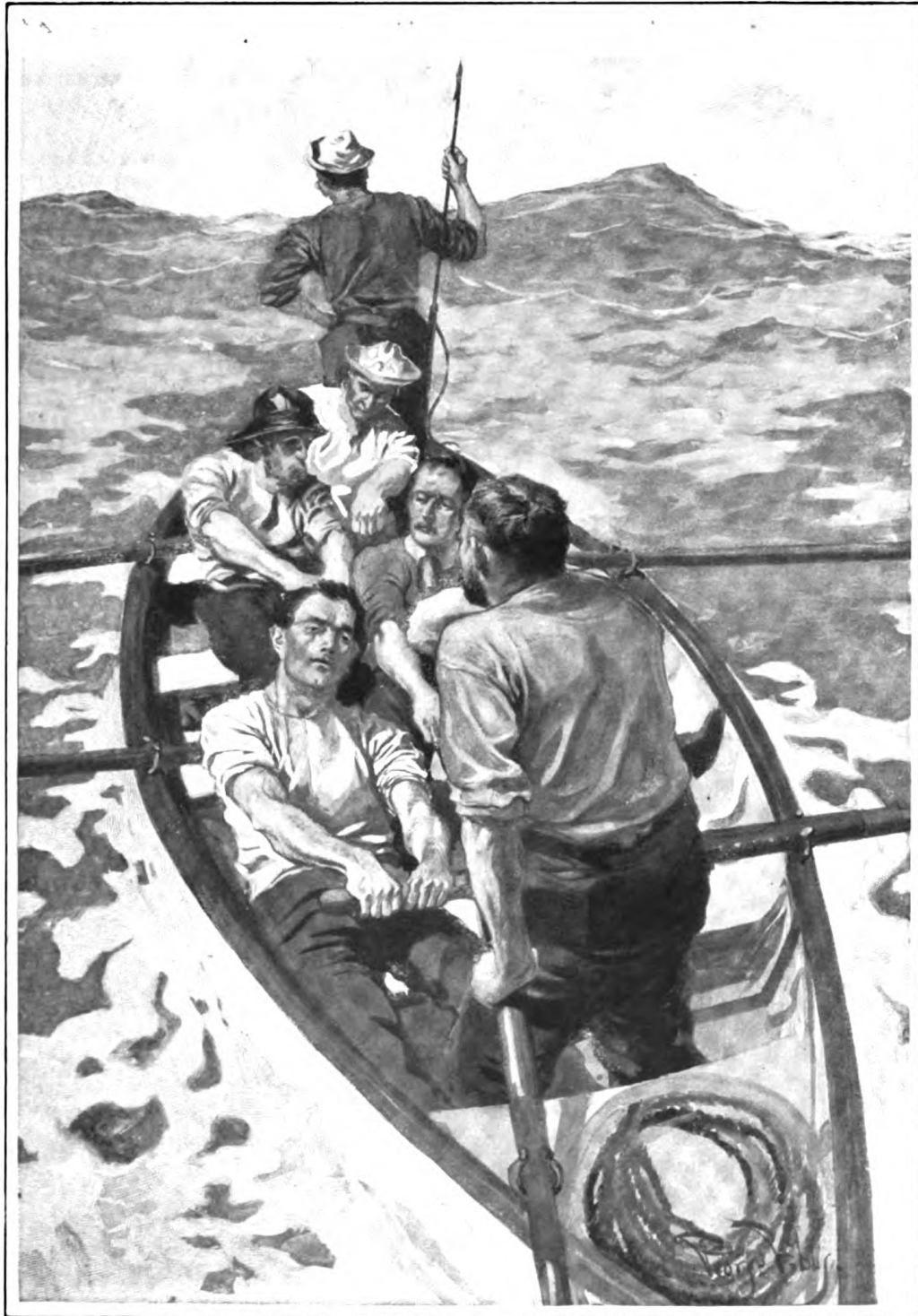
two porpoises, and feasted once more on fried steaks with meat-balls made of the pounded hardtack, while to top off their luxurious feast they had a huge mass of duff, stuffed with fried apples and drenched with New Orleans molasses.

It was a lovely day in the early antarctic summer. The sky was flecked with feathery clouds that showed by contrast its depths of blue. The air was filled with great flocks of the albatross, the Cape pigeon, and many other varieties of sea-birds, both great and small, that are found in uncountable thousands all over the region. Huge masses of the leathery Magellan seaweed were adrift on every hand. It was a day of wondrous interest to those who had eyes for what nature had set before them; but having seen "the watch employed in boiling porpoise blubber," Mr. Hale went to his stateroom and recorded the facts of the day in the briefest manner possible. But when this was done his thoughts ran away from the Cape Horn seas to the old home in Stepney, and he wrote below in a line by itself, "I wish all a merry Christmas."

After Christmas had passed away, the stormy Cape was soon abeam of the *Emily*, and gales were to be expected from day to day, with many chances of meeting icebergs. But with a crew of at least thirty men on a stanch little bark like her, Cape Horn was by no means terrible. For she could swing down or spread her canvas almost with man-o'-war's celerity, while the hull was light enough to ride even the cross-seas of a shifting gale.

On the next day the *Osprey* was again seen, but they did not speak to her. No word about the health of the sick babe had been received, but the fact that she had not made the gruesome signal for spirits showed that it had happily recovered.

Preparations for rounding the Horn were made by overhauling the running rigging to see that every rope was sound, while a lot of empty casks were filled with salt water to serve as ballast and keep her up to her work in the fierce onslaughts of the gales. And the gales came on at once. Not a day passed without a record of bad weather, and on one occasion the greenhorns, or a part of them, at any rate, received a shock from



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

GETTING WITHIN RANGE OF A BIG WHALE

a squall that "made them squeeze tar out of the rigging."

A heavy gust from the southeast struck the *Emily*, and sent her reeling so that two men at the wheel could not hold her to her course. There was a hurried call for all hands, and after hauling up the mainsail, as many men as could get on the yard were sent there to furl the sail. Among the rest was an able seaman named Dorchester. The *Emily* was roaring along in the midst of a white mass of smother and spray that widened out for more than forty feet on both sides of her; and at the first grab they made for the flopping canvas, Dorchester was pitched over the yard, and down he went, head first. Striking a part of the boat davit gear, he was thrown inboard to the deck. "It was by a miracle that he was saved," writes Mr. Hale.

But, on the whole, the *Emily* had a very fair passage around the Horn. On January 11, 1858, they were in latitude 57° and longitude 77°; they were ready to stand to northward into the Pacific, as the wind would permit. We find on January 30 and 31 (Saturday and Sunday) these entries in the log:

"Watch employed washing their clothes, this day being set aside exclusively for that purpose."

"Watch employed reading novels!"

There seems to be an air of mild contempt in Mr. Hale's observations. One fancies he would have found something requiring animated effort for them to do, had he been captain, but the facts are worth noting because they show that not every Yankee whaler was "a hell afloat," as most whale-story writers would have us believe.

Soon after the ship's crew saw one of the marvels of the whaling-ground, the giant squid, the largest of all living creatures, and, to human eyes, the most horrible. The accounts of whaling voyages agree that the giant squid is but rarely seen. Many a successful cruise is made without ever raising one, and, what is more, searches of the records of Nantucket and New Bedford both show not a single case of a whale-boat being tangled up in the scaly arms of one of the brutes. Nevertheless, Mr. Hale records at least four that were seen from the deck of the *Emily*. The appearance of so

many monsters in the course of one voyage was certainly extraordinary.

How large the squids were Mr. Hale does not note; and how large they may be when fully grown no one knows. The scientific authorities say that they are "over forty feet long," which is certainly a safe statement.

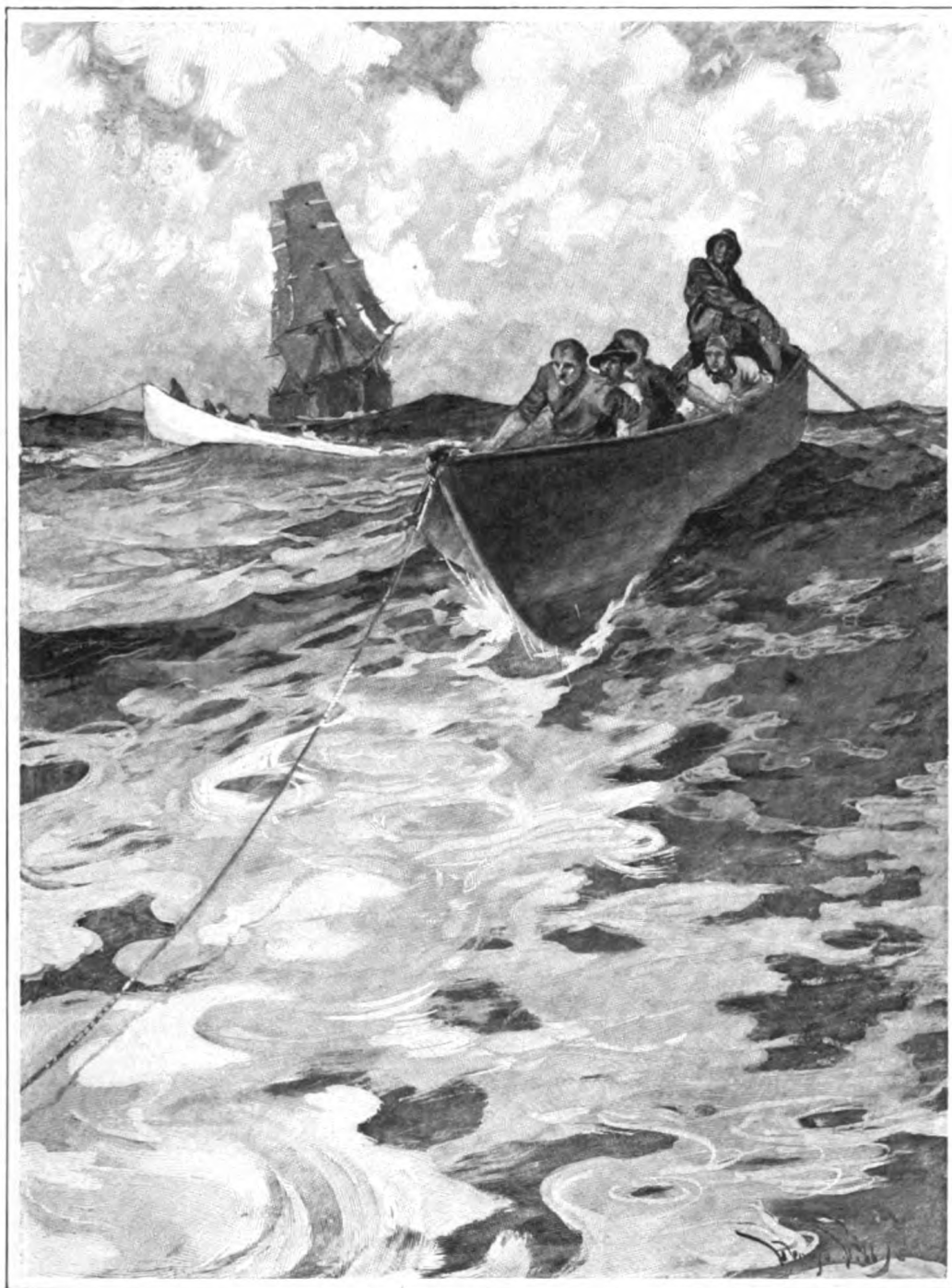
As they washed along about four degrees south of the equator at the end of May, a big German merchant-ship came up from the south. She was bound to San Francisco. There was only a gentle breeze blowing, and so the *Emily* lowered a boat and sent letters on board. It was a very great pleasure for Mr. Hale, and it made him not a little homesick. One has queer feelings when writing and mailing letters on the high seas.

In due time Captain Luce called all hands aft, on a pleasant day, and rewarded the lookouts who had first seen the sperm-whales that had been saved, giving them cash at the rate of \$5 per hundred barrels. That is to say, the man who discovered the first whale taken, a thirty-barrel cow, got \$1 50. The Captain also told the men they should in future be rewarded at the same rate. This is a further proof of the Captain's liberality, for the usual practice was to give to each man ten pounds of tobacco per hundred barrels,—the tobacco being of the cheapest quality.

The improvement in the work of the lookouts made by the offer of cash prizes leads to other entries in Mr. Hale's log, which show how the vigilance of the lookout was sometimes defeated by a lack of enthusiasm on deck as time wore away. The effect of prolonged idleness on the minds of the officers and crew is very marked in these whaling voyages. There were periods in this cruise when not a sperm-whale was seen for months. One such period was four months long. Over and again Mr. Hale notes:

"Saw whales spouting on lee beam; called them sulphur bottoms." "Saw whales breaching four miles astern; called them sulphur bottoms." "Whales on weather quarter; called them fin backs."

In spite of the lack of discipline which the log shows, the *Emily* was filling up. She had already over 400 barrels of sperm under hatches, and she had been out not quite a year. The greenhorns



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE BOAT WAS FLYING THROUGH THE WATER



A HURRIED CALL FOR ALL HANDS

had two barrels of oil each under hatches for their year's work.

And when a year out the *Emily* headed away for the Galapagos Isles.

It was on January 3, 1859, that the *Emily* anchored at Chatham Island. The very greatest day of the cruise, from Mr. Hale's point of view, occurred on March 7, about eight weeks after leaving the island. They were cruising about twenty miles south of the equator, and perhaps two hundred miles off the South-American coast, when, at nine o'clock in the morning, a school of whales rose a few miles to leeward. At three o'clock in the afternoon she had four whales alongside. It was a fine day's work when four sperm-whales were laid alongside together, though by no means a record day. The whaler *Lowell*, Captain Benjamin, during the voyage that ended April 27, 1845, had no less than sixteen whales alongside at one time. After all, the day was not so very profitable, for the whales were small, and made but ninety-four barrels, all told.

As for the remainder of the cruise, it must be summarized to avoid monotony. The fishing was successful in spite of easy-going ways. In fact, judging by the returns at the New Bedford custom-house, it appears that the *Emily's* crew was among the more successful of the port's fleet. Her largest whale was killed on October 17, 1860, without any trouble whatever. It enabled the crew to roll away 101 barrels of oil.

Finally, January 1, 1861, came, and we find this entry: "Dear friends at home, you are remembered by us who are so far away from you, and we heartily wish you a happy new year, hoping and expecting to be with you in a few months."

At Talcahuana, a Chile port, February 17, we find this entry:

"Captain Luce read to-day (for the first time) the letters he received from home when at Talcahuana, and by them learned that his wife was dead."

For twenty days the man had carried those letters, with his heart so sick with fear that he could not open them.

They hove up anchor for home on February 11, 1861, wholly oblivious of the war-cloud that was then sweeping down on the United States. On May 8, the

Emily swept up the bay to anchor at last between Palmer Island and the New Bedford piers, exactly three years, six months, and twenty-one days after the green crew hove up the anchor. The custom-house records show that she brought home 814 barrels of oil of her own. To this must be added the 208 shipped home on the *Splendid*, and so her total voyage makes 1022 barrels. Out of the ninety-five whalers that sailed from New Bedford that year, only nine saved more than one thousand barrels.

The high-line sperm-oil ship of the year's fleet was the *James Arnold*, Captain Thomas Sullivan. She shipped and brought home, all told, 2601 barrels.

The *Emily's* cruise produced not far from \$43,000 in oil, not counting what she sold on the coast of South America. The green hands who sailed on a two-hundredth lay should have received from this oil \$215 each for the cruise that was forty-two months long, or \$5 37½ a month. From this, of course, they had to pay for the clothes they bought from the Captain, or what is called the slop bill. Mr. Hale's slop bill amounted to about \$25 a year, and, judging from the list, it is likely that the fore-castle men did not buy much less.

Captain Luce, with his lay of six per cent., should have had due ordinarily \$2580 for the three years and six months, or, say, \$64 a month. Mr. Hale does not tell what his lay was, but if he averaged \$16 a month for the voyage, he was doing as well as third mates usually did. In considering these figures, we remember, of course, that good mechanics used to work for \$1 50 per day on shore previous to the civil war, that the crew received their board in addition to their wages, and that even now in 1900 first-class farm-hands work for \$20 a month and board, and even less.

The owner's share of the oil was two-thirds, or, say, \$28,000, but he paid all expenses of the outfit. It is a fair surmise to say that he cleared \$6000 a year for the use of the ship, a profit by no means excessive, even though the vessel herself was probably worth no more than half a year's income, for the whaler-owner had to take the risk of a ship making or losing voyage.

A Filial Pretence

BY WILL N. HARBEN

AS Albert Lee rode up to the stable and turned his bay mare into the lot, Mrs. Waters and her two girls came to the door of the farmhouse and stood watching him attentively.

"Looks sorter downhearted," observed the oldest woman, as the middle-aged bachelor, with saddle and blanket on his shoulder, was approaching. "I don't believe it done 'im any good to go to the hangin'; an' then he always was friendly to Meadow an' had a good word fer 'im."

"That's what I used to tell 'im he was a plumb fool about," said Carrie Waters, the older of the two girls. "Most folks judge a man by the company he keeps."

"Mr. Lee was jest sorry fer the pore feller," said Lillie, the younger and prettier girl. "He's contended all along that Meadow never would 'a' shot that man if he hadn't been out o' his head from whiskey."

"Ike Meadow got his just deserts," retorted Carrie; and she would have added stronger words, but Albert Lee was now too near.

"I reckon he didn't git no reprieve," ventured Mrs. Waters, as Lee hung up his saddle in the entry and came in and sat down.

Lee shook his head, dropped his broad-brimmed hat on the floor, and stretched out his long, strong-boned legs before him. "No, that was a false report," he answered; "the Governor had no idea o' callin' a halt."

A grim silence pervaded the room for a moment; it was broken by Carrie. "Did you see it—yorese'f?" she asked.

"No, I didn't," said Lee, in a low voice, as he grasped his long brown beard in his hand and slowly stroked it downward. "It made me sick jest to think of it. The pore fellow was in a awful state o' mind. You see, he heerd I was in town yesterday, an' sent fer me. I'd ruther 'a' took a whippin' than to 'a' gone, but I couldn't refuse a condemned man his last request.

The jailor let me in to his cell, an' left us thar together. It was awful the way Meadow went on. He had a big heart, in spite o' his shiftless ways, an' he broke down an' cried like a child. He told me some'n I never knowed before. He said when he was a boy about fifteen he run away from his mother up in Tennessee. She is alive now, an' lives with her married daughter an' her grandchildren. Meadow said he'd kept 'er fooled about his doin's fer the last twenty yeer, an' that he writ 'er ever' now an' then that he was doin' well an' prosperin'. But that ain't the wust of it by a long shot. He said he'd been so much tuck up with his trial that he hadn't writ to 'er lately an' she's got a little suspicious. Jest day before yesterday he got a letter from 'er, an' in it she said she was headed this way. That's what upset 'im so; he says she's got a bad case o' heart trouble, an' he's afeerd when she heers about his end she'll keel over an' die. That's what he wanted to see me about; he wanted me to keep the news from 'er as long as I could an' then break it gradual."

"Well!" spoke up Carrie Waters, with a sneer, "I call that cheek."

"Sister," said the other girl, reproachfully, "you ought to be ashamed. It makes me respect Meadow more to know that he thought of his mother's feelin's at the last—especially when he was facin' sech a awful death."

"That's the way I looked at it," and Lee cast a grateful glance at the last speaker. "I tell you, I never was so sorry fer a'budy in my life. Well, to make a long story short, I promised to do all I could, an' he seemed better reconciled."

"Well, if his mammy's a-comin'," said Mrs. Waters, "I don't see what's to prevent 'er from findin' out the truth before she gits out heer."

"I thought o' that," Lee told her, "an' I sorter guarded agin' it. You know Budd Warren's hack meets the train at

Harlow Junction an' fetches the passengers this way. Well, I met Budd as I come along an' told 'im my predicament. He promised he'd keep a sharp watch, an' ef she got off at the Junction he'd fetch 'er right on an' try to keep folks from talkin' to 'er on the way. That 'll throw the responsibility on me, but I'll have to shoulder it somehow. I've give my word an' I'll do my best. I hain't much of a hand to lie with a straight face, but I reckon I'll have to do it this whack."

"I reckon you'll want to give 'er a room with us," said Mrs. Waters, dolefully.

"Yes, that will be best," answered the bachelor; "I'll pay fer 'er bed an' keep."

"Well!" exclaimed Carrie Waters, with a heavy frown; "things have come to a purty pass when unmarried men git to boardin' old women jest fer a fool notion o'—"

"Oh, sister, don't—*don't!*" cried Lillie Waters. "Haven't you got a speck o' pity?"

Carrie Waters mumbled out an unintelligible retort and flounced from the room, leaving Lee tugging thoughtfully at his beard. All at once he had begun to wonder if he had not made a mistake in paying marked attentions to her. Surely she would not make as agreeable and as sympathetic a helpmeet as Lillie, who had of late seemed to agree with him in so many things. He took these thoughts with him to the barn when he went to feed his mare and to bed with him that night. His selection of Carrie Waters for a possible wife had been made in the matter-of-fact way in which he had always conducted his affairs, but to his surprise, as he began to know her sister's true character, something like real, throbbing, palpitating sentiment was laying hold of him.

The next day, while Carrie was over at her uncle's across the creek, he found Lillie alone at her spinning-wheel in the loom-room adjoining the house. As he stood in the doorway he noted the hot flush that dyed her cheeks and neck, and for the first time in his life he felt awkward in her presence.

"So you think I did right in promisin' Meadow to sorter fool his old mother?" he ventured.

"Yes, I do, Mr. Lee," she said, firmly,

and as she looked at him frankly her color died down. "I don't know when I've felt as awful as I did last night. I hardly shut my eyes. Pore woman! It 'll go hard with 'er when she finds out the truth; but you must try to prepare 'er fer it. Have you any idea what you are a-goin' to say to 'er?"

"No, I hain't," said Lee. "When Meadow was a-talkin' it seemed easy enough, but the more I reflect over it, the harder it seems. I never was any hand to hoodwink folks, an' I know when she comes I'll be liter'ly skeerd out'n my senses. But since she's got heart trouble, I'll jest have to be keerful."

"Yes, you must that, Mr. Lee," said the girl, and for a moment they sat looking into each other's eyes. "I'll do all I kin to he'p you," she ended, with a sympathetic sigh.

"Will you—Lillie?"

"Yes, I will, Mr. Lee." She colored again, and this time the glance of her fine eyes went to the ground. Lee stood awkwardly looking at her, a strange lump in his throat, and then he went back to his plough in the field beyond the spring. He felt as if he were walking on air; the sky never had seemed so blue, the drifting clouds never so white. His pulse was beating rapidly. A sense of something vast and new had come into his life. Instead of going to work he sank on the grass in the edge of the field, allowing his horse to graze near by. From a blissful day-dream he was rudely awakened by the rasping reminder of an engagement to drive Carrie Waters to meeting the next Sunday. What would Lillie think of that? He shuddered violently, hitched his horse to the plough, and went to work.

The next morning Lee had been only about an hour in his field, when he rode hurriedly back to the farmhouse and alighted heavily.

"The war's begun!" he panted, as the three women came to the door to see why he had returned so unexpectedly. "The jig's up. I seed Budd Warren's hack down the road a piece. He's got a passenger—a little, bent-over woman; it's Meadow's mother; she'll be on heer in a minute."

"You don't say!" gasped Mrs. Waters. "Well, I reckon we'll have to do the best

we kin. I've warned all the neighbors not to say a word in her heerin'."

"Leave 'er to me," said Lee, pale to the lips. "I fetched this on you an' I'll make a effort to manage it. I'd mighty nigh as soon be in Meadow's place, though. You needn't be a bit surprised ef I break down. I'll run in my room an' throw on my coat."

Lee had scarcely left them when the visitor was put down at the door. The three women stared at her curiously as she came along the walk, leaning on a stick and carrying a heavy carpet-bag.

"That driver told me this is whar Ike Meadow boards," she said, in a sharp, calm tone. "I reckon he's a-lookin' fer me. I'm his mother. I writ that I'd be on."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mrs. Waters, in a tone of suppressed excitement. "Come in an' take off yore things."

The old woman put her foot on the door-step cautiously and laughed pleasantly. "Like a fool I've left my specks at home," she said. "I declare I kin hardly see whar I'm a-goin'. I never did sech a thing in my life before. I wanted to stop back thar at the Junction to buy me a pair, but the driver was in sech a hurry to come on to make his connections that he wouldn't wait. I reckon I'll hardly know Ike; he writ me he was wearin' a full beard an' had growed considerable. Is he about the house?"

There was considerable clatter and creaking of the floor just then, as the three women moved back for the visitor to enter, and Mrs. Waters pretended not to hear the question, as she placed a chair near the door. She was wondering what could be detaining Lee, and she was beginning to fear that his courage had deserted him entirely and that he had escaped by the back door. This horrible thought was plainly stamped on her face and was communicated to the startled minds of her daughters.

"I axed ef Ike was anywhars—" But she was interrupted by the appearance of Lee in the door; and in her vast relief at seeing him, Mrs. Waters unguardedly exclaimed,

"Thank goodness, thar he is at last."

"Yes, that's him," ejaculated the visitor, to the astonishment of everybody; "bad as my sight is, I'd know 'im from

his shape. I always said he'd grow up to be a big man. Ike, you look mighty like yore pa did at yore age. How do you come on?"

Lee thrust out his hand, and staring perplexedly, grasped the bony fingers extended towards him. He was unable to formulate a reply to her words or anything resembling a greeting. But the old woman did not seem to notice his silence or his great agitation.

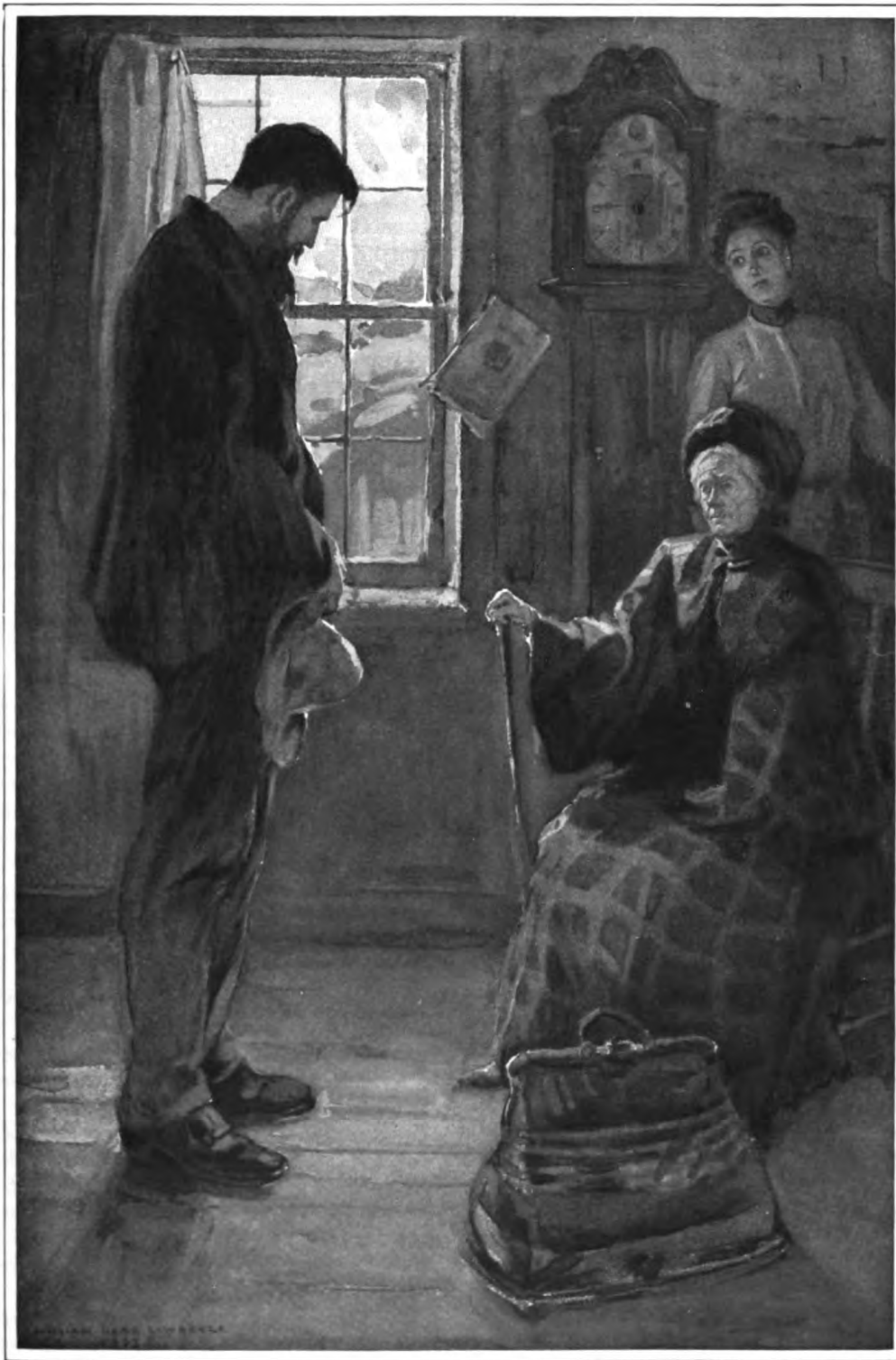
"Now, I'll tell you what I want you to do, the very first thing, Ike," she ran on, with a little laugh. "I want you to step out an' git me a gourd o' drinkin' water. I never was as thirsty in my life. That driver is the biggest fool that ever walked the earth, anyway. I axed 'im a dozen times to stop an' get me a drink as we whirled by houses an' wells an' springs, but he whizzed by as if his life was at stake. Down at the branch a mile or so back, whar some women was washin' clothes, I told 'im I was so nigh gone with thirst that I'd git down an' drink branch-water, but he said some'n dead had got in the source of the stream an' that drinkin' it meant instant death. I told 'im I'd ruther die quick from p'ison o' that kind 'an to suffer like Dives in the bottomless pit fer a drap o' water to keep my tongue from swellin'; but no, he knowed what was best fer me, an' whipped his hosses like a man on a jamboree. Now you git me a drink, an' git it quick."

Glad of an opportunity to catch his breath, Lee turned out to the water-bucket in the entry. Lillie Waters followed him, her face rigid and white. However, her glance which rested on him was full of deliberate purpose.

"Don't tell 'er no better," she whispered. "It's yore only chance; you are so excited you never will git through it; but ef she keeps on thinkin' you are Meadow, she'll do most o' the talkin' an' it will be easier."

"Do you reckon so?" asked Lee, his eyes wide open. "Well, the Lord knows I'm willin' to do anything."

Lee took the gourd of water to the old woman, and she drank deeply. When she had finished she smacked her lips. "Lime," she said. "Nothin' but free-stone seems to agree with me, but I reckon I kin make out on it fer a day or



"YOU LOOK MIGHTY LIKE YORE PA DID AT YORE AGE"

so. Ike, you didn't answer my question when I axed you how you was."

"I'm about as common," Lee managed to say, as he took the gourd from her. "How do you come on?"

"I'm jest about as usual," said the old woman, "except fer my faintin'-spells. Dr. Lowe said it was foolish of me to come up in this mountain country, but I reckon I've waited long enough fer you to come to me. I ain't a-goin' to make you a long visit, Ike. I'm powerful anxious to git back to yore sister an' the children. I reckon I wouldn't 'a' come, but I got sorter oneasy about you. You wouldn't write regular an' I got to botherin'. A report got out up thar that you was a hard drinker an' generally no account, but I never believed it. You don't drink more'n a man ort, do you, Ike?"

"No, I've quit off," said Lee, encouraged to reply by the steadfast gaze of Lillie Waters's eyes. "The truth is, I found out it didn't pay."

"Well, I'm glad you did; it will down anybody in the long run," opined the old woman. "Then another thing that has bothered me a good deal is the fact that you hain't never tuck no wife. I'd feel all right about you ef I seed you settled with the right sort of a woman. Have you give the subject any consideration lately, Ike?"

Lee turned crimson to the roots of his hair, and keenly felt the presence of Lillie and her sister as he slowly made answer:

"Yes, I've thought about it—*some*."

"Well, I'm glad you have," said Mrs. Meadow, as she threw herself back into her chair, "an' before I go back I want to see the one you've picked out. I hain't got my specks, but I'd be a better judge o' women stone-blind than any man I ever seed with his eyes open."

"Do you think you would?" That was all Lee found himself able to fish from his confused brain as he sat staring at the floor. Then the conversation paused, for several neighbors, men, women, and children, came to the door and peered in curiously. Mrs. Meadow gazed at them for a moment, and then uttered a low, pleased laugh.

"They want to see how yore old mammy looks," she said to Lee. "I

begin to think you are some pumpkins down heer."

Mrs. Waters rose with a little flurry and made her way out to the awed group. It struck her that the most talkative of them, at least, ought to be informed of the false impression existing in the old woman's mind. She had no idea how such a mistake could ever be righted, but at all events for the present the placid delusion seemed preferable to screams, fainting-spells, and perhaps instant death. She called the spectators away from the door, and with a few words of explanation and advice she managed to send them away.

For the next few days nothing of an eventful nature occurred. Mrs. Meadow, with her knitting as a pastime, settled down quite contentedly into the domestic circle. The nearest approach to an open rupture happened when the old woman went into Lee's room one morning when he had gone to work, to see how he was quartered. She came out enraged. "It's high time I come," she snorted. "That's a purty bed fer a able-bodied man to sleep on—full o' knots an' corn-shucks with the stubs on 'em. It's beca'se you women ain't no kin to 'im that you treat 'im that a-way."

The two girls were frightened, but Mrs. Waters had never had her household matters criticised to her teeth, and she bristled visibly.

"Huh!" she grunted; "Mr. Lee bought that bed an' fetched it heer when he come to board. I knowed it wasn't saft an' I offered him one of mine, but he said it was jest to his likin'. Now, ef you don't like it you kin jest—"

"What did you call Ike Mr. Lee fer?" broke in Mrs. Meadow, lifting her brows.

"I don't know what I called 'im Lee fer," said Mrs. Waters, doggedly, as she felt Lillie's arm thrust warningly round her waist. "I kin call 'im Lee, ur Stonewall Jackson, ur—ur—Bob Toombs ef I want to, but I ain't a-goin' to let you rule this roost."

"Well," fumed the old woman, slightly mollified, "ef Ike fetched the bed heer I hain't got no more to say; but even as a boy he didn't want to sleep on a hard bed. I reckon he's got reckless, like they say men in the army git. But it's jest like

I told 'im: he needs a wife to look after his comfort, an' he's got to have one."

The next break in the harmony came about on the following Sunday, when Mrs. Meadow learned that Lee was to take Carrie to meeting. Carrie had spoken of it after Lee had risen from the breakfast table and gone out to see that his horse was made ready for the trip. The old woman greeted the announcement with a grunt of contemptuous surprise, and hastily rose and went out to the lot where Lee was oiling the axles of his ramshackle buggy.

"What's this I heer, Ike?" she asked, standing firm and erect before him. "You don't mean to take that oldest gal to meetin', do you?"

"Well, I did sorter think something of it," Lee stammered, helplessly. "You see, I mentioned it to 'er before I knowed fer certain you was a-comin', an' now she sorter expects it, an'—"

"I don't keer what she expects," said Mrs. Meadow, with decision; "but I know good an' well you ain't a-goin' a step with 'er. Huh! the idea o' a man as old as you are not bein' a better judge o' women than that. Why, Ike, you fool, she cayn't hold a candle to that youngest one. Lillie hain't got a lazy bone in 'er, while 'er sister's too lazy to chew 'er victuals. No, you sha'n't make a fool o' yorese'f while I'm about."

"But—but I *told* 'er I'd take 'er," said Lee, in great embarrassment. "You see, Mrs. Mead—I mean— Oh, I don't know what I mean."

"Huh! I reckon not," said the old woman. "Seems to me that hussy's got you sorter rattled; but I've said you ain't a-goin' gallivantin' about with 'er in no buggy, an' I mean it."

"But," floundered the helpless bachelor, "I hain't got no reasonable excuse to—"

"Excuse a dog's hind foot!" snorted the old woman. "Excuse, when yore old mammy that hain't laid eyes on you sence you was at the goslin' age,—talkin' high treble on minute an' as coarse as a bullfrog the next,—is heer on a visit? Shucks! I want to see what sort o' preachin' you-uns have down heer, an' you got to take me."

"You say I have?"

"Yes, you have, an', what's more, I'm

a-goin' in thar an' tell that woman so, too. An' that ain't all, Ike: don't you ever let me heer o' you axin' 'er to go anywhars with you agin. I ain't a-goin' to put up with it—so I ain't."

And with that ultimatum ringing out on the clear morning air, the old woman strode into the house. Lee met her coming out half an hour later.

"We had a knock-down-an'-drag-out tongue battle," she laughed, as she stood shading her weak eyes with her little withered hand, "but I finally walked her log. She was in a awful huff, an' th'owed up a whole raft o' stuff about you that I couldn't make head nur tail of. I raily believe she's sorter off. She said fer one thing that I wasn't yore mammy. Think o' that! I wonder ef she thinks I come all the way heer at my time o' life to pass myse'f off as a regular swindle? But I settled 'er hash, an' she grabbed up 'er poke bonnet an' made off lickety-split across the corn-field to 'er uncle's. She said she wasn't a-comin' back tell I left."

Lee was staring open-eyed and aghast at the speaker. He could think of nothing at all to say, and slowly turned into the sitting-room, where Lillie and her mother sat talking together seriously. As Mrs. Waters glanced up a slow smile crept over her good-natured face, and then she broke into a little laugh.

"We had a hen-fight in heer jest now," she said. "Did you heer 'em a-cacklin'? You missed a treat. I reckon next time you make promises you'll sorter look ahead. But I don't know as I keer much. Carrie deserved to git set on fer the way she acted. She ort to 'a' give way to Mrs. Meadow, bein' as she's a-goin' back to-morrow."

"Goin' back to-morrow?" echoed Lee.

"Yes, I'm goin' back right off, Ike." Mrs. Meadow stood in the doorway. "I miss Mary an' the childern powerful. I've lived away from you so long that I don't feel as much at home with you. I reckon it's beca'se you are a-boardin'. I want to be whar ef I see a speck o' dirt I kin snatch a broom an' go fer it like fightin' fire without steppin' on somebody's territory."

"I don't see what dirt an' brooms has got to do with the subject." Mrs. Waters flared up. "I reckon it is time you was

a-goin' home, ef—" But Lillie Waters had stepped behind her mother and put her hand over her mouth.

"Don't, don't, mother!" she said.

A few minutes later Lee brought his horse and buggy to the front door and stood waiting, a sturdy look of resignation on his face. But, to his surprise, Mrs. Meadow came out without her bonnet.

"I've concluded I wouldn't go, after all," she said, with a mischievous smile. "I've got a little hurtin' in my neck; I reckon I used my jaw too much jest now in layin' that woman on the shelf; but I've made that youngest one agree to—"

"Lillie?" The hot blood surged into Lee's face.

"Yes; I got her to take my place, but you bet I had to beg like rips, fer she is, by all odds, the most back'ard thing I ever run across. But I finally made 'er give in. She's the one you ort to marry, Ike. She'd make you a good all-round wife that you wouldn't be ashamed to have childern by; an' ef I know anything, she thinks more of you than t'other one does."

"Do you reckon?" asked Lee, aglow with a hope he had hardly dared entertain. "Do you think so, Mrs.—do you think so?"

"I don't think nothin' about it, you fool, I *know* it. She can't hide it. But I'm bothered about you, Ike. I always 'lowed you had common horse-sense, an' to save my life I can't see what you mean by settin' up to Carrie when the youngest one was near at hand."

The tentative remark was a poser. Lee could not explain that he had not seen Lillie's true character till the death of the old woman's son. But Mrs. Meadow had put him in a good humor with her and everything, and he indulged in one of his rare jests.

"The truth is," he said, with a smile, "I always did like Lillie the best, but, as you say, she sorter holds back, an' I 'lowed maybe ef I'd sorter pretend I was takin' a shine to Carrie she'd treat me better."

Mrs. Meadow laughed as she laid her hand on the shakly wheel of his buggy and shook it back and forth.

"That plan wouldn't work with that gal, Ike," she replied. "Ef you want

a high-strung woman to despise you, why, you jest let 'er think you admire one that's beneath 'er. Shucks! Lillie wouldn't speak to that gal in the big road ef she wasn't her own flesh an' blood! Besides, you couldn't fool 'er; she'd see through it with them sharp eyes o' hern an' drap you like a hot 'tater. No, you do as I tell you an' talk straight to 'er, an' do it this very mornin'. I'm goin' home to-morrow an' I want this thing off my mind. I was the same way about yore sister; when marryin'-time come I never rested tell she had the right sort of a man."

"Well, I'll see what can be done," Lee promised, but a peculiar tightness was about his heart as he thought of the magnitude of his new aspirations. However, he felt better when Lillie came out dressed for the drive; there was a look in her face that encouraged him.

"She's been talkin' to you about me," he said, as they were driving through the wood beyond the farm.

Lillie nodded and flushed, but said nothing. Lee clucked to his horse and took an unnecessarily tight hold on the reins.

"I reckon she told you that I said I liked you better'n I did yore sister?"

"Yes, she told me that, Mr. Lee."

"Well, it's God's truth, Lillie."

He saw her catch her breath. It was as if she was afraid to meet the gentle glare of his passion-filled eyes.

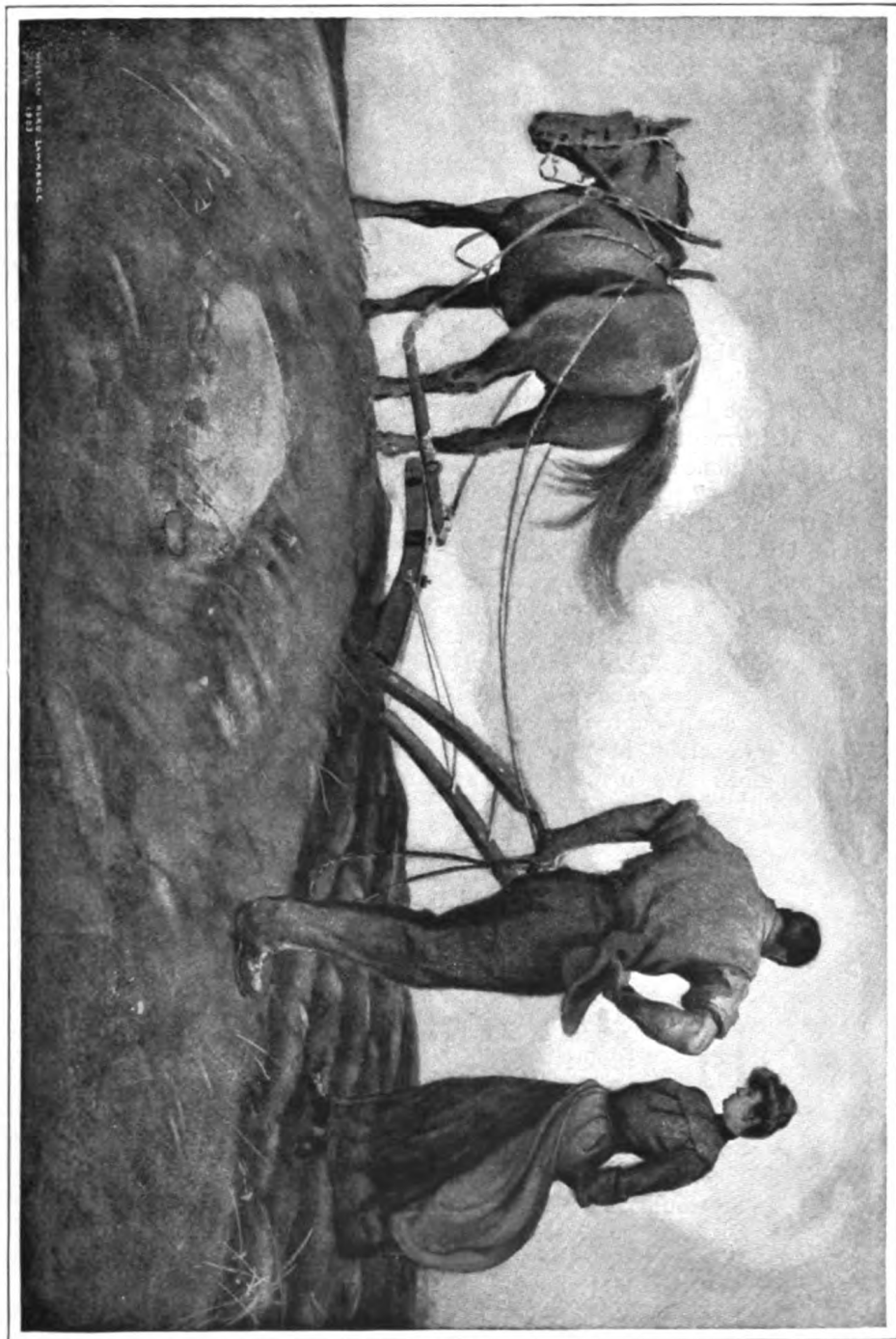
"I want you to marry me—to be my wife, Lillie," he said, huskily. "I want that wuss than I ever wanted anything, ur ever can want anything this side o' my eternal salvation. What do you say about it; will you take me?"

"Yes, I'll marry you, Mr. Lee. I'm afraid I've been foolish about you ever since you come to our house to board, but I couldn't help it."

As they were returning at dusk that day the old woman came out to the bars to meet them, her eyes shining eagerly. "Well, how did you two make out?" she asked, with a little laugh.

"Oh, it's all right," said Lee, in a happy, confident voice. "She's said the word; God bless 'er!"

"Well, I'm glad," was the reply. "Carrie seed you pass, an' come over about a hour by sun an' set in to jaw me



SHE LOOKED DOWN AT THE SOD HIS PLOUGH HAD TURNED

as a meddlesome busybody, but I told 'er a thing or two that started 'er to thinkin'. You've had a narrow escape," the old woman went on after Lillie had gone into the house. "Ike, that woman is as crazy as a bedbug. She went on at a terrible rate an' her mother had to come shet 'er up. She went back to her uncle's, an' said she never would darken the door o' this house tell me 'n you both was gone."

Early the next morning Lillie Waters went down into the field where Lee was ploughing. She was pale and excited and walked with a quick yet firm step.

"Has anything gone wrong?" the farmer asked, as she came up.

"You know she said she was going home to-day," she began, her eyes fixed steadily on his grave face.

"And she has gone?" said Lee. "No, that ain't it. She—"

"No, that ain't it, Mr. Lee." The girl was young, but an expression lay in her eyes that ennobled her face and gave her the appearance of a woman capable of meeting and dealing well with the most serious matters of life. There was a sudden catch in her voice, and she looked down at the sod his plough had turned. "We found 'er a-settin' in 'er chair in her room jest now. Me 'n ma 'lowed at

first that she was asleep, an' we walked easy an' didn't speak. I never in all my life saw sech a contented look on a human face. She had jest got through darnin' some o' yore socks."

"Oh, this is awful!" exclaimed Lee, as he began nervously to unhitch his horse from the plough. "It's simply awful!"

"No, it ain't one bit," said Lillie Waters, with a sweet, sad smile. "You see, she passed away without ever findin' out the truth. At least, she didn't find it out heer on earth, an' I believe when it's told to her in heaven it won't hurt. Instead o' feelin' sad, Mr. Lee, I'm glad—glad that God let you blind her like you have in the end."

"I reckon you are right," said Lee, as he gazed at her tenderly. They walked towards the farmhouse, leading the horse. As they stopped to water the animal at the creek, Lillie remarked:

"She was sent to us, Mr. Lee—she was sent to bring me 'n you together. She did that, an' then passed on with a smile. Somehow, when I seed her a-settin' thar she seemed to me to be yore own mother that you say you wasn't with when she died, an' I smoothed her hair an' kissed her. Then me 'n ma both broke down an' had a good cry."

When It Comes

BY D. MACKELLAR

HOW would I like to die, to die?
Without a cry,
In a hard-fought fight where blows are dealt
And the death-strokes less than a girl's kiss felt—
So would I die.

So would I like to die, but where?
On the open plain, in the open air.
Where the red blood soaks through the thirsty grass,
And the wild things tread my grave as they pass—
There would I die.

When would I like to die? At night.
A moonless night.
The still white star-shine overhead,
And underneath, the still white dead.
There would I die.



The Standard of Pronunciation in English

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, LL.D., L.H.D.

Professor of English, Yale University

IF one topic more than another can be selected as the subject of perpetually recurring discussion and controversy among the educated men of our race, it is that of the pronunciation of particular words. It might be supposed beforehand that everything of this sort had been settled long ago. That it has not been is assuredly not because of the lack of effort. All of our great dictionaries make it one of their first aims to set forth the exact pronunciation. A multitude of manuals are coming out with the same end in view. Yet with those persons—and the number is steadily increasing—who have emancipated themselves from any trusting faith in works of this nature, one question inevitably presents itself, Who is it that has taught the teachers? How are we to know that the guides who take it upon themselves to lead us are guides in whom we can place implicit confidence? This is to say, in other words, where is to be found that standard of pronunciation to which we are all bound to conform? Who established it? Who maintains it? Who are the persons invested with the authority to decide for us in any given case how it is our duty to pronounce, and how did they come to be so invested? These questions are not so easily answered as many of our self-constituted instructors seem to think. Limited knowledge enables us to speak with positiveness: fuller knowledge invariably makes us hesitate.

Two general statements can be made at the outset. One is that there is a body of English words certain pronunciations of which every cultivated man the world over recognizes at once as belonging to the speech of the uneducated or the imperfectly educated. We characterize them as illiterate or provincial.

The use of them stamps everywhere the present social condition of the speaker or proclaims the class from which he sprang. There is no more difficulty in our avoiding them than there is in our avoiding the violation of one of the ordinary rules of grammar. This is the first point. The second is that another and a very much larger body of words exists—embracing, in fact, the immense majority of the words of the language used in conversation or public address—about which there is a substantial agreement among the cultivated wherever English is spoken at all. A substantial agreement, it must be kept in mind, not an exact agreement. No one's pronunciation ever resembles another's precisely any more than one man's watch keeps precisely the same time as another man's. There are even numerous variations of speech which the trained ear of the phonetic scholar instantly recognizes, but which entirely escape the observation of most of us. Much more perceptible is the variation between the speech of the cultivated class of different communities, of different regions, of different lands. It is sometimes so marked that the moment we hear a man's voice we recognize without difficulty the country or part of the country which has given him birth.

In a discussion of this sort it is hardly necessary to observe that it is the usage of the educated body alone which is assumed to be under consideration. The pronunciation of the illiterate no one thinks of referring to, save occasionally for the amiable purpose of imputing it to those with whom he chances to differ. As has just been pointed out, the usage of the men of this educated body, so far as regards the immense majority of words, is essentially the same where Eng-

lish is spoken. It is marked, indeed, by variations of intonation, of modulation, of accentuation. But, after all, these variations are not only slight, comparatively speaking: they are really of slight importance. They do not interfere with mutual understanding, nor do they create embarrassment. In the ordinary intercourse of life they can be and they are ignored. To go back to the comparison just used, our watches all purport to keep the same time. In one sense they do, in another they do not. But their failure in agreement is of so little moment that we feel no hesitation in placing upon them the fullest reliance in all arrangements we set out to make with one another.

Accordingly, in the cases just specified—that of illiterate pronunciation and that of cultivated pronunciation of most of our speech—we find no trouble in choosing the right course. It is between these two extremes that the real difficulty manifests itself. There exists a goodly number of words in which educated usage varies, and often varies decidedly. This fact has been brought prominently to the attention of most of us in recent years by the multiplication of pronouncing dictionaries. As a single illustration out of many that could be cited, let us select the adjectives ending in *ile*. By some lexicographers this termination is sounded *il*; by others, *ile*. As an example of the class, take the word *hostile*. Generally in the earlier English dictionaries which set out to give correct usage—for instance, those of Sheridan and Walker—it was pronounced *hos'til*. Such it continues to be at the present day in American dictionaries. But in most of the late English ones—such as Stormonth's, and the two which go respectively under the names of the Imperial and the Encyclopedic—it is pronounced *hos'tile*. The new Oxford dictionary gives both pronunciations, but puts *hostile* first.

Take again the class of words beginning with *wh*, such as *while*, *when*, and *Whig*. If we can trust certain orthoepic authorities, the pronunciation of the aspirate in polite society in England is the exception, and not the rule. In America the condition of things is precisely the reverse. Or to come down from classes to single words, the prevailing English

pronunciation of *schedule* is represented as being *shed' yul*; that of America is certainly *sked' yul*. These are divergencies that attain almost to the dignity of national distinctions. Yet, as a whole, they are not numerous, nor do they compare in importance with the differences in the speech of individuals belonging to the same country or even to the same community. It is about their varying pronunciation of words that controversy rages. What is the proper usage in any particular case, and where is the authority to be found that will furnish it indisputably?

The time has been purposely limited to the present. It is very evident that there was once a period when great liberty was allowed in the matter of pronunciation. The earliest dictionaries made not the slightest attempt to indicate it. Those which came later rarely went farther than to point out upon what syllable of the word the accent should rest. Even so much disposition as this to slake the thirst for useful information was manifested almost reluctantly. Before Dr. Johnson's dictionary appeared in 1755, Bailey's was held in the highest estimation and had the largest circulation. It was originally published in 1721; but it was not until the fifth edition of 1733 that any attempt was made in it to mark the syllable upon which the accent should fall. This for many years after was the ultima Thule of adventure in the direction of indicating pronunciation. The pronouncing dictionary is, in truth, a comparatively modern invention. A hundred and fifty years ago it did not exist; even a hundred years ago it had not attained to anything like the respect with which it is now regarded. No extraordinary desire, indeed, could have been felt at first for such a work, or we may be sure it would have been gratified. Every man of cultivation was once, within reasonable limits, a law unto himself. All such persons assumed, as some do still, that the pronunciation they employed was the very best possible, simply because it was their own pronunciation. This priceless treasure was theirs by the right of inheritance. Naturally, one of the class would resent any attempt on the part of his neighbor to impose upon him a different usage. He felt not the least

necessity of deferring to the opinions of some one else, whose only claim to authority was that he had taken the trouble to get his practice into print.

In the course of time, however, there has ensued a complete change of front. The pronouncing dictionary has not only come, but it is treated with a deference to which it was at first an utter stranger. It seems as if its production must have been due in the first instance to the desire for a work of such a nature, manifested by the imperfectly educated middle class, rising more and more into social prominence. The members of this body wanted somebody to tell them precisely what to say and how to say it. They did not care to exercise the right of private judgment; or rather, they did not have sufficient faith in their own cultivation to trust it. Authority was what they were after; and when men are longing for authority on any subject, some one will be considerate enough of their welfare, and confident enough in his own sufficiency, to come forward and furnish it. We see the same thing constantly exemplified to-day in the case of disputed points of linguistic usage. It is not necessary for the self-appointed instructor to know. All that is required of him is that he shall be positive; then his disciples will receive with meekness and gratitude the information or misinformation which he condescends to impart.

It was about the middle of the eighteenth century that the craving for a pure and perfect orthoepic guide began to manifest itself in a way that required relief. Johnson's dictionary had been published in 1755. It became at once and long remained the standard. It was only in a few instances, however, that it made any attempt to go beyond its immediate predecessors in the matter of indicating pronunciation. Like them, it generally contented itself with marking the syllable upon which the stress of voice should rest. This was felt not to be enough. Accordingly, before the end of the century a number of works came out to supply a want which was becoming urgent. Two men there are—Thomas Sheridan and John Walker—who emerge conspicuously from the ranks of those who strove to establish a standard pro-

nunciation. The first was well known in his time as an actor, better known later as a lecturer on elocution, best known to most of us now as the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The second was also an actor, not so well known in this capacity as the preceding, but with full as great reputation as a lecturer on elocution. But besides these two, there was a large number of others who made it their aim to instruct their fellow men in this matter. In truth, during the eighth decade of the eighteenth century a sort of lexical epidemic broke out. Between the beginning of 1773 and the end of 1775, particularly, appeared the dictionaries of Ash, Perry, Barclay, and Kenrick, and all had a good deal to say on the subject of orthoepy.

It was Sheridan, perhaps, who first conceived the idea of bringing out a dictionary in which pronunciation should be a leading, if not the leading, feature. But if so, he was not the first to carry the project into execution. This was the work of a certain James Buchanan. His name indicates his nationality. In 1757 he appeared as the author of a small English dictionary in which, besides other things, he marked the long and short sounds of the vowels, distinguished the silent letters, and pointed out the number of syllables of which every word consisted. "Thus was I the first," he said in a later work, "who endeavored to make the proper pronunciation of our language of easy acquisition to foreigners, and to introduce an uniform one for the sake of natives, amongst whom it is still so notoriously vague and unstable." An attempt of an essentially similar kind was made somewhat later by another Scotchman, named William Johnston. His work appeared in 1764. Two years after, Buchanan followed up his first essay by bringing out a lexicon devoted to orthoepy and nothing else. It was dedicated with the most profound reverence to the two august Houses of the British Parliament. Its title-page explained its object. It was there called "an essay towards establishing a standard for an elegant and uniform pronunciation of the English language throughout the British dominions, as practised by the most learned and polite speakers." It was, as its title-page further declared, "a work en-

tirely new." Nothing like it had appeared before; perhaps nothing like it has appeared since. It was a pronouncing dictionary pure and simple. It contained no definitions. It was merely a list of over twenty-seven thousand words arranged in double columns, in one column spelled as written, in the other spelled as pronounced.

But in those early days there was no disposition to pay respect to the man who set himself up as an authority. The author of this essay towards establishing an elegant and uniform pronunciation was speedily made to know the opinion entertained of his qualifications for acting as a guide to his fellow men. "Mr. Buchanan," said the most influential review of the time, "does not appear to know how English is pronounced by polite and just speakers." This is the sort of criticism we are now secretly disposed to bestow upon all those whose usage differs from our own; but in the eighteenth century it was expressed openly and fearlessly. In fact, as the successive dictionaries came out, a series of controversies went on in regard to the pronunciations authorized by their compilers. These were made the subject of comment, in the shape of attack or of commendation, in the critical periodicals of the time. Such controversies show that men quarrelled then about the matter just as they do now, and not unfrequently over the very same words. Each disputant was as positive then as he is now that he was in possession of the best possible pronunciation, and was just as ready to charge vulgarity or slovenly practice upon those whose usage was different from his own. In *humble* shall the aspirate be sounded or not? Shall *hearth* be pronounced *harth*, or so as to rhyme with *earth*? Shall *leisure* be pronounced so as to rhyme with *pleasure* or with *seizure*? These are illustrations of scores of questions which were discussed, and about which contradictory views were very positively expressed.

Several words there were, indeed, in regard to which much feeling was aroused. One of these was the past participle of the substantive verb. Shall *been* be pronounced so as to rhyme with *seen* or with *sin*? On this subject of never-ending controversy orthoepists

ranged themselves in hostile camps, and the members of each party felt themselves at liberty to affect a lofty superiority to those belonging to the other. About the middle of the following century, Hawthorne, in relating his consular experiences, tells us that this word was the best shibboleth he could hit upon to detect the English rogue appealing to him for aid from the genuine Yankee article. He considered it a national distinction. The English, he said, invariably made it to rhyme with *green*, while the Americans, at least the Northerners, universally pronounced it *bin*. This may or may not be the case. The orthoepy of even a single community is a somewhat ticklish thing to handle; but when it comes to that of a whole country, the difficulty increases in at least an arithmetical ratio. Certain it is that several of the most approved English authorities of fifty years before the time Hawthorne was writing favored what he styled the American pronunciation. Walker, indeed, assures us that *been* "is scarcely ever heard otherwise than as the noun *bin*, a repository for corn or wine." The new English Dictionary of the Philological Society gives both pronunciations.

The disposition of the accent gave rise to perhaps the most heated discussion. About it positions which now seem very singular to us were then often taken. Kenrick was severely arraigned by one of his reviewers for laying the stress upon the last syllable of *July*. *European* was a word about which controversy raged with much violence. Should the principal accent rest upon the penult or the antepenult? There was a good deal to be said upon both sides, and it was frequently said with asperity. In 1782 the *European Magazine* was started. Early in its history an irate correspondent wrote a letter to it, expressing his disgust with the way the city beaux, as he termed them, pronounced its name. He represented them as saying, "Waiter, bring me the *Eurôpë'an Magazine*." All intelligent people knew, he added, that the word was derived from Europe; it should therefore be *Eurôp'ean*. The other way he had never heard save from "the students in monthly publications," whom he clearly regarded as constituting a contemptible class of men. But the case of

colonel was, on the whole, the most heart-rending to the sticklers for what they deemed correct usage. The pronunciation *col'nel*, though sanctioned by Bailey and Dr. Johnson, was bad enough in their eyes; but *kur'nel*, the only one now authorized, was atrociously vulgar. This latter pronunciation, coming down from *coronel*, the more ancient spelling of the word, remained for a long while a source of grief to many who saw in its general adoption the triumph of usage over propriety. There is something almost pathetic in Walker's lamentation that "this word is among those gross irregularities which must be given up as incorrigible."

Still, in all the critical comments upon these tentative efforts to ascertain and fix pronunciation there was an implied admission that the result aimed at was desirable, even if lack of acquaintance with the best usage had made the method taken to arrive at it, in the particular case considered, more or less a failure. The demand, in truth, for the pronouncing dictionary was too continuous and pressing to permit the field to be unoccupied for any length of time. There were several who entered it besides those who have already been mentioned. The matter had from an early period attracted the attention of Sheridan. His original profession as an actor, his subsequent occupation as a teacher of elocution and lecturer upon it, had impressed him profoundly with the desirability of a complete work of this nature. The question of orthoepy was one of the topics upon which he constantly dilated in his treatises dealing with the difficulties of the English tongue. In 1769 he brought out a work entitled *A Plan of Education for the Young Nobility and Gentry*. In this the consideration of propriety of pronunciation occupied a conspicuous place. One of the objects he had in view was the delightfully fascinating dream of establishing exact uniformity of English speech over all the globe, not only in the rising generation, but for all future ones. This he subsequently made an attempt to carry out.

Sheridan was an Irishman. Excepting him, most of the men who at the outset interested themselves in establishing a standard of pronunciation were Scotchmen. This was a fact that did not es-

cape the notice of their compatriots in England engaged in similar undertakings. One of these new dictionaries was brought out by William Kenrick in 1773. In it the compiler professed to give, besides the definitions, not merely the orthography and etymology of the words, but also their pronunciation, "according to the present practice of polished speakers in the metropolis." The author of this particular dictionary was a sort of Ishmaelite man of letters, who dabbled in everything, and attacked everybody who was meeting with any more success than himself. Still, his remarks are worth noticing because they embody views which were afterward to find frequent expression. "There seems," he wrote, "a most ridiculous absurdity in the pretensions of a native of Aberdeen or Tipperary to teach the natives of London to speak and to read. Various have been, nevertheless, the modest attempts of the Scots and Irish to establish a standard of English pronunciation. That they should not have succeeded is no wonder. Men cannot teach others what they do not themselves know."

It was asserted at the time that Kenrick sought to forestall the work of Sheridan, which was then well known to have been long in preparation. If this was the design, it failed completely. The first regular pronouncing dictionary on a large scale was the production of this same Irishman, who, because he was an Irishman, had been warned from undertaking the project at all. It came out in two large volumes in 1780, and went through several editions before the end of the century. The title-page contained the assertion that one main object in the compilation of the work was to furnish a standard of pronunciation. Not many years after, it was followed by the similar dictionary of John Walker. This had been prepared for the press as early as 1774, though it did not appear in its contemplated form until 1791. It became at once a favorite. It speedily displaced in the general popular estimation the other works of a similar character, though it never deprived them entirely either of circulation or of influence. For most Englishmen it may be considered as having been for a long period the standard of authority. It passed through numer-

ous editions, it was several times revised. Of these the remodelling which it underwent at the hands of Smart in 1836 met with the greatest success. This last work and that of Worcester were, according to Ellis in his history of early English pronunciation, the ones usually followed in England down to a comparatively recent period, so far as dictionaries were there followed at all. But previous to Smart's revision of Walker, James Knowles, the nephew of Sheridan, had also brought out a pronouncing dictionary. It attained a fair measure of success. In the United States, Webster and Worcester divided honors during the middle of the nineteenth century, the former having much the more extensive circulation, the latter assuming a tone of loftier linguistic, or rather orthographical, virtue. I am specifying here the works, on the whole, most widely in use; but besides these there were numerous others.

There was one question in particular which the early makers of pronouncing dictionaries felt called upon to answer, but which the modern very calmly and without question very judiciously ignore. It is that with which the present discussion opened. Who gave them their authority to establish correct usage, or at least how did they happen to come by it? In every instance they put forward, directly or by implication, the claim that the orthoepy they recommend is the very best. The title-pages of the works of Buchanan and Kenrick, as we have seen, represent the pronunciation laid down by them as being that of the most polished society. In a similar way Perry, in his Royal Standard Dictionary, which came out in 1775, informs us that it exhibits the true pronunciation, "according to the present practice of men of letters, eminent orators, and polite speakers in London." But the critics of that city did not seem always to recognize in it their own usage. Even those generally favorable insisted that in several instances he had countenanced vulgarisms. They took exception, for instance, to a royal standard dictionary representing, as was done here, the pronunciation of *girl* as *garl* or *gal*. At the same time all who investigated the subject, without any prejudice in favor of their own practice, had to admit that there was frequently a

good deal of difficulty in deciding upon the best accepted usage. "The literati," said Perry, "who make etymology an invariable rule of pronunciation, often pronounce words in such a manner as to bring upon themselves the charge of affectation or pedantry." On the other hand, he added, "Mere men of the world, notwithstanding all their politeness, often retain so much of their provincial dialect, and commit such gross errors in speaking and writing, as to exclude them from the honor of being the standard of accurate pronunciation. Those who unite these two characters, and with the correctness and precision of true learning combine the ease and elegance of genteel life, may justly be styled the only true standard of propriety of speech." These words present the view theoretically accepted. The leading lexicographers, who prided themselves upon their orthoepy, did not question its justice. They felt bound in consequence to show that their right to be treated as authorities was due to the happy combination which had met in them of the correctness of learning and the elegance of gentility. Accordingly, their utterances on this point deserve much more attention than they have ever received.

First in order comes Sheridan. He was born at Quilca in Ireland. His father, a teacher and a clergyman, was the intimate friend and chosen companion of Swift. It was to some extent upon the personal relations existing between these two that the son based his title to speak with authority. According to him, in the time of Queen Anne, the Augustan age of our literature, special attention was paid to the English language. It was then pronounced with the greatest uniformity and with the utmost elegance. When the house of Hanover, indifferent to learning and letters, came to the throne, this happy condition of things disappeared. Men became careless, both in writing and speaking. But Sheridan had received his early education from a master—by whom he meant his father—who had been trained in the traditions of the old school, and who through Swift had ample facilities for acquiring the best pronunciation when pronunciation was at its best. To this master he read daily for hours, and received from him con-

stant correction. Subsequently he had come in contact with the men of the age most distinguished for rank and genius, and the instruction he had received in early youth he had re-enforced by studying the utterance of the many wise and great whom he had met.

We have here Sheridan's credentials from his own lips. He was an educated Irishman, who had been trained by another Irishman, and from him had received the pure pronunciation of the so-called Augustan age of our literature. This, he averred, was better than that which had preceded or that which had followed it. His original authority was therefore that of his father, and by implication that of Dean Swift. The pronunciation thus derived had been modified and developed to suit the time by a study of the practice that prevailed in the very best society of his own age. Any one so disposed can now accept Sheridan at his own valuation. But not so did his contemporaries. Naturally, rival lexicographers would criticise his orthoepy with severity. That was both a personal privilege and a professional duty. But his work did not escape ridicule from those who had no interest in any of the other pronouncing dictionaries issuing from the press. In particular, his Irishisms, as they were called, were made a constant subject of reproach.

Next came Walker. He too, according to his own account, had been the chosen companion of the best and the highest in the land. But he was far from approving of the pronunciation taught by Sheridan, also a representative of the most cultivated society. "The numerous instances," he wrote, "I have given of impropriety, inconsistency, and want of acquaintance with the analysis of the language sufficiently show how imperfect I think his dictionary is, upon the whole." Walker, in fact, felt free to criticise any or all of his predecessors. Of Nares, who in 1784 had brought out a work on English orthoepy, but is now known mainly by his glossary of Elizabethan words and phrases, he declared that he "had on many occasions mistaken the best usage." With his own possession of that somewhat vague article he was supremely satisfied, and he was good enough to let us know how he came to secure it. In

the advertisement to the later editions of his dictionary he informed us that he was born within a few miles of London, had lived there almost all his life, and had there exercised himself in public speaking for many years. He was, in truth, profoundly impressed with his own opportunities and qualifications. "To such a person," he proudly remarked of himself, "if to any one, the true pronunciation of the language must be very familiar." The vernacular instinct, he went on to tell us, that was his own by right of birth, had been developed by constant study and by constant association with the best speakers.

Self-confidence of this sort is an effective auxiliary in most struggles; but in matters of usage it is more than half the battle. No small share of Walker's success in being received as an authority was due to his calm assertion that when it came to pronunciation, he was the man, and on that subject wisdom would die with him. But the weary seeker after an unassailable standard was not permitted to escape from the distraction of conflicting authorities by reposing peacefully in Walker's arms. If that lexicographer found fault with Sheridan, there were those who found fault with him. Not to speak of others, Knowles in 1835 brought out his pronouncing dictionary. On the title-page he proclaimed himself the father of the author of *Virginius* and also the nephew of Thomas Sheridan. It was to be expected that the nephew of his uncle should not speak well of that uncle's depreciator. He asserted that where Sheridan had committed one error, Walker had committed two. Censures from such a quarter might perhaps be attributed to hereditary hostility; but that is a view which cannot be taken of the criticism made by Smart, who in 1836 brought out a revision of Walker's dictionary, "adapted," says the title-page, "to the present state of literature and science." In a preface to a later edition of this work, Smart, with all the pride of a native Englishman, loftily declared that the authors of previous dictionaries had with few exceptions been Irishmen or Scotchmen. No wonder that he felt outraged at the presumption which had attempted to override the disabilities of birth. Furthermore, he tells us, he

had been informed that Walker himself was a Yorkshireman, and was confident that the information must be correct from certain pronunciations which he specified. "This Northern peculiarity," he added, "along with others of provincial origin, is unconsciously copied by provincial editors of subsequent dictionaries, who pay more deference to Walker's correctness of ear than my experience warrants me in conceding."

As Walker had taken particular pains to state that he was born near London, and had spent most of his life there, it was somewhat hard upon him to be disdainfully termed a Yorkshireman by his own reviser, and in addition to have the pure London pronunciation, upon which he had plumed himself, stigmatized as provincial by another cockney. Smart, in his turn, did not neglect to disclose to us the foundation of his right to be deemed an authority. It was nothing but a variation of the same old tune. He was born and bred in the West End of London. From the outset of his career his attention had been turned to the subject of orthoepy, and early in life he had produced a work on that subject, entitled the *Practical Grammar of English Pronunciation*. He had been employed as a teacher of elocution in the first families of the kingdom, not excepting the family of the highest person. He had lectured frequently before literary and scientific institutions in the metropolis; and during the same period had kept up a constant intercourse with men of letters. What more could be asked?

There are two things that strike the attention of any one who makes a careful examination of dictionaries, and of the orthoepy set forth by the men who prepare them. The first is that the pronunciation of a certain number of words is represented in them differently. The second is that the compilers of all of them assert their own infallibility or assume it. Each one of them has a serene confidence in the conclusions which he has reached, and is thoroughly convinced of his ability to act as guide to others. The early ones, as we have seen, made the mistake of giving the reasons upon which their faith in themselves was founded. All of these assure us that they had spent

their lives wholly or in part in a region where the pure article of pronunciation was supposed to be held in keeping by the nobility of rank and of intellect. To them, accordingly, had been vouchsafed the very best opportunities for securing this inestimable jewel. All of them had been in the habit of giving instruction in families that belonged to the highest circles. All of them had associated familiarly with the most distinguished men of science and letters. It is therefore naturally annoying to the seeker after positive truth to find these intimate friends of scholars and statesmen disagreeing among themselves,—in fact, manifesting at times a thinly veiled contempt for the opinions of their rivals, and implying that the society in which these had learned their way of pronouncing was no better than it should be.

It is more than annoying; it is discouraging. For their differences are sometimes very marked. From the outset there has inevitably been the everlasting contest between the sticklers for abstract propriety and the advocates of what has become the general practice. This contention has ended sometimes in the success of the one party, sometimes in that of the other. In *colonel* we have seen the triumph of the latter; but we can offset it by the success of the former in the case of the words *cucumber* and *asparagus*. In each of these two it has taken practically a century to establish the present usage. Sheridan knows no such pronunciation as *cowcumber*, and while he inserts *sparrow-grass*, he merely says of it that it is "corrupted from *asparagus*." But Walker manfully recognized the actual situation. He observes regretfully of *cucumber* that "it seems too firmly fixed in the sound of *cowcumber* to be altered." He admits, as did Johnson and others, that *asparagus* is the theoretically correct form; but he adds that "the corruption of the word into *sparrow-grass* is so general that *asparagus* has an air of stiffness and pedantry." Nor did these pronunciations die out easily or early from the practice of polite society.

NOTE.—The consideration of this subject will be continued by the author in a later number.—EDITOR.

The Transformation of Em Durham

BY JULIAN RALPH

A TRAVELLER in the Kentucky section of the Alleghanies found himself in the centre of a circle of nature very lightly touched by humanity. Nature, which surged and whelmed all around him, was large and bold and beautiful, while humanity, in its occasional rare intrusions, was invariably gaunt, unkempt, silent, and sad. So devoid were all the people of playfulness and even of smiles, so certain was every one of them to wear a downward droop with every facial feature, that the traveller turned in his saddle on that first afternoon of his invasion of the mountains and told old Nature what he thought of her companion, Man. Addressing a great wooded valley beneath him—a vast spreading mass of autumn-tinted tree-top foliage—he exclaimed,

“The key-note of this country is sadness.”

His native guide, lagging behind on horseback, hurried up beside the traveller and said that the next house on Wildcat Creek was that of “Old Cale Durham.” The traveller mistook it for a frame dwelling, but was told that it was, in truth, a log cabin boarded over. It made a pleasing picture as it stood in an orderly grassy enclosure decked with fruit trees and great splotches of bright-yellow and deep-red chrysanthemums. The massive stone chimney, not missing from any house or cabin in these mountains, was uncommonly large and well made. There was a front porch, but it was so worn and rotted that all traffic of visitors and inmates went in and out by the kitchen door in the rear extension or annex of the house. Within, all was neat and clean and orderly. A young, freshly shaven man of twenty-four, in his waistcoat and shirt-sleeves, welcomed the traveller and led him into the bedroom, where he found three tidy beds, three chairs, a linen-chest, a bureau, an open fireplace, a Yankee clock,

a carpeted floor, lithographs on the papered wall, and a flight of stairs leading to an attic. A rifle rested over the door into the kitchen. On the stairs sat “Old Man” Durham, and to the room the traveller was made welcome by the daughter, “Em.”

More noticeable than anything else in this house were the ease and grace of manner of all three of the Durhams. They let it appear that they were proud of themselves. A grandfather fought at King’s Mountain in the war of the Revolution; the present Old Man Durham’s father fought under Jackson at New Orleans, he named his son General Jackson Durham, and the son, in turn, had fought on the Northern side in the Rebellion. The young man was not only shaven clean and wearing polished shoes, but he showed respect for his father and gallantry toward his sister. “Pap,” said he, “here’s a gentleman has called. Kin I offer him and his friend cheers? No, Em, let me git the cheers. You set still.”

The old man wore store clothes—a white shirt, a collar and a tie, which, it must be confessed, made him look very uncomfortable. He was in his shirt-sleeves, of course, and in many ways was so singular as to appear to have stepped out of a modern comedy of backwoods life. The son, the daughter Em, and he formed the entire household. The father and the son were the farm-workers, and Em the cook and housewife. Each had a bed to himself or herself in the parlor or “settin’-room” where they now entertained the traveller.

As the traveller stayed there overnight, he had a chance to study the mountain mode of accommodating a whole family in one small bedroom. At bedtime the men went out-of-doors while Em retired by the light of the lamp. She then blew out the light, and they filed into the darkened room, removed their trousers, coats,

waistcoats, and shoes, and crept into bed in their underclothes.

The traveller noted many peculiarities of the mountain dialect during his visit. When the old man said "several" he meant many. "Several men" meant a crowd, but many children were "a passel of 'em." He spoke of a crafty man as "a feller who'd skin a flea for four pence." In thus clinging to the word "pence" of his ancestors, in a land that knows only cents, he was not as peculiar as his daughter Em, who borrowed more than one word from Chaucer's day. "Mammy used to say she was greatly holpen by her Bible," Em remarked. These mountain-folk all use a speech as foreign and antedated as the rest of their civilization. They "study on" a subject where we consider or reflect. They still use linsey-woolsey, speak of it as such, and continue to weave it in their homes.

"Em Durham, of Wildcat Creek, up by Andy Douglass's holler" (for that was her name and address), greatly interested the traveller. She was about sixteen; she read and wrote as little and as badly as a cross-roads mountain free-school teacher could lead her to do in three or four short terms; she chewed tobacco, and she supposed that Em was her full Christian name, never having heard of its entirety, Emma. She could plough with any adept adult woman on Wildcat Creek; she could clear a field of "filth," which is to say weeds and stubble, as well as any man. She could outshoot her brother with his own "rifled-gun," and to beat her he used to have to borrow Palestine Settles's old piece, altered from a flintlock, six feet long, and accustomed to being changed from one stock to another so as not to be recognized at a "turkey shoot," for Pal Settles's was barred out of all matches as being "the winnin'est gun in the co'ntry." Em could milk and churn as well, but was the only girl in the region who was not allowed to do so. Her brother milked the cows, sneakingly, and churned boldly in the kitchen or the lean-to, where no passer-by could see him. The dead and gone mother had trained her son in the belief that no true man would ever let a woman do any hard or menial work that he could do himself. To understand how remarkable a fact this was one must

know our mountaineers. Perhaps there were not at that time, among the three millions of mountaineers, a dozen men who ever churned a "mess of butter."

"You are very different from any people I have yet seen in the mountains," the traveller said to Em. "You show such respect for your father; you say you have always done as nearly as you could whatever your parents required of you; you and your brother are so affectionate and kind to one another; I have never seen such another family in the mountains."

"Well, it's all Mammy's doin'," Em replied. "You'd orter seen my Mammy, then you'd understand everything. She died a year ago, after being sick so long I couldn't git but little schoolin'. Only Pappy, my brother Will Ed, and I was to the buryin', but when we hev the funeral hit will be a big one. My two brothers what's West and my married sister in Alabama will be yere with we-all. Pappy's hed me write to they-all, so as to hev the funeral when they-all kin be yere, 'long with all our other kin in the mountains. Pappy wants the funeralizin' to be done by Mr. Moses Fish, the preacher at B'ar Waller" (Bear Wallow), "an' so he's hed me to write to him about hit too."

"You-all have the funeral same time's the buryin', I guess, but I don't reckon that's ever done in these yere mountains. We hev the funeral when we can afford to do it right proper, or when it's convenient to a right smart of our kin an' friends. Lying Ed Chaney over on Bullskin Creek hed the funeral of his first wife last spring, ten years after her buryin'. She died, and he married Easter [Esther] Lincoln. They got divorced, an' he married Ellender [Eleanor] McGuire. She died, and he done married Easter over agen, and then her father'd left her money enough so they could hev a funeral for his first wife."

Such was the speech and such the environment and intellectual status of Em Durham, and yet the traveller thought her the very next thing to a lady. At the least, he thought that her rude soul inhabited the bodily envelope of a lady; at the most, he believed that nearly all her promptings were elevated, proud, and fine. During



IN OLD DURHAM'S CABIN

what she would have called the evening and he termed the afternoon she sang when he asked her, without any affectation either of shyness or of art, but just as simply as a bird sings in the forest. She called the song "Ladie Marget" (or Lady Margaret, as we would say), but when she wrote out its words for him she headed them "Sweet William, or Ladie Marget." The traveller knew the song to be one in a well-known collection of early English ballads, and when, a long time later, he compared this mountain version with the original, he prized Em Durham's copy for its numerous proofs of the tenacity with which the mountain-folk have clung to words and phrases their ancestors learned three centuries ago, and which were intelligible to the ancestors, but are often meaningless to those who sing them to-day. The song that Em Durham sang was as follows (a few unimportant verses being omitted):

SWEET WILLIAM, OR LADIE MARGET

Sweet William arose one early May morn.
He dressed himself in blue,
Saying, "Tell unto me the long, long love,
Between Ladie Marget and you."

"I know nothing of Ladie Marget's love,
I know she don't love me.
To-morrow morning at eight o'clock
Ladie Marget my bride shall be."

Ladie Marget was standing in her own hall
door
A-combin' back her hair,
And there she espied sweet Willie and his
bride
As they to the church drew nigh.

She threw away her ivory comb,
In silk wound up her hair,
And out of the room the fair maid went,
And she never returned any more.

The day being gone and the night coming on,
When most men were asleep,
Sweet William he saw Ladie Marget's ghost
A-standing at his bed feet.

"Oh, how do you like your bed?" said she,
"Oh, how do you like your sheet?
Oh, how do you like that fair pretty girl
That's standing at your bed feet."

And then he called his merry maids all;
He called them two by three;
And then he asked the lief of his bride
If he Ladie Marget might see.

He went into her own hall door
And tingled at the ring;
And none was so ready as her self-seventh
brother
To rise and let him in.

"Oh, she is in the kitchen," said he,
"Or she is in the hall;
Or she is in the upper chamber
Amongst the merry maids all."

"No, she is not in the kitchen," says he,
"Nor she is not in the hall,
But there she lies in her coffin,
Stretched out against the wall."

Without having the original ballad by him the traveller noted the fact that our mountaineers had not understood the use of the word "hall" to denote a castle or country-seat, and so had added the word "door" to it in order to explain it as meaning a passageway in a house. He saw that in the expression "And tingled at the ring" these rude people had preserved a record of a form of door-knocker or alarm abandoned centuries ago in Europe and never in use in America. He questioned Em Durham upon these points and many others, and discovered that she could explain no single one of them; indeed, she had no idea why any woman should be called Lady this or Lady that, but she said she "reckoned" it was a lover's term, or it meant that the woman was pretty and not yet "on the cull list"—meaning that she was under twenty, and therefore not an old maid.

On the next day it was the traveller's turn to entertain the Durhams and all the other families on Wildcat Creek and the pockets and minor valleys debouching from its deep broad way amid the hills. Everywhere that he had been he had left word that he would speak next evening at the Wildcat church-house and illustrate his talk with lantern views. The little log church-house was more than half filled when he went upon the platform and faced the people, and he noticed that just as Em Durham had queened it over all the others as she passed up the aisle to a front pew, so she was now the most commanding and prepossessing feminine figure in the congregation. The traveller said that he was going to speak of a fairy palace not many miles away—a splendid building or series of buildings into which between seven

hundred and nine hundred mountain boys and girls walked almost blindly every year, certain to have the scales fall from their eyes and to be blinded with a vision so magical that in time, as they practised and developed their sight, they were able to behold nearly all that had ever been in the world, to see and talk with the greatest men in the world's history, to read the secrets of the trees and the rocks and skies, and even to see something of the future.

Many of his listeners quickly guessed that he referred to Berea College, the pioneer seat of learning for the mountain-folk, and the one which has done the most to adapt itself to the conditions and needs of the people. A rustle of uneasiness tinged with a suggestion of rebellion stirred the men in the pews. They were "agen' eddication," they held that "hit makes people biggetty," and each was in the habit of saying that his "father done well without ary bit of book-l'arnin'." But the traveller felt that the young people were heeding what he said and hearkening greedily. To them he said that Berea offered a year's education and board and lodging for only a dollar and a half or less, per week of schooling, and a large part of this could be paid for in work done at the college by such students as were too poor to pay with money. He told of girls who farmed a patch of corn at home to get money with which to go to Berea. He told of boys and girls who came with nothing but a colt or cow or two, or a few "bed-kivers" woven by their mothers. He told of the zealous, earnest teachers, under President W. G. Frost, who are noted in their specialties and fit to teach in any Eastern college, yet prefer to work in the only college in the world "where students starve to get an education, and the college starves to provide it." Finally, he told of the trades taught to both boys and girls to send them forth self-supporting, of the joyous lives the students lead, their games and pastimes, their literary society, their forming of lifelong friendships, and all else that he fancied might stir them to wish to enter the college.

Weeks and months passed, and one day when he was back again at his labors as a teacher in Berea he saw Em Durham

riding into town on a pony, with another girl on the saddle-cloth behind her. Later that day he found her in the office of the college, and she told him that she had come "to git an eddication." She was not a queen of her sex in his or any other eyes on this occasion, but a frightened, shy, worried-looking girl in a paltry gown whose shape bore no relation to any fashion except that of the cabin drudges she had left behind her. He was accustomed to seeing the girls come to Berea looking like that, and he knew that in less than a month she would absorb enough of the art of looking her best to appear in place in the crowds in any of our cities, so magical is the feminine gift of transformation once its possessor feels herself out of touch with her neighbors.

On the next morning after Em Durham came to Berea, and while he was at his breakfast at seven o'clock, she appeared at the house where he lodged. She was trembling with some overmastering emotion, but her face was set into an expression of indomitable resolution, heightened by a fierce wild light in her eyes.

"I came yere to Berea on 'count of what you preached in our church-house," said she, "and now't I'm goin' back home again I thought you'd be the only one I'd care to tell. I hain't been to bed. I've been settin' out under the trees back of the Ladies' Hall all night. Why? Do you know what they done? They done put me in a room with Zoni Lincoln. Her brother killed my brother 'cause both were girlin' at the same house, and Josh Lincoln shot him like a coward from the bresh whar he was hidin' 'side the road. Think I'd room an' sleep with that trash? If you do, you don't know the Durhams, I don't guess."

The traveller—now professor—reasoned with Em, counselled her to do nothing rash, not to bring her mountain savagery to the college, and, above all, not to wreck her future by leaving college without acquiring what she had come for. The professor was very severe with her, as he saw that he needed to be. He said it would be very easy to give her a roommate from some other county, or even one from some distant State, and this should be arranged at once, but it would

not be easy or even possible to refine into ladyhood a tempestuous, wicked girl who tried to bring her barbarism into a temple sacred to civilization. As he spoke with startling frankness of the shame she was bringing upon the college and upon the proud standing of her family, she gradually lowered her head until her chin was on her breast and she was a weeping penitent. The professor led her in this mood back to the matron of the Hall and she was newly placed, with a girl from Ohio, not a word of reproach or warning being uttered by the matron or any one else once the professor had his say.

That was their last private talk in Berea. In a short time our traveller-professor took up another line of endeavor in a distant city. Years passed, and with each summer came a longing once again to mount a horse and ride through the smiling valleys and along the ridges of the beautiful Cumberland Mountains. At last he found himself back upon the mountains, travelling the selfsame roads over which he had toiled as a canvasser for the college.

Upon one brilliant autumn afternoon he came to the cabin of the Durhams, and, with a regret for which he was not prepared, he saw that the old house was in such wretched plight as to proclaim it the home of a shiftless and impoverished family. His first inquiry was met by the reply that there were no Durhams left in those parts. The old man had died, the son who lived with him had been ambushed and murdered by a rival for the hand of a mountain-girl, and Em, the daughter, had sold the farm and moved away.

By a lucky accident the traveller met Em in a house at which he called next day. Her horse, saddled and bridled, was at the gate, and she was calling on two girls, who made a pretty picture as they sat on their porch with a spinning-wheel between them, singing, talking, and spinning as each humor seized them. Em welcomed the traveller warmly. She recognized him at once, but it was only by frequent glances and occasional deep study of her features that he was able to trace the rude and clumsy mountain-girl of years ago under the self-possessed, well-mannered young woman by his side. She

was well dressed in a gown of simple yet modish fashioning, but made of the homespun cloth that is made in so many of the cabins. She wore the regulation sun-bonnet of the mountain-women, but it was so deftly fashioned of the thinnest lawn that he mentally compared it to a flower. She asked him to visit her at her new home a few miles distant, and as they rode side by side she talked freely and fast. In the course of her monologue she gave him a view of what goes on at Berea such as no professor could ever get.

"How long did you study in Berea?" he inquired.

"I took the collegiate course," she replied. "Father died soon after I went to the college; Will Ed, my brother, had been murdered by a rival for the love of the girl he was courting, and I was left alone. My means were much greater than we had supposed that father possessed, and I was able to remain in college four years. I say that very lightly, but you have no notion how heavily the time pressed upon me at first, or how cruelly every girl feels the strain of that right-about face in every particular of her life. It's a change from the life of a bird to something like imprisonment—all iron routine and never-absent fetters of discipline that seem to wear through her flesh and bone. After you went away—when you had roused the old Satan in me by likening me to a wild animal—I sobered, and I saw that you were right. I never gave any more trouble, but I nearly died—I really did take sick—of longing for home and freedom, for my old bird-life. My heart and my health both broke before I conquered the yearning. Plenty of girls went away downright ill every term—just of homesickness and hatred of regularity,—but I stuck it out.

"Do you suppose you or any other professor at Berea ever understood this?" she continued. "Do you know what it is to live where the day has but three divisions,—morning, evening, and night,—each one eight hours long, and where a clock is only an ornament, never right, and seldom going? Can you imagine leaving home and wishing for nothing to take with you except the family comb, which, of course, you may not have, and your other dress—if you have another—



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"YOU ARE STRUCK BY THE APPOINTMENTS OF MY CABIN," SHE SAID

that you are not wearing? From that you step with one plunge into a place where they teach you to use two sheets on a bed, to take baths, to wear shoes all day instead of only when you are going to the village or the church-house. And all the time you are dying for fresh air. You think—even when the windows are up, in summer—that you will suffocate, that you must rush out into the woods and tear open your dress and loosen the things that bind your lungs, and drink in all the air of a whole valley.”

When the two approached Em's home the traveller noticed from afar that though it was a two-storied log cabin, it was singularly well fashioned. It gloried in broad porches, and was smart with new paint in stripes of blue and white, which gave it an Italian effect. Around it was a lovingly attended garden of many old-fashioned flowers in plots divided by gravel paths. It was the most attractive mountain cabin he had seen, and yet it offered nothing radical in departure from the others. It was better than the others, and yet was produced from the materials that are close to the hands of every mountain family. He was not considering any moral in a house so much as the woman therein, and therefore if there was a moral in what he saw of Em's home, it wholly escaped him. When she bade him enter he could not help noticing that within the room every appoint-

ment was of mountain form and mountain material.

“You are struck by the appointments of my cabin,” said the hostess.

“Indeed I am,” the traveller replied. “At first I fancied myself in a home that was simply more attractive than most, but I see that these charming effects are all produced by native art and material.”

“Entirely, excepting the piano,” she replied. “I try to live, in doors and out, in a manner to show my people the fullest possibilities of their own resources and to make them proud of all that they possess.”

“You are making your own life a sermon, then?”

“Rather teaching a lesson,” she replied. “If there is a sermon, it must be for contentment among my people—but, truly, it is a very practical matter-of-fact lesson in the utilization of the commonplace. You see, as a Berea graduate, I desire to show what little I can of the gain that comes with education and yet not appear what my people call ‘big-getty,’—that is, conceited. My neighbors who visit here find nothing different from themselves or from what they have always had around them. The piano and my library are extras, but not weaknesses, I hope. My husband is continuing his education, as I am mine, by reading, and together we hope to help others as Berea College helped us.”

Pebbles

BY C. RANN KENNEDY

PEBBLES, we
In a sea
Of mingled mirth and misery.

Crunch and grind
Every kind
Angles off, a shape shall find.

Presently
We shall be
Fair and fit for God to see.

The Survival of Human Personality

BY ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN, *Ph.D.*

Assistant Professor of Anthropology in Clark University

ANNIHILATION suits neither the general instinctive mind of primitive man nor the particular rational thought of the modern scientist. Still less does it find favor with the poet. The naked Brazilian Indian fails to conceive of it; the chronicler of the Egyptian King Pepi (5400 B.C.) proclaims it as impossible; Huxley, the protagonist of Darwinism, compelled by scientific data to believe in the immortality of matter and force, declares his readiness to jump at the belief in the immortality of mind if but a scintilla of evidence is forthcoming; Brinton, the anthropologist, expresses the opinion that the investigation of the history of mankind justifies the "reasonable and holy hope" of the church that death does not end all; Browning, the poet of evolution, the singer of the love that, more than the struggling, shapes its course, confidently sees life continued "there as here."

But disbelief in annihilation by no means always carries with it a doctrine of the survival of human personality after death. Animism among primitive peoples does not always imply even a definite continuity of life beyond the grave. Rebirth, reincarnation, metempsychosis, transmigration, and kindred ideas may all flourish without any real assertion of surviving human personality. Here, not continued development of the personality begun in earthly life, but happy escape into the body of some newborn child or fateful metamorphosis into some other creature, is the object of such desire as may be. Often, too, the souls of the dead are looked upon as evil spirits malevolently restless and wandering about until they discover their new abode, or are by some other means appeased, at least for a time. The myths and legends of such a period of human thought reveal the fact that life on earth was

much preferable to the uncertain condition of the dead. Under such circumstances the development of the idea of a continuous personality surviving after death was susceptible of but little evolution. How difficult it is to "deduce a definite dogma of immortality from animism" has been noted by De la Saussaye in his recent excellent study of the religion of the ancient Teutons.

Nor do beliefs in the existence of a world beyond the grave necessarily mean, with primitive peoples or with our own race in its early stages, a distinct conception of human personality in the hereafter of an ampler, more exalted character than that enjoyed during life upon earth. Many of the "other worlds," "hereafters," "spirit-lands," etc., of savage and barbarous peoples, like the Hades of the Greeks and the Sheol of the Hebrews, in their earliest forms, were places of sojourn for the shades of the departed quite unattractive in comparison with earth, to which occasionally a few of the more distinguished individuals, by favor of the gods, return for a time, and to which, on the other hand, some descend without succumbing to death.

As the idea of human personality becomes clearer in the minds of men, the number of those who are thought to preserve their personal identity complete in the after-life increases, and Hades is no longer the type of the world to come. The world beyond the grave ceases to be less and tends to be more than earth. Mankind has begun to see that the development of human personality here calls for its continuance and perfection there. From the idea of a general persistence of all life, often very characterless and insipid, represented at one time by animism and at another by transmigration and similar beliefs, the race advanced to the conception of personality as the greatest

thing on earth and that most worthy of perpetuation. To-day it is seeking evolutionary demonstration.

The development of the idea of human personality, out of the gross mass of fluidity and fixity with which the race began its existence, into a more or less clearly defined entity with ethical attributes, is the greatest intellectual exploit of mankind, just as its conception of immortality is, in the words of Fiske, its "supreme poetic achievement." Man's appearance in the cosmos has been well described by Tennyson:

A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
Result in man.

Human personality has run a like course. Out of the "vast" of all humanity it has "drawn," and, "moving through life of lower phase," has at last "resulted" in what we now seek to designate by this term. From the crude and varied bulk of instinct, thought, and action belonging to all the race, personality and its logical consequent, personal immortality, have slowly shaped themselves. That the individual repeats, or recapitulates, more or less, the race, is now one of the common-places of science. Or, rather, he is the race. In the ample vessel of body and mind, heart and soul, he holds it all. Its past accomplished, its present being achieved, its future to be won, lie all, dormant or quick, in him. In fact or in fancy, asleep or awake, he is all mankind. In him the savage and the genius, the criminal and the prophet, the warrior and the mystic, the bourgeois and the poet, hide in the secret chambers, or court the broad daylight. To develop a personality that was not less than man and could be more was a gigantic task. It took ages to make mind, ages again to make man, still other ages to make personality.

Gradual growth out of instincts and ideas which made the survival of the race, quite apart from ethical considerations of any sort, the one aim of human effort, was necessary before the rise of human personality and the development of belief in its survival after death were at all possible. One great step was taken when man began to look upon himself as

something more than a mere reproductive being. As Von Negelein has pointed out, so long as man was regarded as a producer of offspring simply, personality and its high implications were impossible and unthought of.

The perpetuation of the race having been assured, the individual might drop out of sight without concern or damage. The birth of his son made the father a mere cipher in the community. The extent to which such a belief could be carried is seen in the ancient Hindu practice in accordance with which the father who has repeated himself in his son, after imparting to the latter the sacred Veda-knowledge (which constitutes him the very image of his parent), retreats, soulless, as a beggar, into the forest. His personality has become extinct on earth, and its survival in another world would be a superfluity. At this stage of human thought self-repetition, not the evolution of personality, was the care of mankind. And woman fared much worse than man, whose appanage she was. She is conceived of at this period as soulless often, and devoid of all personality, as also is her child until the soul and the personality of his father are transmitted to him. The religious and social implications of the doctrine of the soullessness of woman have been, in some parts of the world in diverse ages, a great hindrance to the development of her personality, for the complete growth of which the lifting of this crass male dogma was absolutely necessary. In recognizing the personality of woman, man made it possible for himself to draw more deeply upon the stores of the whole race and thereby strengthen and enlarge his own personality. Only when the race-survival idea upon the merely physical and repetitive basis was outgrown were the two sexes enabled to work together for the production of the highest personalities. Not before could there pass into the world beyond the grave men and women as such, and not merely the members of a dim line of ancestral spirits whose work upon earth had long since been done, and whose post-mortem labors were perhaps never to begin.

In ages when the race was under the sway of physical prowess, and its more or less violent and brutal accompaniments,

the meek, who certainly did not then inherit the earth, were even farther from gaining the other world. A simple form of belief in the survival of the warrior's personality is found in the idea of the ancient Teutons that the souls of heroes slain on the battle-field ascended immediately into the heavens, where they continued the struggle begun on earth. With many barbarous people, warriors alone were believed to be capable of re-incarnation, transmigration, or continued personal existence; and sometimes, as is related in the old Greek legends, warriors and heroes were received alive into the other world with full retention of their individualities. An age of such physical emphasis was generally not favorable to woman, but, by a sort of poetic justice, some primitive peoples classed women who died in childbirth with warriors, and so the personalities of these survived death in folk-opinion. Here the warrior and the hero survived as such and not as human beings.

Another set of human beings who, in early times, had personal existence after death attributed to them before the rest of their fellows were the "medicine-men," shamans, or primitive priests, the ancient and uncouth forerunners of the clergyman of to-day, to whom, curiously enough, still attaches the name *parson* (literally "person"), as if to emphasize the way in which, long ago, personalities were recognized and limited. The arts and devices of the primitive shaman and the "tricks of his trade" contributed doubtless to strengthen his claim to survival. Later on, when he developed into the doctor, the sibyl, the prophet, the teacher, the poet, and the early man of science, all these gained from the folk the attribute of personal immortality the more easily by reason of the "divinity" hedging their common predecessor. With peoples who regarded the shaman in this way the fate of woman was not so bad. Wherever, as is common among savage and barbarous peoples, the shaman may be of either sex, and sometimes is by preference female, woman appears in her distinct personality in the other world much earlier than would otherwise happen.

The poet, so often regarded as the "maker," or "creator," was also one of the first to whom immortality was as-

signed. His personality, so useful and attractive to his fellows in the development of an art through which the past lives again and the future is made very present, soon came to be considered imperishable. Mankind was not long content to preserve his song alone. Among a people so low in the scale of civilization as the Andaman Islanders of the Bay of Bengal we find that at their great musical festivals the honor of singing his own songs falls to their composer, no one else being allowed to do so, although they may be on every one's lips. This primitive copyright is a noteworthy recognition of the personality of the poet. In ancient Greek legend, according to Homer, Tiresias, bard and seer, enters the land of the dead in complete possession of his personality, heart and soul, song and prophecy. Many savage and barbarous peoples entertain identical opinions.

Another "maker," the artist, found early survival. The power to preserve the form and features of the dead and the memory of his great achievements during life upon earth helped to fortify and increase belief in his individual existence after death. The permanent aspect of a statue or a monument served beyond a doubt to render more intelligible and more tenable the thought of personal immortality. Painting, too, exercised the same function. The existence on earth of a duplicate, as it were, of the dead individual was in a way proof of his continuance in life elsewhere. The solid and massive sculptures of ancient Egypt typify the eternal existence of the gods and mortals whom they depict, and some of the old Assyrian figures imply just as unmistakably continuous personality. The ancient Hebrews, a people who looked with such disfavor upon the making of "graven images," came very late to the idea of personal immortality, while the Greeks produced Socrates, to whom Davidson attributes the discovery of "free personality," and were a people with whom plastic art reached a maximum of development. Portraiture and memorial art can flourish only at a stage of culture in which men have overcome the feeling that every injury to the counterfeit presentment means a like misfortune to the original, wherever he may be,—an idea thoroughly exemplified in "witch dolls"

and other paraphernalia of "sympathetic magic." Art as an aid to the individual after death comes when it has ceased to be a source of danger to him during life. The reluctance of so many individuals today (like primitive peoples) to have their photographs taken indicates how difficult it has been for mankind to conceive of a personality unexposed to such risks and perils. But while the race was turning its genius to the memorial representation of its dead upon earth, it was at the same time laying surer foundations for its faith in their personal immortality. We have hardly yet learned to estimate at its full value this service of art to man. Shakespeare makes the poet say to the painter:

It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

And if livelier than life, how much livelier than death!

Personality, it will thus be seen, has been of slow growth in so far as human beings upon earth are concerned, while its evolution in the doctrines of the after-life has been even less rapid. The older view, in accordance with which the whole man survived more or less distinctly in those cases in which the existence of individuals as such after death was conceded, was overwhelmed by the mass of theories of a later date concerning the nature and location of the soul, its simple or multiple character, etc. Almost every part and function of the body has at some time been considered the seat and symbol of man's soul, while the reduction of the surviving part of his personality to a more or less ethereal minimum has been one of the tenets of most of the world's innumerable religions, primitive and civilized. In an age of exaltation of brute strength Hercules with his club survives, and in an epoch of theological hair-splitting a myriad of souls find ample room on the point of a cambric needle. Between these extremes lie many other conceptions due to the logic of the philosopher or the imagination of the folk.

In confusing personality with this reduced idea of the soul the theologians have made the same mistake as have the philosophers in confining it within the narrow bounds of immediate consciousness. In the light of the facts brought

out by "child study," President Hall has said that "soul is vastly larger than consciousness," and the data afforded by anthropology enable us to add that human personality is immensely more than soul as it is conceived of in certain quarters. Goethe's "greatest bliss of mortal men" predicates the survival in the hereafter of something more human and more divine than the meager being which the metaphysicians have determined upon by their process of elimination. Human personality in the other world means not the least but the most that can survive of all that the race has been, is now, or ever shall be. It is in this larger spirit that we should approach the evidence contained in books like Mr. F. W. H. Myers's recent work, and in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, where men and women of unimpeachable honesty have set forth the reasons for their belief not only in the survival of human personality after death, but also in the possibility of communication between this world and the next.

The same evidence for the personal identity of the dead who seek once more to make themselves known to the living has not been demanded by all peoples or in all ages of human history. When physical prowess was the chief virtue of mankind the "ghost" was challenged to repeat the mighty deeds for which the hero he claimed to be was remembered upon earth. The club of Hercules returned with him from the other world. The armor of St. George and St. James was the same they wore when here below. In another epoch, proofs of the senses of sight, touch, hearing, and smell are relied on.

Sleep and dream have sometimes made such an impression upon man that he has been content to receive from that source the confirmations of his belief in the continued existence of his departed fellows,—this is the case with very many primitive peoples. The declaration of genius in matters relating to the after-life has been listened to eagerly since the race began to think about these things, and, in all ages, those who have deemed that "great wits to madness nearly are allied" have sought corroborative evidence from the mentally abnormal.

It is rather surprising at first blush

that the abnormal has loomed so large in the attempts to prove the existence of human personality after death, and that even thoughtful men of scientific training have been content to accept a condition of the dead in the next world which, by comparison with the evolutionary advances of the individual and the race on earth, must be considered a relapse rather than a step upward. Much of the "evidence" would incline one to believe that a "fall" of man and not a rise is the first step in the to-morrow of death. Table-rapping, slate-writing, crystal-gazing, fact-ferreting, puzzle-guessing, "mind-reading," and the like, convince the primitive man who survives in us, as once they did the race. Coincidences, spirit-messages, ghostly visions, and things that smell of the tomb appeal to another side of us as valid proof, for so thought our ancestors of old time. The phenomena of sleeping and dreaming, of hypnotism and suggestion, of hysterical and semiunconscious states of mind, of swoon and trance, affect us or not according as we have in ourselves more or less of the race's long response to such stimuli in the past. There is something to be said even in favor of Mr. Myers's contention that telepathy is a step in evolution which may have reached its highest development in savagery or barbarism, just as, *e. g.*, the sense of smell was at its acme in the prehuman animal world. The secondary and multiple personalities of the psychologist and the psychiatrist, the "other selves" of children and adults, the personalia of youth and adolescence, and all the other more or less subliminal consciousness of the individual, sane and deranged, furnish evidence which the race formerly accepted as good and sound.

But to rest the case for the survival of human personality after death upon evidence which convinces the oldest and least evolved of all its elements is a needless error. All through the ages there has continued a body of normal evidence revealing itself in the faith of genius and what Professor James has well styled the "precursive faith" of the folk. The full development of any great idea in the mind of the individual is always preceded by its appearance in a general form in the thought of the race.

Most of the noteworthy achievements of science had their predecessors in the folk-conception of kindred ideas, in the "guess" of genius and in the vision of the poet. We may never be able to demonstrate to a certainty the survival of human personality after death, but science has absolutely no quarrel with religion in the matter, and will not consent to be set off against faith as altogether antipodal. The true scientist is preeminently a man of faith and a poet besides, and in his own personality he discovers the proof of its immortal destiny. Faith is in fact the consensus of all factors which go to make up human personality in the dictum which it emits concerning the future. It is the harmony which makes material proof gratuitous. Human personality, as has been said, is, in a sense, all the race, and when its elements have forgotten to war against each other and have become "like each other as those who love," the poet and the man of science will be one, incarnating and proving the facts of faith forever. The naming of personality, like its development, has been slow. The word *personality* is not a native English term, but has been borrowed ultimately from mediæval Latin and subsequently rescued from the lawyers. The corresponding French term, *personnalité*, was admitted to the Academy's dictionary so recently as 1762. The German *Persönlichkeit* was once entirely in the possession of the mystics. It was Goethe who really immortalized the word in his famous lines—

Höchstes Glück der Erdenkinder
Sei nur die Persönlichkeit.

Corresponding to the somewhat imperfect grasp we have of what the English word stands for is the ambiguous signification it still possesses. Thus we speak of "personalities," meaning what we term otherwise "personal reflections upon another."

The rarity of occurrence of *personality*, in the high human sense, in our books of familiar quotations bears witness to the difficulty it has met in asserting itself over against such terms as "self," "soul," "individuality," etc., which have never meant quite as much, and have often signified a great deal less. For personality is neither the all-inclusive egoism of the ancient barbarian nor

the all-exclusive singularity of the modern crank. Nor is personality, as its derivation from *persona* might indirectly suggest, a mask or garment merely of the human being, or a momentary cohesion and coalescence of disassociated and incongruous entities repeated or continued by chance or accident, and familiarized by habit with itself. Personality is the highest product thus far of the evolutionary process, and tends more and more to become what is evidently destined to be the conscious human factor in the prog-

ress of the race here and hereafter. Upon earth it evolves as the supreme effort of the race to incarnate itself in the individual, and its survival in the next world is as necessary for the perfection of the true, the good, and the beautiful as is the existence of God Himself, who works best through means like this. Ideal human personality is the one event to which the whole race moves. This is the faith of man,

As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher.

Judge Not

BY GELETT BURGESS

BY many dangerous, devious ways
The mystery of Love's law is taught;
Some learn of smile-lit, vibrant days,
And some by nights with torment fraught,
To some, the holy grail is brought
By damsels in white samite dressed;
But ah, when I the secret sought,
It was my false love loved me best!

Not all may learn the sacred rites
The priestcraft holds; not all may know
The wonder-worship and delights
Of that great love which ends in woe.
Through dark and death the path must go;
It is Love's terrible behest.
Alas! Have I not found it so?
It was my false love loved me best!

She knew! And stricken by her sin,
In fevered doubt, and tranced despair,
I reached the temple, entered in,
And found the altar garnished there.
But lo! her speech was everywhere!
The words she murmured but in jest
Rang in Love's sacrament and prayer;
It was my false love loved me best!

Through what disloyalty supine,
What vestal vows dishonored long,
She learned the ritual of that shrine
It matters not—for now the song
And not the singer lives. The wrong
By pain assailed has only blessed.
I know the truth—my faith is strong!
It was my false love loved me best!

A Kidnapped Colony

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

PART II

VI

EACH day of the conspiracy's life was a joyous surprise to the conspirators, yet so simply, so naturally did events shape themselves to the situation that already the poise on the edge of the precipice began to feel secure to them. Lindsay laughed more than once as he caught himself accepting the honors of his office in good faith. Ogilvie had handled the cablegrams to and from New York with skill and daring; and then suddenly the cable had been broken—cut—no one quite understood—and it was not yet repaired. The *Orinoco*, the *Trinidad's* sister ship, was in New York with a broken shaft, and would not be in sailing order for a week, and Ogilvie had managed to detain the *Trinidad* herself in Hamilton harbor, so that she had only just sailed, and would not be due again from America for some time. To all appearances the meteoric government, with almost a week of success, had days yet to run. Its perpetrators, care cast to the Bermuda winds, were enjoying with a rounded and perfect irresponsibility their criminal career.

"If this Washington's birthday celebration only goes through," Mrs. Clinton adjured the pulsing skies from her window, "then the world may come to an end! Then we shall have lived!"

It was an extraordinary, a unique day in the annals of the islands. All the school-children, by request of the Governor, were given a holiday, in honor of that great Englishman George Washington, and all were invited to lunch in the grounds of Government House, and to assist at the raising of a flag on the new flagstaff of Mount Langton. With the far-reaching care of detail, the executive faculty, the genius for work, for which the new Governor was already dis-

tinguished, the whole affair had been planned and carried out, and two o'clock found numbers of fresh little faces smiling and numbers of cheerful little voices chattering about white-covered tables spread on the lawn. The Governor had been out and about talking to them, and each child had an impression that the gay, kind face looked particularly happy because that child was there. The Governor's party were now at luncheon indoors, but later the public were invited, the flag was to be raised, and there was to be a speech from the man who had so quickly won all their hearts. As the luncheon party rose from the table, Mrs. Clinton, to-day a dream of cloudy lavender, against which a long rope of amethysts sparkled with delicate emphasis down her slim shoulders—Mrs. Clinton's gowns were always events,—drifted lightly against Teddy Ogilvie.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to hurt you. I hope you're not injured," the little woman said in a breath.

"Come along with me to the terrace. Coffee is to be there. You don't want to see the portrait-gallery," growled Ogilvie.

"I'm not sure. What are they going to do in the portrait-gallery?"

The pink leather of the secretary's complexion cracked into joyful wrinkles. "One of Lindsay's extras. Didn't you hear? He told them that old Lindsay who was Governor in 1747 was his ancestor, and he's going to show them the likeness. Jove! I don't see how the man dares. But it all goes if he does it—he's the gift of popularity for sure. Never saw such a chap in all my days!"

Mrs. Clinton, floating along like a sunset fresh from France, by Ogilvie's side, arrived on the still empty terrace. "When one has plenty of power and no principles and no future, one isn't much hampered," was her simple explanation.

"I want to ask you to drop a word to your—to the Governor, about this speech he is to make," the young Englishman said. "He's a bit dotty about it—plans to go it rather strong on the American tack, I'm afraid. Says he's going to make them cheer for George Washington and the red, white, and blue. Won't do to lay it on too thick, don't you know. It's a good game about Washington's birthday, and our little arrangement as to the flags—that's quite right. Beautiful. But we can't have the Governor lose his popularity. This speech will be reported. He'd best go slow."

Lindsay was carrying off his part this afternoon better, perhaps, with a more careless and brilliant touch, because his heart was not in it. Evelyn Minor's words were rankling, and had chosen to-day to rankle with peculiar bitterness. "An Englishman or a liar," she had said. She thought him the first. He knew himself the second. Would she ever believe him an honest man now, a dignified citizen, after this jugglery? Had he, perhaps, thrown away his chance of happiness for a week of theatricals? His plan of the day would have been to send the ninety-and-nine of his guests about their business, and to put in the afternoon explaining the situation to one. So there was an undertow of restlessness, carrying him out to a sea of recklessness, beneath the sparkling surface of his manner. But events were marching fast; he must keep his wits about him, and play his rôle, so irksome to-day, with credit. Any moment might bring complications—for instance, why should Ogilvie, who had been called into the house a moment before, be staring at him with an expression like an agitated punch-bag? The secretary managed to cut out his principal from the chatter of the satellites.

"Lindsay," he began, excitedly,—“General, I mean—there's trouble.”

Lindsay's eyes, smouldering with other fires, gazed at him impassively.

"I won't go into details, but that confounded *Bellerophon's* off St. George's, and my uncle is on board."

The usurping Governor of Bermuda showed his good blood by the quietness with which he took the shock. A spark flashed from deep down in his eyes, but no muscle stirred.

Ogilvie went on in a perturbed, hurried growl: "I ought to have known this would happen—never thought of the old boy's snapping up the ship in New York. I call it a low turn, to get back at us this way. It looks as if Providence wouldn't have English war-ships sent after beer. Prompt, by Jove! Return trip. But there's a blazing hurry—what are you going to do?"

Lindsay wrinkled his forehead, and Ogilvie watched the wrinkles closely, with the hope that something was going on under them.

"Ogilvie, tell me if this is a competent lie: Find O'Neill, give him this order—he is to intercept the Governor, before landing if possible, after if necessary, and tell him from you that yellow fever has broken out at Mount Langton, and that he is on no account to come to Hamilton until further news from you. O'Neill is a fool, but he's all we have. How is that? Will it work?"

"It's got to, for a few hours," said Teddy Ogilvie. "It sounds rattling to me, anyway, and we haven't time to think up another. Anything else?"

"How was your message—by telephone?"

"Yes."

"He hadn't come ashore?"

"No. Wanted a carriage sent."

"He'll wait to hear from you, then. That's all right. You'd better telephone at once that a message is coming, and O'Neill must ride like the devil. I think that will delay the Governor till seven o'clock or so. And after that"—he threw out his hand—"after that the deluge."

Ogilvie wasted a long heart-beat in a lambent grin. "Jove! if you aren't the Governor, you ought to be! I'll bet a hundred no Bermuda chief officer ever thought as quick as that before." And the eyes that were on the Governor opened to see his nephew, apparently out of a blue sky, suddenly wring his hand.

Ogilvie was stopped on his way to deliver the message by that man of destiny Mr. Bibbe, seeking as before, with increasing hunger, his interview with the new Governor. Innocently enough the new Governor walked into the lion's jaws. He had only had a glimpse of Bibbe on the day of the reception, and had forgotten all about him. But Teddy

Ogilvie was equal to many emergencies. Lindsay, coming up behind the young fellow, laid on his shoulder his well hand.

"Have you sent the message?" he asked, hardly noticing the little man whose sharp gaze turned on him.

Ogilvie looked around with a jump. "Be kind enough to let me alone," he said, with emphasis, and Lindsay, after one shock of astonishment, turned and left him.

Mr. Bibbe's fishy eyes gleamed with curiosity. "Beg pardon," said Ogilvie, shortly. "A fellow who has been annoying me for a week. An American, and an impostor, I believe." He gazed off searchingly at the sparkling blue of the afternoon ocean, vivid and theatrical beyond the tops of dark cedar-trees. "No," he said, regretfully. "No, I don't see Governor Lindsay anywhere just now."

Then the vigorous planning of a general on the field of battle set to work in his brain. "I can't stand by and nurse this rat all the afternoon," he meditated. Mrs. Clinton is the alternate, but she's three rows deep in captains and subalterns—can't get at her. There's Hotchkiss, good useful man—I'll put him in charge."

He glanced down at the ferret face of Mr. Bibbe, turning this way and that, seeking what he might investigate. "Stop here for a bit, will you?" he said. "I've a friend I'd like you to meet," and with a long step he had buttonholed the capitalist. "Do me a favor, will you, Hotchkiss? Queer little character over there"—Ogilvie tapped his forehead. "Needs an eye on him. Will you watch him for a while? Has some mad idea about the Governor. Not dangerous, don't you know, but might make a disturbance. Just humor him a bit and don't let him get at the General.

VII

"Beg pardon, what did I understand your name to be?" inquired Mr. Bibbe, suspiciously, when Ogilvie had left him in the hands of his keeper.

"Seems like you didn't understand it to be much of anything," Hotchkiss replied, genially, "but with full trimmin's it's Joshua Hotchkiss, of Oshkosh."

"I don't at all approve of to-day's affair," said Mr. Bibbe. His head

nodded with vicious eagerness, and his words hurried over each other. "I consider it unpatriotic and most uncalled for and undignified in General Lindsay."

Mr. Hotchkiss, whom the new Governor had stirred to a whole-souled loyalty, lost his beaming expression and put his hands in his trousers pockets. "Mr. Bibbe," he said, impressively, "you're the first man on this island that has said an unkind word of the Governor. Every livin' soul, so far, has wished him well and spoke him well. It don't seem possible that you can know the man and yet miscall him like that. I guess you can't know him much anyway."

Mr. Bibbe flew to arms again. "In that point," he said, "you are correct. It is most extraordinary, most ridiculous and irritating, that I, of all men on this island, have not met him. I believe that I am the only man here who is an old acquaintance of his, and yet it seems to be impossible to see him. I came here with no other purpose, and I have been detained, talking about nothing, first by that young man Ogilvie, who should have presented me at once, and then—" he glanced at the American's cordial face, and decency kept him from finishing the sentence. "Where is the Governor? I must go at once and find him."

Hotchkiss suddenly remembered his instructions. "There now, there now," he said, soothingly, and patted Mr. Bibbe's arm with a rocking-chair motion. Mr. Bibbe drew himself up sharply to his five feet four, and shook off the expanse of hand as if it had been a snake.

"Most extraordinary behavior," he spurted out in staccato. "Please keep your hands off me, sir."

At that moment the stately Simmons hurried past, and Mr. Bibbe, turning his back sharply to Hotchkiss the slow moving, demanded, "My man, where is the Governor?"

Lindsay had been out of sight, but fate, like a mischievous child, brought him at the moment strolling into view, his great white sling making him easy to see at once. Simmons pointed out his master. "His Excellency is there, sir—with the sling." Bibbe turned to Hotchkiss with a gasp.

"That man! It must be a mistake—I have twice been told that the man there, with the injured arm, is an American—an adventurer or impostor, Mr. Ogilvie stated."

Hotchkiss was a bit worried by the excitable methods of his charge, but it did not occur to him that the Governor's identity was to be concealed. "That's the General all right," he said, cheerfully. "But I guess he's pretty busy right now; I wouldn't bother him yet a while." And then, in a crooning voice: "Let's you and me go and look at the pretty flowers over there. Come on with Joshuay Hotchkiss."

The peppery Englishman cast a glance of concentrated scorn upon him, such as Hotchkiss had never seen before, and without a word started towards Lindsay. But Hotchkiss had undertaken a duty, and he meant to see it through.

"No, you don't," he said, firmly, and caught Mr. Bibbe with a vigorous grasp. "You ain't goin' to worry the Governor this afternoon—not if I know it."

Mr. Bibbe's astonishment and fury were at the point of white heat where words cannot reach. With a snarl he turned to free himself, and in a moment Hotchkiss was holding him, kicking and squealing, and every one within hearing had turned and was staring in astonishment. Lindsay, with a quiet word right and left, came across quickly to the combatants, and at a look from him the small man was free, and stood panting and shaking, with his eyes fixed on the Governor's face. He was beyond himself with excitement, and that he was making a scene was nothing to him. He shook his finger tremblingly in Lindsay's face.

"Who are you?" he demanded, and Lindsay's low tones came like a ripple of cool water.

"They call me the Governor," he said, quietly. Mr. Bibbe choked and sputtered before he could find words.

"How dare you?" he began. "My sister told me—I couldn't believe it possible—most unheard-of villainy—I shall expose you—how do you dare?" A consecutive sentence at last found its way. "I know General Lindsay well, and you are not General Lindsay," said Mr. Bibbe, and his squeaking voice was so breath-

less that only the two or three nearest persons could hear him.

Lindsay felt, rather than saw, a tall figure loom at his side, and turned to his secretary.

"Ogilvie," he said, "this gentleman is feeling most unwell. Will you look after him?"

"Come along with me, Mr. Bibbe," said Ogilvie. "Come along—I'll put you in shape again—too bad, too bad." So much sympathy did the young man throw into his manner that the harassed Mr. Bibbe, a vision of glasses and golden fluids rising before him, gladly followed him. They disappeared together up the steps and into the house, and the ripple of excitement, which had, after all, extended not far beyond the limits of the people concerned, died away.

It was time that the flag should be raised on the new flagstaff, and a speech was expected from the Governor in honor of that and of to-day's Anglo-American festivities. The larger part of the population of Bermuda is American in the winter months, and about the stand which had been put up on the terrace and draped with English and American flags was gathered a pleased and expectant multitude to hear the promised speech of this most popular Governor. Lindsay, whose sensitive make-up was to-day going through a mood of depression, felt as if heavy artillery could not drag his thoughts from Evelyn Minor and fix them on a speech. It made him physically ill to think of the light touch and quick wit and graciousness which were expected to flow from him in a flood. Moreover, he was nervous from the late encounter.

"One thing is sure: I'll not begin until I know what Ogilvie has done with that firecracker," he said to himself, and delayed the arrangements with a serene smile till the secretary's lean figure swung across toward where he stood.

"Well?" Lindsay demanded, his eyebrows together.

The light of adventure danced in Teddy Ogilvie's small gray eyes. "Right," he said with a snap. "Safe for the present. Locked up in my bathroom. Told Simmons a lurid tale, and left him on guard duty. Isn't it about time for the speech? I'll see if they're

ready with the flag." Right-about he went swiftly down the slope where the new flagstaff rose high and bare against the sky.

"We're awaiting your speech with keen interest, General," said the Admiral's pleasant voice. "It's considered, don't you know, that you're the only man who can play 'God Save the Queen' and 'Yankee Doodle' together and make music, and we're anxious to hear you."

Lindsay shivered inwardly, but he smiled with an appealing deprecation. "You must be gentle with me, Sir Francis," he said. "I am afraid I shall bungle it very badly. But you people have been so generous to my shortcomings that it gives me a little more confidence. I'll try my best to make it a go, anyway," he said, brightly, and the Admiral felt something like a glow of fatherly pride in the happy ingenuousness of this charming young Governor.

Teddy Ogilvie, the omnipresent, was back again. "Mrs. Clinton says she's quite ready," he announced.

"Mrs. Clinton?" the Governor demanded, surprised.

"She's to break out the colors. Asked to do it, don't you know, and I thought it suitable. Ours and the American are to be run up together."

Lindsay looked at him a moment in doubt. He disapproved this sudden arrangement in the programme; but, after all, what difference did it make? The world was to come to an end in three hours. Annette might be a trifle conspicuous, but if she wanted to pull strings she could do no harm. Suddenly, with a rush, his courage flowed back, and the joy and power of doing his best caught him. These kind faces which met him so smilingly should have his best efforts; the people should remember this his last afternoon as his happiest. He turned, and with a swift step went lightly up and stood on the elevated platform in view of the hundreds of people who waited for him, his face bright with pleasure, his handsome head held high, a lock of bronze hair blowing boyishly across his forehead in the light breeze—a gallant and winning picture.

For a second there was a deep stillness, and then suddenly, in an irresistible outburst, the crowd had gone wild.

Men, women, and children were clapping and shouting and stamping like mad. It was some minutes before the smiling Governor could calm them, and then, thanking them with a look and a word, he turned his face towards the empty flagstaff.

"Break out the colors!" he ordered, and the ring of his voice carried everywhere. Every one felt a thrill of patriotism, of excitement, and all eyes lifted to where two long rolls of cloth were flying up the high bare pole. One was three feet above the other, but it struck no one as important, until, as they halted, the wind caught the loose ends and shook to the air the two flags, American and British, the British below. It took a breath of time for the significance of the incident to penetrate, and then broke loose a whirlwind of shouts and laughter and cries.

"Down, down!" cried the good Englishmen, and,

"Hurrah! hurrah!" a certain element of Americans, and others, excitedly, "Take it down!" and, "Shame! Shame!" and there were many who simply roared with laughter, and some who demanded, loudly,

"Send up the other!"

Lindsay, standing helplessly on his platform and staring at the flapping colors, recognized instantly the work of Mrs. Clinton. With an inward threat of vengeance, he caught the first possible moment and held up his hand for silence, and little by little the stir quieted, and they looked at him, every man and woman and child, with affectionate respect, and waited for his word. It came across the ceasing of the perturbed voices clear and steady.

"We all like to have those flags side by side," he said, "but the Governor of Bermuda cannot see the English flag below any other." He lifted his hand sharply, and his voice was like a trumpet: "Put the flags side by side!"

In about thirty seconds more the episode was closed, and an agitated but good-natured multitude waited and listened again. Suddenly out of the stillness piped high a little voice a few feet below the platform:

"Mother, is that the nice Governor?" it said, with slow distinctness, and the

whole excited audience rippled with pleased laughter.

Lindsay, laughing too, looked down at a strapping little white-clad chap of a handful of years, standing on a bench by his blushing English mother.

"Let me have that baby," he said, quickly, and bent down and lifted the boy; and as he stood him up, shy and solemn, on the chair by his side, the people laughed again, and clapped him scatteringly.

Lindsay bent to the rosy face. "How old are you, my son?"

"Four and a harf old," came the reedy little voice.

"Four and a harf old," the Governor repeated. "It's young to appear in public, but I want you to help me make my speech to-day, because I think so much of Bermuda and Bermudans that I'm afraid I can't do it well enough alone." He put his arm about the youngster and went on, standing so. "I have been on the islands a week," he said, "and I have already so much to thank you for that I don't know how to do it. If this administration were to end to-night, I could say truly that never before have I enjoyed a governorship as I have enjoyed this. I'm afraid that I can't show you in deeds the appreciation I feel for the kindness that has met me everywhere, but I want you to know that I feel it very deeply, and that I shall never forget it. When this chap here"—he flashed a smile at the little fellow in his arm—"shall be twenty-one, my memory will have faded long ago from this beautiful Bermuda, but if ever any one of you, my friends of to-day, should think of me, I hope it will be even then with kindness. The two flags floating up there"—and he turned his face to the high top of the staff—"gave me a thought a moment ago. I wondered if perhaps some day, when this friend of mine"—and again he glanced at the boy—"is a man, one flag may not perhaps do for the two countries which they represent."

A startled rustle went through the crowd of listeners, and the boy moved uneasily against Lindsay's arm. Lindsay bent and spoke to him. "Restless, my lad? Go back to your mother, then, and thank you for helping me. Let me shake your manly hand," and the little

fist slipped into his grasp. "May you climb high," Lindsay said, impressively, "and when you are at the top may you see one flag waving over Bermuda and America."

There was another surprised stir in the audience, and the Governor gave the child back to hands reached out to receive him. He looked down among them with a frank and friendly smile. "I don't mean that Bermuda should be annexed to the United States. Not at all. What I propose is that we Bermudans should finish the good work we have begun and take the United States under our wing."

Instantly the laughter broke out again.

"From what I hear," the easy tones went on, "we have the best part of the land of the free down here every winter—the cream of the country. And so it seemed to me fitting that we cousins, English and American, should join to-day—that the Americans should help to honor a great man born an Englishman, that the Bermudans should help to honor a hero of America." He threw back his head again with a dramatic movement and stared at the floating bunting. "I want the best cheer out of you people that you have ever given in your lives," he said. "I want you to cheer the colors up there. Not one flag or the other, but the colors that shine in both those flags. The same red is there—it stands for our Saxon blood; the blue is the same for the skies that are our roof and that arch right around the world; and the white is in both for the honor that we must keep clean, English and American together, our heritage and our charge—yesterday, to-day, and forever. Now, children, men, and women—forget everything but those colors, and give us the best cheer of your lives. Hurrah—hurrah for George Washington and the red, white, and blue!"

And the air of the fragrant afternoon, the tops of the still, dark cedars, trembled with the ring and the swing of the shout of willing voices which rushed to join one another, swayed and lifted by the inspiration of the Governor of Bermuda.

VIII

The Governor of Bermuda, General John Buchanan Lindsay, behind the best



Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

THE BOY MOVED UNEASILY AGAINST LINDSAY'S ARM

livery horses to be had in St. George's, bowled rapidly past Harrington Sound, past the Devil's Hole, along the North Shore road, and, as he went, reflected. There was a most extraordinary situation of some sort at Government House in Hamilton, and what it was he was burning with eagerness to discover.

Even in his disturbance the eyes of the new ruler, eyes clear and searching, but without guile, noted the appealing loveliness of his reef-girdled kingdom. But his mind was ill at ease. Impatient with the long drive of fourteen miles, he went over and over the data in his possession. The newspaper notice of the arrival of the *Bellerophon* in New York; his interview with the Captain, and the puzzle of the extraordinary sealed orders which had been opened in New York Bay; Captain Starwood's story of a Governor already in Bermuda, and his own difficulty in convincing the officer of his rights; the quickly decided voyage down; the remarkable report of yellow fever, with strange embellishments concerning an ex-Viceroy of India, brought by an excited Irishman, coming ostensibly from Teddy Ogilvie; finally, his resolution to go at once and see for himself the meaning of this array of circumstances. He had acted upon this promptly without waiting for escort, and seven o'clock now found him rolling as rapidly as might be, thirsting for knowledge, primed for action, towards the seat of war. There were few vehicles on the long stretch of the North Shore road; but far away on its length, against the orange and yellow sunset, there was a black speck. General Lindsay, moodily impatient, found himself watching it grow from a dark point to a moving spot, and then resolve itself into a man on horseback.

The rider was coming fast, was within a hundred yards, and suddenly he had pulled in vigorously, and was walking his panting mount towards them. They were abreast, the Governor staring, and the carriage had halted, and the horseman had his hat in his hand.

"This is General Lindsay—the Governor?" he was asking, and there was something familiar about the voice and the man. Both were attractive, and the Governor answered pleasantly in spite of his preoccupation.

"Perhaps you won't remember me, General," the horseman went on, with a winning modesty of manner, "but I hope that you may. My name is Lindsay. I had the pleasure of a hunting trip with you five years ago in the West—Governor Rockfeldt's party. You made the record for prairie-chicken—we got a bear together—you killed—"

But the Governor interrupted him. He was delighted. Of course he remembered Lindsay, one of the best fellows he had ever known, the man who—His cordial hand reached from the carriage to grasp the other's with a warm grip.

"Glad to see you, glad to see you," he repeated, heartily. "Why, man, you don't suppose I could forget you after you pulled me out of that beastly cold river? By no means. You're the last man I expected to see, and I didn't know you for a moment. But one doesn't forget a chap who has saved his life, don't you know. What the devil are you doing in Bermuda?"

That question was an awkward one to answer offhand. Lindsay was silent for a moment. "I'm riding out to meet you on purpose to tell you that," he answered, so gravely that the Governor stared. Then the thought of the mystery of Mount Langton, towards which he was hurrying, came to his mind. This intelligent, efficient American would be the very man to know all about it; the meeting was a godsend to his impatience.

"Can't you get rid of your animal and drive back with me?" he asked; and Lindsay, who seldom lacked means to a desired end, and to whom all men were friends, had found a stable and left the horse in willing hands in so short a time that the Governor's nerves hardly felt the strain of waiting.

The lonely and harassed chief executive felt companionship and confidence and support as the carriage started on again with his old acquaintance by his side. Here was a man of so keen and alert a mind that his account of events must be full and accurate, whom he knew to be trustworthy and reliable, and who, being an American, could have no personal interest in Bermuda affairs. It was balm to his troubled mind that he should have this friend in whom he could trust. He smiled cordially at him again.

"I consider myself lucky to have met you, Lindsay," he said. "I've been delayed in getting here, and I'm most disturbed by extraordinary rumors I've been hearing. What's this about a sham Governor in power in the islands? Tell me all you know about it, will you?"

Lindsay turned his head and looked the Governor impressively in the face with a wide gaze.

"That is exactly what I mean to do, General Lindsay," he said, slowly. "My account is going to surprise you extremely, and I'm afraid it will lose me your friendship. But I can do nothing else and ever hold up my head again."

The Governor was staring as if he thought his friend mad.

Lindsay's quiet tones went on: "It is perfectly true that an impostor has been holding your office, unsuspected, for a week past, and it is most difficult and painful for me to tell you that the person—the impostor—is myself."

The Governor of Bermuda felt first a sensation of fright—it is most unpleasant to have a lunatic on one's hands—and then he was mildly indignant. Lindsay showed poor taste to joke about this affair.

"I'd be obliged if you would be quite serious," he said, rather shortly.

"I am serious," Lindsay answered gravely, and then, with no extra words, with few explanations and no excuses, he told the story as it had happened.

It took only a few minutes; the gorgeous yellows in the west were a bit duller, the flashing green and silver of the reef were a touch more solid in their play, yet there were miles between them and Mount Langton when Lindsay's story stopped. The real Governor and the sham Governor bowed along side by side in the carriage for a long minute in entire silence. At length the former spoke, in a grave and dignified voice.

"You have put me in a most trying position, Lindsay," he said. Lindsay started as if stung.

"If regrets counted, Governor!" he answered quickly. "That is the one thing I didn't think about until now. I canvassed all possible consequences to myself, and am willing to face them. But it didn't strike me that you would have any part to play but the conquering hero,

when your hour came. I see now that I am guilty toward you in every way. I can't hope or ask for forgiveness, but I can at least simplify matters a bit. To make a burnt offering of me whole-sale is the only way. Make the whole thing public at once—your part has been entirely dignified—there is no reason you should not. Your administration will begin with *éclat* for your prompt vigor in getting here and exposing the impostor."

So earnestly did he plan his own downfall that the Governor suddenly laughed. As always, the sincerity and charm of the man's character were winning against every odd. General Lindsay put his hand on the broad shoulder turned towards him.

"Lindsay, you're the devil of a fellow," he said. "I can't help liking you in spite of your rascality." His face became serious and he went on with the weighty manner of a Governor. "But you are wrong—I am quite sure you are wrong—about taking any definite steps towards exposing the affair. There is bound to be a certain publicity, and people will talk until they get things cleared, or at least settled to their satisfaction. But there is no reason that I should take any notice whatever of the late events; it would be most awkward to do so; it is more dignified that I should not. If I could have you prosecuted and punished," he smiled grimly at the attentive Lindsay, "it would be my duty, doubtless, to do it. But there is no precedent for burglary on so large a scale, and consequently no law. I think nothing whatever can be done to you. We will guard our colonies against kidnapping in the future, however." The Governor's strong and genial face broke into a smile. "To tell the truth, it is such a joke on the British lion as has never before been perpetrated, and I think the only thing to do is to hush it up. They would laugh at us around the world if it got out."

Teddy Ogilvie, dancing in an agony of anticipation, heard sounds on the gravelled driveway at Mount Langton, and rushed out, dreading everything, prepared for anything, except perhaps what he saw. From the open doorways of the great house streamed a flood of lamp-light, and as the wheels stopped it illu-

minated the tired but smiling faces of the Governor of Bermuda and his supplanter seated side by side in an open carriage.

"How do you do, Teddy?" remarked his uncle, calmly, and the astounded secretary gasped for answer. "My friend Mr. Lindsay tells me you have been of some assistance to him," the Governor continued, pleasantly. "That's right. Glad you're improving. Always make yourself useful, my boy. I shall try to make you so," and Ogilvie felt a chill in the night air.

An hour later, when the Governor, to the bewilderment of the dazed servants, had taken his place for the first time at the head of his own table, with Mr. Lindsay and his nephew as his guests, when a few necessary explanations and arrangements had been made and the after-dinner cigar was preaching its sermon of peace and good-will to the three—Teddy Ogilvie suddenly sprang to his feet, knocking his chair over with a crash.

"Don't be volcanic, my lad," advised his uncle, composedly. "What is it?"

"Little Bibbe—he's locked up in my bath-room still. I forgot all about him. Shouldn't have thought of him now, but I heard him. Listen."

Far away, from up and off somewhere in the large building, there was a faint banging noise, now rising insistently, now growing faint and stopping.

"He must have got a hair-brush," said Ogilvie. "His fists never could have lasted."

The Governor looked at Lindsay questioning, and the American told the story in a few words.

"I remember him in Devonshire. Hypochondriac. Bad-tempered, inquisitive little beast," General Lindsay summed up the prisoner's character. "But it's a scandalous outrage on your part, Teddy. He should have you arrested. Have him down at once and I'll see what I can do for you."

In a few minutes the British subject in all his insulted majesty was led by the aggressor into the presence of the representative of Britain. He was dishevelled, and at first speechless with anger, and even when words came they were largely inarticulate. His rights cer-

tainly had been trampled upon, and Lindsay's kind heart was full of sympathy for the raging little man.

"Sit here, Mr. Bibbe," and he pushed up a chair; "and, Governor, may I get Mr. Bibbe a glass of wine?"

The small Englishman turned on him, shaking his fist in his face with venom.

"You, you!" he sputtered. "How dare you speak to me, you impostor, you rascal, you low-lived adventurer," and other terms followed not pretty to be written. "General Lindsay, do you know who this man is?" he exploded, turning to the Governor.

"Yes," said General Lindsay, standing with his cigar in his fingers, and watching with British impassiveness the scene in progress.

But Mr. Bibbe paid no attention to the cool monosyllable. "Do you know he has stolen your office, usurped your rights, imposed on your people, bamboozled this entire colony for an entire week? He calls himself the Governor,—do you know that?" And with ghastly cackling laughter he turned again towards Lindsay. "He, ha! How do you feel about it now? You're caught like a rat now, eh? What do they call you here now—the Governor, eh?" and again the vicious finger snapped almost in the American's face.

To Lindsay's gentle mind it was wholly pitiful. He drew away a step quietly. "Mr. Bibbe, try to be calm, or you'll surely make yourself ill. You have been badly treated and I am sorry," he began, but the Governor took the word from him.

"Mr. Bibbe, kindly listen to me a moment," he said, and the force and dignity of his manner awed them all. "You are in a most disagreeable position, and I regret it. But it is your own fault for meddling. It was and is no business of yours to run this colony. I am the Governor of Bermuda, and I intend to do that myself. Mr. Lindsay here, against whom you seem to have a grievance, is my very good friend and guest. Mr. Ogilvie, my nephew, has been unparadoxably rude to you this afternoon, and he and I both regret the circumstance extremely"—he glanced at Teddy for endorsement, and the latter bowed gravely. "But I am obliged to ask you, and to ask it urgently, to keep your own counsel

about to-day's events. You will find that you make a serious mistake if you indulge yourself in talking. I think that the Governor has the right to ask so much. Teddy, will you ring for a carriage to take Mr. Bibbe home? I'm afraid he's extremely tired."

There was a little more bubbling and sputtering from the dazed and exhausted Mr. Bibbe, some glacial moments, and then the would-be villain of the plot was bundled, worn out, silenced, but still vicious, into the carriage, and tucked in by the secretary.

Ogilvie came back with his leathery, weather-beaten face cracked into joyful wrinkles. "Uncle John," he said, and slapped the Executive shoulder irreverently in his happiness, "you're a brick. You've got it all shipshape, I hope and pray and believe. My only grief is that you weren't with us all through—but I suppose that is too much to ask. But you would have enjoyed it—you would, indeed. There's nothing like it in history. The most roaring lark I've ever dreamed—and it went—it was a go. I can hardly believe the luck. I wish you'd seen him," and he laid his hand on Lindsay's shoulder. "He was great—he was a born Governor—it's a howling shame you can't both be Governors. But whatever happens now, I shall have lived. To scoop the oldest jewel in the British crown—a week of it—a volcano at every mouthful. That's what I call living. Uncle John, you would have enjoyed it."

Lindsay gave the Governor no chance to respond to this rhapsody. He got up suddenly. "General Lindsay," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice, "I'm sorry to say good-night so early. This has been a strenuous day, but I have something before me yet. I am going to the dance at the Hamilton."

The Governor looked at him silently, a little surprised, and Ogilvie stared in frank astonishment. Then, suddenly, as Lindsay's strapping figure swung out through the doorway,

"Oh!" said Ogilvie, reflectively.

IX

Lindsay's quiet figure was framed in one of the wide windows which lead to the ballroom of the Hamilton

Hotel from the great piazza, and his eyes gazed about the ballroom as if searching. He was surrounded in a moment, and it was ten minutes more before he could draw Mrs. Clinton aside and speak to her alone.

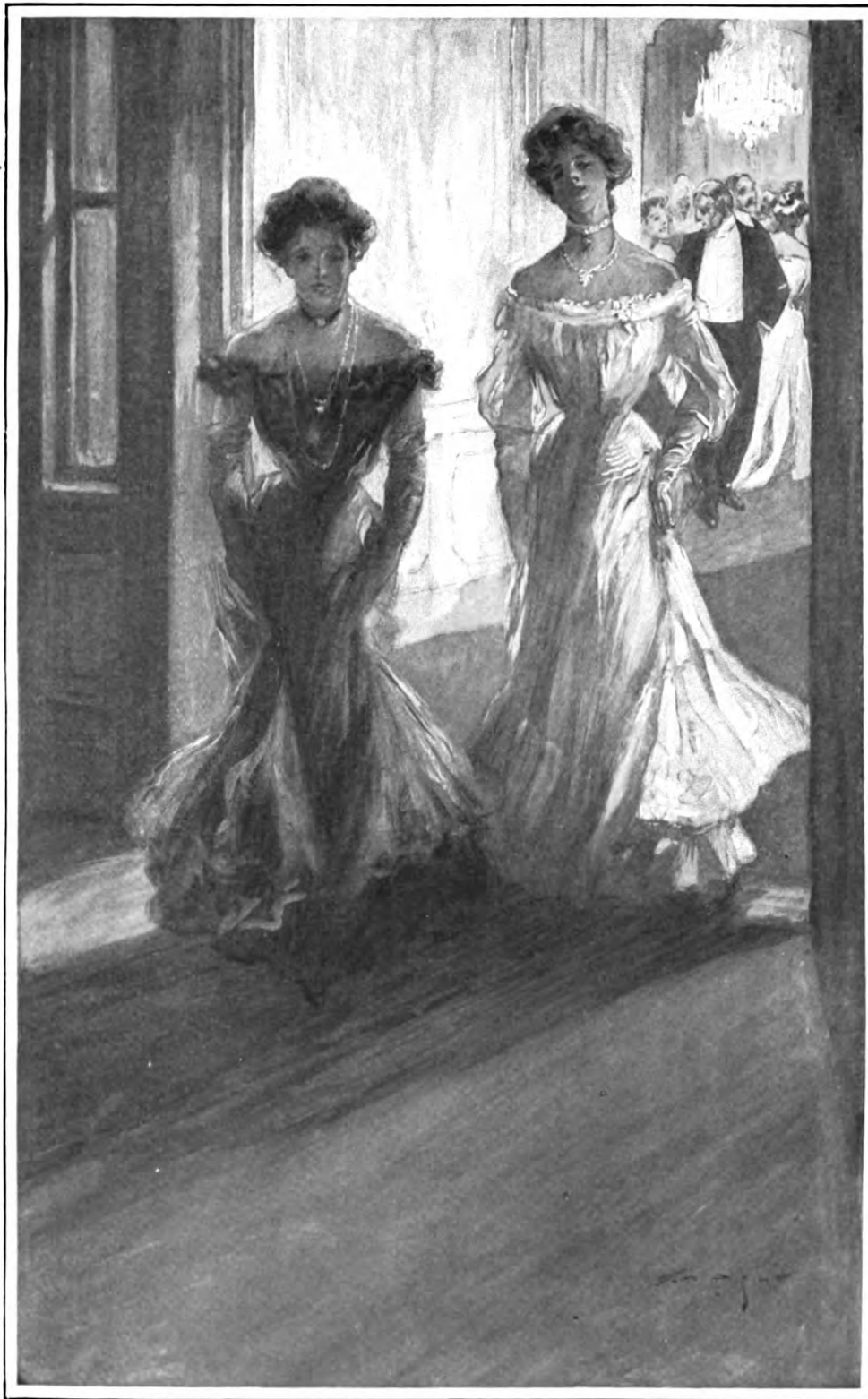
"Annette," he said, talking fast in the shadowy safety of the piazza corner, "the game is played. The Governor is here—at Mount Langton. No, don't be excited. There will be no sensation. He has been very forgiving and very kind. There is to be no *dénouement*, no explosion. But it will inevitably get about—no one can tell how soon—as to what has happened. I want to tell Miss Minor before she hears otherwise. I must see her. Where is she?"

Mrs. Clinton controlled with creditable firmness her eagerness to know more. "Didn't you meet her? You must have just missed her. She was still in the hall when I looked up and saw you. She felt ill, and couldn't stand any more of the dance, and she has gone to bed." To Lindsay it seemed that the bottom had dropped out of the world. He gazed at his cousin as if her words were too bad to be true. Then the sweetness and unselfishness of his disposition came to the front.

"It's the best thing, if she is ill," he said. "Thank you, Annette. I'll try to find her in the morning. Would she see me immediately after breakfast?"

One way or another, by force or by luck, things always came this man's way. Mrs. Clinton was touched with a motherly pity at his childlike resignation, and would have offered up Evelyn in fragments, if necessary, to comfort him.

"Go out under the oleanders, Jack," she ordered, "and keep the farthest seat. Evelyn ought to see you, and she shall. I'll have her there in five minutes," and without waiting for an answer she had flown, like a rainbow-colored bird, skimming across the swinging, music-laden ballroom and along the hall to the elevator. Lindsay, avoiding earnestly that fierce light which beats about even a stolen throne; a light which he felt to-night most unbecoming, found his way out into the cool darkness, and lifting the bench by the oleanders, dragged it where their sweeping shadows were thickest. In the cathedral, three hundred



THE TWO FIGURES APPEARED AGAINST THE LIGHT IN THE DOORWAY

yards away, there was service. The roll of the organ and the voices of the choir floated faintly across the valley between, and the west window, lighted from within, lay against the night like a huge medallion of figured gold painted on flat darkness. The air was intoxicating with the scent of unseen roses, and as he waited a far-away bugle-call sounded from the fort. Unrealizing, but feeling every influence, Lindsay waited, and only knew that he was lonely and wanted her. If he had glanced up beyond where the crimson flowers of the great weigelia-vine climbs over the arched portico and splashes color boldly on the white stone façade of the hotel, he might have seen Evelyn's blond head blossoming like a flower from her window. As she had said, she was wretched, and the music and the gayety of the ball were so hateful to her that she could not stay downstairs. Here in her quiet room she might at least have the luxury of giving up to unhappiness. She folded her arms, in their long gloves, on the window-sill, and looked out where the lights trembled on the boats in the bay, and the starlit sky brooded over the hills of Paget parish across the water. She began to talk aloud to herself.

"It is childish to deny it. I have to face it—I love him. Englishman, married—everything that is impossible. Nothing makes any difference—I love him. I can't help that, but I can help giving up to it. I will get over it—I will. And I never, never will let him know it. He is good—he is different. He would never feel this way to me. It is just friendliness in him, and his way—his beautiful, fascinating way. He would despise me for this. I will die before I will let him know it." She shivered.

With a quick rustling the door opened, and Mrs. Clinton's hand was on her shoulder.

"Evelyn! I'm glad you're still dressed. Come down at once. Some one is waiting for you under the oleanders. You mustn't keep him. Come!"

Evelyn faced her, solemn and tragic. "What do you mean? Who is it?"

Mrs. Clinton hesitated; she was bursting with the news. "The Governor," she said. "He wants to see you."

Evelyn, shaking with her own thoughts,

reflected a moment. She was afraid to trust herself just yet. "I don't think I can see him," she said. "It can't be anything. To-morrow will do."

Mrs. Clinton had an inspiration. "Evelyn, don't be cold-blooded. He's in trouble and needs you."

Lindsay, his eyes on the front door of the hotel, saw Mrs. Clinton appear against the light, a silhouette of an extremely *chic* fairy, and behind her the swaying figure of the girl he loved. Annette was talking volubly as they came up to him, standing in the shadows to meet them. She gave a soft little shriek as she made him out.

"You frightened me. What do you think, General; I have a 'crick' in my shoulder-blade," she rippled out, in clear-cut infantile tones. "Aren't you distressed to hear it? What do you think I had better do? Now don't advise a porous plaster—it would look so badly with a low dress," and she slipped her scarlet-embroidered sleeve-band and glanced at her shoulder like a cockatoo.

Lindsay did not hear a word she said. He stood breathless, looking at the white, dim figure beside her, the eyes shining at him through the darkness. Mrs. Clinton's voice stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and she tipped her delicate head towards one and the other.

"I think I can do more good somewhere else," she remarked, and with a flutter and rustle she was gone.

Indoors the band played a dashing two-step; an endless round of dancers floated past the windows. Out-of-doors the two were all alone. Evelyn suddenly knew that her hands were held in a close grip which seemed to be the end and meaning of living, and a voice like music was saying words like heaven. Her unwilling conscience stirred drowsily.

"Don't," she said, as if the word hurt her. "Don't. It's wicked."

Neither of them remembered just how he told her. He had dreaded it, planned it, for two days, and it seemed to take about three words and about two minutes. To Evelyn, half an hour before, the situation had seemed so complicated that nothing could ever clear it, and, behold! at a sentence, at a touch, it was simple as breathing and clear as crystal.

Dance after dance went by, and the

people poured out-of-doors in intermissions, and poured back again as waltz or two-step called them. More than once a couple drifted to the iron bench under the oleanders, and seeing it occupied, smiled and drifted away again. But it was too dark for the sharpest eyes to distinguish who they were, and the lovers did not notice, hardly even saw them. After a while carriages rolled up and the broad terrace was filled with their lamps and horses and movement in long succession. Group after group came, laughing and talking, out of the glare of the hallway, and got in the carriages and were driven away. The dance was over. Evelyn awoke to the fact.

"We must go in—every one is gone—what have I been thinking about? What have you been thinking about?"

Lindsay told her, and his words were to the point. "But don't go in for five minutes yet," he pleaded. "It is early. Some one is walking across the terrace. I hope they are not walking this way." His arm tightened as if to keep her against all comers.

"They are." Evelyn's eyes were the quicker. "It's Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Ogilvie."

"The devil!" was Lindsay's welcoming reflection.

"Do you know how long you young persons have been here?" inquired Mrs. Clinton's voice, with a stern and elderly inflection, from the near distance. "Just two hours and seventeen minutes."

Lindsay laughed. He was very fond of Annette. He thought a lot of Ogilvie. There was nothing to say, so he laughed again, and in the sound was that claim of his on the friendliness of the world which the world always honored. Ogilvie put his arm around his shoulder.

"By Jove! Lindsay, old boy!" he said, and patted the other man's coat, "I'm sorry our game is up. You're the chief for me, true or false. I believe you could get good work out of me if you would only keep the job. It knocks me out to think of you reduced to the ranks."

Lindsay's hand searched for Ogilvie's in the darkness. "Don't condole with me, Teddy," he said, "for I've got all I want on earth," and out of the dimness came a joyful cry as Mrs. Clinton flew at the silent girl.

"Of course I knew it, but I dassn't say it out loud." Then suddenly the cheerful tone glided into a dirge. "Poor, poor Evelyn!" she moaned; "she wouldn't marry 'an Englishman or a liar,' and *voilà!* an imitation Englishman and a monumental liar! Too bad, too bad!"

Evelyn Minor laughed. "Don't you think you'd better save that sympathy? You'll need it more some other time," she said, and there were uncertain catches in her voice, as if it were hard to talk.

But Mrs. Clinton might not be sidetracked. "And poor Jack! poor Jack!" the finished accents went on, as of a wise and cosmopolitan baby. "How are the mighty fallen! A dream of glory, a week of splendor! Love and power on the cards, and to draw only love! To come down to this—to be a Governor, and then to finish by being just engaged like any other man! To an every-day, human girl—the ordinary garden white girl of North America! Only love! Poor dear Jack!"

Lindsay turned with a quick movement and caught his sweetheart's hand brazenly before them all, and his eyes were misty as he looked at her.

"Only love!" he repeated. "Only everything!"

The week of brilliant madness, of successful impossibility, lay just behind them; through the breakers of almost certain humiliation his boat had ridden in on a wave of undeserved good fortune; such an experience might never be in his life again; yet the whole dramatic, dashing episode was an incident, blurred already, in the dazzling sunlight which outshines all other. "Love and power!" A chord which sounds deeply the two notes will echo only to one. "All for love and a world well lost," is an old tale, but not, for that, untrue. Lindsay's four words may have been the result of a theory or of a condition, but it makes a prettier fairy-story to believe it—and there are men and women who believe such things—a lasting condition. It is pleasant to think that another generation will surely, as they repeat the half-credited legend of the American Governor of Bermuda, finish with the gracious sentence by which all proper fairy-stories end, "And so they lived happily ever after."

THE END.

De Juventute Clamavi

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS

THERE is no end to my longing;
An ocean sings in my shell;
My heart has room for the thronging
Ambitions of Heaven and Hell.
I am fey with the fierce sweet savor
Of life on my ravished tongue;
Make way, ye who whimper and waver:
I am young, young, young!

My sky-line widens, widens:
I am coming: O wait, my world!
I will wave, ye shall follow, the guidons
Faint hands in defeat have furled.
I pause but to fondle and finger
The gifts that the gods have flung;
In their garden of lilies I linger—
I am young, harsh hearts! young!

There is no love like my loving;
New-bathed in the fount of truth,
Heart baring and hand ungloving,
In the passionate pledge of youth,
I move in the dreamlight splendor
Of a soul to ecstasy stung—
An ardor, a wild surrender
None know but the young, the young!

The pain of my heart escapes me
In a bitter exceeding cry;
I writhe in the hand that shapes me:
Stop, stop, all ye that pass by!
What sorrow is like the sorrow
From my fresh heart's richness wrung?
Ye deceive me with no to-morrow—
I am young, ah misery, young!

Ye pallid and wise and wizen,
Whose day and whose life is done,
I shall sit by your side in my season,
And knit in the wintry sun.
I doubted it once in my boldness,
Ah, pity of God! for, see—
Though I shall grow old with your oldness,
None ever was young like me!

Amici

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I
TO the north of the great Park lies a dignified and reserved street. Its fronts have been dignified and reserved for nearly a generation, but the northern backs used to be hard against certain Acres of empty lots, where were weeds and masses of blasted rocks. It was so when I lived there, and sat many hours of mingled experience by a window that overlooked the Acres, and knew hopes and despondencies, and constructed allegories out of the inspiration of contemplative clouds, and laid audacious siege to different philosophies.

There was a board cabin among the rocks, with the outline of a wind-blown tent and a stovepipe for a chimney; also there were a black and bearded goat, and two boys who played in the weeds. One of them was named Hampton A. Seymour Torrens, and lived in one of the houses that had dignified and reserved fronts; but ours was a back-lot acquaintance. He preferred the backs and the Acres, and his reasons, so I gathered, were that life there was more genuine and romantic. He held no such words, but he held the ideas. It appeared that he did not think the genuine and the romantic were two separate and opposed things. Whether they were or not was a question that interested me then combatively.

I should say that he was a forceful and stern person in character, not given to irony or jesting, earnest, thoughtful, hating triviality, unyielding in purpose and loyalty. He was pallid of face and thin in the legs, with black hair and eyebrows. His years might have been ten.

The other boy was named Billy Shinn; and the goat, Tobias. According to Mrs. Shinn, who lived in the cabin, there had been a William Shinn, an undeserving man but her husband; and his brother, Tobias Shinn, still living, was indicated beyond his deserts by Tobias the goat.

I came to be of their fellowship,—even of Mrs. Shinn's, so far as she thought I deserved it. She was a pessimistic woman. Billy Shinn had a round, freckled face, and he was honorable, candid, and hopeful, but his clothes were degenerate. He sold papers in the morning over by Third Avenue. Other children were there at times, though not regularly. Dilapidated people poked in the rubbish-heaps and went away.

Of the family life of "Tor" I inferred that his father was beautiful and admired, but seldom seen; that there was an aunt named "Cornelia," with whom he sometimes drove in the Park of an afternoon; and a lady named "Haley," who came persistently in the morning and gave him unpleasant lessons in several kinds of knowledge.

So that in his experience human life fell into three divisions—of dark and shameful bondage south of the back door of his house; of peaceful anarchy, self-respect, and noble endeavor north of this door; thirdly, of sleep, which was agreeable, but, as a rule, monotonous. I think he did not tell us all the sad secrets of his bondage. I think that Miss Torrens tied ribbons upon him when they drove in the Park. There were signs that she curled his hair.

Billy Shinn's hours were open to the light. Any one was free to enter his house and know him. He had no such closet skeletons, no shadow over him of secret shame. But he had that integrity which respects misfortune and reserve. He was not one to question curiously the brother of his heart. Friendship is not a balance, exchange, bargaining of gossip.

A maid, who wore a white apron and was called "Jane," told me it was by a doctor's orders that Tor was allowed his back-lots and unkempt society. "Miss Torrens thinks he'll learn to swear an' it's a good thing. I says, it does make

me mad." But she flung the information at me; I don't know what it was that she approved or what condemned. It was not my idea of friendship, either, to question curiously.

The east side of the Acres was rugged and grim with yet unshaken rock and the chaotic remains of the blasting; in the centre was a reedy pool that sometimes rose with the rains and sometimes was dry to its caked and cracked clay; far to the north rose a steep bank, with ashes, tin cans, plaster, and broken brick lying under it in heaps; milkweed, mullein, briers, and other jungle growths covered the slope and plain on the west; on the south, to the fences of the back yards, was a dusty desert country.

From my window the Acres seemed dismal enough, sordid and hideous. The piles of human refuse, the rank, unsightly weeds, the pitiful pool, the dusty trodden spaces, the paralytic cabin,—what ugliness, dull, barren dejection, what dreary monotony! To come down and be of the fellowship of Tor and Billy Shinn was to discover the mistake and the cause of it.

It is a singular fixed habit that we look at realities and give them their honest names, and then misname their location. One who sees monotony and refuse and weeds is truly but looking at his own soul, and so names what he sees there. So too where he sees hope of fertility it is his own fertility. Wherever he looks with his own eyes, he looks directly into them.

To look through the eyes of Tor and Billy Shinn was to see that the Acres had the width of the world, and were the abode of splendor and energy and the clouded beauty of romance, a land of free living, of strenuous business. It seemed near to realization of a New Republic, our late social vision, which only differed from that old dream of the Golden Age in that labor is the basis of its blessedness. I thought it had its value, this looking through the eyes of Tor and Billy Shinn.

There were heavy rains that September. The pool ran over into the desert country, and the jungle was sloppy. Tor and Billy dug and built, labored and argued and planned. Tobias followed them about, or browsed among the rocks or in the jungle.

II

It was a warm afternoon between the middle and end of September. They were laying out a system of dams and dikes, made necessary by the late floods, between the pool and the desert country. I came down and sat on a neighboring stone, and saw that Billy Shinn limped and had his ankle bandaged. Tor paused in his work, when I asked what might have happened to Billy, and knitted his black brows. Billy came out of the muck and sat down, undid the rags, and showed a swollen ankle and a ragged gash.

"Ol' woman threw me off the rocks last night."

And Tor said, thoughtfully: "We got to do something about that. I think you better 'dvice us."

"All right."

"It's the new kind of things to drink," said Tor, explaining. "She likes it, but it doesn't agree with her."

"She was Injuns last night." Billy reconstructed the bandage and continued, more cheerfully: "But she's good for 'nother week now."

"It's the new kind from the cellar." Tor added, motioning towards the backs of the houses of bondage. "She likes this kind, but it doesn't agree with her. But it began with the washings giving out, so people didn't give her washing, so she couldn't afford something for the end of the week, so she was going to make Billy sell papers all day, so we had to do something 'bout that, 'cause it would have int'rputed business"—meaning mainly the dikes, and the rebuilding of the tin-can cities, which, being wrecked by high water, would have to be laid out higher up in the safety of the rocks.

New phases of life, new problems and solutions, were always turning up in the Acres. There was nothing unnatural in Mrs. Shinn's liking Mr. Torren's select brands, or in its affecting her differently. The situation was normal, but serious.

"We dickered wid 'er," said Billy.

"We told her about the cellar, so she 'greed, but she never threw Billy off before; so I think you better 'dvice us."

I motioned toward the houses of bondage. "I suppose—they don't know about the dicker—aunt, for instance."

Tor frowned.

"It's no business of hers. Besides, she doesn't have much sense. But we got to do something."

There was a long pause.

Billy smoothed the bandage gingerly and said: "It's only once a week. I'd be throwed sooner'n not fix the dikes."

Tor only frowned harder. I thought of nothing better to advise than another "dicker" with Mrs. Shinn,—a contract that should stipulate against throwing Billy off the rocks.

"She only cuffed him before," Tor said, meditating; and Billy:

"It was Injuns last night."

The advice seemed only tentative and imperfect. It dodged two or three moral issues,—issues thought to be important outside the Acres.

But Mrs. Shinn thought well of it. Her own theory was that, if supplied regularly, her whole nature would become softened. She had never felt so well of a Monday. Mondays had been pessimistic days. She seemed decided, and no more was said. But the advice was imperfect.

The dikes were finished Wednesday; and several mountain cities and strongholds, far from the reaches of floods, were laid out by Friday.

III

I was thinking that afternoon of an allegory, in which it should be shown that as the outward life, with its career in this irregular world, resembled travelling upon land in respect to the number and impertinence of the obstacles it met with, so in the contemplative and inward life there was a resemblance to the high procedure of clouds, which mysterious winds yet blew in shapes and directions that could not be foreseen. For instance, an allegory will mould itself to new meanings as it goes along. And yet fate, on the whole, acts less irrelevantly there. In a country like the Acres life was partly inward and contemplative and partly material, and here entered irrelevant fate. Even at the moment the heads of Billy and Tor were in consultation in the jungle. One seldom met with any who brought a wider and more inventive wisdom to their affairs. Yet Tobias was knocking down

the hill cities in search of food, and he had nothing against the hill cities.

Irregular bursts of melody came from the cabin. The desert country lay for the most part still under shallow and slimy pools, and the great pool had fallen but little below the dikes. The allegory grew uninteresting, and I went down to find what interest there might be in the jungle.

"She didn't used ter holler," said Billy, who seemed restless.

"You see," Tor went on explaining, "women don't keep promises like men."

"Hm! How do you know that?"

"My father don't go back on 'em, nor you nor me nor Billy, and that's four; and Jane and Haley do, and Cornelia tells lies like sixty, and Mrs. Shinn she's only some honest, and that's four."

"That's not all."

"She's middlin' honest," said Billy; "cept when she's Injuns I don't bet on her."

"'Middling' and 'some' is the same thing. She said you wouldn't have to quit diking, and you didn't."

The chanting in the cabin grew more titanic in its jubilation.

Some one called "Ha-ampton!" and Billy crouched down in the jungle.

"It's not Jane," said Tor. "It's Cornelia. You needn't scrouch, 'cause she can't sec."

"Ha-ampton!"

"Why don't you see what she wants?"

"Anybody knows what she wants. It's not umportant. She doesn't like it, either."

"Like what?"

"Making calls. Go see some other sillies and everybody show off. Nobody likes it. She'll quit shouting pretty soon."

"Ha-ampton!"

Bel lows of primeval music came from the cabin. Billy poked his toes in the mud. "Hollers queer, don't she?"

Miss Torren's voice being heard no more, they turned to other conversations.

Tor's judgment of social functions, though severe, though tending too much to condemn persons, seemed genuine, based on observed facts. It was also true that Mrs. Shinn hollered queer.

I looked over their bent heads. Miss Torrens was coming through the back

gate into the Acres. She picked her way around the far side of the flooded desert, lifting immaculate white skirts,—a tall, slim, and erect lady with eye-glasses. She stopped often and peered around in a short-sighted manner, and presently came to the blasted rocks, where the path led up to the cabin. I thought if Miss Torrens were about to call on Mrs. Shinn, she would not find it a social function to her taste, seeing that Mrs. Shinn holered queer and very loudly. I said,

"Miss Torrens won't be apt to like it."

Tor and Billy stared at me blankly. In a moment they caught sight of her.

"Ha-ampton!"

They sprang up. They shouted, "Go back!" They started running, circling the pond. Miss Torrens stood half-way up the path, gazing about, adjusting her glasses, startled, confused, while Mrs. Shinn appeared at the top of the path, smiling, exuberant. She spread out her arms playfully and plunged forward. Miss Torrens gazed but an instant, and fled, shrieking. She looked not to her steps. Her feet were swift. She splashed through the flooded desert. Mrs. Shinn came in pursuit, with rocking gait and glowing face, shouting and joyful.

"O-oo! Wait a bit, darlin'. Wait a bit!" splashing the shallow water and gray mud. Miss Torrens was slim and fleet. She reached the gate, the yard, the door, and slammed the door.

Mrs. Shinn brought up heavily against the fence. Then she became angry. She cast a rock against the door. She hung over the fence and blackguarded the backs of the houses; she softened again and laughed with monstrous mirth.

"O-oo! Pitipat. An' 'er little feet in the muck!"

She lifted her skirts in mockery of Miss Torrens, and tiptoed through the flooded desert, climbed the path to the cabin, and disappeared. The chant rose again. It sounded belligerent and triumphant. Tor and Billy came back to the jungle and sat down, pale and breathless.

A half-hour passed.

Suddenly, from the cabin behind the rocks rose enormous tumult, and Mrs. Shinn came above them, struggling with two officers. Then a patrol-wagon, which had been standing at the curb, rolled away with her.

IV

Nothing more happened in the Acres until darkness had been there some hours, and many windows were glimmering in the night. I sat in my window, and could see the reflex of stars in the pools, but saw no moving object, heard no significant sound. Then a sharp voice rose in some distant yard, followed by a scuffle of feet. Then the call came from the edge of the yard, the owl-like hoot that was the signal in the Acres.

I came down, and found Billy crouched against the fence hard by the flooded desert. A breeze blew over the house-tops from the North River, and rippled the black water in the pools, and shook the glimmering reflections in flashing fragments. He kicked his bare heels in the mud restlessly and looked down.

"They says she'll get three months for breakin' the cop's jaw, mebbe six. Could you gi' me a dollar?"

"All right."

"She gi' me fifty cents. She didn't have no more."

"What you going to do?"

He was feeling in a pocket of his ragged coat, and handed over a bit of whitish paper. There was unsteady writing on it, which read, by the light of a match, "Tobias Shinn frate stashun Pokipsy he wurks in frate yard."

"She says, go for him."

"Going by train?"

"Yep."

"To-night?"

"Yep."

"When you coming back?"

"I don't know."

"Seen Tor?"

"Nope. Jane, she chucked me out the yard. I guess they got him jailed upstairs. Ain't his fault."

"Why don't you wait?"

"She thinks he'll get her out. He won't. She oughtn't to broke the cop's jaw. I tol' her I'd find him, so I tol' her—so I got to find him." He kicked his heels in the mud silently for some moments. When he spoke again it was hoarsely and low. "I tied Tobias in the jungle. You tell Tor."

He stood up, moved away a few steps, and stopped. I think he had some instinct, some darkened foresight, that he should not see Tor again.

"You tell Tor—Tobias—I tied him."

He slipped away in the starlit darkness, splashing softly through the pools.

V

"*Amici usque ad aras*," ran a college song that we used to sing, properly the marching or initiation song of an extinct fraternity. Friendship till death, we loudly stated to be a graven motto upon our hearts. If we had given any thought in that direction, it would have seemed then a more exhilarating sentiment than lay in the *Gaudeamus*, in which the only reason given for rejoicing was that it could not be kept up very long; or in the *Lauriger Horatius*, in which it was observed that while the grapes were growing whereof new wine should be made, and the little maids into maidens, the poet was growing disgracefully old. But to our harking backward now the *Amici* has perhaps the more melancholy sound, its jubilant complacency discordant with irony.

The instinct of Tor and Billy, that the true end had come, has ever seemed to me mysterious, and their manner of accepting the end unapproachably admirable. It is certain that they made no fond pledges or foolish protests.

For one might see the probability that, even if they met again, it would not be looking at each other with the same level eyes; that change can be no more stopped than time, or a running river held with the hand; but this would be the analysis of elders. Yet their instinct brought them to this conclusion, facing a blank forbiddance. It was an instinct of mine, perhaps not to be trusted, that the tragedy of Tor was the more bitter of the two.

He stood in front of the cabin, look-

ing in and wearing very new clothes. It was early the next morning.

"Did you see Billy?"

I told him of last night's affair, and he went to look for Tobias. He said he was going away—some school—he did not remember the name.

"Cornelia got at my father and he fixed it. It was no use. But I guess he did as square as he could, but he needn't 'a' laughed. We 'greed 'bout Mrs. Shinn, so I'd go away, so he'd do what he could for her, 'cause it was his things did it."

"You told him, then?"

"That's when he laughed."

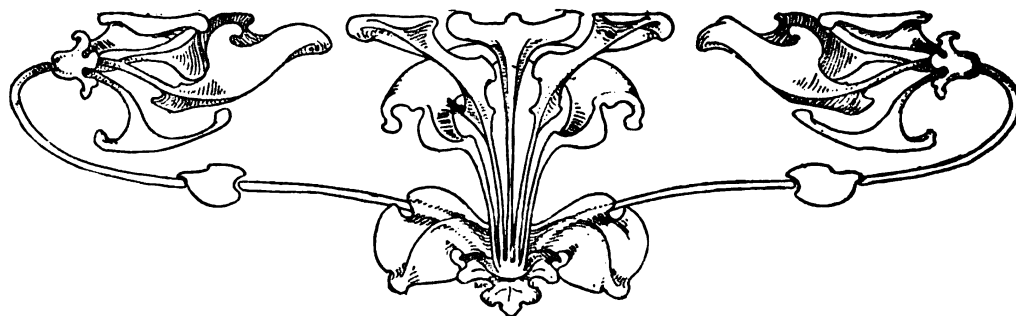
We searched in the jungle, but Tobias was not there—broken away perhaps; more likely stolen in the night, or the yet earlier morning. There we sat down to talk of the matter, and there we said nothing at all.

Tor turned slowly and lay, face down, in the wet weeds. And so it seemed worse in the staring morning than the night before, when Billy had gone away so swiftly into the darkness.

The Acres were dull and deserted; the sordid refuse, the slimy pool, the ragged weeds, the rent, sinister, and pitiless rocks, the poor old cabin,—they were but the cracked and despised shell of a vanished life.

"I guess I'll go back," said Tor. "Good-by," and went away, brushing his clothes, pushing through the milkweed and the mullein.

Thereafter the cabin was looted and carried away piecemeal by dilapidated strangers. I saw the desert dry under the winds of October, the pool covered with winter ice, but never since have seen, in the Acres or elsewhere, Tor nor Billy, nor yet Tobias.



A Thousand Years After

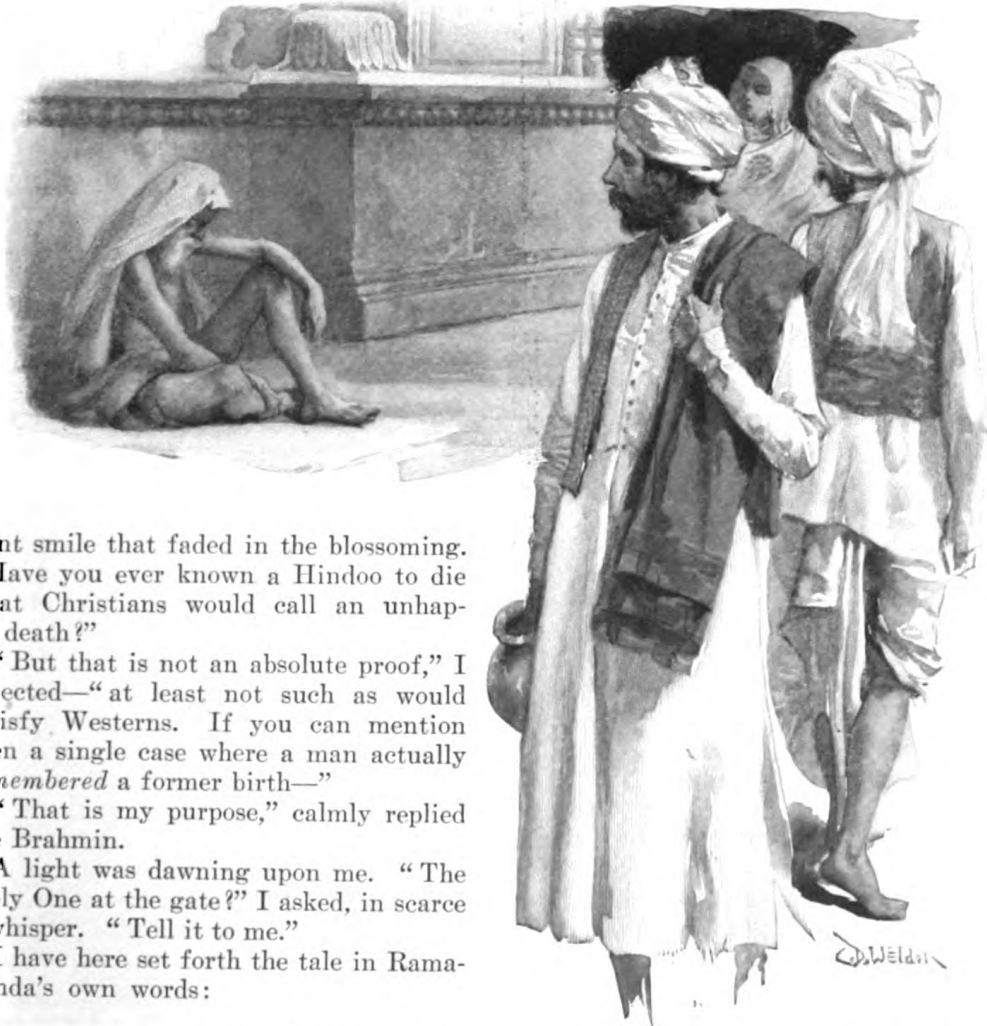
BY A. SARATH KUMAR GHOSH

"DO you believe in reincarnation?" Ramananda, High Priest of the Temple of Sarasathi (Goddess of Wisdom), was a profound scholar. A hasty answer would not suffice. I dissembled.

"Certainly the doctrine is very consoling."

He smiled in approval—a faint, tran-

ashes. For forty years has he sat there. He has not spoken these forty years—save once. One night, ten years ago, I found him senseless by the gate. I carried him in, and nursed him through the fever. He told me much of his life in his delirium. Then, after his recovery, seeing that he had betrayed his past, he told me the rest. But first hear this



sient smile that faded in the blossoming. "Have you ever known a Hindoo to die what Christians would call an unhappy death?"

"But that is not an absolute proof," I objected—"at least not such as would satisfy Westerns. If you can mention even a single case where a man actually remembered a former birth—"

"That is my purpose," calmly replied the Brahmin.

A light was dawning upon me. "The Holy One at the gate?" I asked, in scarce a whisper. "Tell it to me."

I have here set forth the tale in Ramananda's own words:

Yes, at the gate of the Temple of Sarasathi sits that aged figure in saffron and

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

FOR FORTY YEARS HE HAS SAT THERE

fragment of history. It is a thousand years old:

The Princess Sundari of Cashmere was a wondrous beauty—a beauty by name as by nature's decree.

What wonder that, at the approaching "bride's choice" of this pearl among women, kings and potentates should flock to her father's court from the uttermost parts of India? What wonder that they should vie with one another in the great tournament, to show their prowess before this Queen of Beauty?

And the foremost among these were Damadar, the young King of Delhi, and Anungopal, King of the Nilghiris. Anungopal was a strange man. He was deemed a magician;—the occult arts were then known to few.

The gods willed that the battle should be short and decisive. At the first onslaught Damadar's long Jeypur blade pierced his rival's uplifted arm. Released from the nerveless grasp, Anungopal's battle-axe hurtled through the air and buried itself in the sand. The combat was over. The slender, supple form had vanquished the towering giant.

Anungopal walked away in sullen silence; then at twenty paces suddenly turned. In his eyes there blazed a fire that the courtesy of kings could not suppress.

Damadar knelt at the feet of the beautiful Sundari and received from her hand the bridal garland—the victor's prize. After a week's rejoicing the nuptials were celebrated.

In the evening of the bridal day, just when the manifold ceremonies were over, he tore himself from her arms for but a short interval to show himself to the clamoring populace. At that moment a holy ascetic approached the bride and begged to give a blessing. He seemed an old man with snow-white beard, his form doubled up by age like a bow.

The Princess Sundari graciously permitted him to approach and lay his trembling hands upon her bowed head, whilst her maids drew afar off in respectful attention. He waved his hands before her face in the frenzy of prayer, and her head sank lower and lower upon her bosom as she fell into a soothing meditation.

Suddenly she started as from a dream.

With a violent shock she stood up—then reeled upon the divan, casting her hands above her head like one drowning in the sea.

"Help! help! Damadar! I am blind! Help—Da—"

Even that instant Damadar was upon the threshold; the next he was kneeling at her side. But that moment's delay was enough for the false one's escape. Damadar sprang after him, and hunted for him hither and thither like a bloodhound. In vain.

The maids laid the bride upon her couch, loosened the heavy robes around her neck and waist, bathed her brow, and chafed her hands. In the hour of her bridal she was dead.

Damadar would not be comforted. He refused to consign her to the flames. He would have her with him forever.

He laid her to rest in a mausoleum "built by Titans, adorned by fairies."

Beneath the central dome was built a white-marbled tomb, and within it a crystal sepulchre. There he placed his bride, dressed in her nuptial garment.

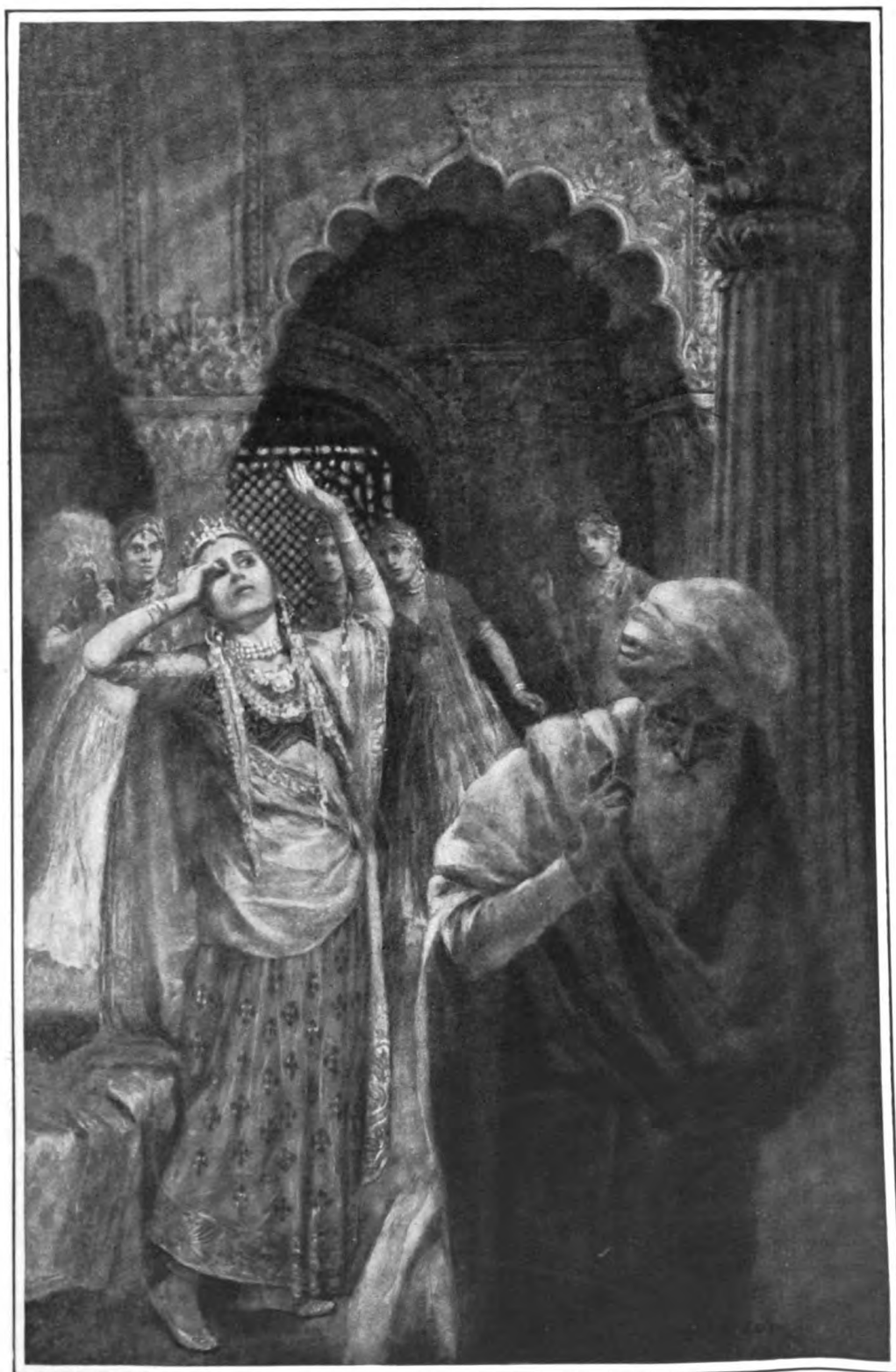
Every evening at the hour of her death he would stand before the sepulchre and call aloud to her in his grief. Sometimes, calming his fury, he would roll back the marble headstone by touching a secret spring that he alone knew, and see her face through the glass casement.

It was as the face of an angel fallen asleep. Ten years after death she still lay in the incorruptibility of her innocence—even as he had held her in his arms that fatal night. Her eyes still lay closed as if in meditation, her lips lightly pursed. Perhaps the rich olive skin had assumed a lighter and more waxen hue, but it was smooth and unshrunk as in life itself.

He marvelled. What miracle was this! What supernatural manifestation of her purity and virtue! Yea, what a merciful sign for his solace and comfort!

But one evening, at twilight, a vague feeling of uneasiness came over him.

In sudden apprehension he hastened to the sepulchre. He rolled back the headstone by the secret spring and gazed into the face of his dead bride. A spasm of pain shot over his heart. There hung a strange mist over the features he so dearly loved.



WITH A VIOLENT SHOCK SHE STOOD UP

A darkness fell over the tomb; a new terror clutched at his heart. It was the vague consciousness of a presence; a nameless sense of impending evil. In fierce revolt he threw himself upon the tomb and closed up the slab.

That instant a growl of rage smote his ear. Suddenly a deep hollow voice cried out across the gloom:

"The hour of vengeance is at hand—the hour of death!"

A dark form rose up behind the tomb; a savage laugh of triumph rang out in the stillness of the night.

"Damadar, the battle has begun anew! This time thou shalt not win."

The spell was broken—the magic spell that had held him with its glittering eye. Memory came back like a lightning flash—the memory of his wrongs and those ten years of suffering. He seized his sword and sprang upon his ancient foe.

No sound is heard, not a word nor a cry, save the hard breathing of the foes and the sudden clash of arms. Foot to foot, hand to hand, they strike and thrust and parry, then spring out of reach—and back again.

They meet in a deathly embrace. Like tottering pines they sway right and left, breast to breast, head to head, but Anungopal a hand's-breadth taller.

They bend, they stoop, then shoot up straight like the spring of a young sapling to the parent branch. The brutish strength seeks to crush the wiry form in that fearful hug.

A thick hand falls upon Damadar's breast on either side, the crooked fingers grip each edge of the wound that the battle-axe has made. They sway a moment as they stand; then, locked in each other's arms, they fall athwart the tomb.

Damadar awoke to consciousness with a start. But a cold numbness was in his arms and limbs, and there was no sensation there. A griping pain lay over his breast, now deadened a moment in coma, now breaking out in spasmodic convulsions. By his side upon the tomb lay his foe. His arms had fallen in inertness. The body was wrapt in deathly stillness; but a gasp, a choking gurgle, was heard like a faint echo. He, too, lived.

Painfully Damadar lifted his head

and stretched it out towards the other. There it fell, pillowed upon his enemy's breast.

"Anungopal,"—a low moan broke from his lips,—*"in life rival; in death be—brother!"* It was his message of forgiveness. A faint mutter was the only answer. Yet his hungry ears caught the words:

"Fool! Curse thee!"

Then, having cursed, Anungopal was silent. But with the rattle in his throat he gasped out piteously: *"She is not dead—sleeps in a trance. . . . I have sinned. . . . Forgive!"*

Damadar heard those words. His bride sleeping beneath? Ten years in a mystic trance?

A darkness came over his senses. He felt his strength ebbing away, the sands of life running out. With his flickering breath he raised his voice to heaven. *"O mighty Vishnu, merciful Preserver! I place my bride in thy keeping. Guard her in safety, integrity, wholeness—till from death I do return."*

Then, forgetful that his beloved could not hear, he cried aloud in protestation: *"Sundari! Sundari! I come—I come. . . . Wait—watch—sleep . . . Sundari!"*

Thus far the history—save that last tragedy witnessed by no human eye. *That* was afterwards made known in the great awakening. How, I am about to tell.

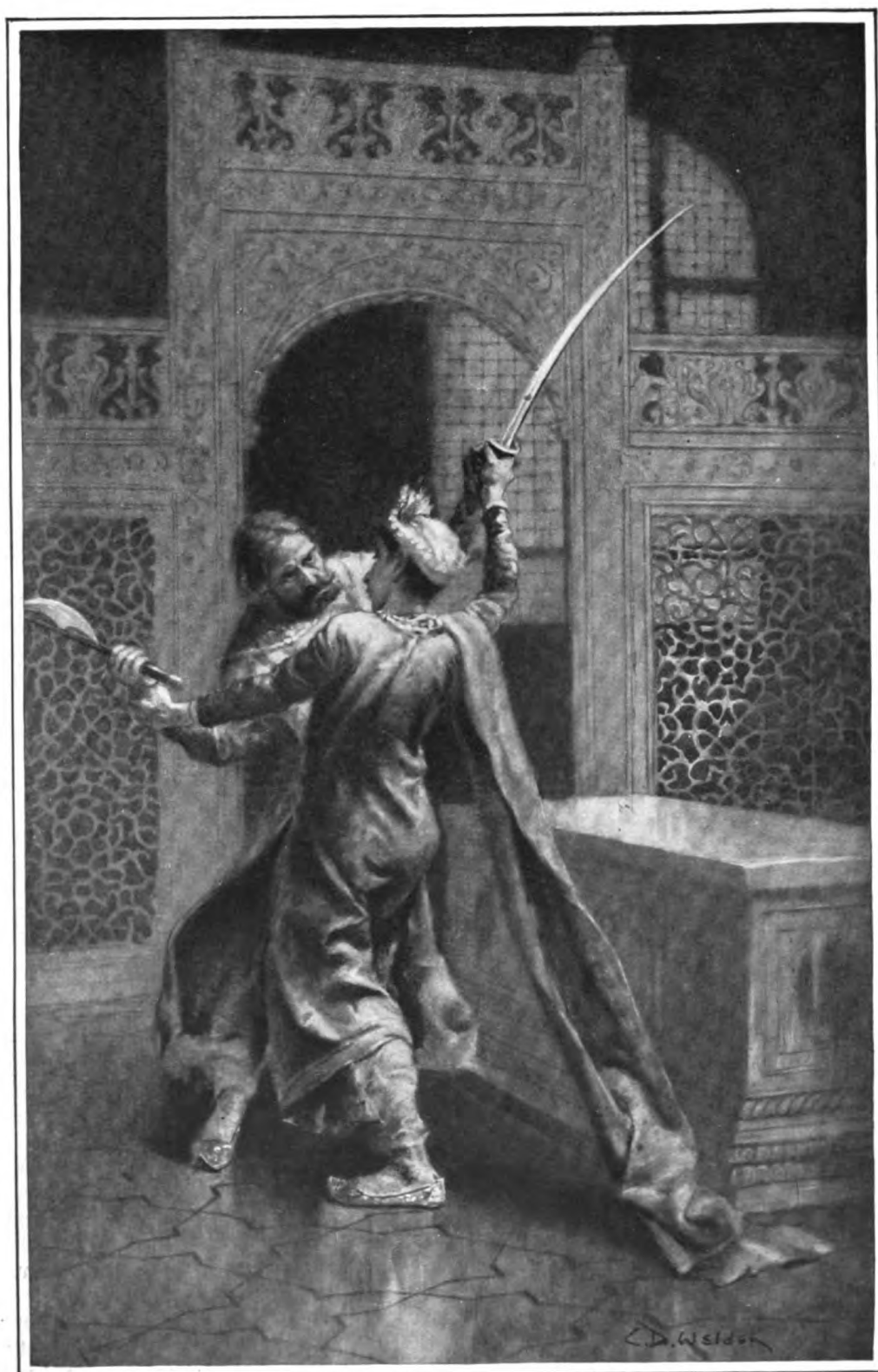
This is the story of the Holy One at the gate:

The only child of a rich zemindar of Agra, the care of a mother's love and a father's pride was showered upon him from his earliest youth.

Then going out one day to hunt the wild deer, he got separated from his comrades. His horse killed from fatigue, he wandered on foot till night overtook him. It was the Plain of Paniput, the grave of India.* He lay upon a broken archway, with the stars for a canopy.

Suddenly a strange sensation swept over his heart. Like a lightning flash came to him the thought, *he had been there at some time before!*

* Thrice was the fate of India decided at Paniput, near Delhi—the last time after the loss of 200,000 of her sons.



HE SPRANG UPON HIS ANCIENT FOE

From that day he became a silent man. Whence had come that message from the dark?

His destiny lay about that place! That knowledge came to him like a revelation. He went to a secluded grove of lotus and champak by the waters of the Ganges, where dwelt a band of holy men—ascetics well versed in the occult mysteries of life.

"It is only the jungle-fever," said to him the venerable *guru*, shaking his head. But the *guru* knew it was not. "Take to thy bed forthwith, and think no more about it. Let thy mind be an absolute blank." In that the *guru* was right.

At the dead of night the *guru* approached the sleeping youth and cast him into a deeper sleep. Then breathing upon his face, he began to question him.

"What seest thou?"

A sudden quiver shot through the entire frame of the youth, as if he were seized with an ague fit.

"What seest thou?" came the question again in a deep, relentless voice.

The answer came in a high, petulant voice, like that of a fractious child.

"A black cloud. It is all darkness."

"See again. Lift the veil. Seek among marble and alabaster."

Suddenly the youth started, as at the sight of a long-forgotten picture. He spoke in a low, frightened whisper:

"His life—blood ebbing fast. . . . Crawling upon his hands and knees. . . . frantically clutching the edge of the lid—striving to burst it open. . . . I cannot see more." And a heavy sweat broke upon his brow.

But the *guru* bade him see more, and see from the beginning. What need to describe it? Behold, I have done so already. The sleeping youth fought anew that stupendous battle by the tomb of Sundari. Incoherently and in intermittent flashes he painted the scene—the agony, the suspense, the last reconciliation.

On awakening, the *guru* read to him the riddle of his words.

A month's pilgrimage brought him to the Plain of Paniput. But now that vast desolation lived anew. A countless multitude, legions upon legions, surged over the adjoining fields. All along at

regular intervals rectangular troughs dug in the ground, fifty feet long, were filled with burning wood and fagots. By the side of each stood a hillock of the same—a mile of fiery lakes and a mile of burning volcanoes. For it was the festival of Trimari—the Fiery Ordeal.

A frenzied shout, a yell—an avalanche of voices burst forth in a wild, weird song like the sound of a deluge. The frantic votaries flung up their arms above their heads, swaying their bodies in rising fervor. Then, with a whirl, a swish, and a crash, they leapt into the fire and rushed on headlong over its length. Line upon line, rank upon rank, the whole column swept madly on. Did but a man flinch at the last moment, the rolling ranks behind carried him onwards in the relentless tide. If he but stumbled upon the burning lake—what then? The din of a hundred thousand drowned the feeble cry.

But impatiently the youth passed on, a long white *choga* covering his pilgrim's garb. Beyond the fields were the ancient ruins. A crumbling monument of white marble, wondrously beautiful even in death, lay before him. It was here that he had lain on the night of his vision. It was his Search.

Beneath the fallen dome, along the winding staircase, past the broken pillars—what need to say it? With trembling hand he sought along the edge of the sarcophagus—his head bowed down, lest perchance an untimely glance should dispel the hope of a thousand years. A moment's pause, a dull, grinding sound, and the heavy slab glided back over the tomb; a while longer, and the crystal also yielded up its sacred trust.

And then he gazed upon that face. A thousand memories knocked at his heart, a thousand tongues whispered in his ear. His vision went back beyond the flight of time. He stood and gazed as one in a dream. It *was* a dream. But for the swift-coming gloom that startled him to action, he might have died there gazing.

He breathed upon the face—for thus the *guru* had taught him—the mouth, eyes, ears, and head; passed his hand swiftly from face to breast again and again. Then with a stupendous concentration of mind and heart he emp-

tied his breath in a sudden gust over her mouth.

"—madar! help! I swoon! Damadar!"

That cry, begun upon her bridal day, was completed a thousand years after; for those thousand years were to her as the space of a second. As one suddenly awakened when walking in sleep, her soul leapt back to life.

Her tongue was loosened in the joy of the awakening. She spoke in mediæval Prakrit. He knew it well.

"Heart of mine heart, how long must thou have been away!"

Oh, if he only dared to answer—how long!

"And it is dark already!" Inwardly she blest the darkness. He also; for his tongue was tied. Only his hand spoke to her hand.

"And I dreamt so strangely. I dreamt that my soul was forsaking my body—that I was snatched away from thee, my heart's solace. Then I dreamt no more. It was all a blank wall. Was it not strange, my beloved?"

"Strange!" The word escaped him involuntarily. Oh, was it for this he had striven those long years—to find her a bride, but himself not her bridegroom?

But at the sound of his voice her memory awakened to life. The consciousness that had been evolving so slowly rushed into full being at that single word. She looked around with frantic eyes, and for the first time noted the couch she lay upon. It spoke of death, not bridal.

"O Damadar, come, help! Oh, where am I?"

She turned to him.

"Thou art not he!"

"But verily his soul."

"His *soul*?" Something snapped in her heart like the bands of life.

"Thou hast slept, O Beautiful One," he answered her unspoken cry. "Slept in *yoge*, in a mystic trance—"

"How long?" in scarce a whisper.

"A thousand years."

Then the light went out of her like a flickering lamp.

"Who art thou?" It mattered not who he was. Damadar was dead. "My husband is dead!" She did not say, "I am a widow." The lost love was greater than the coming pain.

"Nay; he lives in me before thine eyes."

But she was silent. She thought of the dead, not the living.

"Hark! What is that?" She awoke with a start. A prolonged distant cry fell upon her ear, an echo of the clamoring multitude upon the plains.

"It is the Fiery Ordeal of the people."

She clutched at that word. "Fire!" It was a shriek of frenzied joy. "Fire have they?"

"Truly, O Light of the World!" But a nameless apprehension smote his heart even as he spoke. "They have built large burning pyres—"

"Burning pyres!" Then, suddenly, "Let us go hence."

"Where goest thou?" he panted, a while after, as she hurried onwards over the fields. He had cast his *choga* around her bridal garment—happy even in that union.

"Anywhere! What matters?" But at the brink of the burning heap she turned to him. "One last word for thy hope. Soul to soul, flesh to flesh: I must be born anew to be thy wedded wife. Wait; watch my returning!" . . .

The voices of a hundred thousand shout to the heavens; the sea of human flesh rushes headlong over the sea of fire. Beside the raging volcano stands the white-clad form. One long breath she takes, her eyes cast heavenward. A strange hymn bursts upon her lips. One little pause of inward prayer, then her voice rises above the gathering din:

"I come, my love! I come! Behold me *suttee*!"

One fierce leap, a flash of white against the red, and it is engulfed in the flames.

"A *suttee*!" The frenzied multitude, drunk with religious fervor, rush to the brink of the burning pyre. They snatch a glowing ember, smother it with their bare hands, and kiss and hug it as a holy relic. Soon the pyre is gone. The very ashes they carry away, fighting fiercely as for scattered gems.

A silent youth in a pilgrim's garb stands unheeded, gazing in a dream. The multitude rave and shout with drunken joy for this one *suttee* of a hundred years, this one martyr of a fallen age.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ON that vast threshing-floor of the daily press, where the harvesters seem chiefly to beat out chaff with their flails, there is much more grain to be found than the impatient witness, who will have nothing but grain, is willing to allow. For instance, in a discussion carried on, not so very long ago, whether life was worth living over again,—a delightful variation of the older theme whether life was worth living at all,—we fancied ourselves gathering up handfuls of wheat. We do not say this wheat was unmixed with chaff, or cockle, or dust, but we believe that if it were put into the fan, and blown free of these, and then put into the hopper and ground into flour, it would make into very good bread.

I

The conclusion of the matter, or the consensus of opinion, to put it more modernly, as derived from the sort of symposium held at second-hand by the correspondent who mainly conducted the discussion, was that life was worth living over again in so many cases that the few instances in which it was not worth living over again were of that precious exceptionality which must be held to give unanimity to the verdict. Perhaps we ought to explain that the symposiasts reported were all women, though the apple of discord cast before them seems to have been dropped on the table by a man. We learn from their several expressions that he asked, in a Sunday edition which we ourselves missed, "If you could live your life over again exactly as it has been, would you accept the chance?" and then, apparently, he slipped out of a side door. Perhaps he returned, but we have no further record of him, and are left with the reasons and emotions of the symposiasts.

The symposiasts were, as we make out from the correspondent reporting them, first three women, old and poor, who in one way or other had missed what most of us think the good of life, but who would all be glad to chance it again. One had lived a life of grinding toil, but she would gladly live it over, if only to see

the summers come and go; one had had so much love in her life, which had lacked everything else which women long for, that she would willingly begin it again; one, racked with constant pain, had been so cheered with music, books and pictures, and so taught to love humanity by the friends who supplied these, that she would eagerly go through all her suffering if she could have the enjoying with it. Besides these, a childless woman, whose mother-hunger remains with her yet, would like to live her life over, if only to see what the years will bring forth in scientific and material and ethical progress; a mother of seven would have her life begin anew for the sake of the mother-love which each of the seven in turn had inspired in her; another would go through her "nightmare of a childhood" a second time for the pleasure she is now getting out of her self-development, "in trying to become a fine woman on a slim foundation."

There is not one ignoble emotion or reason in all these. But after all, is not there some misconception of the real point at issue? Is it ever, or can it ever be, a question of living life *over*? Is not it, and must not it always be a question of living life *on*? However we juggle with our consciousness, and imagine we are thinking or feeling this or that, have not we invariably some reserve in our longing for life, which implies a new conditioning? We venture to declare it even in the presence of these good and brave women who declare that they would live their lives over on exactly the old terms. Saving their respect, their reverence, we make bold to believe that they wish to live their lives on, and not to live them over. To be sure, if they cannot live their lives on, they may be glad to live them over. We do not deny this, for we most powerfully and potently believe with the poet that—

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
O life, not death for which we pant;
More life and fuller that we want.

But is it this life over? Here, with the hard contract to which the deity seems to be both the party of the first part and the party of the second part, and poor humanity only the brute matter of the bargain? We doubt it, and though we are so filled with the inextinguishable desire of existence, we believe that whatever man or woman says he or she would live his or her life over again, tries to have, deep down in the bottom of the human heart, a private understanding with the deity that it is not to be quite the life already granted. "Just a little more mercy and a little less justice, Awful Power!" is our secret prayer. "We are very bad, and worthy nothing better than what we have had, but out of the infinite possibility, grant us a shadow of relief, here and there a little grain of comfort in our extremity, a drop of ease in our anguish. There must be poverty, and sickness, and

Sore labor unto aged breath,

but spread these a little more evenly over the race, so that we may not have ours in such large lumps."

II

We are very curiously made, we human beings, so that we impose more readily upon ourselves than upon each other; but doubtless the deity understands us, and does not take us too seriously, so that when we say we are willing to live our lives over the deity knows quite well that we are merely willing to live our lives on. Whether the deity has provided for our doing this elsewhere, there are several opinions, in defiance of the Promises. If we trust to these, there can be no doubt, but if we cannot, there may be and there are a great many doubts. The Promises are, in fact, all we have that is at all definite, and aside from them there is nothing but superstition, or the confusion that comes from the interrogation of the uninterrogable, or the madness of much learning. But, short of the expectation of living on, there remains the notion of living life over, which is a pure toy of the imagination; which we can play with, or break and cast away, or put aside with a more or less cynical smile, such as we find in the verse of a nameless poet:

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Live my life over? I would rather not. . .
But I should really fancy trying again
For some one else who had lived once in
vain:

Somehow another's erring life allures;
And were I you, I might improve on yours.

It is this reasonable fancy which will perhaps commend itself to the symposiasts at their next meeting, if it were not, in fact, rather their separate interviewing. Each of them will perhaps ask herself whether it was not some other life than her own which she truly meant she would be willing to live over again; whether she was not probably hoping somehow to be a party to the contract, of which she was only the subject before, and to be able to stipulate this and stipulate that, and so really have a different bargain. In fact, in the secretest recesses of her soul, was not she imagining the miracle of living her life over again as a man? One often hears the expression of this strange ambition in women. "Oh, if I were only a man!" "I should just like to be a man, once!" "I would give anything to be a man!" In all honesty, then, or in as much honesty as she is obliged to have, is not woman, when she is thinking of living her life over again, thinking of living a man's life? Is not she wishing to set an example to her husband, who has shown himself so little able to set an example to her, and for whose discipline she is believed oftenest to indulge what seems a vain aspiration?

III

A very strange thing in regard to this is that men are never heard sighing to be women. The weakest, the unhappiest, the most abject of men is not known to wish himself a woman; and when he considers living his life over again, it is certainly a man's life that he has in mind. He is perfectly willing to allow that a woman is much better by nature, wiser by teaching, sweeter, lovelier, gentler, and yet he does not ask to change his lot with hers; if he were a beggar, and she a queen, he would not. He is found saying, in print and out of it, that women have by far the safest, easiest, and pleasantest time of it; but still, somehow, he does not envy them enough to offer changing places with them. He will tell them, as

he has often told them, that they are the real rulers of the world, and that in the sacred quality of daughter, wife, and mother, they are the holiest beings on earth; he bows down in worship of them, but he leaves them their altar. He does not think it any great thing to be a man, but he is not surprised that the objects of his idolatry should sometimes declare themselves eager to descend from their high places and be men, in the dust and grime of affairs, the din and heat of battle, and the wild, useless efforts to escape from the struggle of life. He understands that they wish to be men, in order to show men what men ought to be, and would be if they were women, and that they are not meaning permanently to be men, and he forgives to their ignorance and inexperience what he could not otherwise account for. He forgives it with a smile, and possibly with a chuckle.

It is significant, or if not significant, then suggestive, that it was a man who threw that apple of discord upon the public table, in the doubt whether life is worth living over, and that it was a symposium of women who tasted the Dead Sea fruit, and each, in turn, affirmed herself willing to take a second chance. For himself that elusive, and perhaps derisive, doubter seems to have cast a tacit vote in the negative; and another correspondent of the same newspaper wants the fine courage of the sister symposiasts, who will take life again on the old terms, and haggles for a chance to make a better use of life, in the light of the wisdom stored from experience of his powers and weaknesses. But decidedly he declines to go through the experiences, "the wounds, the tears, the buffetings," he calls them, with, being a Brooklyn man, the memory of many rush-hours vivid in his sense. He brings us back to the old cynical conclusion that it is always some other's life we wish to live over, when we say we are willing to live over our own; or he brings us further back yet to the conviction that we do not wish to live life over at all, but only to live it on.

The true meaning of the soul's cry, "More life and fuller," is "More life and different." What could the new conditions imaginably be? If our good were parted from its potentialities of evil, would not half ourselves be gone? We know what

we are here, and how our power of loving perils upon lusting; how our frugality verges upon greed; how our courage trembles towards cruelty; how our piety presses into bigotry; but if our virtues had no such limitations, if they were the whole man or woman of each of us, where were the round of useful activities, the sense of duty done and evil overcome, the self-reward of difficult righteousness? If there is another life, will not it be very much like this, with something more of true civilization added? We want something altogether different in our moments of weakness, those moments that multiply themselves as the years advance, until the prospect of more life on the present terms is too horrible to be endured. But with our strength renewed after that sleep, which shall be long or short in the mystery which none living has penetrated, no doubt men will be as bravely ready to go on with life elsewhere as women to go on with life here. The Brooklyn man, with nerves freshened and muscles steeled for the rush-hours of existence, will be as faithful to his duty of living as the women who seem to think it a privilege and a pleasure. By the time he has slumbered a few millions of years, or has had the forty winks of the nap which does the effect of millions of years, he will rise gayly, and plunge into the tumult at the New York end of life's Brooklyn bridge, and willingly risk "the wounds, the tears, the buffetings," for the sake of getting home, after each day's work, in that Dream-Brooklyn which we each have in our hearts, the ideal of home where the fearless women wait us with the evening meal, and the high impulses, and all that mixture of earth and heaven without which humanity at its best is inconceivable.

IV

We wish that in this discussion some man had come forward to declare that he would be glad to live life over again, if for nothing but to renew his sense of the charming goodness and brightness of women, which no man's life has been quite without. It would have been much to the credit of his sex if he had done so, and it could not have seemed to any woman a fond or foolish flattery of hers. Men may say what they like of women when

they are away from them, but if men are honest, they must own that their wittiest and their wisest inspirations have come from women; that their most generous impulses have been the echo of women's natures, that their sublimest efforts towards the right-doing which alone consoles and supports, has been in emulation of women's daily conduct. But leaving these high facts apart, and keeping merely to the joy of knowing women's minds through their talk, in the favor of chances such as society abounds in, there is more than motive and reason enough for living life over, or living it indefinitely on. Even when women are far from what most men call agreeable, the men who know them best are happiest in communion with their minds, and in such an extreme case as that of Mrs. Jane Welsh Carlyle, whose lately published "Letters and Memorials" might fitly give the praiser of brilliant women in general pause, it is certain that her husband, who might well have thought twice before living life over if he had been offered the chance of living it over with her, was always after her death morbidly bewailing himself that their joint life had been lived to an end. He was not apparently so ill-mated with a woman who at times could be as narrow and bitter and contemptuous as he was himself at times. They were in fact very much alike, they were doubtless much happier with each other than they would either have been with any other, or apart from each other, so that we wonder at the pains of the laborious Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., in that introduction of his to the "Letters and Memorials," where he hammers so hard at that poor James Anthony Froude for letting, or making, Carlyle appear unkind to his wife. Of course he was unkind to her, but that did not prevent his tenderly loving her and tragically lamenting her; and no one who has arrived at that time of life when it has become a question of living it over, can doubt that she knew how to take it out of him, and did take it out of him. If any ever doubted her will or power to right her own wrongs, day by day and hour by hour, that doubter has but to read these bright, keen, letters of hers, where with ever so much that is loving and lovable, there lurks the potentiality

of so much that is terrible. In what she says of others let us judge of what she could say to Carlyle if need were, as no doubt it often was.

The collection and publication of these "Letters and Memorials" seems to have been prompted by a twofold error: the mistaken notion that the fame of Carlyle as a man could suffer from the revelations, or call them treasuries, of Froude, in his much-mistaken biography, and the delusion that his fame as an author has been affected by what people were allowed or invited to think of him personally. Long before Froude had done his worst, while Carlyle still lived and spoke and wrote himself freely out, it was known how contemptuous and blighting his humor could be, and it was also fairly well understood how as a prophet he had superseded himself. What he had taught had become part of the life of his generation, and so far alienated from any consciousness of him in those whose conduct and creed he had largely shaped. This is always happening with great preachers and teachers; they lose for themselves what they win for others; they perish in giving life. Carlyle became Carlylism, and when people began to forget that Carlylism came from Carlyle, and to fancy that it was something born in themselves, then the mischief was done for Carlyle. His renown, before it began to wane, did not wait for his ill-starred biographer to shape a theory of his cruelty to his wife; and it would not have been blotted if it had been at its brightest, when Froude published his romantic fiction. His behavior toward his wife had nothing to do with his greatness as a humorist, for as a moralist he was wittingly or unwittingly always a humorist. He was a satirist, and he will be remembered among the most terrible of the satirists. If he was a satirist of Mrs. Carlyle, as well as of the world at large, that proved that he was essentially a satirist, and it did not prove he was less a fear and a force than he had seemed. He is no longer a fear and a force, because, after a time, the effect of any one man on other men must gradually cease. It is not given to any man to influence his fellows beyond a certain very uncertain point, and this point is not fixed by a man's domestic conduct.

Without the "Letters and Memorials" of Mrs. Carlyle it was clear to any one worth persuading, clear even from the romantic fiction of Froude, that she was always in love with her husband, and that he was always in love with her. They were in fact so much in love with each other, that they had very little love left for any one else, except the members of their own immediate families. Of these they were very fond, but of the human family they were very contemptuous. The contempt for his fellow-creatures which Carlyle was suffered by Froude to show so unmeasuredly, was not different in quality from that shown by Mrs. Carlyle in her letters. There were a pair of them, as people say, in this. They did not hate, but they despised; they held in biting scorn the most of the men and women they knew; sometimes their scorn was more cruel and sometimes less, but still it was cruel scorn. A vast deal of it may have been mere whimsicality, but it was such whimsicality that a drop of it must scald and blister. They were not so very much to blame for it; nobody seems very much to blame for anything; but that they felt it, and imparted it to each other, there can be no doubt; and though their bitterness was for a world which, with their brilliant powers, they of course found hard to people of their origin and station, still it was the very gall of bitterness.

In Carlyle the bitterness was largely inclusive, and in its diffusion over mankind in general, had a deceptive effect of dilution; but Mrs. Carlyle's bitterness was for the fewer men and things she knew, and has therefore a deceptive effect of concentration. What strikes one most in reading her letters is the paucity of her interests, the narrowness of her mind in regarding them. She is always intensely personal; she cannot get away from her being mistakenly shown into Emerson's presence for one word of Emerson; Browning is again and again "a fluff of feathers"; other famous people, such as she was wont to meet, affected her only in their relation to Carlyle; and she has nothing to say of them in comparison with the everything she has to say of the least important of the Welshes and Carlyles. Yet she was a most gifted

and amusing woman, whose report of life as she looked at it through her ever-environing personality, is of a fascination which must account for the apparently unjustifiable scrupulosity of the editors in preserving the otherwise unimportant letters swelling the bulk of two large volumes.

She was a woman whom, if she were not talking of one's self, one must have delighted to hear talk. The play of her vivid and eager mind must have been a rapture for her husband, and kept him in love with her, however she fancied his fancy strayed. But love and kindness are two very different things, and very likely her lover was unkind, and then, too late, vainly kind. The fact no more condemns him than her. True lovers outlive their unkindness if they live long enough, as we often see in the case of elderly married people who have quarrelled through decades of hostility into a final peace which is very pretty, and which affects the ignorant spectator as the habit of their whole existence. In the light of their ultimate serenity they would be quite ready to declare themselves willing to live their lives over again, meaning to live them on, if they could live them together, as they probably would if they lived them on. The trouble sometimes is that they do not give themselves time enough, but quarrel to some issue of separation or divorcement; or else the dread powers do not give them time enough, and one is taken from the other before they have each realized their reciprocal fondness. Then there comes to the surviving partner the tragical grief which in Carlyle, because he knew how to express it with such pathos, deceived the very elect of his friends, his chosen and trusted interpreter, into the belief that his wild words of sorrow were the measure of his unkindness to his wife, and not merely the throes of a heart breaking for love of her. But how many of Froude's readers really shared his delusion? It was plain, immediately after the reading of Froude, that the Carlyles, whatever they thought of the human race at large, were wrapped up in each other; and Carlyle has suffered nothing either in his fame or his good name from his biographer's romantic imaginings.

Editor's Study.

IN these June days we seem to have reached that moment of the year which we would ask to stay, regretting no past season, and caring not to look beyond. Never as now is the content of the Present so full, nor so sincerely convincing the glory of this earthly life. There is nothing fretful in the sounds about us, only a song with firm clear note; the noisy insect has not yet got the better of the tuneful bird; nothing is tiresomely wide-awake; all Nature is serene in the assumption of her vesture, which shows no ragged edges, and bids fair to last forever; all currents are insulated, pulsing in unbroken sleep.

I

Young life, in man as in nature, is by divine intention thus insulated and thus, even in what we call its wakefulness, asleep and adream. The insulation is an infolding; absorption and a calm and buoyant tension are more apparent in early youth than any development looking toward outward goals or practical utilities; aspiration has not yet entered upon its period of unrest, of definitely conscious purpose, such as determines the efforts and struggles of maturer years. Difficulties there are of a far different kind, in the natural course of physical, mental, and spiritual growth, of such a kind indeed as no conscious effort could surmount, but the struggle with them is not registered in consciousness or open to observation—the issue being committed to the mighty and mysterious forces of the ascendant life itself. What in the conduct of the youth is open to observation is often contradictory to the hidden miracle. We see the leaves of the plant, but not the roots striking deep into the soil; we note the trivialities of doing while the wonderful expansion of being eludes our notice.

It is not strange, therefore, that unfortunate mistakes are made by parents and teachers who fail to comprehend the real work that is going on without their help or notice, in accordance with the natural laws of mental and spiritual growth. The season is not respected be-

cause so little consideration is given to its importance. The stream for its permanence and beneficence depends upon its original force at the fountain. The resources of a man in his maturity correspond to the depth allowed to the sources of power in his youth and to the earlier channels of activity.

What we most want to understand is that the season of involution is not one for the dissipation of energy. The involution does not go on all by itself. The inward tension is always accompanied by some external signs of development, as the leaves of the plant are put forth while the buds are still infolded. The young body and mind are incessantly active; curiosity concerning surrounding material things is keen and stimulating; but while the deepening of capacity—which is the measure of the future scope of faculty—goes on, the great work that is being done is outwardly indicated only by a play of activities, comparatively trivial and insignificant. There is need of help, of wise tutelage that shall lead these random movements into a harmony which has reasonableness and a human meaning, but which is at the same time responsive to Nature's own note and in reverent accord with her procedure in her preparation of that upper chamber of her life which we know as human nature. She descends for our climbing, dying next to our life, so that the meanings of her ascendant life are hidden from us, save as in this upper chamber they are translated—inadequately, but more and more fitly with the progress of human culture.

Every new generation enters into our complex social and institutional life with no knowledge of its conditions and relations, and must learn in due time everything essential to good manners, good morals, and good citizenship. Formal or technical instruction in such matters should never be pressed upon children. Even a very young boy or girl lacking consideration for others—the cardinal principle of manners and morals—becomes insufferable; but stress should be laid upon principle rather than precept, and, after all, the child is guided almost un-

consciously by example rather than by instruction. Suppose that, on the other hand, precept is urged upon the young and pushed to its severe conclusion. Then theory displaces the living principle. Instead of consideration for others as essential to a gracious and beautiful character, the preceptor urges the doctrine of altruism, as if life were wholly a game of give-away. It is the tendency of an abstraction to become general and extreme; there is no marrow of good sense in its dry bones. There comes a period of life when this theory of altruism seems to hold good, when by necessity if not by choice one seems to live wholly for others, though it is really never true at any time that sacrifice is by the law of life other than incidental. But the truth of the afternoon is not the truth of the morning. The season of nutrition must precede that of fruition, which is the beneficent descent of life. If there is no ascent through nutrition there can be no fall. When all the forces of life command self-centred absorption, it is as pernicious to insist upon the dissipation of altruism as it is happily futile.

But in how many ways do our plans for the young, for their conduct and their training, disturb the natural processes of this season of nutrition! Not that children should for a given period be figuratively confined in barrels and fed through the bung-holes, as in Rose Terry Cooke's amusing story *Knowhere*. It is quite as easy to push one theory to an extreme as another. The expenditure of force in varied activity is necessary as a stimulus to nutrition. The child naturally resists every effort to concentrate his mind upon anything unless his interest is first appealed to; but there are many things which he is properly called upon to learn which are inculcated only by "drill"—like the multiplication table, for instance—and in connection with which he can have no lively or immediate interest. The child who does not learn the multiplication table, and is not drilled in addition, will count on his fingers all his life. Some drill must proceed entirely "by rote," as in spelling. It is not only time-saving, but the automatism which supervenes upon the difficulty first experienced, as something against nature,

is a reversion to nature, becoming a kind of instinct. Habits of study are usually first established in this way.

Now in all this training there is no process of reasoning. But we are not to conclude that in primary education there must be no learning except by rote, with a kind of instinctive process as the result. Intelligent habits must be formed. Curiosity must be stimulated and, within just limits, satisfied. The garden of childhood left to itself will be overrun with weeds; it must have its proper culture.

The kind of education which, as it seems to us, should be excluded from this period is what may be called technical culture. Temperance, like politeness, should be inculcated, not formally taught from text-books entering into scientific details. Every form of sociology belongs to a later period. If the child is invited to the contemplation of nature, as he should be, let him be taught to regard what he observes as he regards the countries opened up to him in his geography or the peoples he reads about in history. As Professor Bailey says in his recent book, *The Idea of Nature Study*, having reference to this primary period: "Nature-study is not science. It is not knowledge. It is not facts. It is spirit. It is concerned with the child's outlook on the world."

The young mind cannot be too fully occupied. The study of Latin and Greek in early years is to be encouraged. Only in this way can there be instilled the grammatical instinct, since the English language cannot properly be said to have a grammar. The few books of classical literature which can be read at this period—such as Virgil and Homer and Aesop—have a fine effect upon the imagination. A like effect is produced by English classics properly selected.

The prolongation of this period is far more desirable than that abbreviation of it which is now being urged in educational journals. It is the period of absorption, and, as we have said, the deepened capacity gained determines the scope of faculty and of future achievement. Ample time should be allowed for this ingathering and inspiration. But the time should be fully occupied, without undue haste or pressure, and especially without that confusion which results

from the interpolation of studies intended to directly meet the demands of practical life. If the commercial idea is dominant, then the whole matter may be relegated to the technical business school; but the result is not the true culture which prepares the way for life's richest harvests.

It is well if the high school or endowed academy continues this inspirational culture, avoiding technical analysis, and holding as long as possible to the normal exercise of the synthetic reason—following the Platonic rather than the Aristotelian plan.

II

But it was not in April or May but in June that we set out upon this discourse. We were saying of the June days that we would wish them to stay; and we have very much the same desire when we regard the corresponding season of maturing youth which still keeps the freshness of spring-time and only dreams of the riper summer and the fruitful autumn.

This is the season when all over the land a goodly proportion of our young men are entering upon college life. It is these who are most in our thoughts rather than the graduating Seniors. Though they are not so ostensibly on parade, we know they are present, in timid and scattered groups, or perhaps entirely dissociate and solitary, each nursing his own dream in quiet wonder and expectation. Because they represent a hidden and unknown quantity in the multitude of those gathered together to witness and laud achievement, they the more strongly appeal to our imagination. It is with reference to them that the exercises in which they have apparently no part are called Commencement.

Our thoughts hark back to the palace of Lycomedes in the island of Scyros, where the boy Achilles was concealed among the maidens of the court and arrayed in garments like theirs, when Ulysses appeared in the guise of a peddler, displaying the gauds and trinkets that allure maidens. But among these were disclosed helmet, shield, and spear. Suddenly a trumpet blast was heard, and in the twinkling of an eye the boy was transformed into a warrior.

What was the note Achilles heard? This call of destiny comes some day to every youth prepared to hear it. We are not told that the maidens in the palace of Lycomedes showed any impatience to seize upon the shining suit of armor. Doubtless their gaze was wholly fixed upon the transformed Achilles. The note which called him out into the world was felt by them in a moment of wonder and of sympathy—he held their hearts and their eyes. There is the note of destiny for the girl, and it may not always be simply nature's note, but a call to the mind and soul, yet never, even in these days, is it just the note that comes to the boy. Putting young men and women under the same college régime does not make coeducation.

The case of Achilles is not in every, not indeed in its chief, respect precisely pertinent, though very suggestive of the radical difference between the sexes as to contacts with the world. The college is not a battle-field, and a college education is as appropriate for the girl who desires it as for the boy. Vassar and Wellesley have their justification as truly as Williams and Amherst. In the college for young women there is the same training, so far as text-books are concerned, in mathematics, physics, psychology, and the languages as in the college for young men; and the same degree of excellence is attainable. If not probable, it is certainly within the possibilities that an exceptionally bright girl might in these studies surpass hundreds of young men in college. But the atmosphere, the *aura* of aspiration, is not and cannot be the same in the college for women as in that for men. Lord Rosebery in the former, though every girl in his class marked higher in every study, would have been as much out of place as was Achilles among the maidens. Though he would have had every advantage for mental and moral development, he would in this environment have lacked everything which was essential to the distinctive excellence by which he is to-day known among men and which the atmosphere of Oxford helped him to attain.

The cloistral seclusion of college life, without extraneous social distractions of any kind, is only a negative, though an indispensable, condition of the exalted at-

mosphere. The positive conditions are prominently social—the contacts with each other and with their eminent teachers of young men moved by the same masculine aspiration and having the same outlook upon the world, an outlook in which young women cannot participate. And there are always in college a considerable proportion of young men who have no part in either the aspiration or the outlook. They are simply “going through” college; they get their diplomas and sometimes even “honors”—as any fairly studious girl might; and those of them who do not go into business become teachers, or, with subsequent special training, clergymen and lawyers, useful, but probably not great, in any of these callings. These are the majority in every college class, and the inspirations of a great college mean to them little or nothing; considering their aims, a Jowett or a Mark Hopkins is superfluous; and, but for the special and exceedingly inappropriate social distraction introduced, the maidens might go alongside throughout their course. That is to say, the inspirations which distinguish a great college for men are not those which distinguish Bryn Mawr or Smith College.

III

It is not merely important that the trumpet should sound, the really significant thing is that it is Achilles who hears it. Young men have heard the note who never went to college, and whose inspirations were from companionship with the great of all ages, yet who have won distinction in the courts of literature, of statesmanship, of science, and even of erudition. Bryant was not less a poet because his collegiate course was abruptly broken off at an early stage, or Stoddard because he had no college career. It would indeed be interesting to consider what these men may have gained by a wholly eclectic course of education, such, for instance, as Mr. George William Curtis laid out for himself. Henry Ward Beecher, though he went through college, if asked what its advantages were to him would probably have answered, “A good library and leisure for thought.”

Whatever may be the gain from an

independent self-education, something is lost also. The social contacts of college life, if made the most of, count for a great deal. In the class-room and in the literary societies, where all classes mingle, the student measures his fellows. Afterward when this one or that one gains a world-wide distinction, the prophetic note of it given in college years is remembered—“far off his coming shone.” These associations are stimulative, and are remembered when textbooks are forgotten.

It is impossible to estimate the full value of the leisure of a four years' college course, giving ample time for reading and reflection. The library is one of the most important features of a great college. The companionship afforded by great books supplements and reinforces all other sources of inspiration.

Any serious encroachment upon this leisure is to be deprecated, especially in the interests of American literature, with which in these pages we are chiefly concerned. We should like to know what books students in our colleges are reading to-day, and what time they have for reading at all—especially what leisure for quiet reflection. The exactions of technical training, whatever scope may be given to “elective” study, have constantly increased, until they have become pressing and absorbing. The call upon the college library is largely for books which are to be read for a special purpose quite remote from any interest in literature or the humanities. This is the case even in colleges that repudiate the scheme of the university. To some extent the situation is inevitable and in the line of educational progress; but pushed to an extreme it minifies those influences and inspirations of college life which helped to produce the greatest thinkers and writers of former generations.

The college years belong to the period of nutrition, with a new stimulus from the note of vocation that calls forward and outward with an outlook upon the world offering a new horizon of thought and action, yet not a note so abrupt as the trumpet sounded for Achilles. We should remember that for college students it is still June, too rapidly indeed climbing into summer, but still remote from the fruitful but descending autumn.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Whirligig of Life

BY O. HENRY

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE Benaja Widdup sat in the door of his office smoking his elder-stem pipe. Half-way to the zenith the Cumberland range rose blue-gray in the afternoon haze. A speckled hen swaggered down the main street of the "settlement," cackling foolishly.

Up the road came a sound of creaking axles, and then a slow cloud of dust, and then a bull-cart bearing Ransie Bilbro and his wife. The cart stopped at the Justice's door, and the two climbed down. Ransie was a narrow six feet of sallow, brown skin and yellow hair. The imperturbability of the mountains hung upon him like a suit of armor. The woman was calicoed, angled, snuff-brushed, and weary with unknown

desires. Through it all gleaned a faint protest of cheated youth unconscious of its loss.

The Justice of the Peace slipped his feet into his shoes, for the sake of dignity, and moved to let them enter.

"We-all," said the woman, in a voice like the wind blowing through pine boughs, "wants a divo'ce." She looked at Ransie to see if he noted any flaw or ambiguity or evasion or partiality or self-partisanship in her statement of their business.

"A divo'ce," repeated Ransie, with a solemn nod. "We-all can't git along together nohow. It's lonesome enough fur to live in the mount'ins when a man and a woman keers fur one another. But when she's a-spittin' like a wildcat or a sullenin' like a hoot-owl in the cabin, a man ain't got no call to live with her."

"When he's a no-count varmint," said the woman, without any especial warmth, "a-traipsin' along of scalawags and moonshiners, and a-layin' on his back pizen 'ith co'n whiskey, and a-pesterin' folks with a pack of hungry, triflin' houn's to feed!"

"When she keeps a-throwin' skillet lids," came Ransie's antiphony, "and slings b'ilin' water on the best coon-dog in the Cumberlands, and sets herself agin' cookin' a man's victuals, and keeps him awake of nights acusin' him of a sight of doin's!"

"When he's al'ays a-fightin' the revenues, and gits a hard name in the mount'ins fur a mean man, who's gwine to be able fur to sleep of nights?"

The Justice of the Peace stirred deliberately to his duties. He placed his one chair and a wooden stool for his petitioners. He opened his book of statutes on the table and scanned the index. Presently he wiped his spectacles and shifted his inkstand.

"The law and the statutes," said he, "air silent on the subjeck of divo'ce as fur as the jurisdiction of this co't air concerned. But, acco'din' to equity and the Constitution and the golden rule, it's a bad barg'in that can't run both ways. If a justice of the peace can marry a couple, it's plain



'SHE SLINGS WATER ON THE DOG'

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"THE LAW AND THE STATUTES AIR SILENT"

that he is bound to be able to divo'ce 'em. This here office will issue a decree of divo'ce and abide by the decision of the Supreme Co't to hold it good."

Ransie Bilbro drew a small tobacco-bag from his trousers pocket. Out of this he shook upon the table a five-dollar note. "Sold a b'arskin and two foxes fur that," he remarked. "It's all the money we got."

"The regular price of a divo'ce in this co't," said the Justice, "air five dollars." He stuffed the bill into the pocket of his homespun vest with a deceptive air of indifference. With much bodily toil and mental travail he wrote the decree upon half a sheet of foolscap, and then copied it upon the other. Ransie Bilbro and his wife listened to his reading of the document that was to give them freedom:

"Know all men by these presents that Ransie Bilbro and his wife, Ariela Bilbro, this day personally appeared before me and promises that hereinafter they will neither love, honor, nor obey each other, neither for better nor worse, being of sound mind and body, and accept summons for divorce according to the peace and dignity of the State. Herein fail not, so help you God. Benaja Widdup, justice of the peace in and for the county of Piedmont, State of Tennessee."

The Justice was about to hand one of the documents to Ransie. The voice of Ariela delayed the transfer. Both men looked at her. Their dull masculinity was confronted

by something sudden and unexpected in the woman.

"Judge, don't you give him that air paper yit. 'Tain't all settled, nohow. I got to have my rights first. I got to have my alimony. 'Tain't no kind of a way to do fur a man to divo'ce his wife 'thout her havin' a cent fur to do with. I'm a-layin' off to be a-goin' up to brother Ed's up on Hogback Mount'in. I'm bound fur to hev a pa'r of shoes and some snuff and things besides. Ef Ransie kin affo'd a divo'ce, let him pay me ali-money."

Ransie Bilbro was stricken to dumb perplexity. There had been no previous hint of alimony. Women were always bringing up startling and unlooked-for issues.

Justice Benaja Widdup felt that the point demanded judicial decision. The authorities were also silent on the subject of alimony. But the woman's feet were bare. The trail to Hogback Mountain was steep and flinty.

"Ariela Bilbro," he asked, in official tones, "how much did you 'low would be good and sufficient ali-money in the case befo' the co't?"

"I 'lowed," she answered, "fur the shoes and all, to say five dollars. That ain't much fur ali-money, but I reckon that 'll git me up to brother Ed's."

"The amount," said the Justice, "air not onreasonable. Ransie Bilbro, you air ordered by the co't to pay the plaintiff the sum of five dollars befo' the decree of divo'ce air issued."

"I hain't no mo' money," breathed Ransie, heavily. "I done paid you all I had."

"Otherwise," said the Justice, looking severely over his spectacles, "you air in contempt of co't."

"I reckon if you gimme till to-morrow," pleaded the husband, "I mout be able to rake or scrape it up somewhars. I never looked for to be a-payin' no ali-money."

"The case air adjourned," said Benaja Widdup, "till to-morrow, when you-all will present yo'selves and obey the order of the co't. Followin' of which the decrees of divo'ee will be delivered." He sat down in the door and began to loosen a shoestring.

"We mout as well go down to Uncle Ziah's," decided Ransie, "and spend the night." He climbed in the cart on one side, and Ariela climbed in on the other. Obeying the flap of his rope, the little red bull slowly came around on a tack, and the cart crawled away in the nimbus arising from its wheels.

Justice - of - the - peace Benaja Widdup smoked his elder - stem pipe. Late in the afternoon he got his weekly paper, and read it until the twilight dimmed its lines. Then he lit the tallow candle on his table, and read until the moon rose, marking the time for supper. He lived in the double log cabin on the slope near the girdled poplar. Going home to supper he crossed a little branch darkened by a laurel

thicket. The dark figure of a man stepped from the laurels and pointed a rifle at his breast. His hat was pulled down low, and something covered most of his face.

"I want yo' money," said the figure, "'thout any talk. I'm a-gettin' nervous, and my finger's a-wabblin' on this here trigger."

"I've only got f-f-five dollars," said the Justice, producing it from his vest pocket.

"Roll it up," came the order, "and stick it in the end of this here gun-bar'l."

The bill was crisp and new. Even fingers that were clumsy and trembling found little difficulty in making a spill of it and inserting it (this with less ease) into the muzzle of the rifle.

"Now I reckon you kin be goin' along," said the robber.

The Justice lingered not on his way.

The next day came the little red bull, drawing the cart to the office door. Justice Benaja Widdup had his shoes on, for he was expecting the visit. In his presence Ransie Bilbro handed to his wife a five-dollar bill. The official's eye sharply viewed it. It seemed to curl up as though it had been rolled and inserted into the end of a gun-barrel. But the Justice refrained from comment. It is true that other bills might be inclined to curl. He handed each one a decree of divorce. Each stood awkwardly silent, slowly folding the guarantee of freedom. The woman cast a shy glance full of constraint at Ransie.

"I reckon you'll be goin' back up to the cabin," she said, "along 'ith the bull-cart."

There's bread in the tin box settin' on the shelf. I put the bacon in the b'ilin'-pot to keep the hounds from gittin' it. Don't forget to wind the clock to-night."

"You air a-goin' to your brother Ed's?" asked Ransie, with fine unconcern.

"I was 'lowin' to get along up thar afore night. I ain't sayin' as they'll pester theyselves any to make me welcome, but I hain't nowhar else fur to go. It's a right smart ways, and I reckon I better be goin'. I'll be a-sayin' 'good - by,' Ransie—that is, if you keer fur to say so."

"I don't know as anybody's a hound dog," said Ransie, in a martyr's voice, "fur to not want to say good-by—'less

you air so anxious to git away that you don't want me to say it."

Ariela was silent. She folded the five-dollar bill and her decree carefully, and placed them in the bosom of her dress. Benaja Widdup watched the money disappear with mournful eyes behind his spectacles.

And then with his next words he achieved rank (as his thoughts ran) with either the great crowd of the world's sympathizers or the little crowd of its great financiers.

"Be kind o' lonesome in the old cabin to-night, Ransie," he said.

Ransie Bilbro stared out at the Cumberlands, clear blue now in the sunlight. He did not look at Ariela.

"I 'low it might be lonesome," he said;



"I WANT YO' MONEY"

"but when folks gits mad and wants a divo'ce, you can't make folks stay."

"There's others wanted a divo'ce," said Ariela, speaking to the wooden stool. "Besides, nobody don't want nobody to stay."

"Nobody never said they didn't."

"Nobody never said they did. I reckon I better start on now to brother Ed's."

"Nobody can't wind that old clock."

"Want me to go back along 'ith you in the cart and wind it fur you, Ranse?"

The mountaineer's countenance was proof against emotion. But he reached out a big hand and enclosed Ariela's thin brown one. Her soul peeped out once through her impassive face, hallowing it.

"Them hounds sha'n't pester you no more," said Ransie. "I reckon I been mean and low down. You wind that clock, Ariela."

"My heart hit's in that cabin, Ranse," she whispered, "along 'ith you. I ain't agoin' to git mad no more. Le's be startin', Ranse, so's we kin get home by sundown."

Justice-of-the-peace Benaja Widdup interposed as they started for the door, forgetting his presence.

"In the name of the State of Tennessee," he said, "I forbid you-all to be a-defyin' of its laws and statutes. This co't is mo' than willin' and full of joy to see the clouds of discord and misunderstandin' rollin' away from two lovin' hearts, but it air the duty of the co't to p'eserve the morals and integrity of the State. The co't reminds you that

you air no longer man and wife, but air divo'ced by regular decree, and as such air not entitled to the benefits and 'purtenances of the mattermonial estate."

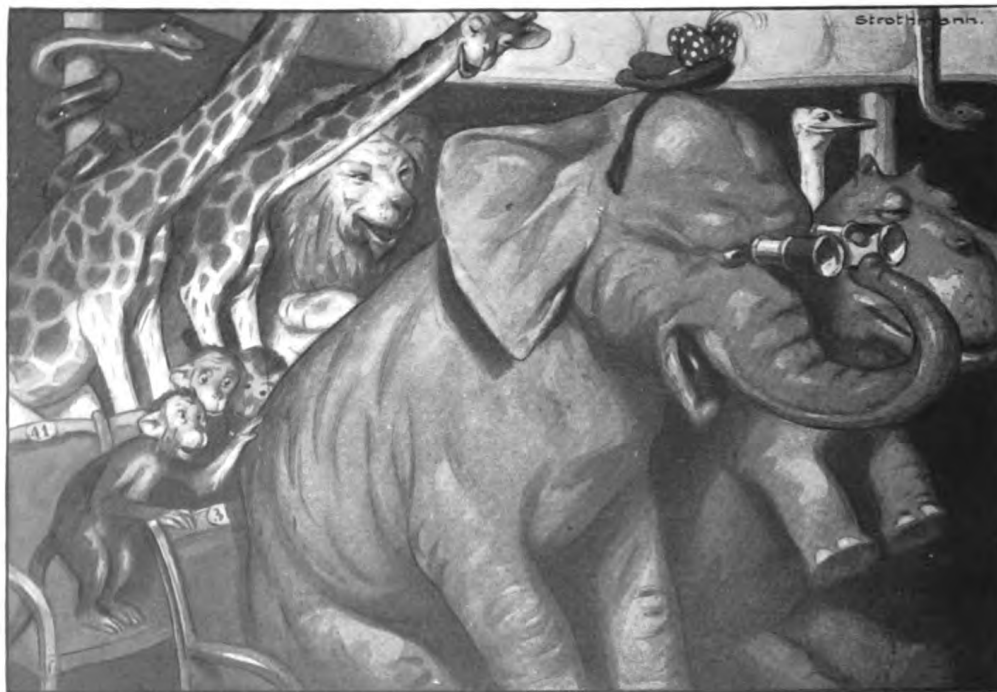
Ariela caught Ransie's arm. Did those words mean that she must lose him now when they had just learned the lesson of life?

"But the co't air prepared," went on the Justice, "fur to remove the disabilities set up by the decree of divo'ce. The co't air on hand to perform the solemn ceremony of marri'ge, thus fixin' things up and enablin' the parties in the case to resume the honor'ble and elevatin' state of mattermony which they desires. The fee fur performin' said ceremony will be, in this case, to wit, five dollars."

Ariela caught the gleam of promise in his words. Swiftly her hand went to her bosom. Freely as an alighting dove the bill fluttered to the Justice's table. Her sallow cheek colored as she stood hand in hand with Ransie and listened to the reuniting words.

Ransie helped her into the cart, and climbed in beside her. The little red bull turned once more, and they set out, hand-clasped, for the mountains.

Justice-of-the-peace Benaja Widdup sat in his door and took off his shoes. Once again he fingered the bill tucked down in his vest pocket. Once again he smoked his elder-stem pipe. Once again the speckled hen swaggered down the main street of the "settlement," cackling foolishly.



At the Zoo Theatre

THE MONKEY. "Madam, will you kindly remove your hat? We can't see a thing."

The Tale of the Cork Leg

"MADAM," said the one-legged man to the elderly woman who had taken the seat next to him in the railway car,—“madam, I notice that you observe I have but one leg. I had a cork leg, some years ago, which served me almost as well as an ordinary leg, and was in some respects superior to my departed limb. I lost my leg while travelling with a circus, and the general manager very kindly gave me one which had belonged to his deceased father-in-law. It was a little too long, but in every other respect it was perfect. It had the exact shape of a human leg, with the additional advantage of an elaborate system of springs by which the leg could be wound up for hopping. When I was in a hurry I had only to wind up my leg, and I could hop eight and a quarter miles on it without stopping.

“Well, in this show I had general charge of the menagerie and the special care of our most valuable exhibit, the twomatwitch. Very likely, madam, you have never heard of a twomatwitch, as ours was the only specimen which was ever introduced into America. Its home is in Norfolk Island, and it lives only on the cones of Norfolk pines, which we had to import to this country at a great expense. It looks and runs like a hare, but it has the skin of a rat, and a tail as large and bushy as a squirrel's.

“Now, one evening when I was feeding it from my hand, as was my custom, some hay near its cage caught fire, and the frightened animal leaped from my hand and started for the exit. I had never anticipated such a thing, for the twomatwitch was perfectly docile and had never tried to run away.

“Luckily, my leg was wound up, and so I started out hopping after it. I let the speed-catch loose and rushed ahead as fast as I could. But that twomatwitch was a wonderful runner. It was a perfectly flat prairie country, and a race-course could not have been smoother. For about five miles he kept an even twenty yards ahead of me. I couldn't go any faster and it did not have to. At last I saw the animal was getting tired out. The distance between us very slowly lowered to fifteen yards and then to ten. The twomatwitch tried making sharp turns, but it only could gain a few yards

that way, which I always made up in a short time. Its case was fast growing hopeless. Just when I was within five feet of the animal it dived into a prairie-dog hole and left me alone—yes, alone. Not a person or house in sight. The night was warm, so I thought I'd rest there till the men who would come out after me should find me. I wound up my leg in case I should need it, unhitched it, and placed it securely over the hole so the twomatwitch could not get out. I then picked out a comfortable place and lay down to rest, for I had been considerably jolted by my long trip.

“I had lain there about half an hour, when I heard a noise. The twomatwitch was scratching against my leg. When I had crawled over to the hole, the leg had somehow righted itself (there was a spring to do that, and the little beast had probably touched it), and there was my leg running at full speed in the same direction as the twomatwitch.

“As my leg did not have to carry the weight of my body it hopped a great deal farther each time and went ahead with lightning speed. It became smaller and smaller, till it finally looked like a very little gnat jumping up and down, and at last it seemed to leap off the edge of the horizon.

“Now I was in a pretty fix. Leg gone. Twomatwitch gone. No food. No drink. For two days I lay there, madam, without nourishment of any kind. I could not hop on my other leg, and it was almost useless to crawl, as I should have starved before I could have found aid. Towards evening of the second day a cowboy approached on horseback. He tied me up into a neat bundle and carried me back to town. He said he had seen the tracks of a solitary foot on the banks of the Platte. So my poor leg had jumped into it and was now probably lost in some quicksand bed of that treacherous river. Pardon these tears, madam. I can never speak of its terrible fate without emotion.

“Can you not kindly give me a small sum to buy a new leg?”

She looked at him sympathetically. A tear stole into her eye. She opened her hand-bag and took from it a card, which she gave to the unfortunate man. He seized it eagerly and read: “Can you do something to help a poor deaf and dumb woman?”

It's Hard

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS

IT'S Rather Hard on Little Boys,
When they are only Half Past Four,
To Name their very Newest Toys
Three Syllables or more.

Now can you say—Kinetoscope?
Or Graphophone, or Phonograph?

And can you—now you mustn't Laugh—
Say, Cinematograph?

'Twas Simpler Far for Grandpapa
To Cry for Jumping Jack or Kite,
And I am sure His dear Mama
Did not so Often Set Him Right.

Uncle Gid

BY SAFFORD GOODWIN PERRY

ALONG the lazy village street,
Or out upon the hillside farm,
No seedy man that one would meet
Could make more noise, and do less harm,
Than Uncle Gid!

When through the town at breakneck speed,
Upon an old white-footed mare,
A man rode without any need,
Except to make the people stare!
'Twas Uncle Gid!

And when, in circles in the square,
An old man drove his wagon round,
With two wheels whirling in the air,
And two revolving on the ground,
'Twas Uncle Gid!

And when at "fifthly" much was said
About a lost and sinful race,
The thought that seemed to overspread
The congregation's smiling face
Was "Uncle Gid's!"

If on a Monday in a shed,
Such as most village homes afford,
With nothing on his feet and head,
A man helped wash to pay his board,
'Twas Uncle Gid!

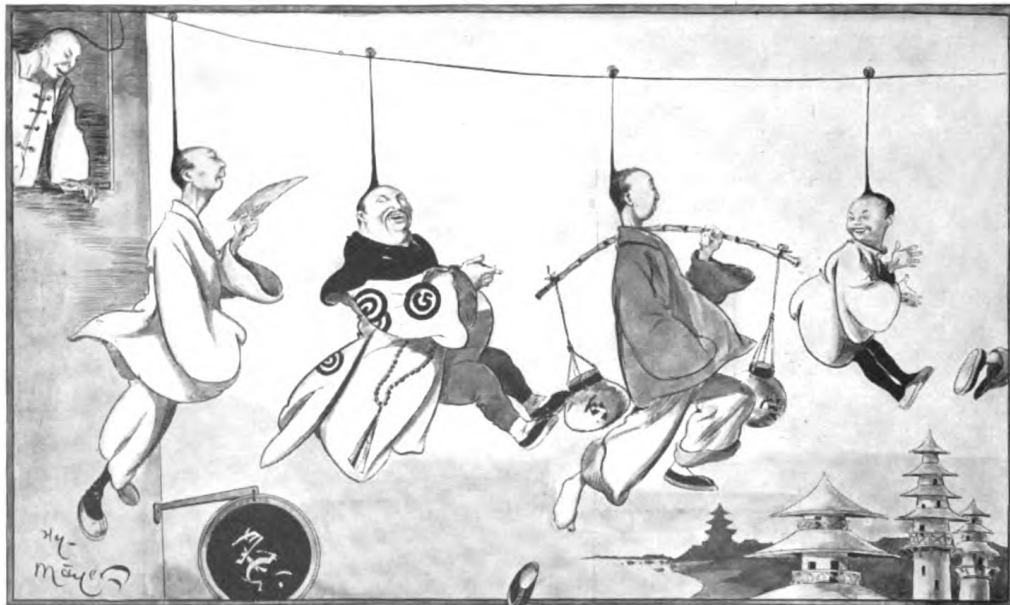
For in those days men washed and churned,
And in a tub half filled with suds,
No patient soul had ever learned
To pound so well the family duds
As Uncle Gid!

When weather prophets read the sky,
And watched the changes of the moon,
And wisely promised "wet" or "dry,"
And one said "Look for weather soon!"
'Twas Uncle Gid!

If after sportsmen dropped a hook
To wary fish they could not fool,
An old man sauntered down the brook,
And took a trout from every pool,
'Twas Uncle Gid!

If when a Philosophic School
Of Topers praised the brimming mug,
A man evolved the startling rule,
"There's nothing in an empty jug!"
'Twas Uncle Gid!

And when one day the Deacon came
To help the Parson lay away
An old man's wasted worn-out frame,
No unkind word could either say
Of Uncle Gid!



The American Invasion of China

The new Trolley Line from Peking to Mi-yun

The Tail of the Kinkaju

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

LISTEN, my dears, and I'll tell to you
The tale of the kittenish Kinkaju.
His feet are four and his fur is fine,
And his ways are wary and serpentine;
And he loves to live in a city zoo,
This taily mammalian Kinkaju.

And what, you ask, does the creature do,
This seemingly fabulous Kinkaju?
From early dawn until very late
He does naught else but investigate.
So the hairs on the end of his nose are few,
This peerysome, querysome Kinkaju.



If you gently grasp (and with firmness too)
The nethermost tip of the Kinkaju,
He bends in supple abandon, and
He climbs his tail till he gains your hand;
Then, if kindly disposed, he winks at you,—
This sinuous, grin-uous Kinkaju.

But if perchance any harm you do
To this highly sensitive Kinkaju,—
As if, in a foolishly flippant mood,
You should lift him up and remove his
food,—

BEWARE, for he's powerfully prone to chew!
This kleptophobic Kinkaju.

Oh, far and fair is the land that grew
This gentle attenuate Kinkaju.
And while he's nothing averse to roam,
'Tis seldom his tail is so far from home.
And so in a verse I reveal to you
The ways of the versytale Kinkaju.



Not Qualified

A CERTAIN phase of youthful American character was illustrated recently by the retort of a small boy to Mr. Brown, of Boomtown, New York, a worthy resident of that ancient town, and a vestryman of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Brown is a saintly man, and helps in his way to spread the gospel by holding lay services in neighboring hamlets. One Sunday, his Rector, having arranged for a missionary service at the little four-corners known as "Holcomb," requested Mr. Brown to go out there and conduct the meeting. Mr. Brown was glad of the opportunity to do some possible good, and accordingly drove out five or six miles to the hamlet. Not reaching it as quickly as he thought he should, and fearing he might have taken the wrong road, he inquired of a small boy who was fishing in a wayside brook:

"My little man, can you tell me the way to Holcomb?"

Now it chanced that Holcomb was only a short distance ahead, just over the next hill, and the little boy, who doubtless regarded the place as one of great importance, replied rather contemptuously:

"Humph! Don't you know where Holcomb is?"

"No, my little man, and I am very anxious to find it."

"Well, keep on," said the boy, "and you'll find it all right."

Mr. Brown drove on, found the place just over the hill, held his service, and started on his return.

When he reached the brooklet, the small boy was still there and still fishing, and the good man thought he ought to say a word to him which might be of some moral help.

So he reined up his horse, and said:

"Thank you, my little man, for telling me

the way to Holcomb, and if you had been over there to the meeting instead of here fishing on the Sabbath day, I would have told you the way to Heaven."

"Humph!" replied the boy, still keeping his eye on the bobber. "You! Oh, g'wan! You didn't even know the way to Holcomb!"

Mr. Brown drove on.

H. A. H.

A Mistake

THEY met on a twig of the chestnut-tree,
The road was narrow and rough.
And the spider gray, as he blocked the way,
Cried out in a terrible huff:
"Turn back at once or I'll jostle you off!"
The other declined to stir.
"Then I'll only say," said the spider gray,
"That you are no gentleman, sir."
Said the other, "You're right,"—with a
flounce and a whir,—
"I'd have you to know I'm a lady-bug, sir."
E. SYLVESTER.

The Hen

WHO would not be a barn-yard hen,
To scratch and peck and scratch again,
To lay a calm egg now and then?

To cackle when the deed is done,
To welter in the dust and sun,
I think would be no end of fun.

To have a comb and yet no hair,
Seems careless, trite, and debonair,
And yet I think 'twere good to wear

A vigorous penetrating nose,
And widely radiating toes,
And from-one's-skin-projecting clothes.

Who would not be a barn-yard hen,
To scratch and peck and scratch again,
For families of eight or ten?

ARTHUR COLTON.



In Childhood's Happy Hour

ON Sundays I just love to dine
With Auntie Jane and Emeline,
And stay to hear a temp'rance trac'.

I love it 'cause when I get back
My murrer says "Poor little sweet,"
An' gives me loads o' things to eat!

B. J.



Illustration for "The Castle of Content"

"SMALL HEED HAD WE OF THE FLEET, SWEET HOURS"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Castle of Content

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

AND so," she ended, "you may seize the revenues of Allonby with unwashed hands, cousin."

"Why have you done this?" I cried. I was half frightened by the sudden whirl of Dame Fortune's wheel.

"Dear cousin in motley," grinned the beldame, "'twas for hatred of Tom Allonby and all his accursed race that I have kept the secret thus long. Now comes a braver revenge: and I wreak my vengeance on all the spawn of Allonby—ah, how entirely!—by setting you at their head. Will you jest for them in counsel, good cousin?—reward your henchmen with a merry quip?—lead them to battle with a bawdy song?—ugh! ugh!" Her voice crackled like burning timber, and sputtered in groans that would have been fanged curses had breath not failed her: for my aunt Elinor had a nimble tongue, whetted, as rumor had it, by the attendance of divers Sabbats, and the chaunting of such songs as honest men may not hear and live, however highly succubi and leprichaunes commend them.

I squinted down at one green leg, scratched the crimson fellow to it with my bauble, and could not deny that her argument was just.

'Twas a strange tale she had ended, speaking swiftly lest the worms grow impatient and Charon weigh anchor ere she had done: and the proofs of the tale's

verity, set forth in a fair clerkly handwriting, rustled in my hand—scratches of a long-rotted pen that transferred me to the right side of the blanket, and transformed the motley of a fool into the ermine of a peer.

All Devon knew that I was son to Tom Allonby, who had been Marquis of Falmouth at his uncle's death, had he not first broken his neck in a fox-hunt; but Dan Gabriel, come post-haste from heaven, had scarce convinced the village idiot that Holy Church had smiled upon his union with a tanner's daughter, and that their son was lord of Allonby Shaw. I doubted it, even as I read the proof. Yet it was true—true that I had precedence even of Monsieur de Puysange, friend of the King's though he was, who had kept me on a shifty diet, first coins, then curses, these ten years past—true that my father, rogue in all else, had yet dealt honestly with my mother ere he died—true that my aunt, less fairly treated by him, had shared their secret with the priest that married them, and had most maliciously preserved it till now, when her words fell before me like Jove's shower before the Lady Danae, chinking, sparkling, pregnant with undreamed-of chances that stirred as yet blindly in the womb of Time.

A sick anger woke in me, remembering the burden of ignoble years she had suffered me to bear; yet my callow gentility bade me deal tenderly with this dying peasant woman, who, when all was said,

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had been but ill used by our house. Death hath a strange potency: commanding as he doth, unquestioned and unhidden, the emperor to have done with slaying, the poet to rise from his unfinished rhyme, the tender and gracious lady to cease from all denying words (mixt though they be with pitiful sighs that break their sequence as an amorous ditty heard through the strains of a martial stave), and all men, gentle or base, to follow his gaunt standard into unknown realms, his majesty enshrines the veriest churl on whom the weight of his chill finger hath fallen. I doubt not that Cain's children wept about his death-bed, and that the centurions spake in whispers as they lowered Iscariot from the elder-tree: and in like manner the maledictions that stirred in my brain had no power to move my lips. The frail carnal tenement, swept and cleansed of all mortality, was garnished for Death's coming; I must, perforce, shout "Huzzay!" at his grim pageant, nor could I sorrow at his advent; and it was not mine to question the nobility of the prey which Age and Poverty, his unleashed hounds, now harried at the door of the tomb.

"I forgive you," said I.

"Dear Marquis," quoth she, and her sunken jaws quivered angrily, "one might think I had kept from you the mastery of this wattled hut, rather than the wardage of Allonby Shaw. Believe me, Monsieur de Pysange did not take the news so calmly."

"You have told him?"

I sprang to my feet, half overcome with fear, for the cold hatred of her face was rather that of Bellona, who, as clerks avow, ever bore carnage and dissension in her train, than that of a mortal, mutton-fed woman.

The hag laughed—flat and shrill, like a man's laughter heard in hell between the roaring of the flames. "Were it not common kindness," she asked, "since his daughter is troth-plight to the usurper? He hath known since morning."

"And—and Adeliza?" I cried, in a voice that tricked me.

"Knows nothing as yet. But I think she is like to learn: for the ear of Monsieur de Pysange is keen to catch the melody of a sovereign that jostles with many fellows. Dear cousin, he means to

take the estate of Allonby as it stands; what live-stock, whether crack-brained or not, may go therewith is all one. He will not balk at a drachm or two of brains in his son-in-law. You have but to ask—but to ask, cousin!"

"Woman," I cried, hoarsely, "have you no heart?"

"I gave it to your father," she answered, "and he taught me the worth of it." There was a smile upon her lips, such as that with which the Lady Clytemnestra greeted King Agamemnon, come flushed from the sack of Troy Town. "I gave it—ah, go, ere I curse you, son of Thomas Allonby! Go, cast out your kinsman, and play the fool with all that Tom Allonby held dear—go, make his name a byword that begot a fool to play at quoits with coronets! I have nurtured you for this, and you will not fail me; you are not all fool, but you will serve my purpose. Go, my lord Marquis; it is not meet that death intrude thus unmannerly into your Grace's presence. Go, fool, and let me die in peace!"

I was no longer frightened at the whip (ah, familiar, unkindly whip!) that hung beside the door of the hut; but, I confess, my aunt's looks were none too reassuring, and old custom rendered her wrath yet terrible. If the farmers thereabouts were to be trusted, I knew Lucifer would come erelong for a certain overdue soul, escheat and forfeited to him by many years of cruel witchcrafts, close wiles, and nameless sorceries; and I could never abide unpared nails. Therefore, I left her gladly to the village gossips, who waited without, and tucked my bauble under my arm.

"Dear cousin," said I, "farewell!"

"Farewell!" said she; "play the fool yet."

"'Tis my vocation," quoth I, briefly: and so went forth into the night.



CAME to Tiverton Manor through a darkness black as the lining of Baalzebub's oldest cloak: for the moon was not yet risen, and the clouds hung heavy as feather beds between mankind and the stars; even the swollen Exe was scarce visible as I crossed the bridge, though it



"'T WAS A STRANGE TALE SHE HAD ENDED "

roared hoarsely beneath me, and shook the frail timbers hungrily. For the bridge had long been unsafe: Monsieur de Puitsange had planned one stronger and less hazardous than the old edifice, of which the arches yet remained, and this was now in the making, as divers piles of unhewn lumber and stone attested: meanwhile, the roadway was but a makeshift of half-rotten wood that shook villainously in the wind. I stood for a moment and heard the waters lapping and splashing and laughing beneath, as though they held it rare and desirable mirth to swallow and spew forth a powerful marquis, and grind his body among the battered timber and tree boles and dead sheep swept from the hills, and at last vomit him into the sea, that a corpse, wide-eyed and livid, might bob up and down the beach, in quest of a quiet grave where the name of Allonby was scarce known. The imagination was so vivid that it frightened me as I picked my way through the dark.

The folk of Tiverton Manor were knotting on their nightcaps, by this; but there was a light in the Lady Adeliza's window, faint as a sick glowworm. I rolled in the seeded grass and laughed softly, as I thought of what might be, and murmured to myself an old cradle-song of Devon that she loved and often sang; and was, ere I knew it, singing aloud, for pure wantonness and joy that Monsieur de Puitsange was not like to have me whipped now, however much I chose to carol.

Sang I:

"In the lapse of years there lingers yet
A fair and free extent
Of shadowy turret and parapet—
'Tis the Castle of Content.

"Ei ho! Ei ho! the Castle of Content.
With drowsy music drowning merriment.
Where Dreams and Visions held high carnival,
And Love, vine-crowned, sat laughing over all.
Ei ho!
The vanished Castle of Content!"

As I ended, the casement was pushed open, and the Lady Adeliza came wondering to the balcony, the light streaming from behind her in such fashion as made her appear an angel peering out of

heaven at our mortal antics. Indeed, there was something more than human in her beauty, though it savored less of divinity than of a vision of some silent, great-eyed queen of faery, such as those whose feet glide unwetted over our fen-waters as they roam o' nights in search of unwary travellers; the perfection of her comeliness left men almost cold. She was a fair beauty; that is, her eyes were the color of opals, and her complexion as the first rose of spring, blushing at her haste to snare men's hearts with beauty; and her loosened hair rippled in such a burst of glory, that I have seen the shifting gold reflected on her bared shoulders where the scented waves fell heavily against the tender flesh. She was somewhat proud, they said; and to others she may have been, but to me, never. Her voice was a low, sweet song, her look even such as that of St. Elizabeth in the Chapel, and her many deeds of kindness to me so manifold that I cannot set them down: indeed, there was a gracious kindness in all she did that made a courteous word from her of more worth than a purse from another.

"Is it you, Will?" said she.

"Madam," I answered, "with whom else should the owls confer? 'Tis an ancient word that extremes meet. And here you may behold it exemplified, as in the conference of an epicure and an estriech: though, for this once, Wisdom makes bold to sit above Folly."

"Did you carol, then, to them?" quoth she.

"Indeed," said I, "my grim gossips care less for my melody than for the squeaking of a mouse; and I sang rather for joy that at last I may enter into the Castle of Content."

The Lady Adeliza sighed, I thought, though I could scarce be certain. "With whom?" said she.

"Madam," said I, "your wit was ever ready. 'Tis but a woman's hand may lower the drawbridge."

"You—you—?" cried she, incredulous laughter breaking the soft flow of speech.

"By the horns of Europa's bull! 'tis even so: the fool yearns for a fair woman, as a shallow pool were enamored of a summer cloud. What else, being a fool? Ah, madam, as Love, borne on motley-colored wings, sprang long since from



LADY ADELIZA CAME WONDERINGLY TO THE BALCONY

chaos, and by his witchery fashioned out of the primeval tangle the fair earth that sleeps about us—even thus, may he not frame the disorder of a fool's brain into the semblance of a lover's? The change is not so great, believe me. I love a woman far above me—a woman who knows not of my love, or, at most, thinks of it but as the worship that peasants accord the kindly sun; and now that chance hath woven me a ladder whereby to mount to her, I scarce dare set my foot upon the bottom rung."

"A ladder?" she cried—"a—a rope ladder?"

"A golden one," said I.

There was a long silence. The wind wailed mournfully among the gaunt, deserted choir of the trees about us, and an owl hooted sardonically in the distance.

"Be bold," said she, very softly; "and know that a woman loves once and forever, whether she will or no. Love is not sold in the shops, and the grave merchants that trade in all seas, and send forth argosies even to jewelled Ind, to bring home rich pearls, and strange outlandish dyes, and spiceries, and the raiment of proud, long-dead queens, have bought and sold no love, for all their traffic. 'Tis above gold. I know"—her voice faltered somewhat—"I know of a woman whose birth is very near the throne, and—and whose beauty, such as it is, men have commended, who loved a man that the world found far beneath her, for he was not wealthy. And the world bade her relinquish him; but within the chambers of her heart his voice rang more loudly than that of the world, and for his least word said she would leave all and go with him whither he would. And—she waits but for the speaking of that word."

"Be bold?" said I.

"Ay," said she; "'tis the moral of my tale. Make me a song of it, good Will—and—and to-morrow you shall learn how this woman, too, entered into the Castle of Content."

"Madam—!" I cried.

"It is late," said she, "and I must go."

"To-morrow—?" said I.

"Ay, to-morrow—ah, to-morrow draws very near. Farewell!" And she was gone, casting one swift glance backward, even as the ancient Parthians are fabled

to have shot their arrows as they fled; and surely, in this case, if the missile left a wound, 'twas at least fashioned of the purest gold.



WENT forth into the woods that lie thick about Tiverton Manor, where I lay flat on my back among the fallen leaves, dreaming many dreams to myself—dreams that were all pure songs of happiness, to which the papers in my jerkin rustled a reassuring chorus.

I have heard that night is own sister to death; but on this night, as the harvest-moon broke forth in a red glory, and the stars clustered about her like a swarm of golden bees, I thought her rather the parent of a new life. But, indeed, there is a solemnity in the night past all jesting: it knits up the tangled yarn of our day's doings into a pattern either good or ill; it renews the vigor of the living, and draws the dying gently towards its impenetrable depths with the lapsing of the tide; and it honors the secrecy of lovers as zealously as that of rogues. In the morning our bodies rise to their allotted work; but our wits have had their season in the night, or of kissing, or of wassail, or of high resolve; and the greater part of such noble deeds as day witnesses have been planned in the solitude of night.

But even the lark that soars into the naked presence of the sun by day must seek his woven nest among the grass at night; and so, with many yawns, I rose after an hour to seek my bed. Tiverton Manor was but a formless blot on the mild radiance of the heavens, but I must needs pause for a while, staring up at the Lady Adeliza's window, like a hen drinking water, and thinking of many things.

It was then that something rustled among the leaves, and, turning, I stared straight into the countenance of Stephen Allonby, until to-day Marquis of Fal-mouth, a slim, comely youth, and my very good cousin.

"Fool," said he, "you walk late."

"Faith!" said I, "something warned me that a fool might find fit company here—cousin." He winced at the word,



HE THOUGHT OF HIS LOVE

for he was never prone to admit the relationship, being somewhat of a precisian in his disposition.

"Eh?" quoth he; then paused for a while. "I have more kinsmen than I knew of," said he, at length, "and to-day spawns them thick as herrings. Indeed, your greeting falls strangely pat with that of a—a brother of yours, claiming to be begot in lawful matrimony, who hath appeared to claim the title and estates, and hath even imposed upon the credulity of Monsieur de Puyssange."

"Who, pray?" laughed I, though his speech shook my heart into my mouth. "I have many brethren, if report speaks truly."

"I know not," said he; "I learned it but to-day."

I was moved with pity for him; for I could not doubt he had learned part of the case from Monsieur de Puyssange; but I scarce knew how to word this sympathy. I waved my hand upward. "The match," said I, "is broken, then, until—?"

"Ay!" said he, grimly.

Again I was nonplussed. True, they had been betrothed ere meeting, and his grief, therefore, was not like to be overwhelming: still, the Lady Adeliza was a woman whom one might love greatly. So a silence fell between us.

He cleared his throat; swore softly to himself; took a short turn on the walk;

and approached me, purse in hand. "'Tis time you were abed," quoth he.

"Truly," said I, "it is."

"And—"

"And since one may sleep anywhere," quoth I, "why not here?" Thereupon, for I was somewhat puzzled at his bearing, I lay down flat upon the gravel and snored.

"Fool," said he. I opened one eye. "I have business here"—I opened the other—"with the Lady Adeliza." He tossed me a coin as I sprang to my feet.

"Sir—!" I cried.

"She expects me," said he.

"In that case—" said I.

"The difficulty is to give a signal," said he.

"'Tis as easy as lying," said I; and thereupon I began to sing:

"Small heed had we of the fleet, sweet hours,
Till the troops of Time were sent
To seize the treasures and take the towers
O' the Castle of Content.

"Ei ho! Ei ho! the Castle of Content,
With flaming tower and falling battlement;
Prince Time hath conquered, and the fire-
light streams
Above the wounded Loves, the dying
Dreams—

Ei ho!
The vanished Castle of Content!"



IN THE NIGHT



AND, in truth, I had scarce ended when the casement opened.

"Stephen!" said the Lady Adeliza.

"Dear love!" said he.

"Humph!" said I.

Thereupon a rope ladder unrolled from the balcony and hit me upon the head.

"If you could regard the orchard for a moment—" said she.

"I have company," said he, somewhat vexed—"a bur that sticks to me."

"A fool," I explained—"to keep him in countenance."

"It was ever the part of folly," said she, laughing softly, "to be swayed by a woman; and it is the part of wisdom to be discreet."

We held each a strand of the ladder and stared at the ripening apples, black globes among the wind-vext silver of the leaves. In a moment the Lady Adeliza stood between us. Her hand rested on my shoulder lightly as she leapt to the ground.

"I did not know—" said she.

"Faith, madam!" said I, "no more did I till this. I deduce but now that the

Marquis of Falmouth is the person you spoke of an hour since, and with whom you hope to enter the Castle of Content."

"With whom else?" said she, wonderingly. "My father—"

"Is as all have been since Father Adam's dotage," I ended; "and therefore keeps honest horses—and fools—from their rest."

"In fact—" admitted my cousin.

"There are horses yonder?" said I. "And fools here—and everywhere? There needs no bearded Merlin to tell us that: and therefore—"

"Come!" said she.

"You will be secret?" asked he, uncertainly.

"In comparison," said I, "the grave is garrulous, and a death's-head but a chattering magpie; yet I think that madam's maid—"

"Beatris is sworn to silence," said she.

"Which signifies she is already on her way to your father. She was coerced; she discovered it too late; and a sufficiency of tears and pious protestations will attest her innocence. It is all one." I winked my eye sagely.

"Fool!" said he. "Come!"

Blaise, my lord Marquis's French servant, held three horses in the shadow, so close that it was incredible I had not heard their trampling. They mounted and were off like the wind ere Blaise put his foot to the stirrup.

"Blaise!" said I.

"Eh?" said he, pausing.

"If, for the nonce, I borrowed your horse—"

"Impossible!"

"If I took it by force"—I exhibited my coin—

"Eh?"

"—no one could blame you."

"Perhaps—"

"Never!" said I: and pushing him aside, a trifle uncertain, mounted and set out into the night after my cousin and the Lady Adeliza.

They rode leisurely enough along the winding highway that lay in the moonlight like a white ribbon in a pedlar's box; and keeping as I did some hundred yards behind, they thought me no other than Blaise, being, indeed, too much engrossed with one another to regard the outer world very strictly. So we rode a matter of three miles in the whispering, moonlit woods, they prattling and laughing as though there were no such monster in all the universe as an irate father, I brooding of many things and with an ear cocked backward for possible pursuit.

In most cases they might escape untroubled to Teignmouth, and thence to Allonby Shaw; they counted fully upon this; but I, knowing Beatris, who was waiting-maid to the Lady Adeliza and consequently in the plot, to be the devil's own vixen, despite an innocent face and a wheedling tongue, was less certain.

I shall not easily forget that ride: about us the woods sighed and whispered, dappled by the moonlight in a mottled chequer-board of silver and swaying leaves. A chaos of light and shadow slept on either side; but ahead rode Love, older than all things and yet eternally young, in quest of the Castle of Content, and the horses' hoofs beat against the pebbles in monotonous chorus to the old Devon cradle-song that rang idly in my brain. 'Twas little to me whether the quest were won or lost; yet, as I watched

the Lady Adeliza's white cloak that tossed and fluttered wantonly in the wind, my blood pulsed more strongly than it is wont to do, and was stirred by the keen odors of the night and many memories of her gracious kindness and a desire to serve somewhat toward the attainment of her happiness.

Then that befell which I had looked for, and I heard the beat of horses' hoofs behind us, and knew that Monsieur de Puitsange and his men were come in haste to rescue the Lady Adeliza from my cousin, that she might be my bride. I galloped forward.

"Spur!" I cried—"in the name of St. Cupid!"

With a little gasp, she set her teeth and bent forward over her horse's mane, urging him onward with every nerve and muscle of her tender body: if ever a woman looked Fear in the face and did not know his name, 'twas she. No cry escaped her lips, no anguish wrung her countenance; she seemed scarce to heed the troubled world, with eager eyes set on the far-off goal her heart desired. I could not keep my gaze from her face as we swept through the night.

But our pursuers gained on us steadily: and as we paused to pick our way over the frail bridge that spanned the Exe, the noise was very near.

"Take care!" I cried—but too late, for my horse swerved under me as I spoke, and my lord Marquis's steed caught foot in a pile of lumber and fell heavily. He was up in a moment, unhurt, but the horse was lamed.

"You!" he cried.

"What matter?" said I. "'Tis all one if I have a taste for night riding and the shedding of noble blood. Alack, that I have left my brave bauble at Tiverton! Had I that but here, I might do such deeds! I might show such prowess upon the person of Monsieur de Puitsange as your Nine Worthies would quake to read of! For I have the honor to inform you, my doves, that we are taken."

Indeed, we were, for even the two sound horses were well-nigh foundered: Blaise, the idle rogue, had not troubled to provide fresh ones, so easy had the flitting seemed; and it was plain we would be overtaken in half an hour.

"So it seems," said he, moodily.

"Well! one can die but once." Thus speaking, he drew his sword with an air King Leonidas, at Thermopylæ, might have envied.

"Together, my heart!" she cried.

"Madam," said I, dismounting as I spoke, "pray you, consider! With you, there is no question of death; 'tis but that Monsieur de Puyssange desires you to make a suitable match. 'Tis not yet too late; his heart is very kindly, and he hath no malice toward—toward my lord Marquis. Yield, then, to his wishes, since there is no choice."

She stared at me, in amazement at this eminently sensible advice. "And you—is it you that would enter into the Castle of Content?" she cried, in scorn that lashed like a whip.

"Madam," said I, "bethink you, you know naught of this man your father desires you to wed. Is it not possible that he, too, may love—may come, in time, to love you? You are very fair, madam. Yours is a beauty that may draw a man to heaven or unclothe the gates of hell, at will; indeed, even I, in my poor dreams, have seen your face many times, bright and glorious as is the lighted space above the altar when Christ's blood and body are shared among His worshippers; men will never cease to love you, I think. Will he—your husband that may be—not do so? Suppose, were it possible, that he—even now—yearns to enter into the Castle of Content, and that your hand, your hand alone, may draw the bolt for him—that the thought of you is to him as a flame before which honor and truth shrivel as shed feathers, and that he has loved you these many years, unknown to you, ere the Marquis of Falmouth came into your life with his fair face and smooth sayings. Suppose, were it possible—"

"Fool!" cried my cousin, "have done!"

She rested her hand softly upon his arm. "Hush!" said she; then turned to me an uncertain countenance that was half pity, half wonder. "Dear Will," said she, "if—if you have ever known aught of love, do you not understand?" And a tear stole down her cheek, in which the Marquis of Falmouth had no share. For, at last—at last, praise God!—she saw and read the message my eyes had borne these two years past.

"In that case," said I,—my voice played me strange tricks,—“may I request that you assist me in gathering such brushwood as we may find hereabouts?”

They both stared at me now. "My lord," said I, "the Exe is high, the bridge is of wood, and I have flint and steel in my pocket. The ford is five miles above and quite impassable."

He clapped his hands together. "Excellent!" he cried.

Then, they having caught my drift, we heaped up a pile of broken boughs and twigs and brushwood on the bridge, all three gathering it together. I doubt if the moon, that is copartner in the antics of all rogues and lovers, ever saw a stranger sight than that of a marquis, a lord's daughter, and a fool met at dead of night to make fagots.

When we had done I handed him the flint and steel. "My lord," said I, "the honor is yours."

"Pest!" he murmured, in a moment, swearing and striking futile sparks, "last night's rain has wet the wood through. It will not kindle."

"Dear sir," said I, "in such matters is a fool not indispensable?" I heaped before him the papers that made an honest woman of my mother and a marquis of me, and seizing the flint, cast a spark among them that set them crackling merrily. Then we watched the writhing twigs splutter and snap and burn.

The bridge caught apace and in ten minutes was impassable. In twenty it did not exist: only the stone arches towered above the roaring waters that glistened in the light of the fire, which had, by this, reached the other side and was busily employed in the woods of Tiverton. In fact, our pursuers rode through a glare that was as that of hell, and reached the Exe only to curse vainly and shriek idle imprecations at us, who were as safe from their anger as though the world lay between us.

"My lord," said I, "it may be that your priest expects you?"

"Indeed," said he, laughing, "it is possible. Let us go." Thereupon they mounted the two sound horses. "Good Will," said he, "follow on foot to Teignmouth; and there—"

"Sir," said I, "my home is at Tiverton."

He wheeled about. "Do you not fear—" said he.

"The whip?" said I. "Ah, my lord, I have been whipped ere this. It is not the greatest ill in life to be whipped."

"But—"

"But, indeed, I am resolved," said I. "Farewell!"

He tossed me his purse. "As you will," said he, shortly. "We thank you for your aid; and if I am still the master of Allonby—"

"No fear of that!" quoth I. "I—I cannot weep at your going, my lord, since it brings you happiness."

I stood fingering the gold as he rode forward slowly into the night; but she did not follow.

"Will—" said she. She paused, and the lithe rose-tipped fingers fretted uncertainly with her horse's mane.

"Madam," said I, "you have told me of love's nature: must my halting commentary prove the glose upon your text? Look, then, to be edified while the fool is delivered of his folly. Love was born of the ocean, madam, and the ocean is but salt water, and salt water is but tears; and thus may love claim kin with sorrow,—ay, madam, by a merry whimsey of Dame Fate's, sorrow is one of the many roads whereby we lovers may regain the Castle of Content."

There was a long silence, and the wind wailed among the falling, tattered leaves.

"Had I but known—" said she, very sadly.

"Madam," said I, "I bid you go forward. Yonder your lover waits for you, and the world is very fair; here there is only a fool who discourses tediously of matters his poor brain may not fathom, and whose rude tongue is like to chaunt but an unmannerly marriage-song. Yet—as for this new Marquis of Falmouth, let him trouble you no longer. 'Tis an Eastern superstition that we lackbrains

are endowed with the gift of prophecy, and as such I predict, very confidently, madam, that you will see and hear no more of him in this life."

I caught my breath swiftly, for she was very beautiful in the moonlight. Her eyes were big with half-comprehended sorrow, and a slender hand stole timorously toward me as I laughed harshly, seeing how she strove to comprehend and could not, by reason of the great happiness that throbbed in each delicate vein.

She stared at me for a little, yet only half in wonder. Then her warm, slim arms clasped about me hurriedly, timorously, and her lips clung and were one with my lips for a moment, and her tears were wet upon my cheek.

"Farewell!" said she.

I mounted the lamed horse, who limped slowly up the river bank: very slowly we came out from the glare of the crackling fire into the cool darkness of the autumn woods; very slowly, for the horse was lamed and wearied, and patience is a discreet virtue when one journeys toward curses and the lash of a dog-whip: and I thought of many quips and jests whereby to soothe the anger of Monsieur de Puy-sange, and sang to myself as I rode through the woods.

Sang I:

"The towers are fallen; no laughter rings
Through the rafters, charred and rent;
The ruin is wrought of all goodly things
In the Castle of Content.

"Ei ho! Ei ho! the Castle of Content,
Beyond the Land of Youth, where mirth
was meant!
The walls are ashes now, and all in vain
Hand-shadowed eyes turn backward and
regain
Only the memory of that dear domain.
Ei ho!
The vanished Castle of Content!"

Yachting at Kiel

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

KIEL,—tucked away in the southwest corner of the Baltic Sea,—a sort of mediæval town and modern port in Germany, lies seventy miles from Hamburg, and on the road to Copenhagen. Centuries ago the old women of Kiel sold gooseberries in the Stadthuse square. On the tablets tacked up here and there to attest the antiquity of things there is no mention of that, but you know it; for in the queer shoes and the dress of long ago, with smiles and sweet old-fashioned words, they are selling them yet.

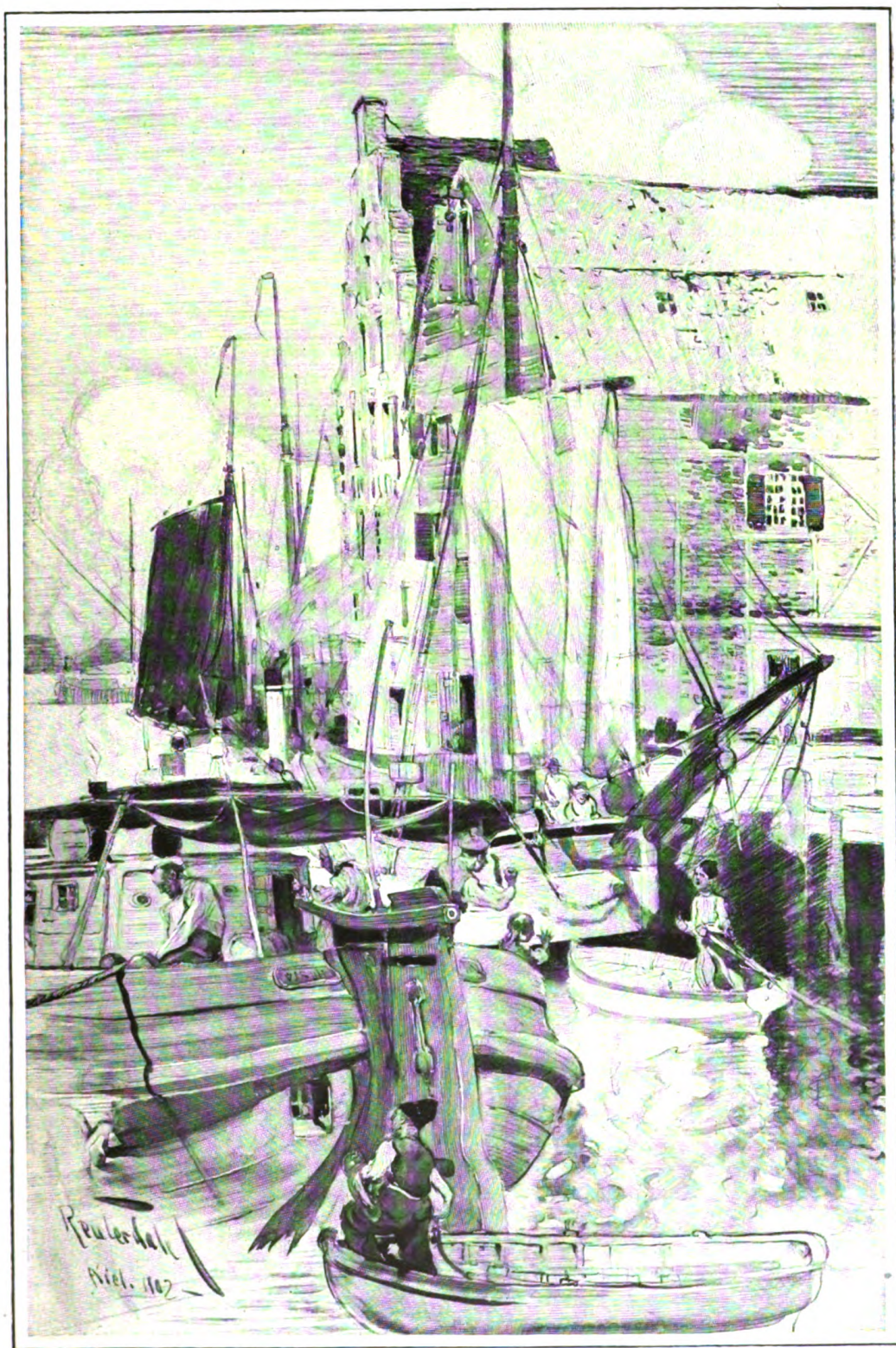
Like many another good old German town was Kiel, soaked in the traditions of the Middle Ages and trying quietly to sleep it off, when along came a lot of busy people with their disturbing notions of modern progress and shook it into painful wakefulness. A navy-yard was established, the Baltic fleet began to rendezvous there, and the social atmosphere took on new and braver tints; the Krupps installed an immense plant, and industrial activity set in; a canal was cut through to the German Ocean, and commerce picked up; and beside the old Kiel a new Kiel grew.

Old Kiel is still there—old Kiel with its winding streets and curious houses—streets of no greater width than a man could leap with a twenty-foot run—if he could get the run,—and houses that give out whiffs of those good old Hanseatic days when pirates hovered in the offing, and no respectable burgher thought of storing himself away for the night until he had seen the town put under lock and key,—old Kiel is yet there, but it is the two together, old Kiel of the Hanseatic architecture and new Kiel of the trolley-cars, that go to make up what appealed to the present Emperor as an ideal setting for “Kieler Woche,”—that midsummer’s dream for which gather the yachting-men of a dozen nations, with their most pretentious steam-

and their most ambitious sail-craft, to compete for expensive trophies, and to enjoy, under favor of the Emperor, a purple social time. Cowes, Newport, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Cannes,—any marine place at any time,—they are supposed to cast but little shadows beside the glory that is Kiel’s during this first gorgeous week in July.

The first thought of the man who drops in there when the affair is well under way is that some sort of military celebration is in progress. The streets are lit up with uniforms, officers and men both toggled out in their parade clothes, with the one forever returning the salutes that the others are forever rendering. Sentry-boxes are all over the place, and the winding streets wiggle with marching columns which are doing escort duty, and in command of men who very well pose for photographs of the Emperor ahorseback; and preceding them are those crashing military bands—battle-axes and wash-boilers they suggest—great things to break a way through crowded thoroughfares. The striped sentry-boxes are in pairs about the town, and others are being hustled along on what in America would be called push-carts, each in charge of a corporal of the guard, and a squad of able warriors in white trousers, blue tunics, and a gay pompon above. Coming to the door or gate of the club-house, hotel, castle, or whatever sort of building it is at which the last-arrived Herr Commissioner or other highly titled dignitary has taken up his quarters, the corporal in charge wheels up the push-cart, they are stood on end—in their stripes they seem like portable barber-shops then,—two men are set up beside them, and thereafter the great man cannot come or go without freezing those sentries stiff.

All this is but a little shore background and incidental to the composition.



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

OLD KIEL

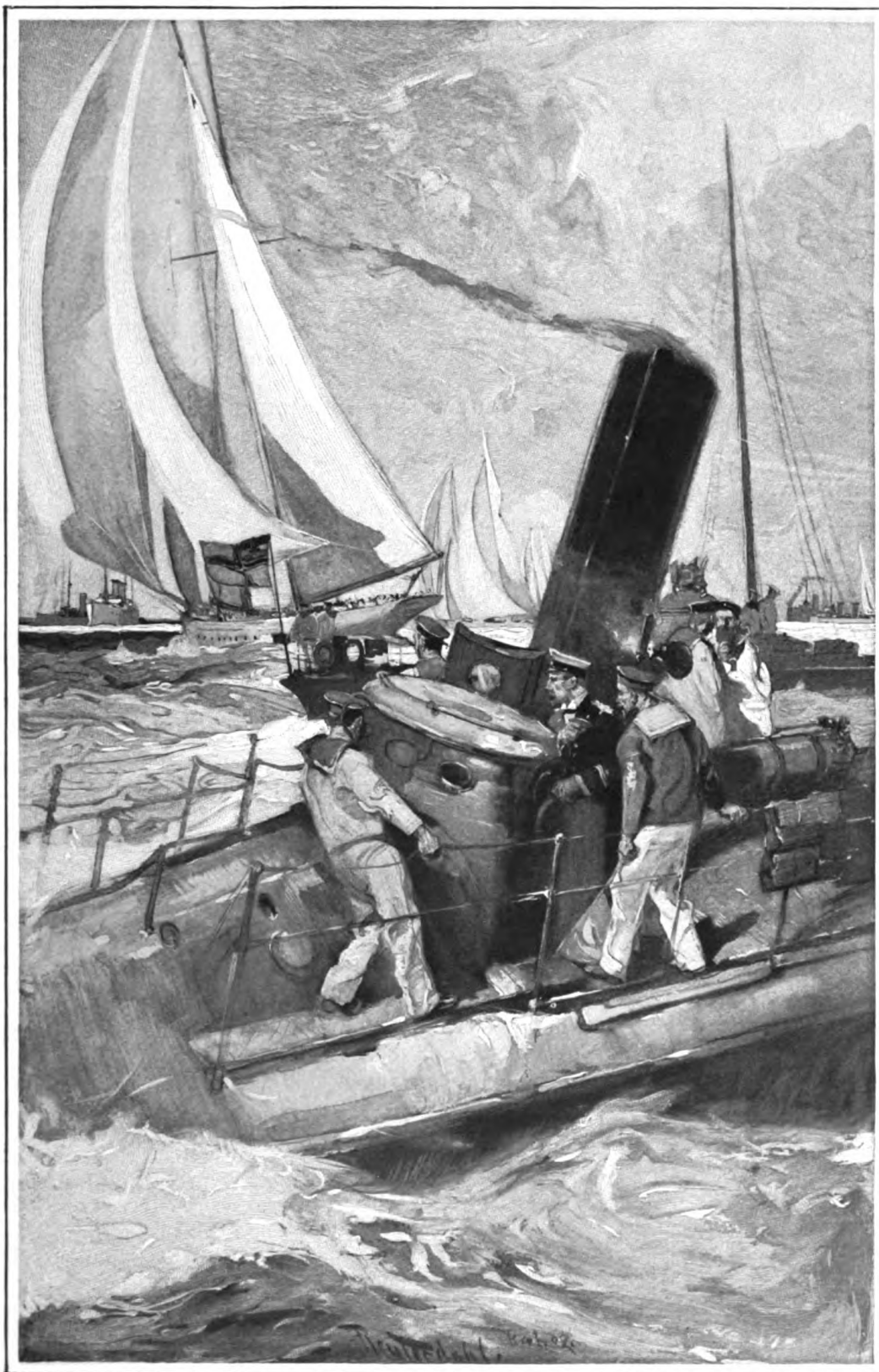
Down in the harbor is another part of the picture. The ships of the German navy catch the eye first. Twenty-odd men-of-war are there—battle-ships, cruisers, gunboats, training-ships, and what not. There are magnificent steam-yachts—the black *Corsair* of Morgan in-shore, the white *Nahma* of Goelet farther out, and scores of others that are famous enough, some of them, in their own home ports, but here going for only one in the count. The *Hohenzollern* of the Emperor is there of course, a yacht to write poetry about, if only she had ever done something.

For the sailing-craft there are hundreds or so of chipper little knockabouts tied up in rows between the piers, and out in the more open water the larger vessels—big sloops, able cutters, handsome yawls, and shapely schooners. The best of a dozen European nations and a few from our own country are there. Flying from every man-of-war is the impressive battle-flag of Germany, and from the trucks of the *Hohenzollern* the imperial standard that only she may fly—black and gold, black eagle and confident “God with us” flaming out. And strung from stem to truck and from truck to peak of the yachts, sail and steam, are all the signal-flags in the ship. It is five hundred screw and sail lying to moorings in the harbor, and decorated as they are for this festival, they make a brave show.

Lending movement to all this scheme—to the paints and enamels of many colors, to the gold stripes, polished brass, oiled decks, varnished spars, and sails of snow,—are little steam-launches beyond counting. Every steam-yacht and war-vessel of any size has one, the battle-ships have two or more each, and royalty a half-dozen or more for its exclusive use, and there are the dozens in public commission. And all are tooting excitedly and steaming desperately, with churning wakes and streamers trailing out behind. Fifty or sixty entries for a day's racing is an ordinary list. As for the story of the racing—it is pretty much the same as at any less-renowned gathering, pleasant for the most part, and now and then exciting—that is, so far as the actual business of racing goes, for yacht-racing is pretty much the same all the world over. A number of men,

some smart seamen and some who pass for such, get out in low-railed vessels with large sails and light spars and go over buoyed courses. If it comes to blow heavy, and they do not care to go over the course, or if they mismanage, nothing happens generally—no vessel goes down, no men are lost. There is always a safe harbor handy. Those that get around and come in, one, two, three, are presented with trophies. Sometimes a more than local interest draws the attention of the world. In this racing at Kiel there was that larger interest. Ten or eleven nations had entries in the various events, and yet what was really interesting to the public at Kiel was the ceremony attending it. There was, among others, that race to Travemünde, in which the *Meteor* sailed, the schooner-yacht built in America for the Emperor William. Before then the *Meteor* had been outsailed by several of the larger schooners, a catastrophe which had been only partly explained away by the “She needs very much wind, does the Emperor's yacht,” of the German boatmen. There was a race in which there must have been some wind, with the English *Cicely* logging a new record—seventy miles in five hours,—but that doesn't matter. The Emperor William himself was to be aboard her this day, “and to sail her himself,” according to the portly shore mariners, who misspent the middle of these beautiful days playing scat up in the coffee-houses.

It happened to be the Fourth of July, and the Americans who were hurrying down that morning to see the start for Travemünde were surprised and edified when they heard the big guns boom out from one of the great battle-ships. Twenty-one they counted, and took note of the great cheering that followed. Getting nearer the water-front, they could see crew after crew crowding aloft and cheering in turn. There were present Americans who felt like cheering themselves—Hurrah!—and did. “Four thousand miles away from home and twenty-one guns on the morning of the Fourth of July!” said somebody, and all hands cheered—Hooray! It was a fine bit of international courtesy—yes. A group of American girls on the seawall, pretty of course, stopped wigwag-



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"THE METEOR CROSSED THE LINE"

ging iridescent parasols to a yacht out in the harbor long enough to remark that it was real nice of the Germans. It seemed a pity to learn a few moments later that the Fourth of July had nothing to do with it. It was the Emperor leaving the *Hohenzollern* to go aboard the *Meteor* for the race! Pondering over that, we began to understand more clearly that when the Emperor sets out to do anything, the nation, or at least that part of it on the official pay-roll, must stand by and hold its breath, except, of course, those who are cheering or manning the yards.

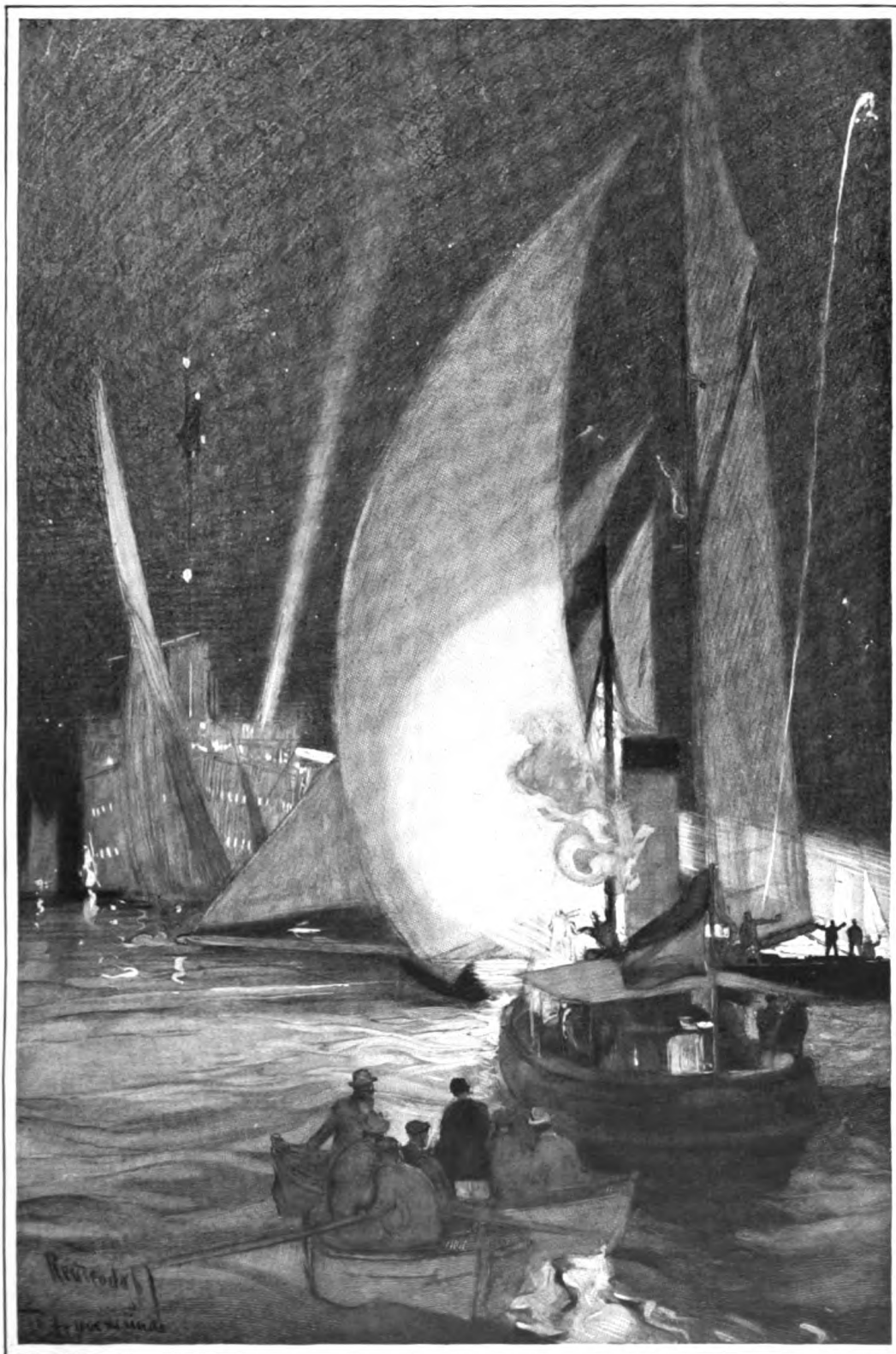
The *Meteor* crossed the line, with the Emperor on her quarter, and then followed her escort: first, the *Hohenzollern*, in all her cream-and-gold magnificence, and long as some ocean liners; secondly, the cruiser *Nymphe*, three hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-one knots, four hundred men, guard to the *Hohenzollern*; after her, the *Sleipner*, tender, or errand-boy, two hundred feet long, and twenty-five knots; and beside her the *Alice Roosevelt*, messenger, or despatch-boat, twenty-five knots or so; and to tail out the procession, four long, low, black torpedo-boats, known by letters and numbers—*S 8*, *S 75*, *S 79*, *S 80*,—with a speed of from twenty-eight to thirty knots—these eight as escort to the schooner-yacht *Meteor* while she should be sailing a race from Kiel to Travemünde on a placid July day. It was a man on the observation-steamers, to leeward, who gave it out, after a good deal of what appeared to be careful thought, that it was his opinion that even if the *Meteor* did carry away her spinnaker-boom or incur some equally grave peril—even if she did, the Emperor had still a chance to escape with his life.

Tacked on to the wake of the Emperor's escort was a fleet of steam-yachts, of large size mostly, and of expensive decorations, nearly all. The people aboard of them did not seem to be too deeply concerned with the more technical manœuvres of the racing-craft, but they were enjoying their racing, nevertheless. In creased white ducks, buttoned blue coats, and yachting-caps of the correct model, and with the proper club button on front, they lounged under the awnings on upper decks and watched the

Meteor. There were craft there that were doing queer things with the *Meteor*; but the Emperor was on the *Meteor*, and on him the glasses were levelled. Probably a better-equipped fleet of steam-yachts, in the line of varnish, brass, upholstery, and good things in the locker, never left port. The owners of some of them had boats entered in the smaller classes—they knew their entries by the numbers on their sails, if they could but distinguish the numbers. However, it was glorious sport. They sipped cool drinks and had luncheon on the bridge, kept the steward busy, and watched the *Meteor*.

Throughout all of that day the breeze stayed light. Four, five, and six knots an hour was as good as they could do, with the small boats getting along about as well as the big ones. The squadron of national ships-of-escort to the Emperor were hanging on respectfully in the rear, and there, with one other, torpedo-boat *S 37* in attendance on the Empress's yacht, the *Iduna*, they remained until along in the middle of the afternoon, when the *Hohenzollern* and the *Nymphe*, being signalled to prepare things ahead, steamed on to Travemünde, where by and by they were joined by the *Sleipner* and the *Alice Roosevelt*, whereat all cast anchor near the judges' boats, to be ready to receive the *Meteor* when she should arrive.

It was slow waiting in Travemünde. The long-enduring twilight of a summer's day at fifty-four north began to settle down. It had been a sort of holiday in Travemünde, with visitors and residents gazing out from the benches or parading the long sea-wall in anticipation of the coming of the fleet. Flags were flying from the balconies of the cottages, the restaurants were doing a great business, and every fisherman's boat in the place was sailing about the harbor, all chartered by parties who wished to be close by when the *Meteor* should cross the line. After a long time there was seen to the north long trails of smoke. All hands are stretching their necks. The trails of smoke came nearer. There were three of them, and they were seen to be issuing from three torpedo-boats that were coming on like black comets. It was not in



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

SEARCH-LIGHTS PICKING UP THE YACHTS AS THEY ARRIVE

the official book of Kiel Week, but these were having the only race of the day. At twenty-six or twenty-eight knots an hour they came on, each with a quarter-wave higher than her hull. They ripped up the harbor, and went tearing on by for the inner harbor, leaving three long trails of smoke hanging low, and all the little fishing-craft dancing in the swell of the quarter-waves they left behind.

The dusk comes on, and on the ships of war they seem to be getting nervous. From the deck of the *Nymphe* is heard a piping to quarters, with the hurrying of feet on deck. Then follows the lowering of the flag, with one swelling bar of the national hymn, and after that up goes the night light. On the *Hohenzollern* there seemed to be a similar ceremony, with frequent looks out to sea. One member keeps a long telescope pointed over the rail, and another patrols the little balcony astern. It is a great day when the Emperor races.

The dusk deepens. The people ashore are still promenading the long walk, but colored lanterns have replaced the flags on the balconies. The bunting of the restaurants has also given place to evening decorations. The judges' boats flash search-lights seaward, but there is nothing to see. A passenger-steamer coming in hails to say that she left a bunch of yachts an hour's run astern, which means that it will be two hours or more before they arrive.

It is getting chilly in the night air, with the rations running low, and the charterers of some of the fishing-boats decide to go home. Never before had such ceremony been made ready for the finish of the race, and now in the dark no more than a dozen people would be by to see it—half of them on the judges' boats, and the other half in the little fishing-boats. It is eleven o'clock—dark night—and the breeze is freshening, when the first of the fleet heaves in sight. It is a big knockabout that has probably gone the inside, or shorter, course. She is felt and heard long before she is seen. Whoever has been there will know—the swish of the sharp stem through the placid sea; the long low hull coming toward one in the dark. Her great sail flashes up all at once—unnaturally white under the search-lights. They pinch her up, and

then, finding themselves across, swing her off and let her run. One waiting spectator looks up her number, and finding her to be from Stockholm, gives her a cheer in Swedish.

"We are first?" they hail in reply.

"Yes."

"Good," and they go on up the harbor. The *Nymphe* and the *Hohenzollern* bring search-lights to bear on her as she goes bowling by, but she is not the *Meteor*, and there is no explosion. She goes on toward the lights of the inner harbor, where it is long odds they will soon tie up, make snug, go ashore, have a good supper for themselves, and be in fine condition to tell the next crew in how it was they did it.

After that they arrive rapidly. A half-dozen of the smaller craft come before there is any word of the schooner class. At length one of them works across the line of light and past that again into the darkness. Even in the gloom of a dark night she bears the impress of speed. Her hull is invisible except for the shine of the paint above the phosphorescence. "The *Cicely*," says somebody; "The *Clara*," says another; but the night breeze having its swing, her port side-light rushes by—a red point in the blackness.

At midnight there is still no *Meteor*. The only intelligible report of her, and that in a strange language, comes from the deck of a big sloop. "Oh, somewhere behind," is their hail. The last two of the little fishing-boats, tacking back and forth, and, tired of dodging each other in the gloom, decide to leave for home, and they do. Five minutes later the *Meteor* comes. The search-lights pick her up, her number is taken, and she passes on to her berth in the inner harbor up between the jetties—and that is all there is to it. In the morning, at Kiel, the whole navy standing by, guns booming, ensigns dipping, thousands cheering, tens of thousands looking on, and ships of the navy to see that nothing happened to her; at night, at Travemünde, no guns, no cheering, no flags, and in her rear only the wake of an outclassed vessel as she goes on by in the gloom; and for an audience,—half a dozen on the judges' boats—and they of course wouldn't dare to leave.

Through the entire night they keep coming, with the search-lights picking them up one after the other as they cross the line. Next morning, when the people awake, they find sixty-odd of them tied up to the jetty—three, four, and five tiers the entire length of it, and a celebration under way. The real yachtsmen are busy enough, overhauling gear in preparation for what may come next, but the holiday lads are up on the promenade escorting the ladies and recounting to them the excitement of racing—that is, those who are not taking late breakfast or still in bed.

There is a great deal of entertaining, with not a little manœuvring to secure the Emperor as guest. Even to get him to put his foot on the companionway will be something for the owner of a steam-yacht to talk about. But he is not easily caught. He stands aft on the *Meteor* with the usual allowance of clear water about her, and the people ashore look through their glasses and marvel. The old boatmen, when they arrive abreast of the *Meteor*, in with oars, and catching the royal eye, salaam to the thwarts, and row on in flustered silence when he lifts his cap slightly in return. The Emperor's party go ashore for a stroll in the meadow on the farther side of the harbor, and the children cheer them sweetly.

It is that sort of day in Travemünde—a holiday in a German seaport, with the Emperor in the glow-spot of it all,—and then back to Kiel, where the thing is wound up with felicitous speeches, presentation of prizes, and a great consumption of wine and beer.

It is at night that congratulations are being handed around, and night in Kiel is a story of its own. The military is still there—you cannot stay up late enough at night nor get up early enough in the morning to catch the military out of action,—but much of it is gone. The sentries are not so large on the landscape, and the marching columns are out of action altogether. To replace them the jackies are ashore, whole crews together seemingly. In the resorts that are hid away in the back streets leading from the water-front they congregate thickly.

Up where the electric lights are thick-

er, people who have more money to spend and more time in which to spend it throng the restaurants and the coffee-rooms of the hotels, or sit out under the trees and smoke and chat or sip and eat, and listen to the music; or maybe they will be sitting in the balconies of the handsome residences along the bluff, or lounging on the verandas of the big hotels, or idling on the benches of the marine park, or along the promenade seawall, and from there taking in the night life of the harbor.

They are jumbled together now, with the ensigns and signal-flags replaced by Japanese lanterns and signal-lights. The battle-ship of the Admiral may be picked out, because she carries aloft the single truck-light which none but he may show, and because also she is illuminated in honor of the Emperor by a row of electric lights marking her water-line all the way around, and again encircling her belt of armor, and higher up her turrets and fighting-tops, and showing in addition to all that a dazzling crown of immense size surmounting a great letter W, suspended between the masts—a flashing thing of purple-white, and all for His Majesty. The *Hohenzollern* also may be discovered, lit from stem to stern and carrying lights to every truck—her royal prerogative,—and all about her the lesser craft illuminated also, with lanterns fore and aft and below and aloft.

To sit somewhere along the waterfront, in some quiet restaurant ashore, yourself at a little table under the trees, taking your dinner leisurely, with clustering lights above and about, and a tuneful orchestra not far away; to take it all in—the lights from the heights above, the tinkle of life in streets just far enough removed to suggest without disturbing, the lanterns in the rigging and their reflections in the dark water, the hail of boatmen, the melody of a song, the faint echo of a cheer, the cadence of soft music from cushioned cabins; the whole thing, lights, music, trees, and echoing voices, the whisper of the night breeze and the play of rippling waters,—all that—the mystery of five hundred screw and sail, and of darkness, and of light flashing out of darkness,—it is enchanting, and you hate to leave it. And yet that is the time to leave it.

Judgment

BY ALICE BROWN

PART I

I
THE house John Markham had built for himself, out of his manufacturing business, stood near the park, fronting an avenue of trees. A vacant lot on either side had been sown down to make a breadth of lawn, and the river was at the back. No other city house had such big breathing-space. It signified a bewildering sum of money in the real estate it had absorbed; but in itself it was only a square, solid structure filled with comforts of the simpler sort. There was the plainest furnishing consistent with width of wall and height of ceiling. The rooms had no paucity of convenience; yet at every point they told the story of people who lived plainly. The one telltale luxury about the place lay in the adornment given by natural beauties: for there were flowers in profusion, and open fires burned in every room.

This snowy evening of the early spring, Mrs. Markham sat in the library between lamp and fire, as if she craved the fellowship of both. She was a slender woman in a white dress. Her face wore a natural pallor, and her movements had a rhythm. "Her body thought;" it seemed to be the instrument of a spirit so keen as to demand continuous expression. Her pure profile had an aspiring look, half mystical, half loving; her gray eyes were deeply set, and the black hair above was brushed back in a loose abundance. She was waiting. When the clock struck the quarter-hour she turned to it in quick impatience, though she knew it was no later. Then the lower door opened to a latch-key, and she rose with an expectant grace, trembling yet controlled. A step ran up the stair, and a young woman appeared in the doorway. She was dark, with the poise of Diana, and her

clothes, in their commonplace cut, flouted her beauty. Mrs. Markham put out both her hands.

"Come here, child," she called, in her soft contralto. "Come here, Elizabeth."

The girl walked up to her stepmother, and stood there, smiling and pulling off her gloves. She was not a creature of outspoken greetings; but her face, full of an almost brooding interest in the woman, made up for silence.

"What is it, Helen?" she asked. "What made you send? The settlement is quite agog, your messenger was so urgent."

She had tossed off her jacket and drawn up another chair,—a straight one. There she seated herself and waited, her hands on her knees. Her brows drew together in a watchful intensity. She looked like a doctor prepared to pass sentence on a case. Mrs. Markham had awakened to the alertness of a person who has something to tell. Her face warmed rather with expression than with color.

"I must let you understand the situation first," she said. "Your father is in the West, fighting out the strike."

"Yes. He hasn't yielded. That was on the bulletins when I came by."

"Your brother is on his way home. He sailed from Cape Colony on the ninth."

The girl drew her brows together and narrowed her gaze. She was puzzled.

"Yes, dear, yes," she answered. "But why do you remind me of things I know? What makes you so queer about it? Why do you say 'your brother,' and not just 'Kent'? What's the matter, Helen?"

Mrs. Markham sat straighter, and held the arms of her chair as if to steady herself. "I want you to realize just how we are placed."

"Placed, Helen?"



THE GIRL STARTED TO HER FEET

But Helen did not listen. Her words had a despairing thrill.

"And your brother is engaged to Rosamond March."

Elizabeth leaned forward and laid a hand on her stepmother's knee. She spoke gently, as we reassure the sick.

"Yes, Helen, yes. What then?"

Mrs. Markham looked at her for a moment from a still face where reflection seemed to be moving below the surface.

"Do you remember Jane Harding?" she asked.

"She was the seamstress we hired by the day, when things were going so badly with us?"

"Yes. Later she had a little class down at Woodside."

"An old-maidish sort of woman—spinster to the bone. She had one daughter."

"Yes."

"Big, blowsy thing, pretty as a tulip, and vain! My stars! wasn't she vain? She stole my doll's best dress and bunched it up into a necktie."

"Jane Harding came to see me on Tuesday. She says—" her voice paused upon an eloquent note, but she went on quietly: "Her daughter went to the bad. That was the way she put it."

"Did Linda marry?"

"No. She died unmarried. But the man"—again she halted, and the girl looked at her with a candid interest—"the one this woman accuses—the man was—Kent."

The girl started to her feet. "Kent!" she repeated. "Kent! Helen, how can you?"

"It is true. I am convinced of it."

"Give me your proofs. Helen, I am ashamed of you! I can't forgive you. Don't expect it of me—ever."

Mrs. Markham took no notice of the outburst. It was a part of the difficult situation, and she overrode it as if it were a wave. "Mrs. Harding brought me letters," she said. "They were from Kent,—some to her, some to the girl. She read me parts of them. It is all true."

Elizabeth seated herself with determination, like one recalled to a habitual attitude of mind. Her face took on the concentrated look it wore when she was

thinking over her settlement work. In that moment she had decided that neither the grief nor wrong of this calamity should touch her at the core. She made it a point of honor not to wince. This was no worse for her than for girls more used to shame.

"I am willing to assume you are right," she said, coldly. "For the sake of finding out the next step, nothing more. They want money, do they?"

"Yes. She—Jane Harding—wants a sum of money."

"If it were true, they should have it. Helen,"—her voice quivered, and, forgetting her denial, she ended passionately, "they must have it. But I forget. Linda is not living."

"No."

"Then Jane Harding wants money for herself. Is that it?"

"That is it. She wants money and she intends to get it—hideously. She has a package of Kent's letters. She proposes to sell them to us."

"Blackmail!"

Helen nodded. Her face had a dry anguish, disproportioned, Elizabeth took time to consider, to this stage of the game. The tragedy of it, she thought, lay in what was done and over; there was nothing in this present phase to evoke more than what she herself felt,—a nauseating distaste for the dead body of past sin.

"It is very easy to deal with a case like that," she said, coldly, out of her hatred for the savor of it. This seemed quite unlike the same thing which made the commonplace of life in tabulated reports. "We need a lawyer."

"We can't deal with this in any ordinary way, Elizabeth. If we anger her, she will use the letters."

"What does she propose doing with them?"

"She will tell Rosamond the story. The letters are her proof."

The girl gave a little cry, full of wounded love. She lifted her head proudly. "It won't hurt Rosamond," she said. "Rosamond knows it already. Kent would never have entered into an engagement to marry Rosamond without telling her."

"That is just the point. He didn't tell her."

The girl started up from her chair.

Then she seated herself, with a wilful calm. "Don't expect me to believe a thing like that, Helen," she returned. "I won't, I can't, even from you."

"Listen," said the older woman, gently. "The night Rosamond promised to marry him, Kent came in here within an hour after he left her, and talked to me. Kent was very happy that night. He told me Rosamond had accepted him. Then he stopped and pondered. His face got seamy, as it does when he sits by the fire and fancies nobody is looking. Finally he said to me that there was something Rosamond ought to know. I remember his words: 'But she won't let me tell her. I'm afraid that's a mistake, mother. It's a mistake.'"

"What did you say?"

"I asked if what he meant was past and gone. He said, 'Yes.' I asked him if any one had a right to trouble her, and he said, 'No right—but there might be ghosts.' I said: 'Well, Rosamond is chiefly spirit. She won't be afraid of ghosts.' We both laughed, and I believe we cried a little. I'm sure I did."

"Was that the end of it?"

"No. We talked more. I took his two hands in mine as I used to do when he was little and had got into scrapes. 'Kent,' I said, 'have you done wrong?' 'Yes,' said he. I asked him if he had tried to make it right. He held up his dear head and looked me in the eyes. 'Yes, mother,' said he, 'honest I have. Some things can't be righted, but I've done all I could.' I asked him if Rosamond were innocently crowding out somebody who ought to have her place. He winced then. But he said: 'No. There is nobody. She is dead.'"

"So you advised him not to tell?"

"Not that, Elizabeth. I simply couldn't advise him at all. I had the same feeling about Rosamond that he had brought away with him. I felt her girl's passion for him, her untouched faith, her wanting to take him as he was,—home from the wars of youth, with scars on him, but a creature to be adored, trusted—oh, it didn't seem well to resurrect wrong, tawdry things, and paste them over a picture such as that!"

She rose, a different creature fired by passion, and stood there trembling, her nostrils big with life.

"So somebody else is going to tell her," said Elizabeth, practically, "if we don't pay down money. Frankly, Helen, I should pay the money. How much does she want?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Heavens! Well, I should temporize. I should play the woman. Give her something, and ward her off till Kent comes home. Then he will tell Rosamond himself. But I should do anything to save Rosamond from this brutal shock, especially now when her mother is ill. She can't afford the strain."

"Ah, but that's it. The woman is clever. She won't be played with. She demands the whole. Right or wrong, Bess, I think I should give it to her—but I haven't it. I've no money."

The girl cast her a swift look, as if she were ashamed.

"It's abominable," she cried, "to live in the midst of this and have no money."

Her stepmother threw out her hands in passionate deprecation.

"I have never wanted money of my own," she said, hotly. "I prefer to have your father give it to me. It is a part of the fun we have, your father and I, for me to pick his pockets, as if he were a working-man. It makes him realize his wealth, his power. He likes it, and so do I."

She was flushed, trembling like a girl. Elizabeth looked at her, and smiled with reminiscent tenderness which seemed to spring from long devotion.

"You're a goose over father, dear," said she. "Well, he's a goose over you. But you've only to ask him for money. Have you asked?"

Helen's face took on the lines of baffled will. Some hurt was also there.

"I wrote him at once," she said, in a low tone. "I told him everything. He telegraphed. Here is the message." She took a crumpled paper from the little bag at her side.

Elizabeth read it with a frowning brow.

"'He must take the consequences of his own acts.' That's just like my father!" she cried, in an outburst of the tempestuous nature she had inherited from him. "It's his everlasting glorification of what he calls justice. Do you know what will happen to my father

some day?" She rose, and the two women stood facing each other like antagonists.

Helen reached out a jealous hand and took the paper. She smoothed its folds as if it were precious to her, coming, even at such a remove, from her husband, and laid it carefully away. The girl went on:

"My father believes in the old Hebrew law—'an eye for an eye.' There's something in it. But as sure as he's a living man and tries to administer it himself, some day it will turn on him."

"Don't!" commanded the wife. "You must not, Elizabeth."

But a spirit had entered into the girl, the emotional frenzy that made her like her father and her brother, so that the three, when it stirred in them at once, seemed to Helen like panoplied warriors bent on battle.

"Justice never comes the way we think," she continued, in a rapid flood,— "never! Kent expected to be punished for that old sin of his. He knew the scourge would fall. But it's Rosamond who's going to get it, and Kent will have to see her wince. And my father—"

"Don't speak of your father," cried the other woman, with a voice of authority. "You shall not—in that tone."

Elizabeth took no notice. "My father frightens me," she said, "he is so hard. He thinks he knows. He means to mete out justice. He won't stand by the sinner while God wields the knout. He won't bend. Helen, sometime he'll have to break."

"Would you have him yield to an unjust demand?" flamed Helen, in a swift defence. "You and I yield because we are women and because Rosamond must be saved. Men are different."

"My father is different," said the girl. "He is so different he can send a telegram like that, and stand aside and let the wheels roll on, no matter whom they crush. Sometime he will be punished."

Helen was shuddering under the onslaught of the passionate young voice, and Elizabeth hardly paused:

"I have watched my father for years, and I have seen him get his punishments. But the trouble is, he never knows them when they come. There was another time when he started justice rolling and stood aside to let it take

its course. He allowed the battle to be fought without him—"

"No, Bess, no!"

"You fought it for him, without precisely knowing what you fought, poor dear! You simply knew there was deadly warfare between my father and me. You broke, trying to patch it up. We managed to crush you, my father and I together. You were ill three years, and he never knew what hurt you. You'd be ill now if I hadn't refused to eat his bread and taken myself out of the way. But for those three years he had to see you suffer. And he adores you, Helen."

The other woman's face broke into a quiver like that of tears. She looked divinely happy. "Yes," she said, softly—"yes, he does."

"And that is the way he'll be paid back. Life will strike him there. He has left people alone to fight out what he presumes to think they have deserved. He will be left alone. That will be his judgment. He has stood here, beckoning and beckoning to it. It will come."

Helen was not trembling now; a noble calm enveloped her. "No," said she. "No. We must fight it off."

"You can't fight off law. That's what it is—this course of things. It's law."

Helen spoke swiftly, with the rush of inspiration, poesy meeting fact.

"There is a law above the law. They are like the steps to an altar. I shall fight my way up over them, to that last appeal."

Elizabeth put a hand upon the slender wrist. The muscles felt like iron to her touch.

"You are a gallant thing, Helen," she said, "but your fighting won't do any good. My father needs to be smashed. He needs straight talk, crude common sense. You live here with your flowers and books, praying for him. It's lovely, but it's like the old simile—stroking the turtle's shell."

Helen had scarcely heard. Her delicate brows were drawn together in a frown. She began with difficulty to set forth what she had never clearly formulated, even to herself.

"Sometimes I think what we call the will of God is our own will: not our individual will, but the accumulated word of generation upon generation. We are

like voices that cry out, demanding something. We decree love and we get it—for somebody. It is like a beautiful creation, like flowers in a garden. Or we call for vengeance."

"We are not so big as that, not so important. We are atoms, dear. The laws were made and given us."

"Sometimes I think we make the law by our desires. No, we don't make it; we call it out from where it sleeps. So, if a person hurts me, I must not remember it. I must hide it even from myself, for fear my cry is heard, for fear that little compensating lash flies back to strike the hand that bruised me."

Elizabeth smiled at her with an extreme tenderness, yet as one who recognized a fantasy and felt she must indulge it.

"It almost seems, Helen," said she, quizzically, in the midst of her foreboding, "as if you had taken out a patent for hoodwinking the universe."

Helen smiled back at her; but she answered gravely:

"The universe is a fluent thing. It moves here and there, like the deep sea. How many laws science has called forth from where they seemed to sleep! Well, the spirit has its laws."

"So you don't want me to mention my father's transgressions, for fear God will hear and punish him."

"I don't want you to beckon his punishments. That was what you said yourself, a while ago. We beckon things."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to take hold with me, and lift with both your hands. There are things which we can't do, because your father should decide them. We can't meddle. Still, we must act."

"Sit down, dear," said Elizabeth, gently.

Helen seemed to her a beautiful enthusiast quite unrelated to the present world. She was a book to be read by the fire, a strain of music heard at twilight to fit the worker for next day's wrestling; but not herself suited, through divine intent, to dusty ways.

"I shall take hold," she said. "We must think how."

Helen settled to an immediate consideration of the moment. The mystical look had faded from her face. Yet it

was hardly mystical. It was the seeking gaze of one who strives to find untrodden paths.

"We must be practical," she said. "The woman herself is clever. We must be more so."

"I still say," argued Elizabeth, her hands on her knees in an attitude of musing, "that I should temporize. I should stave her off until Kent comes."

Helen shook her head.

"If you could see her," she returned, "you wouldn't entertain that for a moment. She has laid her train. She is entirely resolved and absolutely methodical. She will do exactly what she says."

"I still don't see why you are afraid to call in a lawyer."

"You'd know if you saw her. She told me she had half a dozen ways of reaching us, if we choked her off. Through the papers, she said. Kent has his enemies—"

"Yes, like father. Kent has flaunted justice. Dear as he is, he has dealt some knock-down blows."

"And now when he is coming home with his laurels, when he's on everybody's tongue, 'the brilliant war correspondent,' now he must pay! There are two papers I can think of that would be glad to make him smart."

Elizabeth nodded.

"Yes. Kent called them scurvy sheets. That was the least of it. He's been a good fighter, and there was a time when he couldn't move without infuriating some one. He acted as if he were cast for the Archangel Michael. That won't do. I wonder he has escaped satire. But he's a splendid dear!" Justice flamed up in her. "I said I'd pay Jane Harding. I wouldn't. I'd fight it out."

Then both women thought of Rosamond, and their blood cooled. This was not to be contested while innocence stood in the background, for random shafts to strike.

"Send for my father," counselled Elizabeth. "He must come, at least."

Helen shook her head drearily.

"He won't come," she answered. "He will fight out the strike."

"Yes, he will. And if ever there was a just strike, this is it."

"But your father won't yield, Bess. He can't." Her defence was hot again.

"Why can't he yield, except that he's my father—old John Markham, who will go on banging his head into brick walls until he batters out his brains?"

"He is investigating the situation. If their demands are just, your father will accede. Not otherwise. And not because they force him."

"No," said Elizabeth, dryly, "not because they force him. It will take the Hebrew God to force my father."

"What would you do," asked Helen, suddenly, "if you met a case like this among your neighbors at the settlement?"

"Do? Buck up against it. Shake my fist in its face. Find Jane Harding, run her to earth— But where is the woman?"

Again Helen shook her head. "I don't know."

"How are you to communicate with her?"

"She is coming here."

"When?"

"She wouldn't say. She did say it would do no good to follow her or hunt her down. If she should fail, others are ready to carry out the plan."

"She brought the letters here?"

"Copies of them. She left those with me."

"What for?"

"She wanted me to read them through. I had heard only the parts she chose."

"Have you read them?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"They were Kent's. I hadn't any right."

"Stuff and nonsense, Helen! They're not letters now. They're evidence. Where are they?"

Helen pointed to the library table. "In that drawer."

Elizabeth rose and pulled at the drawer. It was locked.

"I don't feel sure we have a right to see those letters," said Helen, regarding her in a doubtful consideration.

"Letters that have been read by Jane Harding, copied, bandied about we don't know where?" A thought assailed her and took her breath. "Why are you so sure they are Kent's letters, after all?"

"She read me parts of them," said Helen again. "That was the way she began. She said it was the case of a

poor woman. She wanted my advice. She read a little here and there, and suddenly the truth broke in on me. They were Kent's letters. These were his turns of style, his tricks of speech. I stopped her. She didn't need to tell me."

"Were they?"—Elizabeth's tone was low and her face burned red—"were they love-letters?"

"No, not in any particular. If they ever could have been, the time had passed. They were very practical, yet very sad. There was a tired tone about them. They were a good deal like Kent before he found Rosamond. They were about money chiefly. About marriage, too. He wished to marry Linda."

"Why didn't she marry him?" said Elizabeth, musingly. "Why not, I wonder?"

"Jane told me. By that time there was another man, a man she did like. She never cared for Kent."

The girl rose in quick revolt, and then sat down again.

"It's pretty tawdry, isn't it?" she said.

Helen nodded, without looking up, as at a situation over which she had pondered more than her fill.

"When was this?" asked Elizabeth, suddenly.

"It was the year Kent left home."

The girl's face flamed, and then as rapidly grew white. "The year my father quarrelled with him when he stood by Graham Landor and wouldn't give him up because he was disgraced," she said, in a swift current of hot speech. "Nobody would talk about it with me then. I didn't know it all until long after."

"It was that year," said Helen, quietly. "Kent had very little money. He boarded near the Hardings'. Jane said so."

Elizabeth sat meditating, her mouth in an iron line. She seemed to be straying farther and farther into some byway of old thought. When she recalled herself, it was as one who forswears such sad indulgences that she may act instead.

"Well," said she, conclusively, "I think I must see those letters."

Her will, so like John Markham's, moved the wife, used to compliance, like a message from him.

"I think so too," said she. "Here is the key." She drew it from her chate-laine, and Elizabeth, with a quick de-

cisiveness, unlocked the drawer. She took out a package and held it up.

"Yes," said Helen, "there they are."

A soft rush and rustle fled through the hall. The two women looked at each other in startled questioning. A girl stood in the doorway, lightly poised upon a running foot. She was of the angelic type, to grow into a Madonna when life should veil her in new knowledge and desire. Her face had the beauty of the blonde, alive now with merry expectation. She threw back her cloak, and hastening forward, took Helen's hands and kissed them.

"Rosamond!" breathed Helen, and Elizabeth echoed,

"Rosamond!"

II

Elizabeth sat there with the letters in her hand while the other two women kissed and looked at each other in a frank delight. When Rosamond turned to her, with the same abounding sweetness and certainty of welcome, she rose, and they clasped hands like comrades. Immediately Elizabeth wheeled about and laid the letters in the drawer. Then they sat down, Rosamond in a low chair obliquely to the fire, so that she faced them both. She had the flush of roses; her soft hair had tangled under her hood, and her eyes were full of light—the glow of youth and mounting spirits. She looked like an untouched thing, crowned with hope and all the promises. She laughed out, as if life were seething in her, overtopping the commonplace moment in a yeast of foam. "I ran away," said she. "I telephoned for a carriage, and left mamma word that I was here with you. She was sleeping like a baby."

"Then she is better?" asked Helen, smiling at her with the delight of maternity itself in such embodied expectation.

"She is amazingly better. This is the first day I haven't been afraid. Dear—dears, both of you!—when do you think Kent will be home?"

She looked from one to the other in a most obvious anticipation. Her premonitory joy was too great to admit of subterfuge. Elizabeth brusquely changed her attitude, and Helen answered,

"He's due a week from—"

"Due, Mrs. Markham! Please, please don't put it that way. Not when he ought to come, but when he's coming! I want certainties."

Elizabeth rose and shook herself, as if she thrust away her own discomfort.

"I must go," she said. "I promised to be back at ten. But I'll come round to-morrow." She took Helen's hand, and then bent down and kissed her. It was a rare caress, and the tears started to Helen's eyes.

Rosamond raised her pretty brows.

"Dear me!" said she, when Elizabeth had left the room. "Isn't Bess affectionate? I wish she'd expend some of her bottled ecstasy on me." She laughed, a low, happy ripple, and slipped from her chair to the floor at Helen's knee. She laid her cheek on the older woman's hand and looked into the fire happily.

"Now," said she, "let's talk about Kent!"

It was an old topic; the ways of gilding it were understood between them.

"Well," said Helen, in the tone of beginning a fairy-story, "Kent is a remarkable person. In the first place, he is a very magnificent war correspondent—"

"Yes,—go on."

"He is coming home all covered over with laurels—" She stopped, and her brows contracted.

"Yes, yes! *Continuez!*"

"I can't, dear, I can't!"

Rosamond lifted her head and looked up into Helen's face. She was surprised, and that touch of piquant wistfulness gave her an added charm. The firelight flushed her and played upon the hue it made, and her hair fell deliciously about her face. She looked like a nymph in disarray. Helen, considering her, felt her own heart fail. The moment's question, as it touched Rosamond, seemed unanswerable. This maiden nature was a citadel not to be assailed by worldly compromise. She wondered whether knowledge of sin could enter it without defacing some pure shrine.

"What is it?" asked Rosamond. "You look as if you knew things you couldn't tell. It's not Kent? Something has happened to him, and you are keeping it from me!"

Helen laughed with the false mirth



"NOW," SAID SHE, "LET'S TALK ABOUT KENT!"

that moves upon the surface of a hidden mood. "Dear heart," said she, "how could I hear from Kent when he's on the ocean?"

"Not a word from him since that cable from Cape Colony?"

"Not a word, Rosamond."

The girl sighed a long breath and dropped her head again. Her gaze mused off beyond the fire.

"I am too happy," she said. "It makes me apprehensive. I never used to be afraid. But I suppose it's because I care so much. The earth seems like a bubble blown round Kent. What if it should break!"

"Don't be afraid. Whatever happens—"

The maid appeared at the doorway with a visiting-card. Helen took it, and by some chance movement dropped it, face upward, to the floor. Rosamond caught the name.

"Why," she cried, irrepressibly, "Jane Harding! I remember her. She gave Kent lessons: in botany, wasn't it, and composition?" She rose, and began patting her hair into place.

"Ask her to wait," said Helen, to the maid. "Not in the hall. In the reception-room."

"I haven't thought of her for years," continued Rosamond, idly, stretching a foot out to the fire. "No, dear, I won't sit down again. Briggs ought to be here. I left word for him to come and walk home with me. I had to have a breath."

Helen rose precipitately, and Rosamond followed her gaze to the door. Jane Harding stood there, a thin, gaunt figure in meagre black. All her clothes were well calculated to withstand the disaster of more than ordinary wear; they might have been constructed for exacting journeys. They were scanty, exposing small surface to the wind. Her hat, of an Alpine shape outlawed by fashion, had a band of black; it was tied by ribbons under her chin. It would be impossible to describe her without caricature, and yet the woman, in her self-respecting decency, could never have provoked a smile. She merely belonged to another age, decried by servile fashion. She made a period of her own. Her face was the unconscious expression of a type: the thin hair drawn back and braided, the

set mouth, the undaunted chin, and eyes overhung by the shiny forehead of an uncompromising intellectuality.

"I couldn't very well wait," said she; "so I came up." Her voice was dry and colorless. All possible similes would be too warm beside its neutral quality. Her mouth worked, as she talked, in the evident determination to deliver words precisely. She seemed to be exercising them with a preliminary canter before she allowed them to emerge.

Rosamond turned on the newcomer one of her delightful smiles.

"You don't remember me, Mrs. Harding," said she. "I used to see you when I was a little girl."

Something moved the woman's face. It was not color so much as a pale lunar image of emotion, and with the first brief flicker it was gone.

"It has been a long time," she responded, from a vague indifference, "a great many years."

Helen stepped forward. "You will excuse me, Mrs. Harding," said she, her dignity admitting no appeal. "I shall have to ask you to wait for a few minutes. If you will step into the study there at the right—"

"No! no!" cried Rosamond, gathering up her cloak. "I'm going, dear; truly I must. But let me ask you this: mother has taken a great fancy to go down to Woodside as soon as she can be moved. May we?"

"Of course. The house is partially closed. Old Sam and Hannah are living in two rooms; but we'll have the fires started."

"So I told her. Still, she wants me to run down and see about it. I had to promise her. She's like a baby. I told her I'd go down to-morrow."

"Splendid! You need some country air. I'll telephone. You can take a maid."

"I may not be able to take anybody. We have lost one maid, and there is extra work. I can go perfectly well alone."

"I should be very happy to go down with you for the trip, Miss March," said Mrs. Harding, quietly. "I have always wanted to see Woodside again."

"Thank you," answered Rosamond, in a quick gust of gratitude. "Why, thank you!"

"It will not be necessary," put in Helen, conclusively. "I will telephone you to-morrow, Rosamond. Shall I ask if Briggs has come?"

"Please."

The girl slipped into her wrap, and stood hugging it about her with premonition of the cold. She looked like a celestial creature, all blue raiment and the hues of youth.

"Is Briggs down-stairs?" asked Helen of the maid.

"No, Mrs. Markham."

"Never mind, dear," said Rosamond. "I'll run home by myself. It won't take me ten minutes. I shall like it."

"I am going that way," remarked Jane Harding, with the same indifferent civility. "I should be very happy to walk along with you, Miss March."

"No, no!" said Helen, violently. "Rosamond, I shall telephone for a carriage. Mrs. Harding, come with me, please." She stood aside for Jane to precede her through the doorway, and the woman went, with scarcely a movement of her spare draperies.

"In there, if you please," said Helen, pointing with an authoritative grace to a closed portière. "Wait for me. I will call you."

At that moment Briggs was reported as having arrived below-stairs, and she summoned Rosamond. They said good night at the front door, and having seen her safely away with the old manservant, Helen stood there a moment to collect herself, breathing the cold air and looking up at the uncountable stars. She was always helped by distance and the suggestion that this is a universe and not merely a world. Then, with the strength of larger life in her lungs, she went upstairs again, to find Jane Harding.

The portière had been pushed aside; but Helen, stepping into the shaded dusk of the study, found it empty. She went on to the door opening into the conservatory, and there she paused. Jane Harding stood in that flowery seclusion, lost to the world without. Save in her poverty-stricken outline, this was not the woman who had left the library five minutes before. She had imbibed life from something, and with it a semblance of the vigor that makes life sweet. She was drinking in the moist air of the

place; but it was more than mortal breath that moved her so. A flush had risen to her face and speciously renewed it. Her rigorous mouth had softened. She was a different woman. Helen stood there in silence, not conscious of any purpose of espial, but merely confronting a situation she did not understand. At some slight movement of hers Jane Harding came to herself, with a start, and saw her. She seemed to recall her ordinary mood, and with a gulp swallowed down engrossing passion. But she had to speak, and she did it frankly.

"I never saw such a sight in my life," she said, in a broken voice.

"You like the flowers?" asked Helen, gently. "Don't you want to go through that door and see the orchids?"

"Have you got orchids?" Some touch of nature had constrained her to put in the superfluous verb. Her previous speech had been all that could be desired by up-to-date grammarians disporting in contentious journals. That flashed upon Helen. She remembered how, in their other talk, Jane Harding had held to a rigorous "wouldn't you better," spoken with bravado. This advent of the real woman had been destructive. Old habit had pushed culture from the stage, and itself stood forth there nakedly.

"Yes," said Helen. "Go on. I'll follow you. There! open that door."

Jane Harding stood in the bewildering spot where golden fortune had assembled strange similitudes of other life: flowers like birds, like butterflies, like snakes, like everything but flowers. She looked about her as if she saw all the riches of the kingdoms of the earth. The old story of caves lighted by jewels dazzling beyond belief had here its mate in this true happening of a mortal caught by a bewildering pageantry.

"My soul!" groaned Jane. "My soul!"

"Mr. Markham is very fond of orchids," ventured Helen, in puzzled explanation. "Not quite that, perhaps. It isn't so much the flowers; he enjoys collecting them."

"That's what money can do!" said the other woman, in a bitter outcry. "It buys you things like these. My God!"

Helen went up to her, and laid a hand upon her arm. "Orchids are not very

important," she said. "I don't quite like them myself. They make me a little uneasy, they are so ostentatious."

"What do you mean by ostentatious?"

Helen felt the strangeness of the situation. They two had met on a tragical ground; but now they seemed, for no reason that yet appeared, to be considering, with equal intensity, something which had, in her mind, no weight at all. Orchids, she would have said, bore no possible significance, save as they absorbed money or cost life. But she was learning things about Jane Harding which, she was in some way convinced, could not be even guessed outside the orchid-house. She sat down on a step, and motioned the woman to sit also. But Mrs. Harding took no notice of the inviting gesture. She walked slowly back and forth, bending to one and another of the swart, freckled flowers, inhaling their look as if it were perfume.

"Ostentatious!" said Helen, reflectively. "Why, I mean that to me they are remarkable things, which do not pay in the least for the trouble spent on them. They merely stand for money."

"To think them things are growing outside in the world and I can't get at 'em," said Jane Harding, fiercely. Her grammatical armor had fallen from her. She was plain New England in a fret.

"But why do you want to get at them?"

"I want it because I want it," said the woman, hotly, turning upon her, and speaking as if she addressed, not her, but the God that made and starved or nourished flowers and women both. "I was born to want it. You look here! What kind of a life do you think I've lived? I married a sot. That's what he was—a sot. Lindy was like him, for all the world. They hadn't any principle. When he was alive, I sewed. But I was bound to rise. When he died, I studied till I passed the examinations, and then I got a few scholars. But there was just one thing I wanted. I wanted to teach botany. I fitted myself, and the system changed. They had microscope work then. I hadn't any microscope. I went back to sewing. Lindy went to the devil. I couldn't stop her. I kept her down when she was a little girl—so many hours' study, so many to sew. She wouldn't learn. She couldn't. She was a great

disappointment." Her mouth closed in the lines of a savage, though not a passionate, memory.

"Poor Lindy!" breathed Helen.

"No child ever had a better bringing up," went on the woman, in an honest justification. "No child in the world. She was under my eye every minute I could keep her there. But she used to run away."

"I see."

"Well, that's all there is about it. She was handsome, and she was wild, and she went to the bad. After she died, I made up my mind I'd got to live my life. I wanted to study and cultivate myself. I wanted to travel."

"Ah!" said Helen, softly. "That's it!"

"I got hold of a book," Jane Harding spoke hurriedly now, with keen, dry emphasis. "It told how a woman went travelling about painting flowers the eye of man hadn't seen. She went everywhere. She went to the Andes." She pronounced the word as if it indicated paradise.

"You want to go to the Andes! You want to paint flowers!"

"I want to see flowers," said the other, in a hungry tone. "I want to see 'em where they grow, and maybe paint 'em, and maybe not."

Her hard, thin visage was relaxing more and more. Helen saw how complex this craving was, made out of the best of her and the worst. The woman had an in-born longing for what New England calls culture. She would pursue it with unwearied foot, though it led her to the grave. This was acquisition of as real a sort as the amassing of property; if she had it in her mind, she would go about doling it out to women's clubs in dry little talks and the distribution of herbarium sheets among the audience. But there was another side to it, as clear as the stream of individual desire that flows into us all from the creative fount. Her passion was for flowers. It was inexplicable, it was illogical; but there it was. It might lead her hungering and thirsting through dull ways of study even over the Andes; but it would not be stilled until death had hushed her heart.

"I think it might be brought about," said Helen. Her face was illuminated

with that satisfaction which lies in giving hunger what it wants, not what it needs. "If you long to travel, I believe it can be managed."

The woman's face hardened into its old, set lines. "I don't accept money," she said, now with her academic utterance. "I must pay my way."

"You asked for money. You demanded it."

"That was my just dues."

"For what?"

"It was my just dues for what I've been through with Lindy. She ought to have been a teacher and paid her way. Then we could have put something aside. She ate up everything I saved, one fashion or another. She made it fly. If she hadn't got finery to trail round in after Kent Markham, he never'd have noticed her. She speculated with my money to get him. She got him. Now he can pay me—you can—you are his folks—for all that followed, the shame and all. You can pay me."

Helen regarded her from a mood that turned her mouth to quivering sternness.

"Be honest," said she. "You don't think it's your just dues. You simply want something, and you are snatching at it. Then you invent a justification. You want to go abroad—"

"I must have something laid by, so I can go abroad with a free mind," said the woman. "I want my just dues."

"I think I might get money for that, if you will be patient. I have often been able to help people carry out their wishes. Not the sum you asked for; that isn't just. But I could send you abroad—"

"I don't want charity. I want my just dues."

"Why do you demand things?" asked Helen, impulsively. "That's no way to get them. Why do you tell me you must have a certain sum within a given number of days?"

"You are afraid of my telling Rosamond March," said Jane Harding, briefly. "That's my only hold over you. If I wait till Kent comes home, I've got no weapon."

"How did you conceive this plan? How do you know Kent himself hasn't told her?"

"I saw her at church. I knew he hadn't told her."

Helen groaned. "And because she looks innocent, happy, untouched, you make use of her to threaten me!"

"You can pay me my just dues," said Jane Harding, implacably. "Then she needn't be told at all."

Helen sat and mused, and Mrs. Harding turned to the orchids; immediately again she grew transfigured. Her ordinary personality faded; it melted into a dreamy consideration of something more beautiful to her than any dream. Helen's thoughts were far afield. She was conscious of a new partisanship. Jane Harding had become one of the army to be saved from judgment, and set on the road of doing good instead of ill. She recalled herself at sight of the woman's brooding attitude. It was like that of mothers above cradles.

"Pick some of them, if you like," said Helen. "Yes, I mean it. Pick them!"

"Pick 'em!" responded the worshipper, in a melting tone. It was grotesque, in misplaced pathos, like the endearments of childless women over makeshift pets. "Pick 'em! my soul! I couldn't pick 'em. Let 'em grow."

Her manner, like her voice, betrayed new gravity, and even some reproof. This might have been a woman who in the midst of baby-worship finds herself counselled by the colder bystander to shake the child into an admired animation.

"Those in the corner are very precious, I believe," said Helen, with a desultory wish to continue their mutual knowledge. "There is another my husband has never been able to find. He has a very interesting scheme, he and Mr. Graham Landor, the editor of the *Day*. They mean to send a young man to South America in search of that one plant. My husband is to furnish half the money and have the orchid. The young man is to write up his adventures, if he has any, for the *Day*." She spoke idly, with the courteous necessity she always felt to share conversation wherever two were gathered together. But the effect of that small commonplace amazed her.

"My Lord!" cried Jane Harding, all her defences gone again. "A man, of course! a man! That's what luck will bring. He couldn't do it a mite better than I could. I could find that plant."

"I believe you could," responded Hel-

en, rising in admiration of her dash and courage. "Mrs. Harding, don't go home. Spend the night with me."

The woman looked at her in frank suspicion. "You want to keep your eye on me," she said.

"That's not why I am asking you. I do want to keep my eye on you; but that's not it." Jane Harding stepped past her with the determination of the drunkard who puts the cup aside. Without one glance behind, she walked through the conservatory to the room beyond. Helen followed, and outside the moist, heavy air, Jane Harding faced her.

"I want my just dues," said she.

Helen sickened at her implacability. She recurred to a past issue, of no importance at the moment, save as it gave her better understanding of the woman.

"Why did you offer to walk home with Rosamond?" she asked. "Why did you propose going to Woodside with her?"

"To scare you." The words were cooler than their sense. "You would better learn how many ways I can find of seeing her alone."

The very meagreness and practicality of the woman were, in themselves, a terror. If she had looked the adventuress, a gypsy crone, a hag out of French fiction, even Helen might have put her in the hands of the police. She was a decent New England matron, of pedagogical ambitions and wandering blood, whose inward spirit, though it might outvie the martyrs, would veil itself in an impeccable decorum. This was the New England conscience turned to longing and to crime; but even in those byways it would act with its accustomed rigor. What Jane Harding had resolved upon, that she could be trusted to perform.

"Stay all night with me," urged Helen. "You may go in the morning. I sha'n't interfere with you."

"I guess you won't interfere with me," said Mrs. Harding, the free-born American's glint coming into her eyes. "I guess I should go home in the morning, for all anybody—"

"The orchids are beautiful in the morning," ventured Helen, persuasively, "with the sun on them."

The Puritan faltered; the monomaniac triumphed. "Well," said Jane Harding, weakly, "maybe I'll stay."

"Then excuse me one moment, and I'll show you to your room. Go back among the orchids, if you like. Turn on the light, there by the door."

Helen hurried out of the room, and ran across the hall to the telephone. Impulse, in trying situations, was her slave; sometimes it was her master. At the moment she could not tell whether this were wisdom or mere daring. She called up Graham Landor at the office of the *Day*. He would be there, she knew, editing the morning paper.

"Is that you, Mr. Landor?" she asked. "Mrs. Markham! No, nothing is the matter. Nothing to trouble you. We are all well. Are you going home soon? Could you drop in to see me on the way? No, no news from him. The strike? No news. Can you come? Thank you."

She hung up the receiver, and stood there a moment, weighing her action. Graham Landor, Kent's friend, an old intimate of them all, had not entered the house for years. No one had told her why, and she had stilled her queries from an unexplained foreboding that the defection was to Graham's hurt. Now she wanted him, and, life being very simple to her, she called him. She brushed aside the possibility of un wisdom in her act, and with the excitement of anticipation upon her, went back to the study. The room was empty. She smiled, and took her sanguine way through the conservatory to the orchid-house. It, too, was dark, a fragrant, warm seclusion.

"Didn't you understand about the light?" she called. "Here! I'll do it for you." Its brilliancy roused all the spotted things to living wonder. Struck out against the riven dark, they seemed like creatures newly made.

But Jane Harding was not there. Helen waited a moment, with an uncanny sense of listening for the breathing of a person she could not see. There was no sound. The ear, like the eye, refused to find her. Helen ran back through the rooms to the hall window commanding the avenue. She threw up the sash and thrust out her head. A small figure was walking rapidly down the deserted mall. It was Jane Harding. She had decided not to spend the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Great Man

BY CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

I DRINK to the youngest Marshal in the army—to the fortunate, the brave, the courteous de Ravenel, whom we all adore.”

The health was proposed in the kitchen of a farmhouse on the Polish shore of the river Niemen. News had reached the French camp that the long-expected invasion of Russia was on foot at last, that the Emperor had left Dresden for the front, and that Frédéric de Ravenel, brigade-colonel, had been promoted to the rank of Davoust and Ney. The beginning of those hostilities for which Napoleon had been moving troops from west to east for nearly a year—Napoleon’s approach itself—made less stir in camp than de Ravenel’s promotion.

What was the explanation of such a brilliant step? Every one was asking the question. The answer which found most favor was one which connected the appointment with a repatee. Frédéric de Ravenel had been sent on a mission to the Tsar Alexander about the Oldenburg affair. Alexander, during the first reception of the mission, had permitted himself the hasty expression, “Napoleon must be mad.” “It is in that phrase, your Majesty,” de Ravenel was said to have answered, “that men, and, I see, monarchs also, acknowledge a greatness which they fear.” Alexander had let the insolence pass, but had refused to receive the mission again. Now it was well known that although Napoleon was still writing affectionate letters to Alexander, declaring that he had no desire in the world for war, he was dying for an excuse to quarrel. Alexander’s snub to the mission supplied it. It was not wonderful, people said, that a mark of high favor was immediately bestowed on de Ravenel.

Whether this was true or not, de Ravenel at twenty-nine was a Marshal of France, and, because he knew the roads

NOTE.—A dramatic version of this story has been copyrighted by the author.

to Moscow, was likely to stand high in the Emperor’s regard during the coming campaign. Yet the officers dining with him this night rose to their feet and responded to the toast, proposed by Captain Delaroche of the 10th Chasseurs, with a somewhat artificial enthusiasm. The uproar, the chaff, which generally greet a popular hero on such an occasion were notably absent.

Picturesque and unforgettable was the calm face of the young man whom they were honoring. The vision of the dreamer, the observation of the practical man, dwelt together most strangely in his eyes. Coloring and feature were alike beautiful. That this face, with all its physical perfection, should repel was due to its expression of austerity—of indifference amounting almost to arrogance. Unconsciously de Ravenel nettled people by appearing to scorn those advantages which they worked without success to gain.

“*Poseur!*” said one old colonel under his breath, as the Marshal rose to reply to the toast. “Another Murat!”

“Another Bonaparte, perhaps,” said his neighbor, thoughtfully. “Napoleon himself could not take success more coolly.”

De Ravenel was speaking. . . . “I am not more grateful for the honor which the Emperor has conferred on me than for the esteem of my fellow soldiers. . . . I can only try to prove myself worthy, and say, as I should have said had he been pleased to dismiss and degrade me, ‘Hosanna the Emperor!’”

Immediately the room rang with shouts for Napoleon. Ordinary faces were transfigured at the mere mention of that name. Every voice vibrated with an emotion almost lunatic as it discharged the word “*L’Empereur!*”

There seemed no reason why the cries should ever cease. It was Marshal de Ravenel’s silence which at last penetra-

ted the noise, ran over it like an acid, and left the last straggling shouter looking rather a fool.

"A thousand pardons, messieurs. . . . I am due at a meeting of regimental commanders at twelve . . ."

He rose from his seat at the head of the table, and the guests began to leave. Had another man been their host they would have let him leave first, and have stayed on until the wine gave out. As it was, they took down their swords and buckled them on without a word or a laugh. They trooped out as if dismissed from a parade.

"Surely you needn't go yet, Paul?"

Paul Brétigny paused in the act of putting on his sword.

"No, I needn't," he answered, with slight sarcasm. "But you seemed to indicate that . . ."

"I hope you, and Delaroche too, will stay here until I come back. We'll have some more supper then, and a talk. There won't be any going to bed for most of us to-night."

The Marshal put on his hat and a scarlet military cloak, in which he looked handsomer than ever, and swept out into the moonlight.

II

"Why do we stay, I wonder?" said Brétigny, as the door closed. "We know he doesn't want us."

"The man is curiously fascinating."

"Curiously selfish," Brétigny exclaimed, bitterly. "I don't believe he cares for a living soul."

"Not for the Emperor?"

"Well, . . . yes, . . . I suppose . . ."

"Come, Paul," said Delaroche. "We are alone. Let us confess that we are jealous of de Ravenel."

Delaroche's whimsical smile was irresistible. Brétigny stopped striding up and down the room, and began to laugh with his friend,—reluctantly, it is true.

Both of them belonged to de Ravenel's old regiment and enjoyed a certain intimacy with him—that is to say, they knew him well enough to know that he was not to be known. Delaroche, who was a bit of a poet, a little more of a philosopher, and a soldier merely because it was an age of soldiers, probably understood de Ravenel best. Brétigny, a strong, muscular man with a candid, im-

pulsive nature, probably liked him best. Both of them were older.

"It's not exactly jealousy, Robert. . . . But one can't help wondering sometimes if, when Fortune is prodigally generous, it is not at some one else's expense. Perhaps, for instance, I might not be cursed with quite such a ridiculously snub-nose if de Ravenel's had been a shade less classic. You might not have such bad health if de Ravenel were less perfectly healthy. To be twenty-nine—oh, blessed age, when one can still call oneself young!—well-born, lucky at cards, rich, handsome, attractive to Napoleon . . . a beautiful wife . . ."

"I was waiting for that. . . . My poor Paul, I am afraid that's the only thing you would have mentioned had you been strictly truthful."

Brétigny grew red and embarrassed.

"I'm not ashamed of it." He spoke with a kind of shy defiance. "Only I wish I hadn't been mad enough to tell her."

"You told her?" Delaroche's face kindled into interest. "And she . . ."

"She was sorry for me, I think," said Brétigny, simply. "She did not put on any airs of horror, of virtue. She just said, 'At the door of my Paradise stands an angel with a flaming sword—I love my husband.'"

"Poetically put and very interesting too," Delaroche said, dryly, "for I have heard that although she is married, de Ravenel is not her husband."

"It's a lie!"

"You are such a comfortable person, Paul. . . . You always say exactly what you should. . . . Who's that at the window?" He rose quickly and opened one of the casements. As quickly a man fell back into the shadows.

"Rather a mean device for making me forget what you have said, isn't it?" asked Brétigny, as Delaroche returned to the table.

"I swear I saw some one. . . . An unpleasant face. . . . It gave me a turn. . . . Don't be a fool, Paul. . . . I have the greatest respect for that lady."

"Yet you said . . ."

"That is nothing, even if true. . . . Who is the chaste woman? The woman absolutely faithful to the man she loves. . . . But who the devil was that spying on us?"

Delaroche was a bundle of nerves. . . . When, a few minutes later, some one tapped lightly on the door, he started, and turned very white.

Brétigny drew back the bolts and opened the door. A shabby man stood on the door-step,—a civilian by his dress.

"Is Marshal de Ravenel in?" he asked, timidly.

"The Marshal is out."

"But these are his quarters? . . . At least I was told he lodged at Steinwits's farm."

"The Marshal does lodge here, but he is out."

"Monsieur, with your permission, I will come in and wait for the Marshal. . . . My business is urgent."

Brétigny looked round at Delaroche.

"There is a heavy dew out here," said the stranger. . . . "I have travelled a long way. . . . I am very well known to Marshal de Ravenel."

"We should hardly wish to shut the Marshal's friends out of his own house," said Delaroche, from the table. "Come in, monsieur. You have as much right here as we."

The man advanced into the room. The light of the candles fell upon him and revealed a very unprepossessing countenance. When a person has pale, red-rimmed eyes, a muddy complexion, thin gray hair, unwieldy lips, coarse and cruel at the same time, he is not exactly pleasant to look at. And this man had lost half the left ear, which made matters worse with him.

"A shifty, cunning brute," thought Delaroche, "and not quite sane."

"You look done up," said Brétigny, offering the shabby man a chair. "Have some port."

"If it makes no difference to you, brandy." The voice was only a little less unpleasant than the face—hoarse, with a whining note.

It went to Brétigny's heart—he was a connoisseur in cognac—to see de Ravenel's precious spirit disappearing down the visitor's throat like water.

"Although I have never seen you before, monsieur—" The stranger addressed himself to Brétigny, but it was Delaroche who caught him up.

"Once before." He pointed to the window.

The man's civil smile gave place to a wild, hunted look.

"Pray, don't feel uncomfortable about it. There was no harm done, except a temporary injustice to you. I took you for a Russian spy."

"I am a Frenchman," the stranger said, sullenly, "a subject of Napoleon Bonaparte's. I have been in the army, and more recently in Fouché's police. . . . I began in the artillery. . . . I was at Lodi. . . . In those days I was as famous as Bonaparte—for rather different reasons." He laughed disagreeably. "I had a reputation for shooting at a mark. . . . Perhaps you gentlemen have heard of Captain St. Ruth."

"Never, on my honor," said Delaroche, with insolent politeness, but his face changed ever so slightly.

"I am Jean Honoré Marie St. Ruth, late Captain of Artillery," the man went on. "At the battle of Aghrim my direct ancestor, General St. Ruth, one of the finest soldiers in Louis the Fourteenth's army, had his head blown off by a cannon-ball. His death proved the death of the French cause in Ireland."

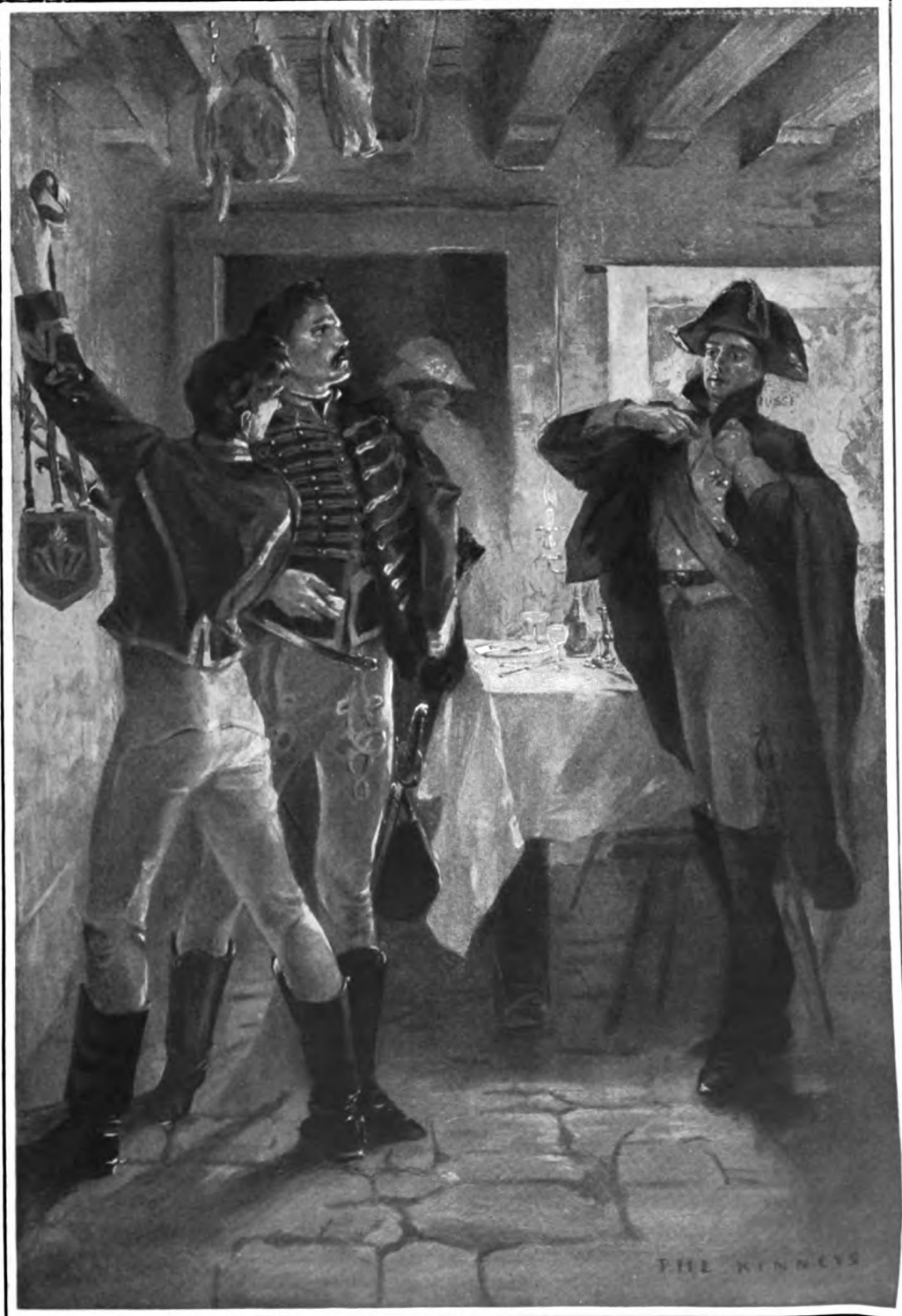
"Your ancestry is distinguished, monsieur," Delaroche said aloud; but he added, under his breath, "Why the devil do you brag about your family to me?" He turned away and buried himself in the map of Russia.

"Killed by a good shot, you see," said Captain St. Ruth, apparently not noticing Delaroche's manner. "Funny death, that, for St. Ruth, who is more given to making good shots than taking them. . . . I myself have been in battle, in duels too many to count, and, except for a scratch on the ear, I was never hit. As regards hitting—well, there was only one man in my time who was perhaps more certain. An interesting story, his."

"He means us to know something," thought Delaroche. "A clumsy actor."

"Eleven years ago," began St. Ruth, although neither Brétigny nor Delaroche offered him the slightest encouragement, "this man, a noted duellist, went out one morning to meet a lad of eighteen or so in a wood near Lyons. The day was unusually fine. It was in June.

"The boy, who ought to have been unnerved by his position, was quite calm. Rosy from the bath, bright-eyed, bare-



"SURELY YOU NEEDN'T GO YET, PAUL?"

headed—his cap was filled with wild flowers which he had plucked on the road to the meeting-place,—he fired (it was his right to fire first), and slightly wounded his opponent. Imagine the surprise of the seconds, who had expected to see the young man fall dead the next minute, when the famous shot quietly put back his pistol in its case.

"I shall request the favor of your company another day, monsieur."

"At your pleasure, monsieur," the other answered.

"But what on earth could have been his object?" said Brétigny, who, in spite of his dislike for the narrator, found his story strangely arresting.

"That question, monsieur, was asked throughout Lyons when the result of the duel was made known. Captain X., as I will call my friend, challenged and shot, the very next day, an officer who openly spoke of him as a coward, guilty of the infamy of not avenging the honor of his wife. I must tell you, if you have not guessed it already, that Madame X. was the cause of the duel. Younger than her husband, beautiful, charming, pure, she attracted the handsome young Lieutenant, fresh from St. Cyr. He fell in love with her, passionately, violently, indiscreetly. Although up to this time Madame X.'s purity had never been questioned, Captain X. soon had proof of their guilt."

"I don't see how that explains the Captain's conduct," said Brétigny.

"He happened to love his wife."

"So he showed mercy to her lover! Men don't love like that," said Brétigny, good-humored, but incredulous.

"Some men do." St. Ruth spoke with a very personal intensity. "My friend was one of them. . . . And his mercy was —politic. He saw that the Lieutenant was too young to have any fear, too young to have anything to lose. Even love at that age is a childish toy. So, for the purpose of punishment, it was good to defer the shot. Then he had to consider that by killing this youth while his wife's passion was hot, he would lose all chance of getting anything from her in the future but bitter hatred. Later in time, it was possible that she would be disillusioned—the death of her lover might even be welcome—who knows? So far as I can understand Captain X.'s

motives for not finishing the duel, they were something like that. . . . He wanted to torture the man who had injured him by granting him life with death forever at his right hand, and to see him die when death should be most unwelcome. . . . He wanted to regain his wife."

"You tell the story of a lunatic, monsieur," said Delaroche, without looking up from his map. "I trust that your friend, with whose motives you are so well acquainted, is now in a madhouse."

"I was about to finish my story." St. Ruth's eyes looked nasty as he bowed to Delaroche. "Eleven years have passed since the duel. . . . During that time Lieutenant Y. has had the title and estates possessed by his family under the Bourbons restored to him; he has met with rapid promotion and enjoys the personal regard of Napoleon. . . . Madame X. is still faithful; he has a son by her who passes as his legitimate heir. He is a happy and fortunate man. Some say, even, that he is a great man."

"I have heard that he is on the eve of greater success. The Emperor has intrusted him with a command of supreme importance during the coming campaign. And I ask myself, what if Captain X. should come in this glorious hour and claim his shot? . . . Captain X. cannot miss."

"I hope that Captain X. exaggerates both his vindictiveness and his skill," said Delaroche.

III

Meanwhile, at the meeting Marshal de Ravenel had met with striking success in a difficult position. When he first entered Davoust's quarters, he saw that a cold, half-contemptuous jealousy was the only feeling which he inspired. Gradually his tact disarmed this jealousy. He made brilliant suggestions, but took care to let the veterans think that they were their own. Before the meeting broke up, such different men as Davoust, Murat, and Ney were commending his judgment, and complimenting him on the fact that he had been chosen to advise the Emperor about the best roads for the invading army.

It was the prospect of this intimate association with Napoleon which was stirring de Ravenel to the depths as he walked home to Steinwitz's farm across the sodden fields. Fresh from his visit to

Alexander, the young Marshal knew very well that the Russian resistance was going to be a very different affair from that of the Austrians or the Prussians. He knew some of the terrors of the climate, too. "Give me this one campaign—only this one," he cried aloud. "Let me live!"

And as if in answer to his prayer, a slim youth wrapped in a long gray military cloak rose before him, out of the ground, as it seemed, and held out his arms.

"I heard," said the youth to the Marshal—"I heard."

"Good God! Christiane! Why are you here . . . and in these clothes?"

"Every one has taken me for a man on the road. The clothes must look right."

"I thought you were a thousand miles away . . . at Ravenel."

"Don't think why I have come—yet," said Christiane. "Be a little glad—kiss me."

Mechanically he leaned forward and kissed her lips. His cold and clammy forehead touched hers, and chilled her suddenly. The fear of death sat on that icy brow.

They both knew, yet the word was not said.

"You have cut your beautiful hair."

"What else could a Lieutenant of Infantry do?"

"How far have you come like this?"

"From Thorn—from your brother Gabriel—these are his clothes. . . . He refused to smuggle me through, or help me in any way. . . . So I helped myself. I fancy he was afraid of being compromised."

"You are not fair. . . . I expect he thought of the risk—the difficulties. . . . Oh, my dear one, how are you to return?"

"I shall not return."

She gave him a deep, resolute look,—a look which made the soldier's dress she wore seem gloriously her own.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"Some one warned me. . . . I was in the garden with Josef. . . . A man working there, whose face was unfamiliar to me, looked hard at me as I passed. . . . There was something so strange in his look that I went back that way later. . . . This time he spoke: 'Madame, the duel which was begun in Lyons on the

30th June, 1802, will be finished at Charsow one day next week.' Before I could ask him anything, or find out who he was, he had gone. . . . The other gardeners knew nothing of such a man. . . . I tried to think that I had dreamed it. . . . But within an hour I was posting for Paris."

"You left Josef at Ravenel?"

"Yes. . . . He has a new love, a brown spaniel puppy. Josef was very kind, and stopped playing with Mars a minute when the carriage came round to the door. 'Are you going away, mother?' 'Yes, darling.' 'Well, come back soon, and kiss the little Mars good-by.' I kissed them both—that was all. . . .

"It was at Thorn that I saw him in the street. . . . I hired fresh horses, although it was midnight and I had not slept or eaten since I left Ravenel. . . . My carriage was stopped at the gate. No one could pass except with a special permit signed by the Emperor. . . . I was in despair. . . . As I was turning back to the city, feeling quite hopeless, I saw some soldiers drinking outside a café.

"Some of them wore white uniforms with blue facings—Gabriel's regiment! I found out that Gabriel was in Thorn, and drove to his lodgings. . . . As you know, he seemed to think it absurd of me to want to go to Charsow. . . . I pretended to agree with him, and he went to bed.

"There was no room for me in the inn, and I was to spend the night in a small bedroom leading out of Gabriel's—a miserable, dark, evil-smelling place where Etchpare, Gabriel's Basque servant, had slept the night before. It was Etchpare who put the idea into my head. He told me with many apologies that he should be obliged to come through my room in the morning to wake Gabriel. He hoped I should not mind. . . . but the Lieutenant's horse was ordered for four, the Lieutenant was a very heavy sleeper. . . . and so on.

"He was right about Gabriel being a heavy sleeper. He never stirred while I collected his clothes. . . . In my haste and nervousness I dropped a boot. He turned over, but did not wake.

"When I was dressed, I saw that my hair would never do. . . . I tucked it inside my coat, plaited it, cajoled it,

cursed it! It remained obstinately like a woman's hair. . . . The time was flying. . . . I hacked it off with a knife. I could not find any scissors."

"The knife seems to have been only too successful," said de Ravenel.

Her brilliant face clouded a little. "I was afraid you wouldn't like it," she said humbly. . . . "But I think having short hair gave me more confidence than anything. . . . When Etchpare came to wake Gabriel, I told him through the door that the Lieutenant was up and would be ready to start in a minute, so they had better make haste with the horse. . . . Then I clanked down to the courtyard. The horse was there—a large-boned, vicious-looking bay. . . . I mounted and rode out, my own coachman standing there and not knowing me!

"Gabriel's permit opened the gates of Thorn, . . . but the officials looked rather queerly at me, and gave me a bad minute while they handed the bit of paper round. . . .

"Outside the gate, I began to use my spurs, and the huge bay galloped madly. . . . The pace must have been good, for by midday I had reached the forest. . . . That night in day terrified me. . . . I had been brave so long as I could see the sun. . . . The dark-green gloom affected my nerves. . . . I screamed when the crows rose almost from under my horse's feet. . . . I was sick with fancies,—most horrible of all, I thought that while the trees were flying to the rear . . . I was not moving on. . . .

"I can't remember any more . . . the horse, poor beast, dropped dead—at least I hope it died. I had to walk—oh, I don't know how many miles. . . . I should think it all a dream if I had not seen my husband—as ugly as ever!"

She began to sob and laugh hysterically. . . . De Ravenel tried to soothe her. He thanked her for coming, praised her courage, kissed her hands, raw and blistered from holding a pulling horse. He was very tender, very calm. . . . Gradually her throbbing nerves yielded to him . . . her wild laughter died.

"You have actually seen him here?"

She looked at him with great, silent eyes. . . . From sheer fatigue, from sheer blessedness, she had for one minute forgotten why she was there, forgotten

everything except that round her were the beloved arms. . . .

"Yes." She looked at him despairingly. "He was skulking outside the windows of your house. . . . Later he went in, and has never come out. . . . I was told where you were, and I came to meet you, to warn you. . . . I was so tired I stumbled and fell. . . . I believe I fainted, for I don't remember anything more until I heard your voice—your young voice which I have not heard for so many years. . . . Answer your own prayer, my loved one; let yourself live! Despise this foolish honor which is the curse of men's lives to-day. . . . Let yourself live!"

"I have no rights over my life of any kind," he answered, indifferently. "It belongs to the man who chose, eleven years ago, to lend it me for a time. . . . I wish this had come later. . . . I could have been of use to the Emperor in Russia. . . . He is surrounded by people who regard the most difficult undertaking of his life as child's play. . . . I—but I won't talk about it. I am ready—almost relieved—to die."

Christiane was dumb. . . . For some minutes they both stood motionless under the pallid stars. Not one twinge of jealousy went through the woman's generous soul when he admitted that the passionate cry for life which she had overheard was on the Emperor's account . . . not for her or his child.

"Come, Christiane . . . we must go in. . . . You need food and rest. . . . I have many things to see to before dawn—before . . . I want to inconvenience the Emperor as little as possible."

"Yes, we will go in," she said, firmly. As they faced the east and walked towards Steinwitz's farm, the light of an inspired resolve shone in her sleepless eyes.

IV

"De Ravenel's knock!" whispered Bré-tigny to Delaroche.

He got up from the table, embarrassed, anxious. There, huddled up in the corner of the fireplace, sat the master of de Ravenel's life and death.

"What shall we do?" He appealed to Delaroche; but Delaroche, who had failed in his efforts to muddle St. Ruth with brandy, shook his head. Emotional, sensitive, he took in all the details of the

scene . . . the broken meats on the table, the wine spilled on the floor, the blurred gold halos round the candles. It was the hour of disenchantment, the hour of damp gray mist which goes before a summer dawn, the hour when faces show fatigue and remind of mortality, the hour when sick people sink and die.

"Are you all asleep? Open the door!"

The sound of that clear businesslike voice pulled Brétigny together. He drew back the bolts. De Ravenel came in, with Christiane leaning on his arm.

"My brother Gabriel . . . has overtaxed his strength . . . rode from Thorn without a stop. . . . Drink this, Gabriel, and you will soon be all right."

"De Ravenel," said Delaroche, quietly, while Brétigny, white, wild, and speechless, tried from some nameless motive to get between the Marshal and the chimney-corner—"de Ravenel, you have a visitor."

De Ravenel did not start or turn pale. His hand as it poured out some wine for Christiane was perfectly steady. Of all those present, he was the least moved when his eyes fell on St. Ruth.

"Monsieur, shall it be now, or when the light has improved?" he asked, with a calm which was at the same time frightful and beautiful.

"The light's good enough for me," St. Ruth said, irritably. "These gentlemen know the reason of this meeting. . . . We hardly want seconds,"—he laughed with a disagreeable affectation of mirth,—"but they can witness, if required, that Marshal de Ravenel did not meet with foul play."

"Pray don't depend on me . . ." began Brétigny, impulsively. "If my word can hang you, I—"

"Be silent, Paul. My papers, in the event of my death, will amply exonerate Captain St. Ruth—excuse me if that is not still your rank, monsieur!"

"Keep your damned polite sneers for those who appreciate them," said St. Ruth, angrily. "I haven't come here for conversation."

With this he whipped out a pistol from the pocket of his coat, and began to prime and sight it. At the same moment there was a sudden stir and noise outside—a knock at the door, an apparition of a very young aide-de-camp in a

very gorgeous uniform—a salute—a breath of the outside world, of Napoleon.

"From Marshal Davoust . . . the Emperor's calash has been sighted on the Posen Road . . . Marshal de Ravenel to meet his Majesty at Zwintschner's."

The young officer swung out, his message delivered, and left a silence in the room. During this silence Delaroche discovered who was wearing Lieutenant Gabriel de Ravenel's cloak. He noticed, too, that at the news of Napoleon's approach a look of human anguish quivered on the cold marble of the Marshal's face—that perfect face, so like the young Cæsar's before he took the headship of armies and marched to Empire. . . . No show of fortitude could deceive. Death was bitter to this man.

"To him that hath joy in his possessions . . . to him whose ways are prosperous in all things, to him that still may eat—oh, Death, how bitter art thou!"

The preacher knew what he was talking about, thought Delaroche, as he regarded de Ravenel's physical perfection, and remembered how many winning numbers he had drawn in life's lottery. . . .

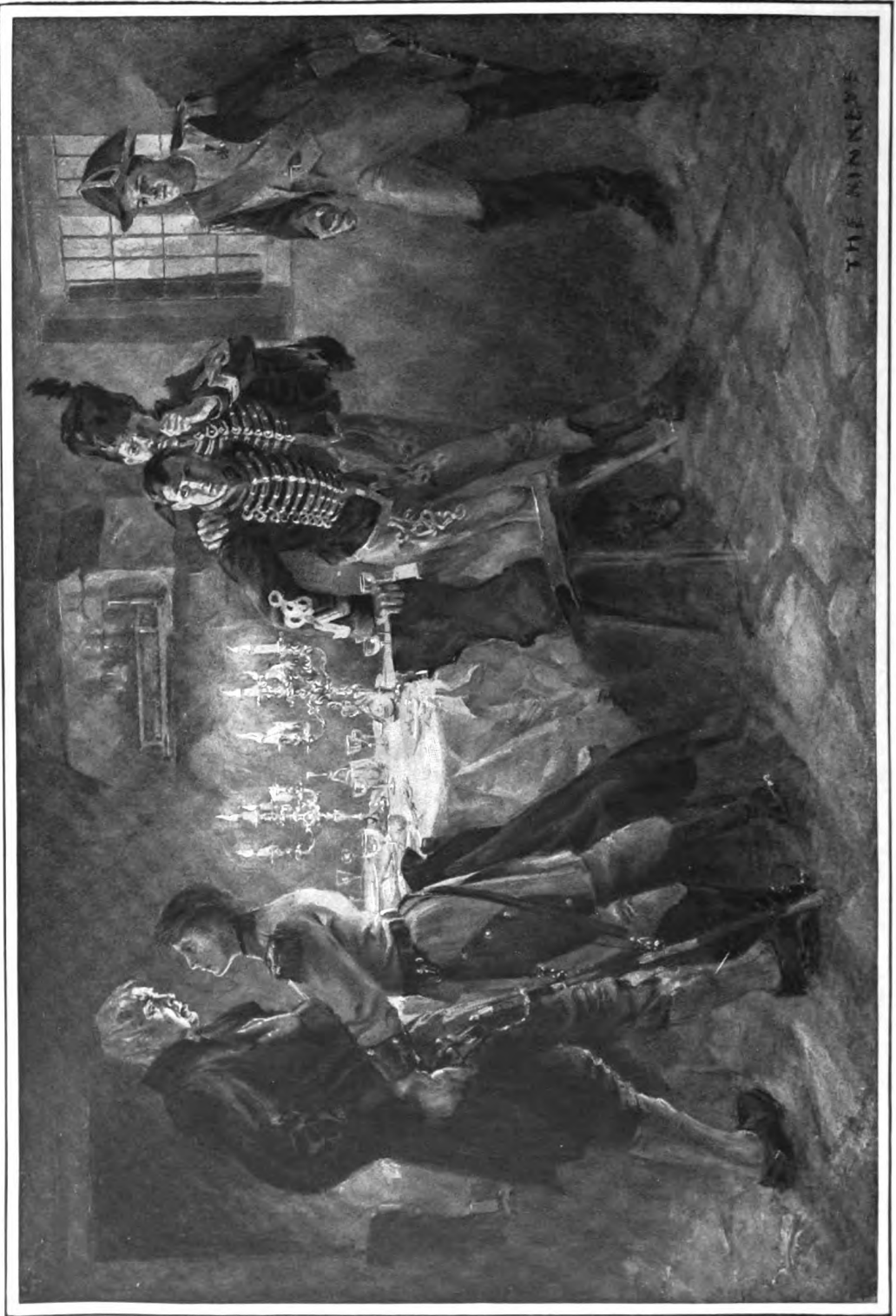
"Monsieur," he said, turning to St. Ruth, "I don't appeal to you to be sensible. . . . I believe that madmen, with all their cunning, cannot achieve so much. But they are not always indifferent to profit. . . . What, besides the childish and fleeting gratification of revenge, do you hope to get out of this?"

"How it concerns you, I don't know," St. Ruth said, rudely. "You seem a meddlesome kind of person. However, I have my own reasons for answering your question. I hope to get my wife out of it. When her lover is out of the way I believe she will return to me. She's a mascot, I should say, for I've never had a day's luck without her; no, nor a day's happiness either."

De Ravenel's rigid face never changed. He seemed not to be listening.

"She was fond of me, too, before he turned up," St. Ruth went on, with a kind of coarse feeling. . . . "By this time I shouldn't wonder if she has grown tired of him. . . . Women are all alike. . . . You see, she'll—"

"This is intolerable." It was de Ravenel's voice, interrupting with cold



"IF YOU STILL LOVE ME"

scorn. "You have a right to shoot me, monsieur, by the laws of honor. But there is no law in heaven or earth which gives you the right to detain me with speculations as to what will happen afterwards. The sun is up, and I am ready."

He walked across the room and stood against the wall, facing St. Ruth.

"Now I don't think you feel like smiling, and smelling roses, you —," said St. Ruth, stung to fury by de Ravenel's contempt.

The foul word had hardly escaped his lips—he had not even time to raise his pistol—when the supposed Lieutenant de Ravenel ran to him and laid a hand on his wrist.

"Jean!"

"What trick is this?"

Christiane took off her hat and cloak. . . . She was once more a woman, and, in spite of her cropped hair, a beautiful woman. She smiled.

"Jean," she repeated. Her voice was sweet, low, full of enchantment. "If it is true—if you still love me,—take me . . . I will come."

St. Ruth stared at her, stupefied.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I will live with you as your wife if you will spare Marshal de Ravenel's life to France—to the Emperor."

"I am not particularly anxious to do either of them a good turn. . . . They have robbed me of all they could. . . . And you're not in a position to make terms with me, madame." He spoke with brutality, but those watching could see that he loved her. "I can have you without giving such a high price for you, my dear."

"That is my price—alive," answered Christiane.

"I expect you mean to cheat me. . . . You will find it difficult. . . . If you come back to me, what about your child?"

"Surely we can settle these details later. . . . Marshal de Ravenel has to meet the Emperor, and time presses. . . . I give you my word that if he leaves this room now . . . I will not see him again."

"How do I know that you will keep your word?" asked St. Ruth, sullenly. "Women never play the game."

"When I break my word . . . your agreement to relinquish your shot is at

an end. . . . Marshal de Ravenel will again acknowledge your claim to satisfy your honor."

"Very well . . . I consent—on that security. Monsieur, my wife, by returning to me of her own free will, has made reparation. . . . My honor is satisfied."

De Ravenel, who, throughout the conversation between Christiane and St. Ruth, had remained motionless, looking out with fixed, immovable eyes, bowed slightly. . . . The room was as quiet as a room where some one has just died. Brétigny, whose pure and profound love for the woman made him blind to everything but her suffering, felt certain that de Ravenel was not going to accept her sacrifice. . . . But Delaroche remembered Napoleon's desertion of the wounded after Wagram, and before him, like a star, trembled the face of Josephine. . . .

The door opened once more, this time to admit the Marshal's equerry.

"Your horse, monseigneur." His voice could hardly be heard for the din outside. . . . Bands were playing, regiments marching past—from thousands of throats rose the cry, "L'Empereur, Vive l'Empereur!"

With a white, resolute face, the youngest Marshal in that magnificent army crossed the room. . . . Before Christiane he stopped, and bowing low, kissed her hand. She waved her free hand in the air. "To the Emperor!" she cried.

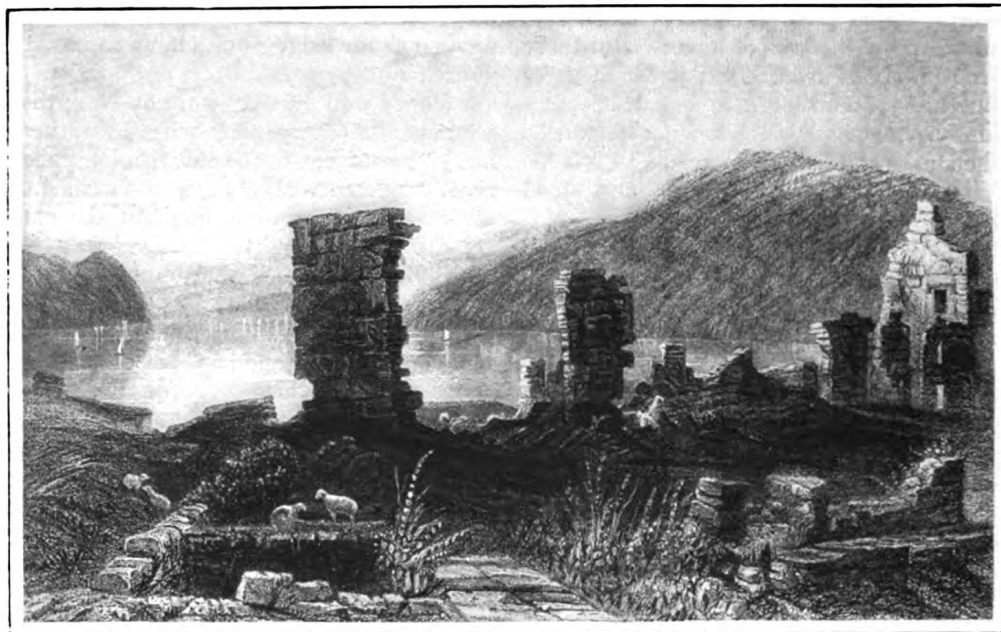
"To the Emperor," he repeated, with more firmness and less exaltation. "Good-by, Christiane."

He went out. The door closed. . . . They saw him ride past the window, superb in the sunlight.

Brétigny looked at Christiane, who was standing exactly where De Ravenel had left her, her hand stretched out in the same position as when he had kissed it. . . . The ecstasy had faded out of her face. . . . It was gray, old, terrible. . . . St. Ruth had advanced towards her; but without so much as a gesture from her to command it, he fell back, ashamed.

"I hope that few men in the world are so selfish as that," said Brétigny to Delaroche. "I would have died a thousand deaths before I . . . I would rather . . ."

"But then you are not a great man," said Delaroche.



FORT TICONDEROGA
From a sketch made in 1836 by W. H. Bartlett

The Republic of Vermont

BY MAYO W. HAZELTINE

WITHIN the domain of the United States on the North-American continent there have been divers independent republics, the very name of three of which is known to but a few, while the record of two others, though memorable, is fast fading. How many Americans of to-day have heard, for example, of the Commonwealth of Watauga, which in 1772 was organized as an independent community by North-Carolinians who had crossed the Alleghenies, and, descending into the basin of the Tennessee, had made themselves homes in the valley of the Watauga River? How many remember the Commonwealth of Transylvania, which was organized in the eastern part of what is now Kentucky in 1775, and which sent to the Continental Congress a delegate,—who, however, was not admitted? How many have heard of the short-lived State of Franklin, or Frankland, which at a somewhat later period was self-created

out of certain western counties of North Carolina? Of the present generation of schoolboys at the North, not many are familiar with the early history of Texas, which declared its independence of Mexico in 1836, and which for some nine years remained an autonomous republic, entering into treaties with foreign countries, including the United States. Again, but little attention is now paid to that part of the annals of Vermont which deals with the fourteen years during which the territory bearing that name was an independent republic, unadmitted to the union of the American colonies, although it disclaimed allegiance to the British crown, rejected the overtures of British generals, and bore a conspicuous and useful part in the war of the Revolution. It is worth while to review the circumstances under which Vermont assumed a position so anomalous and so calculated to test the stuff of which her patriots were made.

Although the region which we call Vermont was made known to Europeans by Samuel Champlain as early as 1609, and although during the next century and a half the lake named after that explorer was a thoroughfare for military expeditions in Indian and colonial wars, and although strategic points within the area of the present State were occupied by French and English military posts, the first permanent settlement was made as lately as 1724, at Fort Dummer, within the limits of the town of Brattleboro. Even in 1760 Vermont did not contain more than 300 inhabitants, and these were scattered along the western bank of the Connecticut River, within fifty miles of the southern border of the present State. The truth is that, aside from the danger to which English settlers would be exposed at the hands of the French and the Indians, there was no provincial authority which could give an undisputed title to the lands lying between the Connecticut and Lake Champlain. New Hampshire claimed that, under a royal grant, it extended as far west as did Massachusetts. Massachusetts claimed a strip of Vermont lying between the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain and immediately north of the present boundary of the old Bay State. New York, on the other hand, claimed that, under the grant made by Charles II. to his brother, the Duke of York, her territory stretched as far east as the Connecticut River. Ultimately, in 1764, the boundary controversy was determined by the British crown in favor of New York; but meanwhile Wentworth, the royal Governor of New Hampshire, had chartered 138 towns in the disputed ter-

ritory, and the settlers declined to recognize the New York provincial authorities. The determination of New York to enforce its jurisdiction would, no doubt, have led to bloodshed had not the attention of the colonists been diverted from local disputes by the controversies with the mother country which preceded the Revolutionary war. It is worth while to note the grounds on which the Brit-

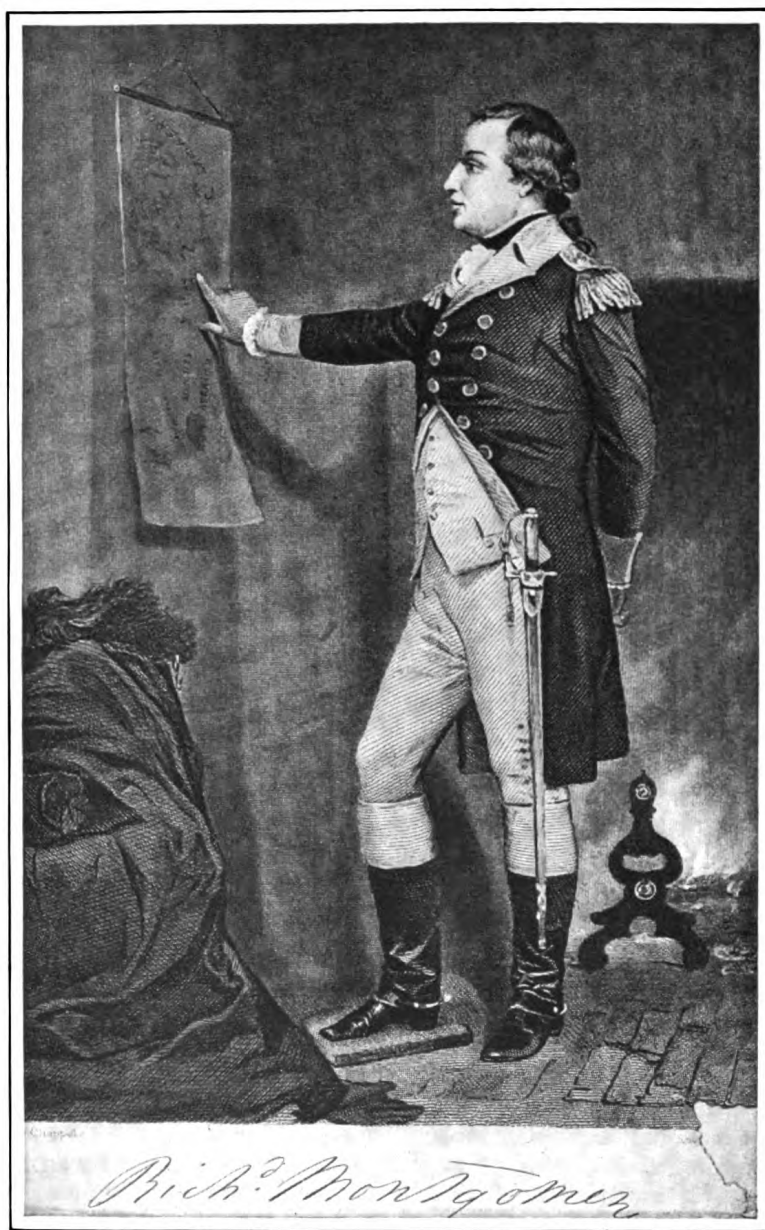
ish Board of Trade, which at first regarded the boundary controversy with indifference, was ultimately persuaded to confirm New York's claim to the land between the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain. Weight was attached by the Board of Trade to the argument put forward by Lieutenant-Governor Colden of New York, who pointed out that the New England governments were all formed on republican principles, and that those principles were zealously inculcated in the minds of their youth. The govern-

ment of the province of New York, on the other hand, was framed, he said, as nearly as might be, after the model of the English Constitution. It would be bad policy, therefore, for British statesmen to contract the frontiers of New York and enlarge the power and influence of New-Englanders.

The Green Mountain Boys, as the occupants of the New Hampshire Grants west of the Connecticut River were called, had, perhaps, stronger reasons than any other American colonists for rebelling against the British crown. They had at stake not only the political liberties which were threatened by Parliament's assumption of a right to tax the colonies, but also the title to the homes which they had created in the wilderness;



MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR



GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY

for the provincial government of New York, which, as we have seen, had procured a confirmation of its jurisdiction from the Board of Trade, had made grants amounting in the aggregate to nearly two million five hundred thousand acres, and covering much of the same territory previously conveyed by the Governor of New Hampshire. If the colonies should proclaim and achieve

their independence, it was extremely improbable that New York's claim to jurisdiction over the tract between Lake Champlain and the Connecticut could be enforced, while, on the other hand, should the colonies remain subject to the British crown, it would only be a question of time when British troops would be called upon to make good the decision of the Board of Trade and to oust the

The Constitution of Vermont

Whereas all Government ought to be instituted and supported for the safety and Protection of the Community as such, and to enable the Individuals who compose it to enjoy their natural rights, and the other blessings which the Author of Existence has bestowed upon man, and which can only be obtained, the People have a right to remain united to change it, and take such measures, as to them may appear most proper to secure their Rights and Happiness.

And Whereas the Inhabitants of this State have (for consideration of Protection only) heretofore acknowledged allegiance to the King of Great Britain, and the said King has not only continued this in total but commenced and still continues to carry on, with unabated vengeance, a most cruel and unjust War against them; compelling them, not only the Forces of Great Britain but foreign Mercenaries, Soldiers and Sailors, for the avowed purpose of forcing them to a total and abject Submission to the despotic domination of the Parliament, with many other Acts of Tyranny (more fully set forth in the Declaration of Congress) whereby all Allegiance and Fidelity to the said King and his Successors, are dissolved and at an end; and all power and authority derived from him ceased in the American Colonies.

And Whereas the Territory which now comprehends the State of Vermont, did antecedently of right belong to the Government of New Hampshire, and the former Governor thereof viz. his Excellency Benning Wentworth Esq. granted many Charters of Lands and Corporations.

CONSTITUTION OF THE REPUBLIC OF VERMONT

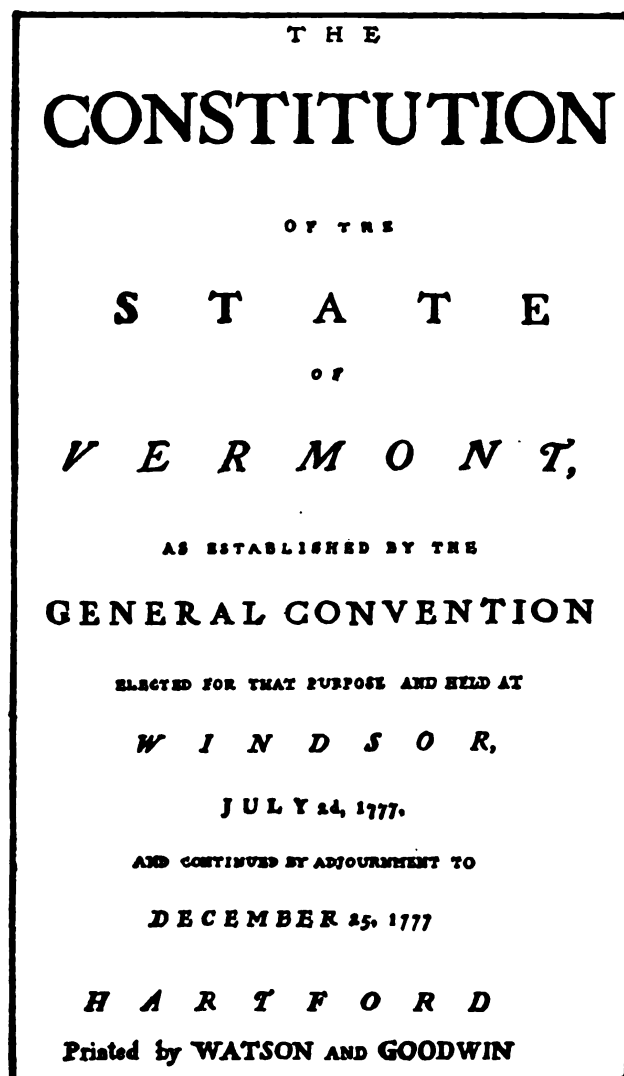
Facsimile (reduced) of the opening passages of the document, preserved in the State-House at Montpelier

Green Mountain Boys from their farms. Indeed, a beginning in that direction had already been made, and the first victims in the contest between the colonists and the King fell, not at Lexington, but in Vermont. Early in 1775 orders had been given to open the Court of Common Pleas under the royal judges, in what was called by the New York authorities the county of Cumberland, at Westminster in the New Hampshire Grants, on the eastern side of the Green Mountains,—which bisect, it will be remembered, the State of Vermont from the northeast to the southwest. To prevent this assertion of the King's authority and of New York's jurisdiction a body of young men from the neighboring farms took possession of the court-house on March 13 of the year named. The royal sheriff, who, against the wish of the judges, had raised sixty men armed with guns and bludgeons, demanded possession of the building, and, after reading the riot act and refusing to concede terms, late in the night ordered his party to fire. In this way he made his entry by force, having mortally wounded two of the occupants of the court-house. The act put an end to the supremacy of King George III. and of New York to the east of Lake Champlain. Armed men poured in from towns in the grants, and from the borders of New Hampshire and Massachusetts; they instituted a jury of inquest, and the royalists implicated in the attack were sent to jail in Massachusetts for trial.

Even before this shedding of blood at Westminster, Ethan Allen, one of the most influential settlers in the disputed territory, foreseeing war with Great Britain, had sent assurances to Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut, that a regiment of Green Mountain Boys would assist their American brethren. On March 29, 1775, John Brown, of Pittsfield, who had passed through the district on his way to Montreal, wrote to Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren at Boston that "should hostilities be committed by the King's troops, the people of the New Hampshire Grants would seize the fort at Ticonderoga." He added that they were the proper persons

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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE REPUBLIC OF VERMONT
Facsimile (somewhat reduced) of the title-page as first printed

for the job. So, indeed, they proved. The great deed which supplied the patriots with the cannon and the ammunition indispensable for the relief of Boston was planned, it is true, in Connecticut, but it was mainly executed by Vermonters. Parsons of Connecticut, on his way to Hartford, meeting Benedict Arnold, who was bound for Massachusetts, obtained from him an account of the state of the fortress at Ticonderoga, and learned how large a number of brass cannon had been collected there. At Hartford, on April 27, 1775, Parsons, with the assistance of five others, projected the capture of the fort, and without formally consulting the Assembly or the Governor and Council, obtained on their own receipts the necessary money from the public treasury. On May 1 a party of sixteen Connecticut men left Salisbury, having meanwhile urged Ethan Allen, by an express messenger, to raise recruits for the projected expedition in the New Hampshire Grants. Having been joined at Pittsfield in Massachusetts by Colonel James Easton and some volunteers from Berkshire, the Connecticut men pushed forward, and at Bennington found Ethan Allen, who had sent the alarm throughout the hills and valleys of Vermont. On Sunday, the 7th of May, about a hundred Green Mountain Boys and nearly fifty soldiers from Massachusetts had assembled at Castleton. Just then arrived Benedict Arnold with only one attendant, but bringing a commission from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety. The commission was disregarded, so was Colonel Easton's superior rank, and the men unanimously elected Ethan Allen their chief.

According to Bancroft's narrative, on May 9 the party arrived at Orwell on Lake Champlain. With the utmost difficulty a few boats were brought together, and eighty-three men, crossing the lake with Allen, landed near Ticonderoga. The boats were sent back for the rear-guard, but, if they were to be waited for, the fort could not be taken by surprise. The eighty-three men were, therefore, at once drawn up in three ranks, and as the sun rose Allen addressed them. Then placing himself at the head of the centre file he marched to the gate. The sentry snapped a gun at him, but the Americans rushed into the fortress, darted

upon the guards, and raising the Indian war-whoop, formed on the parade-ground in a hollow square, so as to face each of the barracks. The British commander came out, undressed, with his breeches in his hand. "Deliver to me the fort instantly," said Allen. "By what authority?" asked the commander. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," answered Allen. Thus Ticonderoga, which had cost the British nation forty million dollars, a succession of campaigns, and many lives, was won in ten minutes by a few undisciplined Green Mountain Boys without any loss of life or limb. With the fortress the Americans acquired a 13-inch mortar and more than a hundred pieces of cannon, besides swivels, small arms, and military stores. To a detachment under Seth Warner the neighboring fortress of Crown Point surrendered upon the first summons. Another detachment took possession of Skenesboro, now known as Whitehall.

The capture of Ticonderoga was not by any means the only service rendered to the Revolutionary cause by the inhabitants of the New Hampshire Grants. In September, 1775, General Montgomery, who commanded the expedition against Montreal, was joined by Seth Warner's regiment of Green Mountain Boys. Ethan Allen, who was detached with Warner to the banks of the St. Lawrence, was taken prisoner in a desperate attempt to take Montreal by surprise. He experienced very hard usage, being carried to England in irons on the ground that he was a leader of banditti rather than a prisoner of war. Again, in the summer of 1777, when the British under Burgoyne moved southward and overtook the rear-guard of St. Clair,—who, much to Washington's regret, had abandoned Ticonderoga,—one of the American regiments fled disgracefully, but the other two regiments, one of which was commanded by Seth Warner, made a stout resistance, until they were overpowered by numbers. Warner, however, with some ninety men, came up with St. Clair at Rutland two days after the battle. Again, it is well known that Burgoyne was fatally weakened by the loss of nearly eight hundred men at Bennington, where, although Stark of New Hampshire commanded, a great part of the

work was done by Warner's regiment of Green Mountain Boys.

It might be supposed that such a record of sturdy patriotism would have induced the American colonies to fulfil the wishes of the Vermonters for territorial autonomy. Such, however, was not the case. On January 15, 1777, the inhabitants of what is now Vermont had organized themselves into an independent State, had applied to Congress for admission to the Union, and had adopted a Constitution. As we have seen, a Continental regiment had been raised and officered in Vermont, of which Warner had been commissioned colonel. Nevertheless, the Continental Congress, through the influence of New York, disclaimed any intention of countenancing the pretensions of Vermont to independence, and the Vermont petition for admission into the Union was dismissed with some asperity. From that moment until the close of the war the British

officials in Canada spared no effort to court the good-will of the Green Mountain Boys, and to persuade them to renew allegiance to the British crown. Burgoyne, for instance, issued a proclamation for a convention of ten deputies from each township in the New Hampshire Grants, who were to assemble at Castleton and to take measures for the re-establishment of the royal authority. The failure of this first attempt to take advantage of the repellent attitude assumed by the American Congress toward the Vermonters did not discourage Carle-

ton, the Governor of Canada, for he continued to make similar overtures until nearly the end of the contest.

Now let us trace, as briefly as possible, the civil history of the New Hampshire Grants during the period of their existence as an independent republic. Undaunted by the rejection of their application for admission into the Union, they organized themselves under a Constitution,

and in March, 1778, elected Thomas Chittenden as Governor. There is no doubt that Chittenden was a man of decided ability; but such was the simplicity of manners in the New Hampshire Grants that, though Governor of a new State, to which office he continued to be annually re-elected for many years, he still retained his former occupation of farmer and innkeeper. In colonial times, to keep an inn had not been looked upon as a mean occupation. No fewer than three American generals, Putnam, Weedon, and Sumner, besides nu-



THOMAS CHITTENDEN
Elected Governor of the Republic of Vermont in
March, 1778

merous inferior officers, had been drawn from that calling.

Having been kept out of the Union by New York, and having some ground for the belief that New Hampshire also had looked unfavorably on her request for admission to the Union, the Republic of Vermont struck back. In June, 1778, sixteen of the newly settled townships on the east bank of the Connecticut, desiring to escape from the heavy taxes which the progress of the war had made needful in New Hampshire, sought annexation to Vermont. After some hesitation, the ap-

plicants were adopted into the new State; but as the Continental Congress disapproved of the proceeding, and sent a committee to inquire into it, the connection with the New Hampshire towns was presently dissolved. In June, 1779, an ineffectual attempt was made by the towns on both banks of the river to secede from New Hampshire on the one hand and from Vermont on the other, and to constitute themselves into an independent commonwealth by the name of New Connecticut. New Hampshire, assuming that the movement had been fomented by Green Mountain Boys, revived her old claim to the territory of Vermont. Thereupon Massachusetts, suspecting connivance between New Hampshire and New York for the purpose of dividing the land west of the Connecticut between them, reasserted her old claim to the southern part of Vermont, averring that her northwestern boundary was a line drawn due west from the junction of the two principal branches of the Merrimac. Meanwhile, collisions having taken place between the authorities of Vermont and the adherents of New York, who formed a considerable minority in the southwestern townships, the Continental Congress recommended that all the claimants should refer their pretensions to her decision. In September, 1780, New York and New Hampshire consented to do so; but Massachusetts, sincerely anxious for the independence of Vermont, refused to take part in the reference, fearing that it might end in the partition of the new State between the other two claimants. As at the date named the Articles of Confederation still remained unratified, Congress had as yet no compulsory powers in the matter.

Resenting her treatment at the hands of her western and eastern neighbors, Vermont again recurred to the offensive. Not only were the New Hampshire towns on the east bank of the Connecticut readmitted in February, 1781, as a part of the new republic, but along with them in May of the same year all the townships of New York recently created east of the Hudson and north of the Massachusetts line. Simultaneously, negotiations, the management and, indeed, the knowledge of which were confined to Chittenden and a few others, were entered into with the

British authorities in Canada, with the double object of guarding against invasion from that quarter and of operating on the fears of Congress. Alarmed at these negotiations, which became known through intercepted letters, Congress, later in 1781, consented to a conference between a committee of that body and certain agents of Vermont, and the result of the conference was a resolution of Congress which indirectly but virtually promised that if Vermont would relinquish her late encroachments on New Hampshire and New York, she should be recognized as an independent State and admitted into the Union. Vermont at first declined to accede to this proposal, but subsequently, influenced by the prospect of civil war, and especially by a letter which Washington addressed to Governor Chittenden, the Legislature of Vermont dissolved connection with the annexed townships and retired within the original limits of the New Hampshire Grants.

Having thus complied with the conditions prescribed by Congress, Vermont, in February, 1782, claimed the promised admission into the Union. Peace with Great Britain, however, was now regarded as certain, and the fear of Vermont's adhesion to Canada being over, the influence of New York again became predominant in the councils of the Confederation. The application of Vermont to Congress was not acted upon; on the contrary, she was called upon to make restitution to the banished partisans of New York,—a demand accompanied with threats, which Congress, however, had no means of carrying into execution. Henceforward until 1791 Vermont remained an independent republic. Nor, indeed, until the more efficient government established by the Constitution went into operation in 1789, was she much tempted to join the Confederation. Free from the burden of the Continental debt, and from the perpetual calls of Congress for money, and safeguarded by the rapid increase and hardy character of her population from any attempt at coercion on the part of New York, Vermont for a number of years after the peace of 1783 evinced little anxiety for admission into the Union. The opposition of New York to her admission was strongly supported by the

four Southern States, which, as experience had shown, through the creation of the commonwealths of Watauga, Transylvania, and Frankland, had good reason to dread the effect of Vermont's example upon their own backwoodsmen. Pennsylvania also was alarmed by some movements toward independence on the part of the settlers in her territory west of the Alleghenies, and she went so far as to impose the penalties of treason upon any attempts to set up an independent government within her limits. On the Vermont question, therefore, Pennsylvania went with New York and the South.

In order to learn what kind of republic it was that the Green Mountain Boys set up we must glance at its organic law. The Constitution originally adopted in 1777 was slightly altered in 1785. Most of its provisions seem to have been copied from the first Constitution of Pennsylvania, with some modifications borrowed from Connecticut. When we call to mind how many of the United States had at the time property qualifications for the franchise, we shall appreciate the fact that the Green Mountain Boys gave the right of suffrage to every man twenty-one years old, of peaceable behavior, and a resident of the State for one year preceding the election. These liberal conditions had undoubtedly much to do with the rapid inpour of settlers into Vermont from adjoining States. The executive power was vested in a Governor, or, in case of his death or disability, a Lieutenant-Governor, and twelve counsellors annually chosen on a general ticket. The legislative power was confided to a single Assembly, of which the members were annually elected by the towns—each town to have one representative and no more, irrespective of its population. Remarkable were the provisions for consulting public opinion. No bill could be passed by the Legislature until after it had been printed for the consideration of the people; nor until it had been laid before the Governor and Council, who had the right to suggest amendments; nor, except in cases of urgent necessity, until it had lain over for one session. By the revision of 1785, however, this delay could only be imposed at the will of the Governor and Council

in the event of the non-adoption of such amendments as they might have proposed. The judicial power was vested in a supreme court of five judges, county courts, and probate courts. Here again it is surprising to find Vermont providing at that early date that all judges of all the courts, as well as sheriffs and justices of the peace, should be elected annually by the Assembly. Unique, so far as we know, in modern times, was the provision, seemingly borrowed from the practice of the Roman Republic,—the provision, namely, that a Council of Censors, thirteen in number, should be chosen by the people on a general ticket once in seven years, to inquire if the Constitution had been violated, and to suggest amendments to it for the consideration of a convention which the censors were authorized to call by a two-thirds vote. The proposed amendments, however, must be published six months beforehand for the consideration of the people.

Still more creditable to the Republic of Vermont was the first article of the Bill of Rights, which declared that "no male person born in this country, or brought from over sea, ought to be bound by law to serve any person as a servant, slave, or apprentice after he arrives at the age of twenty-one years—nor female, in like manner, after she arrives at the age of twenty-one years—unless they are bound by their own consent, after they arrive at such age, or are bound by law for the payment of debts, damages, fines, costs, or the like." Inasmuch as this provision is contained in the Constitution of 1777, it is certain that neither to Massachusetts nor to Pennsylvania, but to the backwoodsmen of Vermont, belongs the honor of having been the first American commonwealth to abolish and prohibit slavery.

From one point of view the first Constitution of Vermont did not outshine the organic laws originally framed for some of the American colonies. In respect of toleration, it exhibited a compromise between the spirit of religious freedom and the spirit of religious bigotry. It is true that the right of freedom of worship according to the dictates of every man's understanding and every man's conscience was asserted; but this conscience and this understanding were "to be regulated by

the word of God"; nor could any man sit as a member of Assembly who did not sign a declaration of his belief in a God, the Creator and Governor of the universe, the rewarder of the good and the punisher of the wicked; with an acknowledgment of the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments, and a profession of the Protestant faith. It has often been pointed out that these tests, which were principally copied from the Constitution of Pennsylvania, would, in either State, have excluded from the Assembly a very distinguished citizen, to wit, Franklin in Pennsylvania and Ethan Allen in Vermont. It is to be noted, however, that by the revision of 1785 Vermont struck out the requirement of Protestantism, and another revision in 1793, still following the example of Pennsylvania, released the members of Assembly from any religious subscription.

Although the occupants of the New Hampshire Grants were long stigmatized as backwoodsmen, the importance of education was as keenly appreciated by them as by the inhabitants of the oldest and most densely peopled parts of New England. The support of schools in every town at the public expense was made a constitutional provision, and the establishment of county grammar-schools and a university was recommended. In the townships originally granted by the royal Governor of New Hampshire, tracts of land of 340 acres each had been reserved for the use of schools, and others for the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which latter, by an act of the Legislature in 1794, were also appropriated for the use of schools. In the townships granted by the State of Vermont, one land right was reserved for town schools and another for county grammar-schools. The University of Vermont, established at Burlington in 1791, was endowed by private subscriptions to the amount of \$33,333, nearly half of which was contributed by Ira Allen, who was a younger brother of Ethan Allen, and who, like him, was conspicuous in the affairs of the State. The Legislature added a donation of land amounting to nearly 50,000 acres. It should be added that while the use of a single legislative assembly, originally introduced by Pennsylvania

and Georgia, was quickly abandoned by them, Vermont persisted in it until 1836, when she modified her Constitution so as to adopt a Senate of thirty members as a part of her Legislature, and to abolish the Executive Council.

The independent existence of the Republic of Vermont came to an end in 1791, or about two years after the Federal government created by the Constitution had become operative. The rapid increase of her population having destroyed all hope on the part of New York of re-establishing her jurisdiction over the region occupied by the Green Mountain Boys, the holders of the New York Grants were ready to accept an indemnity. Political considerations had also tended to change the attitude of Congress. The Northern States perceived that the vote of Vermont might aid to fix the seat of the Federal government at New York, and in any event Vermont would serve to counterbalance Kentucky, the speedy admission of which was foreseen. Already in July, 1789, the Assembly of New York had appointed commissioners with full powers to acknowledge the independence of Vermont, and to arrange a settlement of all matters in controversy. Terms of adjustment were soon agreed upon. For an indemnity of thirty thousand dollars to the New York grantees, New York on October 7, 1790, renounced all claim of jurisdiction, consented to the admission of Vermont into the Union, and assented to the boundary previously claimed: the western line of the westernmost townships granted by New Hampshire and the middle channel of Lake Champlain. Three weeks later the agreement was ratified by the Vermont Legislature. A convention which met at the beginning of 1791 voted to ratify the Federal Constitution and to ask admission into the Union. Commissioners were soon after appointed by the Assembly to wait upon Congress, and in February, within fourteen days after the passage of the bill for the prospective admission of Kentucky, an act was passed admitting Vermont at the termination of that session of Congress. For sixteen years the Green Mountain Boys had been practically independent, and for fourteen years they had been organized in an autonomous republic.

A Young Man in a Hurry

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

"Soyez tranquilles, mesdames.... Je suis un jeune homme pressé.... Mais modeste."—
LABICHE.

AT ten minutes before five in the evening the office doors of the Florida and Key West Railway Company flew open, and a young man emerged in a hurry.

Suit-case in one hand, umbrella in the other, he sped along the corridor to the elevator shaft, arriving in time to catch a glimpse of the lighted roof of the cage sliding into depths below.

"Down!" he shouted; but the glimmering cage disappeared, descending until darkness enveloped it.

Then the young man jammed his hat on his head, seized the suit-case and umbrella, and galloped down the steps. The spiral marble staircase echoed his clattering flight; scrub-women heard him coming and fled; he leaped a pail of water and a mop; several old gentlemen flattened themselves against the wall to give him room; and a blond young person with pencils in her hair lisped, "Gee!" as he whizzed past and plunged through the storm-doors, which swung back, closing behind him with a hollow thwack.

Outside in the darkness, gray with whirling snowflakes, he saw the wet lamps of cabs shining, and he darted along the line of hansoms and coupés in frantic search for his own.

"Oh, there you are," he panted, flinging his suit-case up to a snow-covered driver. "Do your best now; we're late!" And he leaped into the dark coupé, slammed the door, and sank back on the cushions, turning up the collar of his heavy overcoat.

There was a young lady in the farther corner of the cab, buried to her nose in a fur coat. At intervals she shivered and pressed a fluffy muff against her face. A glimmer from the sleet-smear'd lamps fell across her knees.

Down-town flew the cab, swaying around icy corners, bumping over car-tracks, lurching, rattling, jouncing, while its silent occupants, huddled in separate corners, brooded moodily at their respective windows.

Snow blotted the glass, melting and running down; and over the watery panes yellow light from shop windows played fantastically, distorting vision.

Presently the young man pulled out his watch, fumbled for a match-box, struck a light, and groaned as he read the time.

At the sound of the match striking, the young lady turned her head. Then, as the bright flame illuminated the young man's face, she sat bolt upright, dropping the muff to her lap with a cry of dismay.

He looked up at her. The match burned his fingers; he dropped it and hurriedly lighted another; and the flickering radiance brightened upon the face of a girl whom he had never before laid eyes on.

"Good heavens!" he said, "where's my sister?"

The young lady was startled but resolute. "You have made a dreadful mistake," she said; "you are in the wrong cab—"

The match went out; there came a brief moment of darkness, then the cab turned a corner, and the ghostly light of electric lamps played over them in quivering succession.

"Will you please stop this cab?" she said, unsteadily. "You have mistaken my cab for yours. I was expecting my brother."

Stunned, he made no movement to obey. A sudden thrill of fear passed through her.

"I must ask you to stop this cab," she faltered.

The idiotic blankness of his expression changed to acute alarm.

"Stop this cab?" he cried. "Nothing on earth can induce me to stop this cab!"

"You must!" she insisted, controlling her voice; "you must stop it at once!"

"How can I?" he asked, excitedly; "I'm late now; I haven't one second to spare!"

"Do you refuse to leave this cab?"

"I beg that you will compose yourself—"

"Will you go?" she insisted.

A jounce sent them flying toward each other; they collided and recoiled, regarding one another in breathless indignation.

"This is simply hideous!" said the young lady, seizing the door handle.

"Please don't open that door!" he said. She tried to wrench it open; the handle stuck,—or perhaps the strength had left her wrist. But it was not courage that failed, for she faced him, head held high, and,

"You coward!" she said.

Over his face a deep flush burned;—and it was a good face, too,—youthfully wilful perhaps, with a firm clean-cut chin and pleasant eyes.

"If I were a coward," he said, "I'd stop this cab and get out. I never faced anything that frightened me half as much as you do!"

She looked him straight in the eyes, one hand twisting at the knob.

"Don't you suppose that this mistake of mine is as humiliating and unwelcome to me as it is to you?" he said. "If you stop this cab, it will ruin somebody's life. Not mine;—if it were my own life, I wouldn't hesitate."

Her hand, still clasping the silver knob, suddenly fell limp.

"You say that you are in a hurry?" she asked, with dry lips.

"A desperate hurry," he replied.

"So am I," she said, bitterly; "and, thanks to your stupidity, I must make the journey without my brother!"

There was a silence, then she turned toward him again:

"Where do you imagine this cab is going?"

"It's going to Cortlandt Street—isn't it?" Suddenly the recollection came to him that it was her cab, and that he had only told the driver to drive fast.

The color left his face as he pressed it to the sleet-shot window. Fitful flick-

ers of light, snow, darkness,—that was all he could see.

He turned a haggard countenance on her; he was at her mercy. But there was nothing vindictive in her.

"I also am going to Cortlandt Street; you need not be alarmed," she said.

The color came back to his cheeks. "I suppose," he ventured, "that you are trying to catch the Eden Limited, as I am."

"Yes," she said, coldly; "my brother—" An expression of utter horror came into her face. "What on earth shall I do!" she cried; "my brother has my ticket and my purse!"

A lunge and a bounce sent them into momentary collision; a flare of light from a ferry lantern flashed in their faces; the cab stopped and a porter jerked open the door, crying:

"Eden Limited? You'd better hurry, lady. They're closin' the gates now."

They sprang out into the storm, she refusing his guiding arm.

"What am I to do?" she said, desperately. "I *must* go on that train, and I haven't a penny."

"It's all right; you'll take my sister's ticket," he said, hurriedly paying the cabman.

A porter seized their two valises from the box and dashed toward the ferry-house; they followed to the turnstile, where the tickets were clipped.

"Now we've got to run!" he said. And off they sped, slipped through the closing gates, and ran for the gangplank, where their porter stood making frantic signs for them to hasten. It was a close connection, but they made it, to the unfeigned amusement of the passengers on deck.

"Sa-ay!" drawled a ferry-hand, giving an extra twist to the wheel as the chains came clanking in, "she puts the bunch on the blink f'r a looker. Hey?"

"Plenty," said his comrade; adding, after a moment's weary deliberation, "She's his tootsy-wootsy sure. B. and G."

The two young people, who had caught the boat at the last second, stood together, muffled to the eyes, breathing rapidly. She was casting tragic glances astern, where, somewhere behind the smother of



'GOOD HEAVENS!'" HE SAID, " WHERE'S MY SISTER?"

snow, New York city lay; he, certain at last of his train, stood beside her, attempting to collect his thoughts and arrange them in some sort of logical sequence.

But the harder he thought, the more illogical the entire episode appeared. How on earth had he ever come to enter a stranger's cab and drive with a stranger half a mile before either discovered the situation? And what blind luck had sent the cab to the destination he also was bound for,—and not a second to spare, either!

He looked at her furtively; she stood by the rail, her fur coat white with snow.

"The poor little thing," he thought. And he said: "You need not worry about your section, you know. I have my sister's ticket for you."

After a moment's gloomy retrospection he added, "When your brother arrives to knock my head off I'm going to let him do it."

She made no comment.

"I don't suppose," he said, "that you ever could pardon what I have done."

"No," she said, "I never could."

A brief interval passed, disturbed by the hooting of a siren.

"If you had stopped the cab when I asked you to—" she began.

"If I had," he said, "neither you nor I could have caught this train."

"If you had not entered my cab, I should have been here at this moment with my brother," she said. "Now I am here with you,—penniless!"

He looked at her miserably, but she was relentless.

"It is the cold selfishness of the incident that shocks me," she said; "it is not the blunder that offended me—" She stopped short to give him a chance to defend himself; but he did not. "And now," she added, "you have reduced me to the necessity of—borrowing money—"

"Only a ticket," he muttered.

But she was not appeased, and her silence was no solace to him.

After a few minutes he said: "It's horribly cold out here; would you not care to go into the cabin?"

She shook her head, and her cheeks grew hot; for she had heard the observations of the ferrymen as the boat left. She would freeze in obscurity rather

than face a lighted cabin full of people. She looked at the porter who was carrying their valises, and the dreadful idea seized her that he too thought them bride and groom.

Furious, half frightened, utterly wretched, she dared not even look at the man whose unheard-of stupidity had inflicted such humiliation upon her.

Tears were close to her eyes; she swallowed, set her head high, and turned her burning cheeks to the pelting snow.

Oh, he should rue it some day! When, how, where, she did not trouble to think; but he should rue it; and his punishment should leave a memory ineffaceable. Pondering on his future tribulation, sternly immersed in visions of justice, his voice startled her:

"The boat is in. Please keep close to me."

Bump! creak—cre—ak! bump!! Then came the clank of wheel and chain, and the crowded cabin, and pressing throngs which crushed her close to his shoulder; and, "Please take my arm," he said; "I can protect you better so."

A long covered way, swarming with people, a glimpse of a street and whirling snowflakes, an iron fence pierced by gates where gilt-and-blue officials stood, saying, monotonously: "Tickets! Please show your tickets. This way for the Palmetto Special. The Eden Limited on track number three."

"Would you mind holding my umbrella a moment?" he asked.

She took it.

He produced the two tickets and they passed the gate, following a porter who carried their luggage.

Presently their porter climbed the steps of a sleeping-car. She followed and sat down beside her valise, resting her elbow on the polished window-sill, and her flushed cheek on her hand.

He passed her and continued on toward the end of the car, where she saw him engage in animated conversation with several officials. The officials shook their heads, and, after a while, he came slowly back to where she sat.

"I tried to exchange into another car," he said. "It cannot be done."

"Why do you wish to?" she asked, calmly.

"I suppose you would—would rather

I did," he said. "I'll stay in the smoker all I can."

She made no comment. He stood staring gloomily at the floor.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said at last. "I'm not quite as selfish as you think. My—my younger brother is in a lot of trouble—down at St. Augustine. I couldn't have saved him if I hadn't caught this train. . . . I know you can't forgive me;—so I'll say—so I'll ask permission to say good-by."

"Don't—please don't go," she said, faintly.

He wheeled toward her again.

"How on earth am I to dine if you go away?" she asked. "I've a thousand miles to go, and I've simply got to dine."

"What a stupid brute I am!" he said between his teeth. "I try to be decent, but I can't. I'll do anything in the world to spare you—indeed I will. Tell me, would you prefer to dine alone—"

"Hush! people are listening," she said, in a low voice. "It's bad enough to be taken for bride and groom, but if people in this car think we've quarrelled I—I simply cannot endure it."

"Who took us for—that?" he whispered, fiercely.

"Those people behind you; don't look! I heard that horrid little boy say, 'B. and G.' and others heard it. I—I think you had better sit down here a moment."

He sat down.

"The question is," she said, with heightened color, "whether it is less embarrassing for us to be civil to one another or to avoid one another. Everybody has seen the porter bring in our luggage; everybody supposes we are at least on friendly terms. If I go alone to the dining-car, and you go alone, gossip will begin. I'm miserable enough now—my position is false enough now. I—I cannot stand being stared at for thirty-six hours—"

"If you say so, I'll spread the rumor that you're my sister," he suggested, anxiously. "Shall I?"

Even she perceived the fatal futility of that suggestion.

"But when you take off your glove everybody will know we're not B. and G.," he insisted.

She hesitated; a delicate flush crept over her face; then she nervously

stripped the glove from her left hand and extended it. A plain gold ring encircled the third finger. "What shall I do?" she whispered. "I can't get it off. I've tried, but I can't."

"Does it belong there?" he asked, seriously.

"You mean, am I married? No, no," she said, impatiently; "it's my grandmother's wedding-ring. I was just trying it on this morning,—this morning of all mornings! Think of it!"

She looked anxiously at her white fingers, then at him.

"What do you think?" she asked, naively; "I've tried soap and cold-cream, but it won't come off."

"Well," he said, with a forced laugh, "Fate appears to be personally conducting this tour, and it's probably all right—" He hesitated. "Perhaps it's better than to wear no ring—"

"Why?" she asked, innocently. "Oh! perhaps it's better, after all, to be mistaken for B. and G. than for a pair of unchaperoned creatures. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," he said, vaguely.

There came a gentle jolt, a faint grinding sound, a vibration increasing. Lighted lanterns, red and green, glided past their window.

"We've started," he said.

Then a negro porter came jauntily down the aisle, saying something in a low voice to everybody as he passed. And when he came to them he smiled encouragement and made an extra bow, murmuring, "First call for dinner, if you please, madam."

They were the centre of discreet attention in the dining-car; and neither the ring on her wedding-finger nor their bearing and attitude toward each other were needed to confirm the general conviction.

He tried to do all he could to make it easy for her, but he didn't know how, or he never would have ordered rice pudding with a confidence that set their own negro waiter grinning from ear to ear.

She bit her red lips and looked out of the window; but the window, blackened by night and quicksilvered by the snow, was only a mirror for a very lovely and distressed face.

Indeed, she was charming in her supposed rôle; their fellow-passengers' criticisms were exceedingly favorable. Even the young imp who had pronounced them B. and G. with infantile unreserve appeared to be impressed by her fresh young beauty; and an old clergyman across the aisle beamed on them at intervals, and every beam was a benediction.

As for them, embarrassment and depression were at first masked under a polite gayety; but the excitement of the drama gained on them; appearances were to be kept up in the rôles of a comedy absolutely forced upon them; and that brought exhilaration.

From mental self-absolution they ventured on mentally absolving each other. Fate had done it! Their consciences were free. Their situation was a challenge in itself, and to accept must mean to conquer.

Stirring two lumps of sugar into his cup of coffee, he looked up suddenly, to find her gray eyes meeting his across the table. They smiled like friends.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked.

"I was thinking that perhaps you had forgiven me," he said, hopefully.

"I have"—she frowned a little—"I think I have."

"And—you do not think me a coward?"

"No," she said, watching him, chin propped on her linked fingers.

He laughed gratefully.

"As a matter of cold fact," he observed, "if we had met anywhere in town—under other circumstances—there is no reason that I can see why we shouldn't have become excellent friends."

"No reason at all," she said, thoughtfully.

"And that reminds me," he went on, dropping his voice and leaning across the table, "I'm going to send back a telegram to my sister, and I fancy you may wish to send one to your wandering brother."

"I suppose I'd better," she said. An involuntary shiver passed over her. "He's probably frantic," she added.

"Probably," he admitted.

"My father and mother are in Europe," she observed. "I hope my brother hasn't cabled them."

"I think we'd better get those telegrams off," he said, motioning the waiter to bring the blanks and find pen and ink.

They waited, gazing meditatively at each other. Presently he said:

"I'd like to tell you what it is that sends me flying down to Florida at an hour's notice. I think some explanation is due you—if it wouldn't bore you?"

"Tell me," she said, quietly.

"Why, then, it's that headlong idiot of a brother of mine," he explained. "He's going to try to marry a girl he has only known twenty-four hours—a girl we never heard of. And I'm on my way to stop it!—the young fool!—and I'll stop it if I have to drag him home by the heels! Here's the telegram we got late this afternoon;—a regular bombshell." He drew the yellow bit of paper from his breast pocket, unfolded it, and read:

"ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

"I am going to marry to-morrow the loveliest girl in the United States. Only met her yesterday. Love at first sight. You'll all worship her! She's eighteen, a New-Yorker, and her name is Marie Hetherford. JIM."

He looked up angrily. "What do you think of that?" he demanded.

"Think?" she stammered,—"*think?*" She dropped her hands helplessly, staring at him. "Marie Hetherford is my sister!" she said.

"Your—sister," he repeated, after a long pause,—"*your* sister!"

She pressed a white hand to her forehead, clearing her eyes with a gesture.

"Isn't it too absurd!" she said, dreamily. "My sister sent us a telegram like yours. Our parents are abroad. So my brother and I threw some things into a trunk and—and started! Oh, did you ever hear of anything like this?"

"Your sister!" he repeated, dazed. "*My* brother and *your* sister. And I am on my way to stop it; and you are on your way to stop it—"

She began to laugh,—not hysterically, but it was not a natural laugh.

"And," he went on, "I've lost another sister in the shuffle, and you've lost another brother in the shuffle, and now there's a double-shuffle danced by you and me—"

"Don't. *Don't!*" she said, faint from laughter.

"Yes, I will," he said. "And I'll say more! I'll say that Destiny is taking exclusive charge of our two families, and it would not surprise me if *your* brother and *my* sister were driving around New York together at this moment looking for us!"

Their laughter infected the entire dining-car; every waiter snickered; the enfant terrible grinned; the aged minister of the Church of England beamed a rapid fire of benedictions on them.

But they had forgotten everybody except each other.

"From what I hear and from what I know personally of your family," she said, "it seems to me that they never waste much time about anything."

"We are rather in that way," he admitted. "I have been in a hurry from the time you first met me;—and you see what my brother is going to do."

"Going to do? Are you going to let him?"

"Let him?" He looked steadily at her, and she returned the gaze as steadily. "Yes," he said, "I'm going to let him. And if I tried to stop him I'd get my deserts. I think I know my brother Jim. And I fancy it would take more than his brother to drag him away from your sister." He hesitated a moment. "Is she like—like you?"

"A year younger;—yes, we are alike. . . . And you say that you are going to let him—marry her?"

"Yes—if you don't mind."

The challenge was in his eyes, and she accepted it.

"Is your brother Jim like you?"

"A year younger—yes. . . . May he marry her?"

She strove to speak easily, but to her consternation she choked, and the bright color dyed her face from neck to hair.

This must not be; she must answer him. To flinch now would be impossible, —giving a double meaning and double understanding to a badinage light as air. Alas! Il ne faut pas badiner avec l'amour! Then she answered, saying too much in an effort to say a little with careless and becoming courage.

"If he is like you, he may marry her. . . . I am glad he is your brother."

The answering fire burnt in his face; she met his eyes, and twice her own fell before their message.

He leaned forward, elbows on the table, hot face between his hands;—a careless attitude for others to observe; but a swift glance warned her what was coming,—coming in a low, casual voice, checked at intervals as though he were swallowing.

"You are the most splendid girl I ever knew." He dropped one hand and picked up a flower that had slipped from her finger-bowl. "You are the only person in the world who will not think me crazy for saying this. We're a headlong race. Will you marry me?"

She bent her head thoughtfully, pressing her mouth to her clasped fingers. Her attitude was repose itself.

"Are you offended?" he asked, looking out of the window.

There was a slight negative motion of her head.

A party of assorted travellers rose from their table and passed them, smiling discreetly; the old minister across the aisle mused in his coffee-cup, caressing his shaven face with wrinkled fingers. The dining-car grew very still.

"It's in the blood," he said, under his breath; "my grandparents eloped; my father's courtship lasted three days from the time he first met my mother;—you see what my brother has done in twenty-four hours. . . . We do things more quickly in these days. . . . Please—*please* don't look so unhappy!"

"I—I am not unhappy. . . . I am willing to—hear you. You were saying something about—about—"

"About love."

"I—think so. Wait until those people pass!"

He waited, apparently hypnotized by the beauty of the car ceiling. Then: "Of course if you were not going to be my sister-in-law to-morrow, I'd not go into family matters."

"No, of course not," she murmured.

So he gave her a brief outline of his own affairs, and she listened with bent head until there came the pause which was her own cue.

"Why do you tell me this?" she asked, innocently.

"It—it—why, because I love you."

On common ground once more, she



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Half-tone plate engraved by Frank. E. Pettit

"I LOVE YOU ENOUGH TO WAIT A MILLION YEARS"

prepared for battle, but to her consternation she found the battle already ended and an enemy calmly preparing for her surrender.

"But when—when do you propose to—to do this?" she asked, in an unsteady voice.

"Now," he said, firmly.

"Now? Marry me at once?"

"I love you enough to wait a million years—but I won't. I always expected to fall in love; I've rather fancied it would come like this when it came; and I swore I'd never let the chance slip by. . We're a headlong family,—but a singularly loyal one. We love but once in our lifetime; and when we love we know it."

"Do you think that this is that one time?"

"There is no doubt left in me."

"Then"—she covered her face with her hands, leaning heavily on the table—"then what on earth are we to do?"

"Promise each other to love."

"Do you promise?"

"Yes, I do promise forever. Do you?"

She looked up, pale as a ghost. "Yes," she said.

"Then—please say it," he whispered.

Some people rose and left the car. She sat apparently buried in colorless reverie. Twice her voice failed her; he bent nearer; and—

"I love you," she said.

The Fool

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

WHAT a Fool am I, again, again
To give for asking;—yet again to trust
The needy love in women and in men
Until again my faith is turned to dust
By an ill thrust!

How you must smile apart who make my hands
Ever to bleed where they were reached to bless!—
Wonder how any wit that understands
Should ever try too near, with gentle stress,
Your sullenness.

Laugh, stare, deny. Because I shall be true,—
The only triumph slain by no surprise:
True, true for that forlornest truth in you,
The wan, beleaguered thing behind your eyes,
Starving on lies.

Grow by my faith: I am a steadfast tool:
When I am dark, begone into the sun,
I cry, "Ah, Lord, how good to be a Fool!
A lonely game, indeed, but now all done.
And I have won."

Amelia

BY MARGARET DELAND

I
THE exception that proved Old Chester's rule as to the subjection of Youth was found in the household of Mr. Thomas Dilworth.

When the Dilworth children (at least the two girls) hung about their father when he came home at night, or teased and scolded and laughed at him at their friendly breakfast table, an observer might have thought himself miles away from Old Chester and its well-brought-up Youth. The way those girls talk to Thomas Dilworth! "where will it end?" said Old Chester, solemnly. For instance: the annual joke in the Dilworth family was that father had been in love with mother for as many years as she was old, less so many minutes.

Now imagine Old Chester children indulging in such familiarities!

Yet on Mrs. Dilworth's birthday this family witticism was always in order:

"Father, how long have you been mother's beau?"

And Thomas, rosy, handsome, looking at least ten years younger than his Amelia, would say: "Well, let's see: forty-one years" (or two or three, as the case might be), "eleven months, twenty-nine days, twenty-three hours, and forty minutes; she was twenty minutes old when I first laid eyes on her,—and during those twenty minutes I was heart-whole."

But Mrs. Dilworth, smiling vaguely behind her coffee-cups, would protest:—"I never heard anything about it, Tom, until you were sixteen."

And then the girls would declare that they must be told just what father said when he was sixteen and mother was twelve. But Thomas drew the line at that. "Come! come! you mustn't talk about love-making. As for marrying, I don't mean to let you girls get married at all. And Ned here had better not let me catch him thinking of such nonsense until

he's twenty-five. He can get married (if I like the girl) when he is twenty-eight."

"You got married at twenty-two, sir," Edwin demurred.

"If you can find a woman like your mother, you can get married at twenty-two. But you can't. They don't make 'em any more. So you've got to wait. And remember, I've decided not to let Mary and Nancy get married, ever. I don't propose to bring up a brace of long-legged girls, and clothe 'em and feed 'em and pay their doctors' bills, and then, just as they get old enough to amount to anything and quit being nuisances, hand 'em over to another fellow. No, sir! You've got to stay at home with me. Do you understand?"

The girls screamed at this, and flung themselves upon him to kiss him and pull his hair.

No wonder Old Chester was shocked!

Yet, in spite of such happenings, Thomas and Amelia Dilworth were of the real Old Chester. They were not tainted with *newness*,—that sad dispensation of Providence which had to be borne by such people as the Macks, or the Hayeses, or those very rich (but really worthy) Smiths. The Dilworths were not new; yet their three children had the training—or the lack of training—that made the Hayes children and their kind a subject for Old Chester's prayers.

"Who can say what the result of Milly Dilworth's negligence will be?" Mrs. Drayton said, sighing, to Dr. Lavendar. Who only reminded her that folks didn't gather thistles of figs—generally speaking.

But in spite of Dr. Lavendar's optimism, it was a queer household, according to Old Chester lights. . . . In the first place, the father and mother were more unlike than is generally considered to be matrimonially safe. Amelia was a dear good soul, but, as Miss Helen Hayes said once, "with absolutely no mind";

while Thomas Dilworth was eminently level-headed,—although very fond (so Mrs. Drayton said) of female society. And it must be admitted that Thomas had more than once caused his Milly a slight pang by such fondness. But at least he was never conscious that he had done so—and Milly never told him. (But Mrs. Drayton said that that was something she could not forgive in a married gentleman. “My dear husband,” said Mrs. Drayton, “has never wandered from me, even in imagination!”) Added to conjugal incongruity was this indifference on the part of Thomas and his wife to the training of the children. The three young Dilworths were allowed to grow up exactly as they pleased. It had worked well enough with Mary and Nancy, who were good girls, affectionate and sensible; so sensible that Nancy, when she was eighteen, had practically taken the housekeeping out of her mother’s hands; and Mary, at sixteen, looked out for herself and her affairs most successfully. With Edwin the Dilworth system had not been so satisfactory. He was conceited (though that is only to be expected of the male creature at nineteen), and rather selfish; and he had an unlovely reserve, in which he was strikingly unlike his father, who overflowed with confidences. This, and other unlikeness, was, no doubt, the reason that there were constant small differences between them. And Mrs. Dilworth, vague, gentle soul, was, somehow, unable to smooth the differences over as successfully as most mothers do.

Now smoothing things over is practically a profession to mothers of families. But Milly Dilworth had never succeeded in it. In the first place, she had no gift of words; the more she felt, the more inexpressive she became; but worst of all, she had, poor woman, not the slightest sense of humor. Now in dealing with husbands and children (especially with husbands), though you have the tongues of men—which are thought to be more restrained than those of women,—and though you have the gift of prophecy (a common gift of wives), and understand all mysteries—say, of housekeeping,—and though you give your body to be used up and worn out for their sakes, yet all these things profit you nothing

if you have no sense of humor. And Milly Dilworth had none.

That was why she could not understand.

She loved, in her tender, undemonstrative way, her shy, unpractical, secretive Edwin and her two capable girls; she loved with the single, silent passion of her soul her generous, selfish, light-hearted Tom, who took her wordless worship as unconsciously and simply as he took the air he breathed; she loved them all. But she did not pretend to understand them. Thus she stood always a little aside, watching and loving; and wondering, sometimes, in her simple way; but often suffering, as people with no sense of humor are apt to do. Dear, dull, gentle Milly! no one could remember a harsh word of hers, or mean deed, or a little judgment. No wonder Dr. Laven-
dar felt confident that there would be no thistles in her household.

Thomas Dilworth had the same comfortable conviction,—especially in regard to his girls. “Now, Milly, honestly,” he used to say, “apart from the fact that they are ours, don’t you really think they are the nicest girls in Old Chester?”

Milly would admit, in her brief way, that they were good children.

“And Edwin means all right,” the father would assure himself; and then add that he couldn’t understand their boy;—“at least, I suppose he’s ours? Willy King says so. I have thought perhaps he was a changeling, put into the cradle the first day.”

“But, Tom,” Milly would protest, “Neddy couldn’t be a changeling. He was never out of my sight for the first week—not even to be taken out of the room to be shown to people. Besides, he has your chin and my eyes.”

“Well, if you really think so!” Thomas would demur. And Mrs. Dilworth always said, earnestly, that she was sure of it.

Still, in spite of eyes and chin, Ned’s unpracticalness was an anxiety to his father, and his uncommunicativeness a constant irritation. Thomas himself was ready to share anything he possessed, money or opinions or hopes, with any friend, almost with any acquaintance. “I don’t want to know anybody’s business,” he used to say; “I’m not inquisi-

tive, Milly; you know I'm not. But I hate hiding things! Why shouldn't he say where he's going when he goes out in the evening? Sneaking off, as if he were ashamed."

"He just doesn't think of it," the mother would say, trying to smooth it over.

"Well, he ought to think of it," the father would grumble, eager to be smoothed.

But Milly found it harder to reconcile her husband to their boy's indifference to business than to his reserves.

"He sees fit to look down on the hardware trade," Tom told his wife, angrily. "'Well, sir,' I said to him the other day, 'it's given you your bread and butter for nineteen years; yes—and your fiddle, too, and your everlasting music lessons.' And I'll tell you what, Milly, a man who looks down on his business will find his business looking down on him! And it's a good business; it's a darned good business. If Ned doesn't have the sense to see it, he had better go and play his fiddle and hold out his hat for pennies."

Milly looked anxiously sympathetic.

"I don't know what is going to become of him," Thomas went on. "When you come to provide for three out of the hardware business, nobody gets very much."

Mrs. Dilworth was silent.

"I was talking about him to Dr. Lavendar yesterday; and he said, 'Oh, he'll fall in love one of these days, and he'll see that fiddling won't buy his wife her shoe-strings; then he'll take to the hardware business,' Dr. Lavendar said. It's all very well to talk about his falling in love and taking to business; but if he falls in love, I'll have another mouth to fill. And maybe more," he added, grimly.

"Not for a year, anyway," his wife said, hopefully. "And besides, I don't think Neddy's thinking of such a thing."

"I hope not, at his age!"

"You were engaged when you were nineteen."

"My dear, I wasn't Ned."

Mrs. Dilworth was silent.

"The Packards telegraphed to-day that they wouldn't take that reaper," Tom Dilworth said.

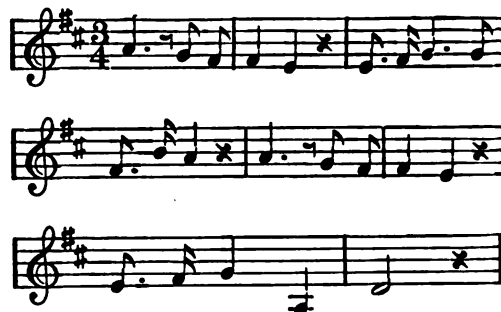
Milly seemed to search for words of sympathy, but before she found them,

Tom began to talk of something else; he never waited for his wife's replies, or, indeed, expected them. He was so constituted that he had to have a listener; and during all their married life she had listened. When she replied, she was a sounding-board, echoing back his own opinions; when she was silent, he took her silence to mean agreement. And like the rest of us, Thomas Dilworth had a deep belief in the good sense of the people who agreed with him.

"I have a great mind," he rambled on, "to go up to the Hayes's. You know that note is due on the 15th—and I believe I'll have to ask him to extend it. I hate to do it, but Packard has upset my calculations, and I'll have to get an extension, or else sell something out; and just now I don't like to do that."

"Very well," she said. It was her birthday—the one day in the year that her Thomas remembered that he had been in love with her for so many years, months, days, minutes; a fact she never for one day in the year forgot. But she could no more have reminded him of the day than she could have flown! She was constitutionally inexpressive.

Tom began to whistle,—



but broke off to say, "Well, since you advise it, I'll see Hayes"; then he gave her a kiss, and immediately forgot her;—as completely as he had forgotten his supper or any other comfortable and absolutely necessary thing. Then he lighted his cigar and started for the Hayes's.

II

"And who do you suppose I found there?" he said, when he got home, well on towards eleven o'clock, an hour so dissipated for Old Chester that Milly was broad awake in silent anxiety. "Why,

Ned, if you please! He was talking to Hayes's daughter Helen. She seems a mighty nice girl, Milly! I packed young Edwin off at nine; he was boring Miss Helen to death. Boys have little sense about such things. Can't you give him a hint that women of twenty-five don't care for little boys' talk? By the way, she talks mighty well herself. After I settled my business with Hayes, we got to discussing the President's letter; she had just read it."

"Do you mean to say *that the President has written to Helen Hayes?*" cried Mrs. Dilworth, sitting up in bed in her astonishment.

Thomas roared. "Why, they are regular correspondents! Didn't you know it?"

"No! I hadn't the slightest idea—Tom, you're joking?"

"My dear, you can't think I am capable of joking? But, Milly, look here; I'll tell you one thing: she was mighty sensible about Ned. She thinks there's a good deal to him—"

"I don't need Helen Hayes to tell me that," said Ned's mother.

Tom, who never paused for his wife's reply, began to pull off his boots, whistling, joyfully:



Helen Hayes had been very comforting to him; he had protested, when Ned reluctantly departed, that a boy never knew when to clear out; and Miss Helen had pouted, and said Ned shouldn't be scolded; "I wouldn't let him 'clear out'; so there!" Few women of thirty-two can be cunning successfully, but Tom thought Miss Helen very cunning. "I just perfectly love to hear him talk about his music," she said.

"He can't talk about anything else," Ned's father said. "That's the trouble with him."

"The trouble with him? Why, that's the beauty of him!" said Miss Hayes, with enthusiasm; and Thomas said to himself that she was a mighty good-looking girl. The rose-colored lamp-shade cast a soft light on a face that was not quite so young as was the frock she wore, —rose-colored also, with much yellowish lace down the front. It was very unlike Milly's dresses—dark, good woollens, made rather tightly,—for Milly, short and stout, and forty-three, aspired (for her Thomas's sake) to a figure; which is always a pity at forty-three. Furthermore, Helen Hayes's hands, very white, and heavy with shining rings, lay in lovely idleness in her lap—and that is so much more restful in a woman's hands than to be fussing with sewing, "or everlasting darning," Thomas thought. In fact, what with her lovely idleness, and her praise of his boy, Tom Dilworth thought he had rarely seen so pleasing a young woman. "Though she's not so very young, after all; she must be twenty-five," he told his wife.

"She'll never see thirty again."

"Well, she's a mighty nice girl," Thomas said.

Except to look pretty, Miss Helen Hayes had done nothing to produce this impression, for she had contradicted Mr. Dilworth up and down, about Ned.

"He has genius, you know!"

"You mean his fiddle?" Tom said, incredulously.

"I mean his music; we'll hear of him one of these days."

"I don't care much whether we ever hear from his music," he said, "but I wish I could hear that he was applying himself to business."

"Business!" cried Helen Hayes. "What is business compared to Art?"

Thomas looked over at Mr. Hayes in astonishment, for in those days, in Old Chester, this particular sort of talk had not been heard; the older man sneered, and changed his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. Miss Hayes did not get much sympathy from her family. But she went on with pretty dogmatism.

"You see, in a man like your son—"

"A man! He's only twenty, my dear young lady."

"In a *man*, sir! like your son—genius

is the thing to consider; and you owe it to the world to let genius have its fullest play. Don't bring Pegasus down to plough Old Chester corn-fields. Why, it seems to me," said Helen Hayes, "that he ought to be allowed to just soar! We common folk ought to do the ploughing."

"Thunder an' guns!" said Tom Dilworth.

"I don't care if he can't be sure that two and two make four," cried Miss Helen (Thomas, bubbling into aggrieved confidence on this sore subject, had alleged this against his son); "he can put four notes together that open the gates of heaven! And he'll distinguish himself in music, because his father's son is bound to have tremendous perseverance and energy."

Old Mr. Hayes snorted, and spat into the fire; but Miss Helen's look when she said "his father's son" made Mr. Thomas Dilworth simper.

"That girl has sense," he said to himself as he walked home at a quarter to eleven. But he only told Mrs. Dilworth that she had better hint to Ned to be a little more backward in coming forward. "That Hayes girl is nice to him on our account," said Tom, "but he needn't bore her to death. Milly, why don't you have one of those pink wrappers? She had one on to-night. Loose, you know, and trimmed down the front."

"A wrapper isn't very suitable for company," Mrs. Dilworth said, briefly. "It didn't matter with you, because you're an old married man; but she oughtn't to go round in wrappers when Neddy's there."

"Why! it was a sort of party dress; all lace and stuff. I wish you had one like it. As for Ned, he's a babe; and her wrapper thing was perfectly proper, of course. Can't you ask her for the pattern?"

And then Thomas went to sleep and dreamed of a large order for galvanized buckets; but his Milly lay awake a long time, wondering how she could get a pink dress; pleased, in her silent way, that Tom should be thinking about her clothes; but with a slow resentment gathering in her heart that Helen Hayes's clothes should have suggested his thought.

"And pink isn't my color," she thought, a vision of her own mild red face rising in her mind. Still, a fresh

pink lawn;—"that's always pretty," Milly Dilworth said to herself, earnestly.

III

Tom Dilworth's boy was a curious *sport* from the family stock. He did, indeed, look down on the hardware business—but not much more than on any business, although galvanized utensils were perhaps a little more hideous than most things. Business in itself did not interest him. Money-making was sordid folly, he said; because: "What do you want money for? Isn't it to buy food and clothes and shelter? Well, you can't eat more food than enough; you can only wear one suit of clothes at a time; and an eight-foot cell is all the shelter that is necessary."

"Eight-foot—*grandmother!*" his father would retort; "you'll inventory that lot of spades, young man, and dry up!"

And Ned, with shrinking hands, and ears that shuddered at the hideous screech of scraping shovels, would make out his inventory with loathing. His mother was not impatient or contemptuous with him,—she could not have been that to any one; she simply could not understand what he meant when he spouted upon the folly of wealth (for, like most shy people, he occasionally burst into orations upon his theories), or when he set off some fireworks of scepticism borrowed from Mr. Ezra Barkley, or undertook (when Thomas was not present) to prove his father's politics entirely wrong. On such occasions Nancy would say, "Oh, Ned, *do* be quiet!" and Mary would yawn openly. As for his music, nobody cared about it, except, perhaps, his mother. "But I must say, Neddy, I like a tune," she would say, mildly, after Edwin had tucked his violin under his chin and poured out all his young soul in what was a true and simple passion.

"A tune!" poor Ned said, and groaned. "Mother, I wish you wouldn't call me that ridiculous name!"

"I'll try not to, Neddy dear," she would promise, anxiously; and Ned would groan again.

With such a family circle, one can fancy what it was to the lad when quite by accident he found a friend; it was the summer that he was twenty; they met in

the stage, coming back from Mercer, and Miss Hayes showed a keen interest in something he said; and then she asked a question or two; and when, hesitating, waiting for the laugh which did not come, he began to talk, *she listened!* Oh, the joy of finding a listener! She looked at him, as they sat on the slippery leather seat of the old stage, with soft, intelligent eyes, her slightly faded prettiness giving a touch of charm to the high and flattering gravity of her manner. When she asked him to bring his violin sometime and play to her, the boy could almost have wept with joy. He made haste to work off several of his dearest and most shocking phrases, which she took with deep seriousness: A whale's throat is not large enough to swallow a man—therefore the Biblical account is false, etc., etc. "In fact," said Ned, "if I could have a half-hour's straight conversation with Dr. Lavendar, I could prove to him the falsity of most of the Old Testament."

Helen Hayes was shocked; she regretted Mr. Dilworth's scepticism with almost tearful warmth; yet she realized that a powerful mind must search for truth, above all. She wished, however, that he would read such and such a book. "I can't argue with you myself," she said—"you are far too clever for my poor little reasoning powers!"

It was in April that Edwin entered into this experience of feminine sympathy; and by midsummer, at the time when Mr. Thomas Dilworth also found Miss Helen Hayes so remarkably intelligent, the boy was absorbed in his new emotion of friendship. He never spoke of it at home, hence his father's astonishment at finding him at the Hayes's. And when, a week later, he found him a second time, Tom Dilworth was much perplexed.

"I dropped in on my way back from the store," he told his wife, "and there was that boy! I said to Miss Helen that she really must not let him bother her. I told her he was a blatherskite, and she must just tell him to dry up if he talked too much."

"Tom, I don't think you ought to talk that way about Neddy," Mrs. Dilworth said. "He's a dear boy."

"He may be a dear boy, but he is a

great donkey," Ned's father said, dryly; "and I think it is very good in Helen Hayes to put up with him. I can see she does it on my account. Milly, why don't you ask her to come to supper, sometime? I like to talk to her; she's got brains, that girl! And she's good-looking, too. Ask her to tea, and have waffles and fried chicken, and some of that fluffy pink stuff the children are so fond of, for dessert."

"She's not much of a child," said Mrs. Dilworth, her face growing slowly red. "She's thirty-two if she's a day."

"My dear, she has aged rapidly; you said thirty a month ago. I like the pink stuff myself, and I'm nearly fifty. I bet the Hayeses don't have anything better at their house."

Milly softened at that. Where is the middle-aged housekeeper who does not soften at being told that her pink stuff is better than anything the Hayeses can produce? Yet Tom's talk of Miss Helen's brains pierced through her vagueness and bit into her heart and mind; and she could not forget that he had called her good-looking. . . . Mrs. Dilworth stood before the small swinging glass on her high bureau and looked at herself critically; then she slipped back and locked her door; then took a shabby hand-glass and stood sidewise to look again. Her hair was drawn tightly from her temples and twisted into a hard knot at the back of her head; she remembered that the Hayes girl wore high rats, which were very fashionable, and had a large curl at one side of her waterfall. "But it's pinned on," Milly said to herself; "anyway, mine's my own." Then she pulled her cap farther forward (in those days mothers of families began to wear caps when they were thirty) and looked in the glass again: Helen Hayes did not have a double chin. "She's a skinny thing," Milly said to herself. Yet she knew, bitterly, that she would rather be skinny than see those cruel lines, like gathers on a drawing-string, puckering the once round neck below the chin. And her forehead: she wondered whether if, every day, she stroked it forty-two times, she could smooth out the wrinkles?—those wrinkles that stood for the tender and anxious thought of all her married life!

She had heard of getting rid of wrinkles in that way. "It would take a good deal of time," she thought, doubtfully. Still, she might try it—with the door locked. These reflections did not, however, interfere with the invitation which Thomas had suggested.

Milly had her opinion of a middle-aged woman who wore wrappers in public; but if Tom wanted her and her wrappers, he should have them! He should have anything in the world he desired, if she could procure it. Had he desired Miss Hayes hashed on toast, Milly would have done her best to set the dainty dish before her king. And no doubt poor Miss Helen in this form would have given Mrs. Dilworth more personal satisfaction than did her presence at Tom's side (for the invitation was promptly accepted) in some trailing white thing, her eyes fixed on her host's face, intent, apparently, upon any word he might utter. Watching that absorbed and flattering gaze, Milly grew more and more silent. She heard their eager talk, and her mild eyes grew round and full of pain with the sense of being left out; for Miss Hayes, though patient with her hostess, and even kind in a condescending way, hardly spoke to her. Once when, her heart up in her throat, Mrs. Dilworth ventured a comment, it seemed only to amuse Thomas and his guest—and she did not know why.

"This morning," Tom said, "I was h'isting up a big bunch of galvanized buckets to our loft with a fall and tackle; and all of a sudden the strap slipped, and the whole caboodle just whanged down on the pavement—"

"O-o-o-o!" said Helen Hayes.

"It was terrific! and just at that moment up came Dr. Lavendar. Well, of course I couldn't express my feelings—"

"Poor Mr. Dilworth!"

"—he came up, and gave me a rap with his stick. 'Thomas,' he said (you know how his eyes twinkle!)—'Thomas, this is the most profane silence I ever heard!'"

Everybody laughed, except Milly and Edwin, the latter remarking that he didn't see anything funny in that. At which Miss Hayes said to him, under her breath, "Oh, you superior people are so contemptuous of our frivolity!" And

Ned blushed with satisfaction, and murmured, "Why, no; I'm not superior, I'm sure."

As for Milly, with obvious effort and getting very red, she said that she didn't see how silence could be profane. "As long as you didn't say anything, you conquered your spirit," she added, faintly.

And then they all (except Edwin) laughed again. After that she made no attempt to be taken into the gayety about her, but her heart burned within her. The next morning at breakfast some words struggled out: "You'd think she was a young thing, she laughs so. And she's nearly thirty-five."

"How time flies!" said Tom, chuckling. And then, to everybody's astonishment, the mute Edwin spoke up, and said that as for age, it was a matter of the soul and not of the body. "Some people are always young," said Edwin. "Dr. Lavendar is, and you are, father—"

"Thank you, grave and reverend seigneur."

"—and mother," continued the candid youth, "has always been old. Haven't you, mother?"

"True for you, my boy," said the father; "your mother has the wisdom of the family!"

Milly Dilworth's face grew dully red to the roots of her hair; a wave of anger rose up in her inarticulate heart. They called her old, these two? She could hardly see her plate for tears.

Edwin, however, was so impressed by the elegance of his sentiment that he was eager to repeat it to Miss Hayes; but, somehow, he always had difficulty in introducing the subject of age. When he did succeed in getting in his little speech, she said that he impressed her very much when he said things like that. "Your insight is wonderful," she murmured, looking at him with something like awe in her eyes. (Miss Helen was never cunning with Ned.)

"I guess you're the only person that thinks so," Ned said; "at home they're always making fun of me."

"My friend," she said, gravely, "what else can you expect? You are an eagle in a pigeon's nest. I don't mean to criticise your family, but you know as well as I that you are—different. You

are an inspiration to me," she ended. And Ned blushed with joy.

It certainly is inspiring to be told you are an inspiration. . . . Mr. Thomas Dilworth did not blush when he learned that mentally he was the most stimulating person that Miss Hayes had ever met; but he had an agreeable consciousness of his superiority, which he made no effort to conceal from his wife. He never made any effort to conceal anything from Milly; not even that fondness for female society which Mrs. Drayton had so deplored.

And by and by Milly's tears began to lie very near the surface. They never gathered and fell, but perhaps they dropped one by one on her heart, leaving their imprint of patiently accepted pain. At this time she thought of her own mental deficiencies very constantly. Her mind had no flexibility, and she reached conclusions only by toilsome processes; but once reached, they were apt to be permanent. Her slow reasoning at this time led her to conclude that her Thomas was not to blame because he admired some one who was cleverer than she. "Why, he'd be foolish not to," she thought, sadly.

But this reasonable conviction did not save Mrs. Dilworth from turning white and red with misery, when, for instance, her husband observed that he had had to take down two bars of the Gordan fence, so that Miss Hayes could go home across lots. Then Thomas chuckled, and added that Helen Hayes was the brightest woman he knew.

He did not go on to tell of his walk in the October dusk, and Miss Helen's arch appeal to him for instruction on a certain political point on which she was ignorant. (There is no more telling combination to play upon masculine middle age than archness and reverence in judicious mixture.) Thomas had instructed Miss Hayes so fully and volubly, while she looked at him with her reverent gaze, that it had grown dark; and that was why he had to take her home across lots. Thomas had not mentioned these details; he merely said he thought Miss Helen Hayes a bright woman—the brightest, to be exact, that he knew. And yet his Milly went into the kitchen pantry and hid her face in the roller behind the door, and sobbed.

Well, of course! It's very absurd. A fat, wordless woman, who ought to be darning her children's stockings, it's very absurd for her to be weeping into a roller because her man, who has loved her for 43 years, 11 months, 29 days, 23 hours, and 40 minutes—her man, to whom she is as absolutely necessary as his old slippers or his shabby old easy-chair,—because this man does not think her the brightest woman he knows. But absurd as it is, it is suffering.

The woman of faithful heart who has been left behind mentally by her husband is a tragic figure, even if she is at the same time a little ridiculous,—poor soul! Her futile, panting efforts to catch up; her brave, pitiful blunders; her antics of imitation; her foolish pink lawn frocks—of course they are funny; but the midnight tears are not funny, nor the prinking (behind locked doors), nor the tightened dresses, nor the stealthy reading to "improve the mind"—that poor little anxious limited mind which knows only its duty to its dearest and best. These things mean the pain—a hopeless pain—of the recognition of limitations. What did it matter that once a year Tom announced that he had loved his Amelia for so many years, months, days, hours, and minutes?—She could not talk about the President's letter! Helen Hayes could talk about it, it seemed. And yet she was a pale thing, Mrs. Dilworth told herself. "She never had my color," poor Milly thought; "and they say she doesn't get along well at home. And she's no housekeeper. Mrs. Hayes herself told me she was just real useless about the house. I *can't* understand it!"

Of course she could not understand it. What feminine mind ever understood why uselessness attracts a sensible man? It is so foolish that even the most foolish woman cannot explain it.

As the autumn closed in on Old Chester, nobody in the family noticed Milly Dilworth's heavier look and deeper silence. Tom himself was more talkative than usual; business had been good, and he was going to get something handsome out of a deal he had gone into with Hayes. This took him often to the Hayes house; and after the two men had had their talk, Miss Helen was to be found at

the parlor fireside, very arch and eager with questions, but most of all so respectful of Tom's opinions! His Amelia was respectful of his opinions, too, but in such a different way. Perhaps just at this time Thomas Dilworth pitied himself a little;—the middle-aged husband does pity himself once in a while. Perhaps he sighed—certainly he whistled. There is no doubt that Mrs. Drayton would have felt he was wandering from his Amelia, at least in imagination. And yet Tom was as settled and grounded in love for his middle-aged wife as he ever had been.

This, however, cannot be understood by those who do not know that the male creature, good and honest and faithful as he may be, is at heart a Mormon.

"I declare," Tom said, coming home at twelve o'clock at night—"I declare I feel younger!"

Milly was silent.

Then Tom began to whistle:



Then he broke off to say that he didn't think that Helen Hayes was over-happy at home. "The Hayeses are commonplace people, and she is very superior. I guess they don't get along well."

Milly thought to herself that when a girl didn't get along with her own mother it didn't speak well for the girl; but she did not say so.

But Thomas went on to declare that he didn't know what to make of Ned. "Hanging round the Hayes's till I'm ashamed of him. Why doesn't he know better? I never bored a woman to death when I was his age." And his wife thought, in heavy silence, that there were other people who hung round the Hayes's.

However, Thomas made his feeling so clear to his son, that during the winter

Ned was never seen at the Hayes's on the same evenings that his father was there. But there was an hour in the afternoon, from five to six, when the boy was free and Thomas was busy with his spades and buckets;—but you can't look after a boy every minute!

IV

Poor Amelia, in her bedroom, in the chilly January dusk, sopped her eyes with cold water and looked in the glass. "I *mustn't* cry any more," she said to herself, despairingly—"they're so red now!"

A door opened down-stairs, and there was a burst of laughter; and Mrs. Dilworth in the cold twilight went on sopping her eyes. Tom and the girls evidently didn't need her! "They could get along just as well without me. And if the Lord would take me, Tom could—could—so he could—"

Her soul was dumb, even to itself; but she knew what it was that Tom "could" do.

And she knew it without bitterness. Like every other woman whose love for her husband has in it the maternal element (and most good women's love has this element), she had always felt that if she died Thomas ought to marry again; but this simple creature went one ahead of that rather elementary feeling, and specified: she was willing to have him marry *her*!

"If the Lord would only remove me," said poor Milly, looking miserably in the glass at her plump figure, which showed no indications of removal. Her eyes were hopelessly red; she didn't see how she could possibly go down to supper! But of course she had to go down. The mother of a family and the mistress of one servant must go down to supper, no matter what the condition of her eyes may be. She slunk into her seat behind her teacups, and scarcely dared to look about her noisy, hungry circle, still less at her Thomas, who was smiling to himself, but who did not share his amusement with his family. Still, when he suddenly said something about the refreshment of talking to smart people, it was not hard to guess the direction of his thoughts. "It sharpens your brains up," said Thomas. "I was going to suggest, Milly, that you should ask Helen

Hayes to tea again; but she's got company, and when they leave she's going off to make a visit to some of her relations, she tells me."

Amelia's mild lips tightened silently. So they had been together again? Her hand shook as she poured out another cup of tea for her Thomas, who took that moment to say, with all a husband's candor, that she was getting fatter than ever. "I thought you were starving yourself to get thin, Milly?" he said, smiling. Milly smiled too, faintly; but she was saying to herself: "What did they talk about? How long were they together? Oh, if I could only be taken away!"

It would be interesting to follow the processes of a mind like Mrs. Dilworth's: how did a wife and mother of children reach the point of feeling that her family would be better off without her? Anybody in Old Chester could have told her such a belief was folly, and wicked folly at that! But it seemed just plain reason to Milly Dilworth: "I'm not necessary to anybody. Thomas likes somebody younger. He can't marry her, because I'm alive; he could marry her (and she would be good to the children) if I were not here. But I *am*!" she would end, hopelessly.

Morning after morning, as she went about her household duties, or when before tea she sat in her little old rocking-chair, mending the family stockings, she used to break herself against the hopelessness of the situation. She was there! And unless the Lord would remove her (any other sort of removal was impossible to her devout imagination) Tom could not have what he wanted;—yes, and needed, too. For it was at this period that Mrs. Dilworth recognized, what most wives of men do recognize at one time or another, that although being a wife and mother is the only vocation of a married woman, being a husband and father is only one of many vocations of a married man. Hence the companionship of an eminently worthy wife is almost never enough for the male creature. When this harsh truth burst upon Milly, she wiped her eyes on the stocking she was mending and groaned aloud. But she did not rail against the fact, nor did she attempt to deny it; wherein she showed a superfeminine intelligence. She

only said to herself that Thomas could not have what he wanted while she was alive; yet she couldn't, it seemed, die. Although she was so miserable that she didn't know how she lived! It was at this point that she began to make wild schemes to relieve the situation: Suppose she asked that Hayes girl to come and make them a visit?—but no; a man wants more than to just look at a pretty girl across the table. Suppose she went away herself and made a visit, and asked Miss Helen Hayes to come and keep house for her? (Like all good wives, Milly had no hesitation in offering up another woman to the pleasure of her lord.) No; people would talk about Tom if she did that. . . . The amount of it was, poor Milly, although she did not know it, was really planning that Thomas should have two wives;—and, dear me! how that would simplify things! There would be the old, sensible, matter-of-fact wife to mend his stockings, and order his good dinner, and nurse him through the indigestion consequent upon the dinner; the old anxious wife, who has had the children and reared them; who has planned and economized and toiled with him; who has borne the burden and heat of the day at his side; the prosaic wife, who gives, unasked, such good advice. Every one will admit that this elderly person has been and (to a limited degree) still is a necessity to every Thomas. But sometimes Thomas thinks, in his simple way, that it would be pleasant to have the luxuries as well as the necessities of life; to have, for instance, a young wife, —a pretty wife, clever and foolish, and gayly tyrannical; a wife who never knew enough to advise anybody; who should be a relaxation and a refreshment!—Of course the trouble is that if you supply a wife for these two sides of a man's character,—for utility, so to speak, and for diversion,—he may, not unreasonably, demand that every side and angle and facet of his jewel-like nature have its own feminine setting. That was probably Solomon's idea. Well, well; the time is not yet for this reasonable arrangement;—and it is possible that trade in galvanized buckets will never warrant its extensive existence.

But all this is very frivolous compared

to the reality of this poor woman's pain, a pain that finally evolved a plan—which, although less picturesque than the harem, was of the same grade in the eye of the law, though, curiously enough, not in her own eye. She could not, as she expressed it to herself, be dead, so that her Thomas might have his wishes; *but he could think she was dead.*

When this extraordinary idea came into Milly Dilworth's head, she felt as one imprisoned in darkness who sees, far off, the glimmer of daylight. He "could think she was dead!" And if he thought so, of course there could be nothing wrong in his marrying "*her*." (Miss Hayes's moral status did not enter into Milly's calculations.)

The light in her darkness dazzled poor Milly at first, and the way was not clear. It took two weeks of further thought to decide upon the step, and then to evolve its details;—but one need not go into them as Milly did. . . . As she sat at her work, day after day, she thought her plan out slowly and toilsomely. At first she kept constantly balking at the enormity of it. Then some chance word would betray Tom's admiration for brains, and she would beat and spur her mind up to her project again. . . . And at last she accepted it. . . . Once accepted, the thing was settled. Her mind had about as much flexibility as a bar of lead, and there was no changing it. It only remained to decide upon the details. This she did slowly and painfully. Each step was planned, each contingency arranged for.

And by and by the day came to act.

The night before, at supper, Mrs. Dilworth, her hands stumbling among her teacups, said, faintly, "I'm going over to the other side of the river to-morrow to order some chickens from Mrs. Kensy."

"That Kensy house is right by the railroad station," Ned said, scowling; "I don't believe she has any hens!"

"Yes, she has, Neddy," said Mrs. Dilworth.

Edwin frowned blackly. "I do wish you wouldn't call me by that absurd name, mother."

"I keep forgetting, Neddy dear."

Edwin held up his hands despairingly.

"What are you two people talking about?" demanded Thomas.

"I'm going to walk over, across the ice, to the Bend, to-morrow," said Milly.

"Walk!" her husband protested. "What do you walk for? It's cold as Greenland on the ice—and besides, they were cutting at the pool by the Bend; you don't want to go that way, Milly. Take the stage round."

Mrs. Dilworth crumbled a piece of bread with shaking fingers, and said nothing.

"What time are you going, mother?" inquired Edwin.

"In the afternoon."

"Why, you went there only two days ago," Edwin said, irritably. "I saw you on the back road carting a big bundle."

"It would have been more to the point if you'd done the carting for your mother," Tom Dilworth said, sharply.

His wife paled suddenly at that word about a bundle, but the subject was not pursued. Edwin said, grumbling, that he didn't see what possessed his mother to choose such an hour. "It's too dark for a lady to be out," Edwin protested.

"Too dark for a—*grandmother*!" his father said. "Don't you criticise your mother, young man." And then he added: "Look out for the places where the men were cutting, Milly. It hasn't frozen over yet."

And Mrs. Dilworth said, after a pause, "I know."

That night was a misery of dreams that the deed was done, broken by wakings desperate with the knowledge that it was yet to do. In the morning she seemed to have lost all power of words; she bore her husband's reproaches that Ned was late for breakfast; she went about her household duties; she watched the girls start for school (she did not kiss them; demonstrations of affection had never been possible to this dumb breast; but she stared after them with haggard eyes);—and through it all she hardly uttered a word; when she did speak, it seemed as though she had to break, by agonizing effort, some actual lock upon her lips. When the girls had gone, she looked about for her eldest; but Ned was not to be found. "I never knew him to go to the store before breakfast," she thought, miserably. His father, pulling on his coat in the hall, said that Ned was getting industrious



Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

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SHE TURNED AND LOOKED BACK

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to go to his work so early! His wife was silent.

When he started, whistling cheerfully,



she watched him from the window, straining her eyes until he was out of sight. Then she went up-stairs to her bedroom, and opening his closet door, leaned her head against one of his coats, trembling very much.

Afterwards she wandered about the house in aimless, restless waiting for Ned.

In the course of the morning Tom sent over to inquire why the boy had not come to the store. Milly told the messenger to tell Mr. Dilworth that Mr. Edwin was not at home. "Say I thought he was at the store," she said. "I'll give him his father's message when he comes in to dinner." But he did not come in to dinner; and minute by minute the afternoon ticked itself away. She had said to herself that she must start about four, before Nancy and Mary got home from school. "It must be so that it would be dark when I was coming back," she reminded herself. "If I leave here at four, and get my bundle from Mrs. Kensy at half past, it would be dark by the time I would be going home. Mrs. Kensy will say that."

At four Edwin had not appeared; Milly, having no imagination, had no anxiety; she merely gave up, patiently, the hope of a wordless good-by. But she kept looking for him; and when she finally put on her things, she paused, and turned back to the window, to look once more towards Old Chester; but there was no sign of Ned. It did not occur to her to postpone her plan; her mind, run into the mould of sacrifice, had hardened into rigidity. So at last, miserably, the tears running down her face, she stepped out into the cold, and went down through the

garden to the river. There she turned and looked back, with dumb passion in her eyes;—the firelight was winking from the parlor windows, and all the warm commonplace of life seemed to beckon her. She put her muff up to wipe her eyes, but she made no prayer or farewell; her silence had reached her soul by that time.

It was very cold; the ice was rough, and the wind had blown the dry snow about in light drifts and ripples, so that walking was not difficult. She trudged out, up towards the Bend, skirting the place where the men had been cutting. They had gone home now, and the ice about the black open space of water was quite deserted. The wind came keenly down the river, blowing an eddy of snow before it; the bleak sky lay like lead over the woods along the shore. There was not a house in sight. Amelia Dilworth looked furtively about her; then she bent down and scraped at the snow on the edge of the ice, as one might do who, in the water, was struggling for a hold upon it. After that, for a long time, she stood there, looking dumbly at the current running, black and silent, between the edges of the ice. At last, her hand over her mouth to check some inarticulate lament, she stooped again, and put her little black muff on the broken snow close to the water.

When she reached Mrs. Kensy's she was quite calm. She said briefly that she had come to order some chickens; "—and I'll take that bundle I asked you to keep for me."

The woman brought it, and Milly tucked her fingers through the stout strings she had tied so carefully a few days before. When she would open it in the woods, and put on the new dress and shawl and the heavy veil that it held, and then in the dark get into the railroad cars at the station farther up the track, no one would know that Thomas Dilworth's wife had fled away into another State! They would find the muff, and they would think—there would be only one thing to think.

"I want the chickens for Sunday," she said. It came into her mind with a little gush of happiness that she would pay for them on the spot, instead of having the bill sent to Tom, as was her custom;

she had drawn a sum of money from the bank a fortnight ago—a small sum, but her own; now it was all in her purse; she would buy Tom's Sunday dinner out of her little fund. Except to leave him, it was the last thing she would ever do for him.

She put her hand into her pocket,—and chilled all over. Then stood blankly looking at the woman; then plunged her hand down again into her pocket; then exclaimed under her breath; then tore her bag open and fumbled distractedly among brushes and night-gown and slippers; then pulled her pocket wrong side out with trembling fingers.

"*My purse!*" she said, breathlessly. Then she searched everything again.

"It ain't any difference," Mrs. Kensy protested.

"I can't go back for it! It is too late."

"What for?" said Mrs. Kensy.

"The—the train."

"Oh, you was going on, was you?" Mrs. Kensy said. "Well, I can let you have the price of a ticket a little ways."

"No matter," Mrs. Dilworth said, dully. "I'll go—I'll go—home."

Even as she spoke she heard the train tooting faintly far up the valley. She sat down, feeling suddenly sick.

V

There was nothing to do but to go home. She remembered now how in her agitated watching for her son she had put her purse down on the corner of her bureau,—and left it there. Yes; there was nothing to do but go back. "I can start to-morrow," she said to herself. But in the sick reaction of the moment she knew that she could never start again; her purpose had been shattered by the blow. She took her bundle—the bundle that meant flight and disguise and self-sacrifice, and that stood for the shrewdness which is so characteristic of the kind of stupidity which forgets the purse—and went stumbling down in the darkness to the river. She said to herself that she must get her muff; and she thought heavily that it would be pretty hard to carry so many things across the ice. She was numb with the shock of interrupted ecstasy. She could not feel even mortification—only fatigue. She was so

tired that, seeing in the darkness a hurrying figure approaching her, she did not recognize her husband until he was almost upon her.

"*Milly?* My God! Milly!"

He had her muff in his hand, and as he reached her he caught at her shoulder and shook her roughly. "Milly—I thought—I thought—" He stammered with agitation. "I found this muff, and I thought it was yours; and Neddy's gone, too, and I thought—both of you—"

"Neddy—gone?" she repeated, dully.

She stood still on the ice, trying to get her wits together.

"He's disappeared. He isn't in town. He went out early this morning. To skate, I suppose. Nora saw him from her window; at about six, she says. And this open water"—she felt him quiver at her side—"and then this muff—"

"No!" she said. "I—I made a mistake." She did not take in the words about Ned.

"But where is he? Nobody's seen him. I suppose I'm a fool, but I'm uneasy. I came to meet you because I thought you might know. But when I saw this muff—it is yours, Milly, isn't it?—I got into a panic about you, too."

"Why," she said—"it's mine; yes. I—I left it;—I suppose. Neddy wasn't with me. Did you think he was with me? I don't understand," she ended, bewildered.

"He hasn't been at home all day," her husband said, "nor in town, either." And then he repeated the story, while she looked at him, slow understanding dawning in her eyes.

"Neddy—gone! Where?"

"But that's what I don't know," the father said.

And his wife, dazed still, but awake to the trouble in his voice, began to comfort him, alarm rising slowly in her own heart like an icy wave.

"Maybe he went to see somebody in Upper Chester?"

"But he doesn't know anybody at Upper Chester. Of course it's possible. Only—you gave me such a fright, Milly!" Mrs. Dilworth put her hand over her mouth and trembled. "However, I guess he's all right, as you say. I guess we'll find him at home when we get back. It's lucky I came to meet you,

because I can lug your things for you. How did you drop your muff, dear? Here, take it; your hands must be cold. Oh, Milly, you gave me an awful fright—it was right on the very edge of the ice;—those confounded cutters hadn't put up any ropes! You do really think there's no reason to be uneasy about Ned?"

"No," she said. Her knees shook; she had to pause to swallow before she spoke. Oh, what if he should find her out? As she trudged along at his side in the cold darkness she said to herself, with a sickening sense of apprehension, that if he found her out she would die. Then as her mind cleared she tried in her brief way to encourage him about their boy; yet as they drew nearer home, and she saw again the fire-lit windows, she began to awaken to the situation: Neddy had gone out to skate; at six, did Nora say? Of course he might have stopped to see somebody in Upper Chester; only, Neddy never went to see anybody anywhere—except (Amelia Dilworth had forgotten her!)—except that Hayes girl,—and she wasn't at home. Yes, it was strange; and worrying perhaps. But she only repeated, as they went hurrying up to the back door, that she was sure Neddy was all right. But she held her breath to listen for his voice haranguing his sisters in the sitting-room. Instead, the two girls came running out to meet them.

"Oh, father, did you find Ned? Oh, here's mother; she'll know where he is!"

"Mother, I'm sort of scared about him," Mary whispered.

"He's gone to see some friend," the mother said, and her brevity, so agonizing to her, seemed to reassure the others.

"He hasn't any friend, except Miss Helen Hayes," Nancy said, "and she went away last week."

"Maybe he's gone to hunt her up," Mary said, giggling, and her father told her to be quiet.

"It's thoughtless in him to be so late. But your mother isn't worried, so I guess we needn't be. Your mother says there is not the slightest cause for anxiety, and she knows."

"Come to supper," Amelia said, her heart sinking; and the commonplace suggestion cheered them all; although Tom Dilworth did not like to lose the as-

surance of his wife's presence, even to have her go up-stairs to take off her bonnet, and went with her, saying again, decidedly, that there was, as she said, no possible reason for anxiety. "But I'll give that boy a piece of my mind for worrying you so. Why, Milly, what a fat pocket-book! Where did you get so much money, my dear? I didn't know the hardware trade was so prosperous. Look here, Milly,—it is pretty late, honestly!"

She took her purse out of his hands, her own trembling. For a moment she could not speak, and leaned forward to look into the swinging glass and make pretence of untying a knot in her bonnet strings. "Oh, he'll come home soon," she said.

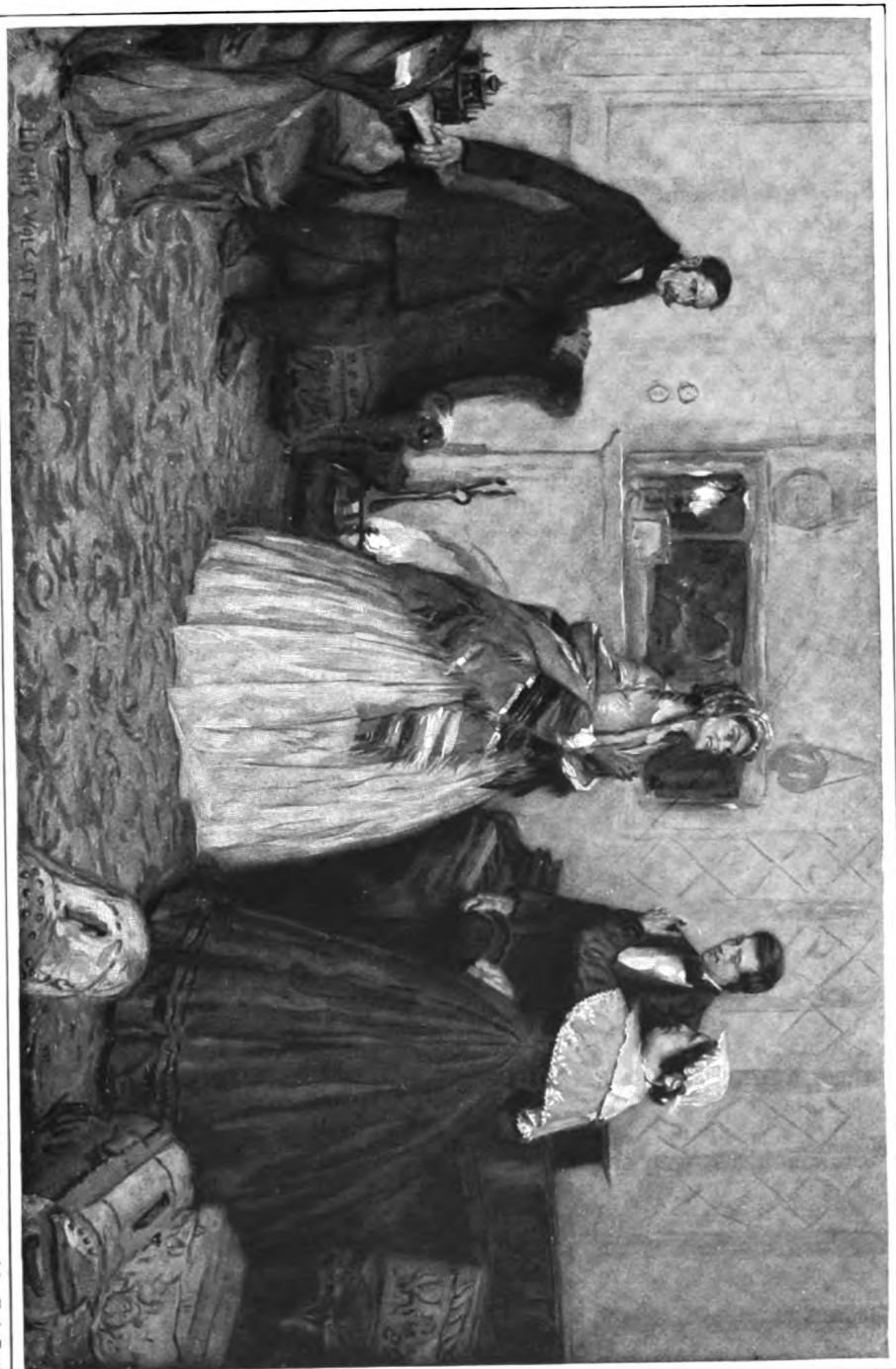
In spite of assurances, the tea table was not very cheerful—the girls stopped short in the middle of a sentence to listen for a step on the porch. Tom got up twice to look out of the window. Mrs. Dilworth thought she heard the gate slam, and held her breath; but no Ned appeared. The evening was endlessly long. Tom pretended to read his newspaper, and kept his eye on one spot for five minutes at a time. At ten he packed the girls off to bed; at eleven he was walking up and down the room; at twelve he told his wife to go to bed; but somehow or other he went himself, while she sat up "to let the boy in."

You can make excuses for this sort of lateness up to a certain point; but it is curious that at about 2.30 in the morning the excuses all give out. Tom Dilworth got up and dressed. "Something has happened, Milly," he said, brokenly. His wife put her arms around him, trying to comfort him.

"If Miss Hayes was only at home," she said, "maybe she would have some idea of his plans. He might have told her. And she could tell us what to do."

"Who?" said Tom,— "that Hayes girl? Maybe so. I hadn't thought of her. No, I don't believe she'd be any help. She hasn't got much sense in that kind of way."

Such ages and ages was Milly away from her great experience of jealousy, that she felt no relief at this bald betrayal. Together they went out on to the porch, listening, and straining their



"YOU WON'T MIND VERY MUCH? YOU'LL FORGIVE HIM?"

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Petit

eyes. The moon was just going down; it was very cold; far off a dog barked. But there was no human sound. The two haggard people went shivering back into the hall, where a candle burned dimly in the glass bell hanging at the foot of the stairs.

"Something has certainly happened," Tom said again. "Oh, Milly, you are always so calm, and I go all to pieces!" He leaned his elbow against the wall and hid his face in his arm. His wife heard him groan: "And—I've been hard on him, sometimes," he said.

She took his hand and kissed it silently.

Poor Tom went to pieces more than once in the days that followed. Dreadful days of panic and despair. Old Chester, aroused at daybreak by the terrified father, decided at once that the boy was drowned; but everybody stood ready to help the stricken parents with hopeful words to the contrary, words which rang as hollow to Thomas and his wife as to the well-meaning liars.

It was on Monday that he had disappeared. On Wednesday they dragged the river through the open holes. On Thursday, blew up the ice and dragged all the way down to the second bend. That night, Nancy and Mary crept away to cry in their own room; Tom sat with his head buried in his arms; his wife knelt beside him, touching him sometimes with a quiet hand, but never speaking. Dr. Lavendar came in, and put his hand on Tom's shoulder for a minute, and then went away. The firelight slipped flickering about the room; sometimes the coal in the grate snapped and chuckled, and a spurt of flame shone on the two suddenly aged faces. And then into the silent room came, with hurried, shame-faced triumph,—Edwin.

"I—I'm afraid you've been anxious—"

"He ought to have written," said another voice, breathless and uncertain, and breaking into nervous laughter. "It is naughty in him to have forgotten! I—I told him so."

Thomas Dilworth lifted his head and stared, silently; but his wife broke out into wild laughter and streaming tears; she ran and threw herself on Edwin's breast, her throat strangling with sobs.

"Oh—she's found Neddy! She has

brought him back to us!—she has found him! Oh, Miss Hayes, God bless you —God bless you! Oh, where did you find him?"

Miss Hayes opened her lips—then bit the lower one, and stood, scarlet.

"I meant to write," Edwin began to explain,—“of course I meant to write, but—"

"Oh, dear Mrs. Dilworth," Helen's fluttering voice took up the excuse, "you must forgive him,"—she came as though to put her arms about Ned's mother:—"After all, a bridegroom, you know—"

Milly lifted her head from Edwin's shoulder and gaped at her.

"Bridegroom?"

Thomas Dilworth got on his feet and swore. Miss Helen Hayes—or, no; Mrs. Edwin Dilworth—came and hung upon his arm.

"You won't mind very much? You'll forgive him? We couldn't tell, because—because papa would have interfered; but I knew your dear, kind heart. Mrs. Dilworth, I have so revered Mr. Dilworth!—that was one reason I said *yes*. You'll let me be your little girl, Mr. Dilworth?"

"Little—*grandmother*!" said Tom Dilworth; and then he burst into a roar of laughter; then stopped, and said through his set teeth to his son, "You scoundrel!"

"Thomas—don't!" the mother entreated. "He has come back."

"He'd better have stayed away!" Thomas said, furiously, in all the anger of suddenly relieved pain.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Dilworth," Helen murmured, "forgive us! He ought to have written—I ought to have reminded him. But—*you* understand? I know you do! Just these first beautiful days, one forgets everything."

"Well, I tell you I meant to write," Ned persisted, doggedly. "But mother put me all out by going over to the Bend in the afternoon. I was going to take that train, and of course I couldn't. And I had to take the morning train instead; and it put me all out. I had to get up so early I forgot to take any clothes," he added, resentfully. "It wasn't my fault."

"Not your fault?" his father said, and then turned to his wife, almost

with a sob. "Milly, can he be our boy, this sneak?"

"Yes; yes, he is, Tom; he is, dear. And he just forgot; he didn't mean anything wrong." Milly was almost voluble, and she was crying hard. And then she looked at the woman who had brought him back—the faded, anxious, simpering woman, who for once had no words ready. Milly looked at her, and suddenly opened her arms and took her son's elderly wife to her heart. "Oh, you poor child," she said, "how unhappy you must have been at home!"

Helen looked at her blankly, then dropped her head down on the kind shoulder, and Milly felt her quiver.

"She's fifty!" Tom said, trembling with anger. "How the devil a son of mine can be such a jack—"

"Tom dear! there now, *don't*," the mother said; "he's at home. Just think; he's at home! and we thought—we thought—" Her voice broke. "We'll all love you, my child," she whispered to the sobbing woman. Then, with a sort of gasp, she put Helen's arms aside, gently, and went over and kissed her husband.

As for Thomas Dilworth, after the first shock of anger and mortification had passed, and the young couple had finally settled themselves upon the disgusted bounty of the respective fathers, he used to whistle incessantly a certain song much in vogue at the time:

"I hanker
To spank her,
Now I'm her Papa!"

The Throbbing of the Air

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I

THITHER, my heart!
(Thou, so long blind,

Thou, so long grieving apart!)

Thither, where marginless rivers of tremulous air

Over the far, green, happy meadows wind.

Thither carry thy quest, my heart, and find

What Other Heart is beating there!

II

Thou hast questioned the Dawn

And the deep-browed Night,—

Still, the veil was undrawn!

Now, ask thou of kindred things the long-sought boon:

The dark and the dim were not kindred—but Fervor and Light.

Seek thou what Other Heart, half-veiled to thy sight,

Beats in the glowing candor of Noon!

The Luxury of Children

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

I DON'T know of any aspect in which Earth appears to better advantage than as a playground for small children. They like it, literally, "down to the ground," and they are willing to take it just as it is. If improvements are thrown in, so much the better, but they are not great sticklers for improvements. They like fences because they are good to climb; they like to have the grass cut sometimes, because haycocks are good to tumble over; they like flowers, but very simple flowers will answer very well; they like the seashore—sand, seaweed, starfish, shells, surf, still-water,—but all they ask is that it shall be accessible. They don't insist on having style and society thrown in. They beat most of us grown-ups in adaptability: in taking what they can get and making the most of it. Their experience is so limited that they are not critical, and their imaginations are so active that a very moderate material basis gives them all the foundation they need for fairy-land.

They have the advantage of their elders in that the real business of life with them is play. The time they devote to it does not have to be saved up from working-hours. They have all the time there is for play except what is needed for eating, which is a pleasant exercise; for sleeping, which also has its attractive points; and for getting washed and dressed from time to time, which is endurable if kept within reasonable limits. And when they play heartily and cheerfully, they are doing well their share of the business of life.

Most children like flowers, but some children love them. It was one of the merits of a child I know, when she was still a very little girl, that she loved flowers as unaffectedly as any grown-up person with a garden. She never had much of a garden, worse luck, but she could be happy for hours together in a plain clover-field, with red-top and white-

top clover, buttercups, and flowery weeds. Flowers seemed to have things to say to her, and she never lost a chance to hear them. She does not remember, as I do, how her grandmother, summer morning after summer morning, used to sally out in sunbonnet and the simplest of garb and spend the earliest hours of each new day in her flower-garden. For threescore years and ten Blandina's grandmother loved flowers with all the fidelity of a strong and gentle spirit, and they seemed to return her affection, for they lived and grew and blossomed for her, as they only do for their true lovers. I think I know how Blandina came by her friendship for flowers, and I have no doubt that, when she gets around to it, she too will have a garden in which flowers will grow for love. Well, that is one of the luxuries of life. It is too rare a luxury in this country. Our rich people have splendid gardens, of course, but our poorer people are less disposed as yet to raise simple flowers about their dwellings than the English are. Where you find the dooryard of a working-man's cottage abloom with flowers there is apt to be some old-country training—English, Scotch, or German—behind it. To be sure, that is by no means an invariable rule; but flowers are the outcome of a settled life and of a more or less contemplative spirit, and we Americans are rather a restless lot as yet, and bent on "getting on," and much disposed to devote our efforts to the cultivation of the main chance, and to put off our gardening until we can hire some one to do it for us.

They say, indeed, that we are so devoted to the main chance, that we neglect not merely to raise flowers, but to raise enough children. Surely in so far as that is true we are showing ourselves to be a self-denying race. Are second-best things of so much moment to us that we deny ourselves best things in order to



THE REAL BUSINESS OF LIFE IS PLAY

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acquire them? If we are going without children in order to acquire the necessities of life, there is much to be said for our discretion, but if it is luxuries that you are after, what luxury is comparable to the luxury of having all the children that you want!

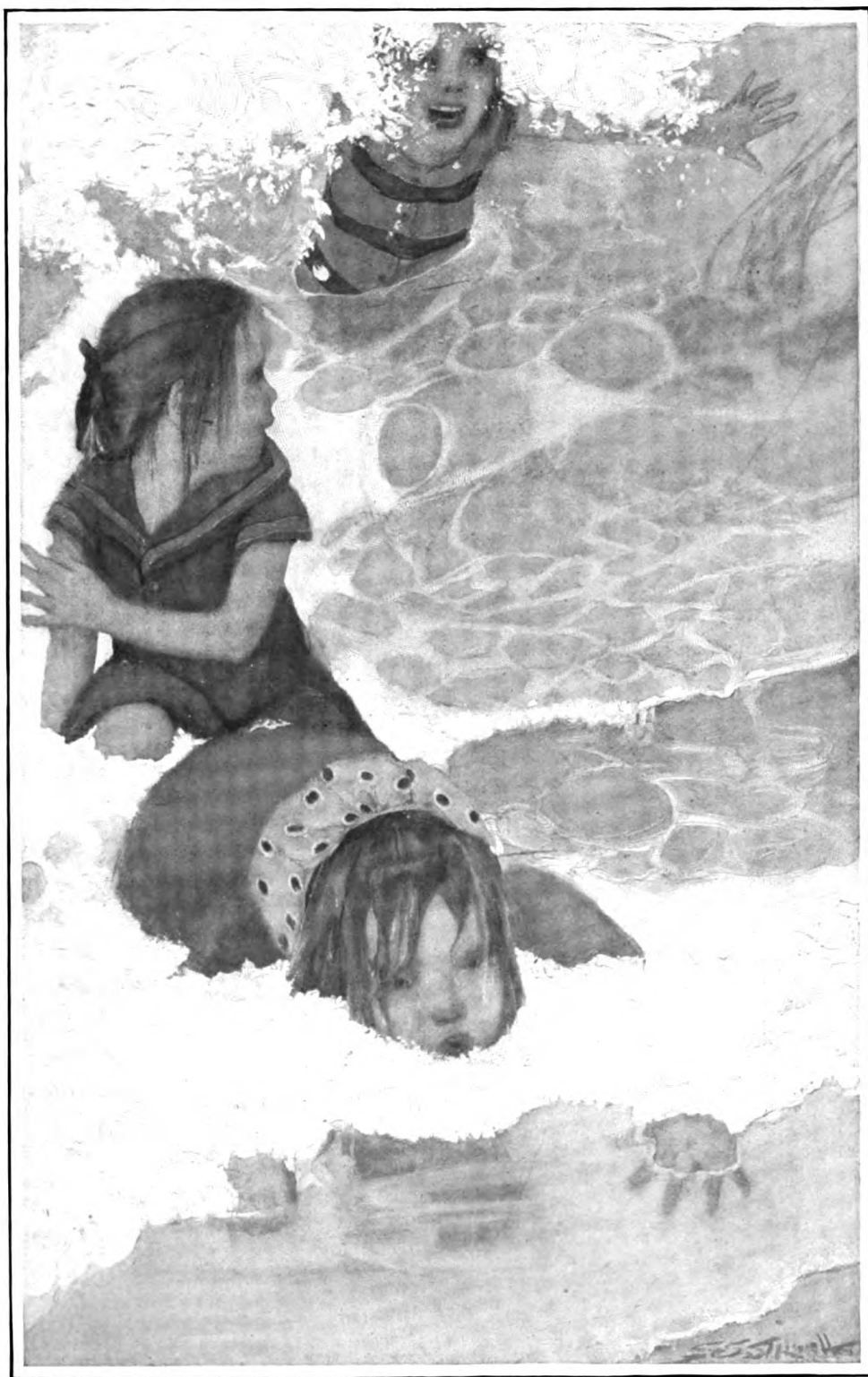
Not many Americans who might have children forego that happiness altogether. Some exceptional married people don't want children at all, because they would interfere with habits of life to which these might-be parents have grown accustomed and attached. So much the worse for them. But they are rare people. An overwhelming majority of Americans who marry want children, and the only ground for criticising them as parents is that they don't want quite as many as they should. Aspiring for themselves, they are aspiring for their children too. They are loath to be loaded down with large families which might make life too hard for them, and they hesitate to take responsibility for more children than they are confident of being able to start in life with a full set of "advantages." People who have found existence a struggle, and good at that price, are less daunted by the idea of bringing children into the world to struggle than people are who have had an easier time. We Americans of this generation have had a comparatively easy time of it, and want our children to have an easier time still. That is well enough, if we don't carry it too far; but we do carry it rather too far, and between our careful thought for our own ease and our solicitude for posterity, our families tend to be too small. Solicitude for posterity has gone too far when existence has been denied to a possible citizen for fear he may never be able to own a steam-yacht. And solicitude for our own comfort has gone too far when it has kept down to two what should have been a family of four or five children, because five children are too many to take to Europe. Let Europe wait. To raise five good children is better than Europe. Five good children are an immense luxury, and to deny oneself other luxuries in order to raise them is not self-denial at all, but merely an intelligent choice of investment. With all our prudence we are usually ready to stretch

a point to indulge ourselves in a luxury that we covet. Then let us think of children more as luxuries, and somewhat less as objects of expense.

For what other interests are comparable to the interests that centre in children? People who have had money in banks say that it is a pleasant sensation. People who have had children in school know that that is better still. Do you doubt it? Which will you do, then: will you take children out of school to keep money in the bank, or take money out of the bank to keep children in school? Almost invariably you keep the children in school, because that is better fun, and promises bigger returns. There is no sort of objection to a simultaneous experience of both of these forms of gratification. They go very well together. But if a choice must be made between them, what sort of a person is it that hesitates?

Collectors have fun of a certain sort. They buy pictures and porcelains and tapestries, and more or less beautiful works of art, and get them together and gloat over them. Their properties engage their thoughts, interest them in art studies, bend their faculties to the pursuit of bargains, and undoubtedly add entertainment to life. Some collectors have so much money that they can maintain families and collections too. A good many others are childless, and have to bring grace and beauty into their lives by what means they may. But any collector who stints himself in the matter of children in order to enlarge his accumulation of objects of art is all kinds of an unwise person, and any collector who has children and things and loves both is vastly more concerned about the future of his children than even about what his things will finally bring at auction. An auction is all that collecting finally comes to, whereas to raise a family is to make a bid for a perpetual share in the interests of mankind.

Consider too the pursuit of ordinary social pleasures by persons of leisure, which is held to be so exceptionally diverting that many well-to-do people are said to avoid family cares and responsibilities in order to chase it the harder. Geraldine is a nice girl, very good-looking, on the right side of twenty-five—



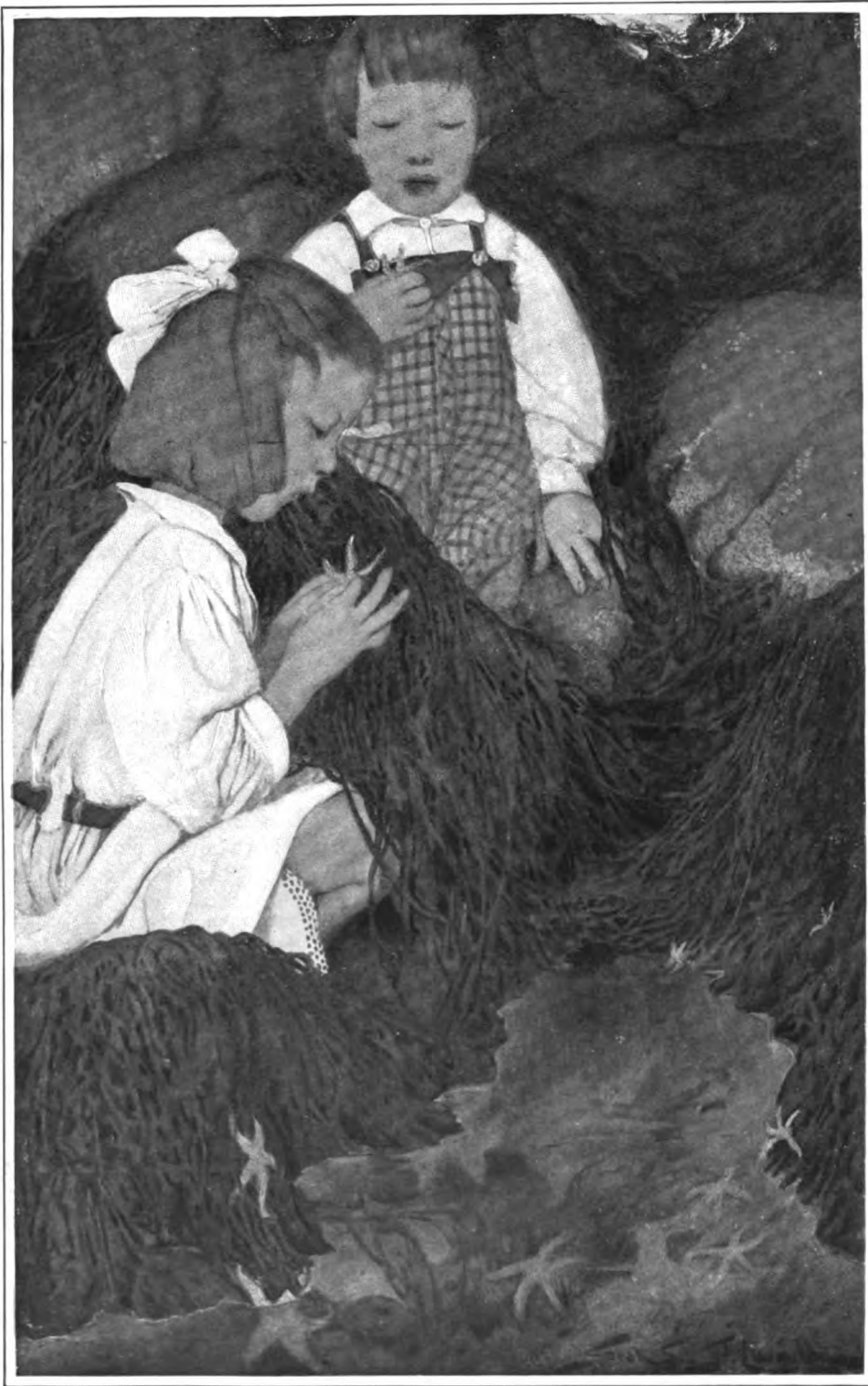
THE SURF

whichever side that is,—and of a stimulating and unexpected turn of mind that makes her excellent company. She has a first-rate time when circumstances are favorable, and she gives her mind to it. When she was in New York last winter diversions pressed upon her so continuously that it was a question how she could find time to get her beauty-sleep and rest her nerves. You may not know it, but the maintenance of a vivacious demeanor and freshness of appearance is something of a tax on the system. To have good spirits and a serene temper, to look nice, to make one's engagements maintain a proper sequence without conflicting or overlapping, and to keep one's admiring friends in a contented frame, call for careful discretion and the exercise of a good deal of diplomatic talent. From New York Geraldine went to Florida, and the newspapers said she had a very good time there too. She ought to have had, for I consider her a very hard-working young woman, as well as clever. Having Geraldine's kind of a good time is an interesting experience, and worth some trouble to acquire, but it seems to me that in the long run it is a bootless sort of effort. Suppose Geraldine goes on having a good time until she is thirty. She will have spent a lot of strength and skill, and what will she have to show for it? Will she have acquired anything that will make life more interesting to her at thirty-five—at forty-five—at seventy? I hope she will; but if she doesn't, so much the worse for her.

There is a good deal of drudgery about getting married and raising a family, but you have something to show for it. The work has great compensations as it goes along, and if it is well done it has unrivalled and continuous interests in store; whereas the good times you have had with contemporary playmates, though they have a certain value in retrospect, do not constitute a very substantial basis for future happiness. The sort of happiness that is stable is based on a succession of thoughts and occupations, each one of which is apt to be of trifling consequence in itself. It is a matter of the routine of daily life, of the atmosphere one lives in, of hourly tasks, problems, and realizations. It is in its ability to provide

these continuous interests in a wholesome fashion that domestic life beats the life of society. Once is not enough to live on Earth. To get experience and live by it is good as far as it goes, but you don't get all that ought to be coming to you unless you can live again in your children, and pass along some of your experience to them. To be sure, the transmission of the fruits of experience can only be imperfectly accomplished, but the impulse to do it is strong, and the effort to do it is immensely interesting, and should be, for it is by that process of transmission, imperfect as it is, that society progresses.

This is a luxurious generation in America. The appetite for luxury is enormous, and the expenditure for its satisfaction is so vast that statisticians are ashamed to compute it. Let us consider the attractions of some rival luxuries of the less expensive sort. It costs about a thousand dollars a year to keep a boy in a good boarding-school. You pay the school seven or eight hundred dollars, and there are clothes to buy, and some annual repairs to be made on the boy by doctors and dentists, and food and lodging to be supplied in vacation time, and— Oh, if you are an indulgent parent and have the money, and count in everything, the annual bill for the boy may run up to twelve hundred dollars. It costs about as much as that to keep a victoria in town. Perhaps, with good management, you might keep one horse and one man and a carriage or two throughout the year for twelve hundred dollars, but if you kept them in or near New York, your management would have to be careful. But in one way or another you could get a fairly ample provision of carriage exercise for the cost of maintaining a boy in a good school. Your wife—of course it is she who would take most of the carriage exercise—could make all her calls comfortably, instead of taking street-car risks in her best clothes. When you went out to dinner you could go in a cab—which is so much the best way that many worthy people think it the only way,—and sometimes, in the spring, when the weather invited, your wife would take you to drive late in the afternoon in the Park. That is an excellent thing to do in the spring in New



AMONG THE SEAWEED

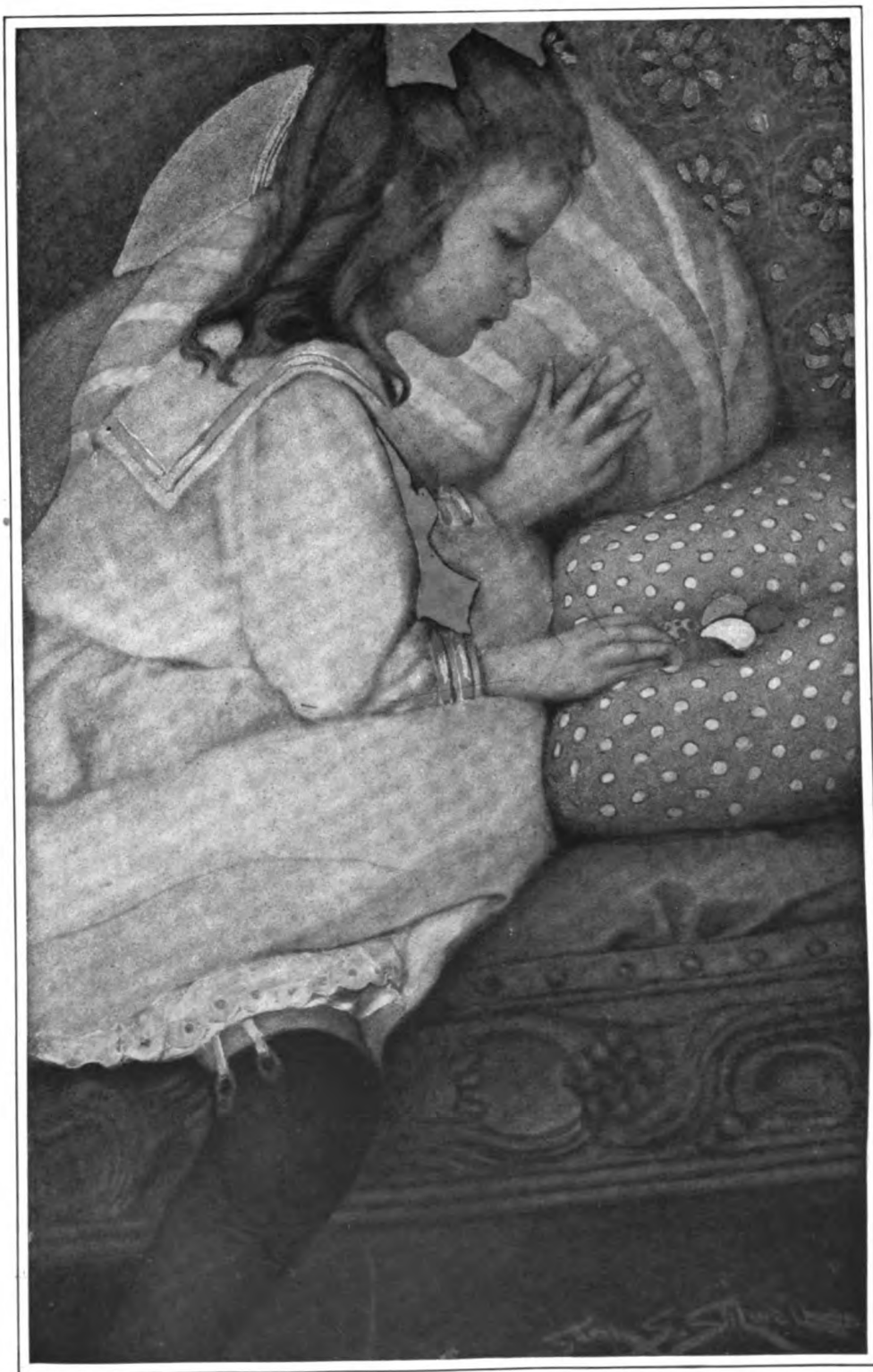
York. Let us not disparage carriage exercise, for it has its very good points. But it is not indispensable. It is a luxury. Inadequate as the means of public transportation are in New York, you can get about in the street cars, or afoot, and if you can choose your time it may be done fairly comfortably. If you have a carriage you save some time and some strength, and gain in ease and enjoyment, but lose some exercise which might be good for you. Any one in the course of an afternoon stroll in New York can count up a hundred stout ladies riding about in victorias, who would really be better off, and less stout, and more active mentally, if they had to exert themselves more, and get about on foot and in the street cars.

Like as not some of them think it a greater luxury to have a victoria than to have a boy at school, but that is only because they are used to the victoria, and do not happen to have a boy. For consider what profit there is in having a boy at a good boarding-school. You are interested in the boy to start with. When he goes to school you become interested in the school, and incidentally in all schools for boys. You get letters from the boy, and they are so few as to be much appreciated. He usually skimps them, and when he writes a good one it is an event. You get a report of his scholarship every month. If it is good, you rejoice; if it is bad, you lament, and stir him up to greater exertions. Either way you have the benefit of your emotions. Gradually you get to know more or less about all the boys that your boy knows, and contract personal acquaintance with some of them, so that you soon have an intelligent and extended personal interest in the rising generation. The boy comes home for the Christmas holidays and again in the spring, bringing new and stirring elements into the family life, bringing other boys to the house, bringing new tales and impressions to the family talk, adding new turns of language to the family vocabulary, acting in various ways like a lump of fresh yeast in the family dough. You have the use of the boy all summer, besides, and at the end of the year—if he is the right sort of a boy, and is at the right sort of

a school—he is better and more valuable and more entertaining than he was at the beginning. Does your victoria bring you in returns comparable with these? Of course it doesn't. If you are going in for luxury and have to choose between a victoria and a boy, take the boy.

And, of course, enjoyment of a school-boy isn't dependent on the ability to spend seven or eight hundred dollars a year on his schooling. The point about that is that for eight hundred dollars a year, or some such sum, you can buy for your boy the very best schooling that is in the market. Money cannot buy any better, for schooling is a commodity the value of which is very imperfectly measured by money. The laws of demand and supply have only limited effect in determining the price of the best grades of it. Indeed you may send your boy to a public school and pay nothing, and get—if it happens to be a good one—excellent instruction, and some valuable experiences which no private school could quite match. It is a pleasure to spend money on a boy if you have it, and if you think you are giving him "advantages" which are really advantages, but a boy that costs a hundred dollars a year, or less, may be just as satisfying a luxury to his parents as a boy who costs a hundred dollars a month. The point is that if you have an income reasonably well adapted to the standard of living which you affect, and want all the luxuries you can afford, it will pay you to have some schoolboys.

So it is as to girls, only more so. It is pretty generally, though not universally, held that the best place for a boy is a good boarding-school, but if you live in a town where the schools are good, public sentiment will sustain you in keeping your girls at home, and sending them to day-schools. No family that is addicted to luxury should omit to supply itself duly with schoolgirls. Nice ones are so very nice,—such an adornment to any premises, so pleasant to walk with and to joke with; so stimulating to read to! To get out a good old story that you may not have read for thirty years, and read it aloud to your own schoolgirls, is like opening the past at a pleasant place and living it over. It is excellent sport to live over the past when you can choose



EASTER-TIME

the places. The story you read must be a good story, or it won't go. But take—say *Ivanhoe*: *Ivanhoe* and a couple of schoolgirl listeners will insure you a pleasant half-hour after dinner for as much as three weeks. It is a great luxury to be able to count on daily half-hours that, barring accidents, will be pleasant. You can do it if you have the right sort of schoolgirls in the house, and improve the reasonable possibilities of the situation.

And, of course, as your schoolboy brings you into touch with a lot of boys, your schoolgirls make you know more or less about the girls they are thrown with. You get to know their acquaintances, and have your preferences among them. Then you probably try to make your girls' preferences coincide with yours. There will be girls whom you will want them to like, and other girls whom you would prefer to have them like less, and an astute and fortunate parent you will be if your preferences are reflected in theirs. In the long run the social tastes of intelligent parents are usually inherited by intelligent children. Both, in the end, will be apt to like the same sort of people, for the same sort of reasons, but the capacity for selection is based on observation and experience, and it takes time to develop it. Selection may be influenced, but it can hardly be forced. How is a schoolgirl to know what girls she likes until she has tried various sorts? That is one of the things she goes to school for, to form her taste in friends, and very interesting the process is as it unfolds.

There is nobody in the world that in the long run is so good for us to live with as our own children. Several families of good people may share the same dwelling, and live in peace. Unattached

people who are congenial may join forces and share expenses, and get on well. Lonely people may hire companions; impecunious people may band together, with or without friction, and do better in combination than they could do separately. And, of course, people can, and do, live in boarding-houses and hotels, and justify that arrangement. But for choice, almost every family prefers to live its own separate life in its own separate dwelling. That is the ideal way, and it matters not so very much whether the dwelling is great or small, dear or cheap, provided it is healthy, and the life that goes on within it is well ordered and harmonious.

For any one to be able to choose a group of people out of the various millions on the earth as those with whom he would prefer to live, and live with them, seems a momentous privilege. Yet it is a privilege which millions of people in ordinary circumstances enjoy. Whom would I live with if I had my choice? With Mr. Kipling, Mr. Dooley, President Roosevelt, and the Emperor William? These strenuous gentlemen would make an interesting company. The talk would be good; but, after all, they would not be my choice. My preference would be to live with Jonas, Clementine, Blandina, and their mother. I am more interested in them than in other people; their purposes in life fit in better with mine, and habit has made them more tolerant of my company than other folks would be. I like my own best to live with, and you like yours, and Jones and Smith like theirs. We all have our choice, and live most with the people we like best, giving praise to our Maker that natural affections, which are comparatively easy to command, should be so incomparably desirable.



Photographing the Moon

BY G. W. RITCHEY

Instructor in Practical Astronomy and Superintendent of Instrument Construction at the Yerkes Observatory

THE student of astronomy is often inclined to regard the Moon as an almost insignificant object, for he is apt to compare it with the Earth and the giant planets Jupiter and Saturn, with the Sun, or with the unnumbered host of suns,—the stars of the Milky Way. Nevertheless, the spectacle of the Moon, with its diameter more than one-fourth that of the Earth, with its area about one-thirteenth that of the Earth, and containing as it does more than five thousand million cubic miles of matter,—the spectacle of this great globe at a distance of less than a quarter of a million miles from us, and making a complete revolution around the Earth every twenty-eight days, is a most imposing one. It is a spectacle, however, with which we are so familiar that the effect of its sublimity is in a great measure lost to us.

It is indeed very much as in the case of the Earth itself, which we know to be a globe nearly eight thousand miles in diameter, and weighing three-fourths as much as a solid globe of iron of the same size. We know that this great mass of the Earth, with its mountains and forests, its continents and oceans, not only makes a complete rotation on its axis every day, but also moves forward, in its inconceivable yearly journey around the Sun, with a speed of nineteen miles every second,—a speed nearly one thousand times greater than that of a railway train running seventy miles an hour. On such a chariot and at such a speed we are riding, and have been all our lives, through the abyss of space; but we seldom pause to think of this, or of the many other great facts which astronomy presents.

There are many circumstances which lend a profound interest to the study of the physical characteristics of the Moon. It is so near the Earth that, with the

aid of the telescope, the details of its surface can be seen and studied incomparably better than those of any other celestial object. Mars, even at its nearest approach to the Earth, is about eighty times farther distant than our satellite. The Sun is nearly four hundred times farther from us than is the Moon; Jupiter about two thousand times; the nearest of the fixed stars approximately one hundred million times. Our satellite is indeed the only celestial object the features of the surface of which can be distinctly and unquestionably seen to resemble, in many respects, the surface of the Earth.

Furthermore, the Moon is apparently an example of the latest stage, or one of the latest stages, in the development of a world. The chaotic nebulae, without form and void; the spiral nebulae, showing distinct evidence of revolution and of condensation into dense central masses surrounded by attendant rings or wisps or nebulous nuclei; the Sun with its attendant worlds; the great planets Jupiter and Saturn, which are apparently still in a state of great internal heat; the Earth, with its moderate temperature and its myriad forms of animal and vegetable life; the Moon, apparently long past the condition in which it could support life—cold and desolate, without air or water,—all apparently illustrate successive stages of development.

With such a position of proximity to the Earth, and holding such a place in the scale of world-development, the Moon merits the most careful study. Its rugged surface, reminding the observer of chalk or plaster of Paris in its bare whiteness, presents countless details of varied and picturesque interest. With the constantly changing illumination, as the Moon waxes and wanes, vast regions of innumerable craters, and the darker

and comparatively smooth gray plains, turn slowly into the sunlight or toward the darkness and cold of space, presenting an ever-changing panorama of strange and fascinating scenery.

Many attempts have been made to depict lunar scenery by means of drawings; but these are, almost without exception, unsatisfactory, not only because they are not strictly accurate, but also because they fail to convey to the eye the true effect of light and shade,—of relief,—which the lunar surface presents in the telescope. By far the most satisfactory pictures of the Moon's surface, excepting only the most recent photographs, were made many years ago by James Nasmyth, the celebrated English engineer, inventor, and astronomer, whose book on "The Moon" is of permanent value and fascinating interest. Mr. Nasmyth made plaster models of the lunar surface as he saw it in a powerful telescope of his own construction. He then photographed these models with the sunlight falling obliquely upon them, just as we see the lunar details illuminated when near the terminator. The resulting pictures, with which his book is richly illustrated, are extremely realistic and imposing.

With the application of photography to astronomy much attention has naturally been given to lunar photography. In 1840, less than one year after Daguerre's discovery, Dr. John W. Draper obtained the first photograph of the Moon, but with small and imperfect apparatus. The exposure-time required was twenty minutes. In 1862-3 a very great advance was made by his son, Dr. Henry Draper, who used a powerful reflecting telescope of his own construction. The image of the Moon on his photographs was slightly less than one and one-half inches in diameter. Even with the "wet plates" which he used he was able to obtain these photographs with exposures of less than one second. Dr. Draper's book describing the construction of this telescope and its use in lunar photography is a most valuable and interesting one.

Ten years later, Dr. Lewis M. Rutherford, of New York, secured many exquisitely sharp lunar photographs, using a very different form of instrument, a thirteen-inch refracting telescope with a

"photographic corrector,"—an additional lens by means of which his visual telescope could be converted into a photographic one. Dr. Rutherford's telescope, and his valuable series of photographs of the Moon and other celestial objects, were later presented by him to Columbia University.

With the advent of photographic "dry plates," with their convenience and great sensitiveness, revolutionary results were almost immediately secured in the photography of faint celestial objects,—comets, nebulae, and faint stars,—with long exposures of the sensitive plate. But while it has not been found extremely difficult to photograph fainter celestial objects than can be seen with any telescope, it is an entirely different kind of problem to successfully photograph the minute details, which can be seen with powerful visual telescopes, of bright celestial objects, such as the Moon and planets. It should be stated once for all that no photographs of these objects have even yet been secured which show the smaller markings and details which can be seen directly with powerful telescopes when atmospheric conditions are fine.

To understand the causes of this failure we must remember that the greatest obstacle in observing—either visually or photographically—the minute details of bright celestial objects is the lack of tranquillity and homogeneity of our own atmosphere. The telescope must look out through many miles of air which is usually in a state of tremor and turmoil, due to the admixture of currents of air of different temperatures. We have all seen the heat-tremors in the air over a hot stove, or along the ground heated by the Sun; similar tremors, though much less violent, exist even at night, and far above the ground. The effect of these is enormously exaggerated when high magnifying powers are used with powerful telescopes, with the result that celestial objects seldom or never appear quiet and entirely distinct when seen in such telescopes. On some nights, especially after sudden changes of temperature have occurred, celestial objects appear so blurred and indistinct that no small details can be seen. At other times the image in the telescope appears sharp, but is in a state of violent tremor, and the eye is greatly

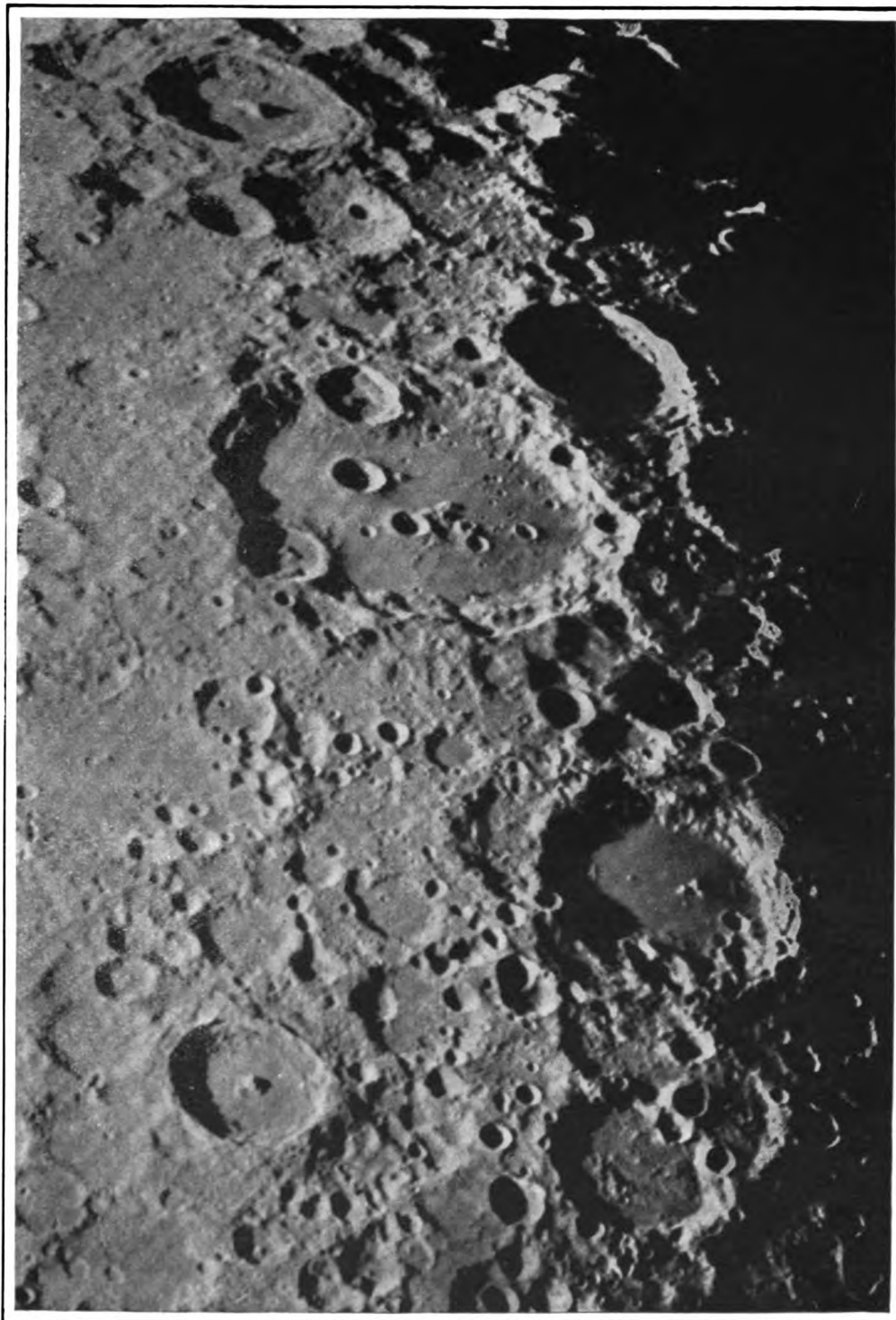


PLATE I.—AN EXTREMELY ROUGH REGION OF THE MOON
The Craters Clavius, Longomontanus, Tycho, etc.

wearied in trying to follow the minute and rapid oscillations. At other times these tremors are small and slow and are readily followed by the eye; with such conditions we are often able to see very small details well, as they sway and tremble slightly and irregularly; minute craters on the Moon, for example, appear sharp, round and distinct, but are apparently swaying irregularly through a distance greater than their own diameter. Now we can readily see that in attempting to photograph these very small details, even with fine atmospheric conditions, the sharpness of the photographs must be seriously impaired by the small movements of the image during the exposure of the sensitive plate. The very small lunar craters, which could be distinctly seen as they moved, leave no impression whatever on the photograph, on account of this movement.

It should be stated that the slow and uniform diurnal motion of celestial objects from east to west across the sky does not introduce serious difficulties in this work, as this *uniform* motion can be most accurately compensated for by means of refined mechanism.

There are other reasons why smaller details of bright objects can be seen directly in the telescope than can be photographed. When looking at these details with high magnifying powers, we do not see them with equal distinctness at successive instants, because the atmospheric disturbances are constantly changing in character and intensity. In visual observations the eye takes full advantage of the very brief instants when the definition or steadiness is exceptionally good; but to catch just the right instant for the exposure of the photographic plate would be very difficult even if this exposure could be exceedingly short. For reasons which I shall next describe, such very short exposures are not practicable at present.

It should be understood that photographs of celestial objects are made directly with the telescope, which itself becomes a large photographic camera. When we photograph the Moon with a twelve-inch telescope of ten feet focal length we are merely using a species of camera ten feet long with a lens (or, in the case of a reflecting telescope, a con-

cave mirror) twelve inches in diameter; the whole is mounted on axes, and slowly moved by clockwork so as to follow the apparent motion of the celestial objects across the sky. One might suppose that a telescope ten feet long would give a very large photograph of the Moon; but in fact the lunar image given by a telescope of this length is only about one inch in diameter. The size of the image depends upon the focal length of the telescope; in the photographs made with the great Yerkes refractor, the length of which is sixty-three feet, the image of the Moon is seven inches in diameter. With a telescope one hundred feet long the diameter of the lunar image would be between ten and eleven inches; and so on.

It is very important that the image should be as large as possible. For, even when the photograph is extremely sharp, an image only one or two inches in diameter cannot be expected to show the smaller details of the Moon's surface well. This is largely due to the granulation or structure of the film of the photographic plate itself—the silver granules are not indefinitely small. In the case of rapid dry plates this granulation is so coarse that it is easily seen with slight magnification,—of eight or ten diameters. It is evident that the finer details of the lunar image are complicated with the granular structure of the plate, and so are lost.

The brightness or intensity of the lunar image, and consequently the time of exposure necessary in securing the photograph, depends upon both the diameter of the lens or mirror of the telescope and its focal length. When we increase the focal length of our telescopes, in order to secure a larger lunar image, the brightness or intensity of the image is greatly diminished, and the necessary exposure of the photograph correspondingly increased, unless the diameter of the lens or mirror is increased in the same proportion as its focal length.

There can be little doubt, however, that by the use of a very long telescope, of between one hundred and two hundred feet focal length, and of moderate aperture,—say of twenty-four or thirty inches,—much finer photographs of the Moon and planets could be secured than have yet been obtained. On account of

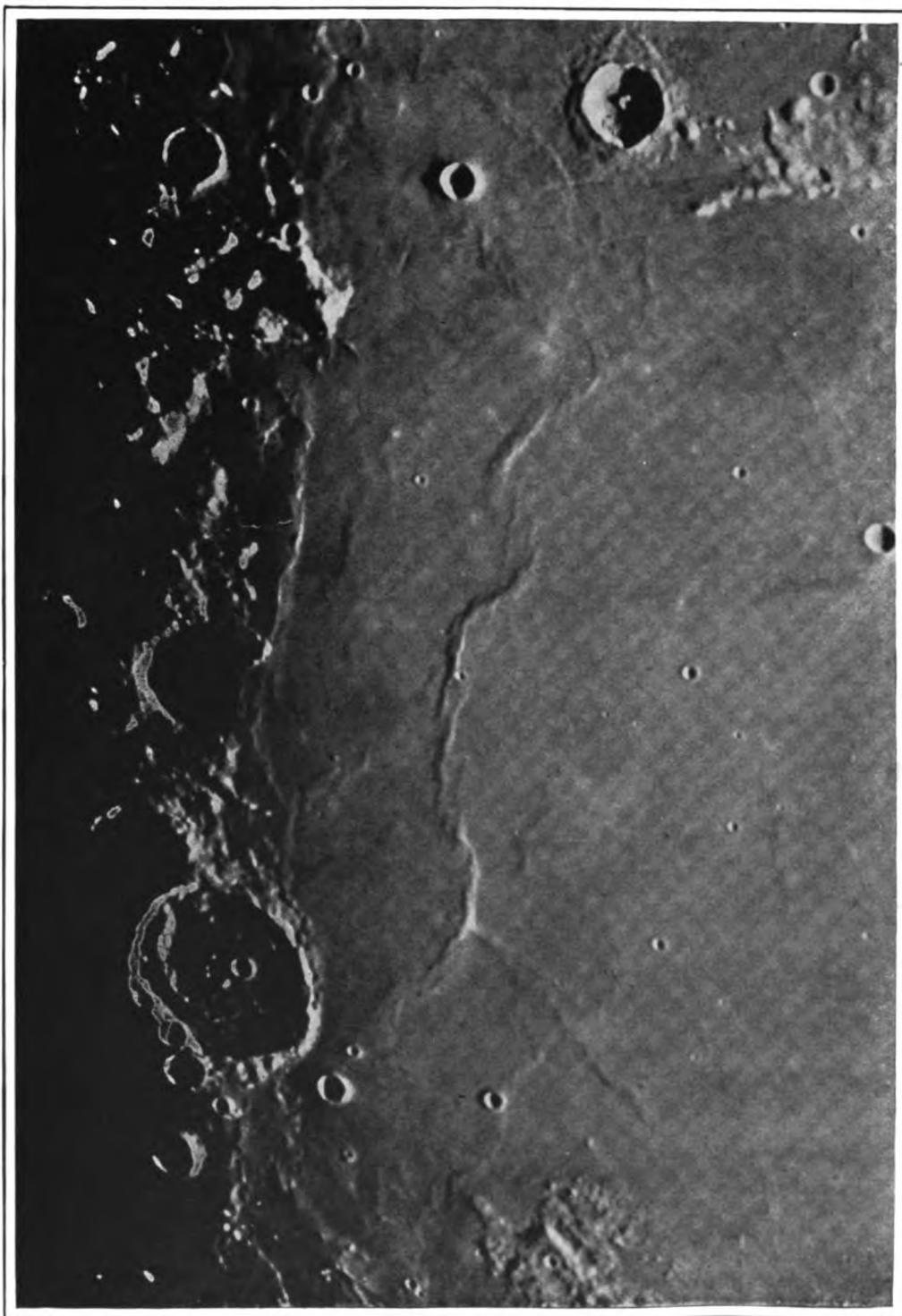


PLATE II.—WESTERN PART OF GREAT LUNAR PLAIN, MARE SERENITATIS

the great cost of mounting a telescope of this length in the ordinary way, and of protecting it from wind and weather by a dome, such an instrument would preferably be of the horizontal type; this form of telescope does not point toward the sky, but lies immovable and horizontal, and the rays of light from celestial objects are reflected into it by an optically perfect plane mirror. This mirror, mounted on axes and moved by clock-work, is the only part of a telescope of this kind which has to move, in order to follow the apparent diurnal motion of celestial objects.

A horizontal telescope of twenty-four inches aperture and 165 feet focal length is now being constructed, from the writer's designs and under his supervision, in the instrument and optical shops of the Yerkes Observatory. This telescope will give an image of the Moon eighteen inches in diameter, with an exposure of from two to five seconds. In connection with this instrument a most important device, called the double-slide plate-carrier, will be used, by means of which the observer is able to cause the photographic plate to follow the minute irregular movements of the image, already described, with considerable accuracy.

Among the most successful workers in lunar photography in recent years should be mentioned the Henry brothers, of the Observatory of Paris, who used a fine photographic telescope of thirteen inches aperture and of their own construction; Professors Burnham, Holden, and Colton, formerly of Lick Observatory, who used the great Lick refractor; Professor W. H. Pickering, of Harvard College Observatory, who has recently employed in this work a horizontal telescope of twelve inches aperture and 135 feet focal length; and MM. Loewy and Puiseux, of the Paris Observatory, whose lunar photographs obtained with the great *coude* telescope are among the finest ever made.

The great Yerkes refractor, with its aperture of forty inches and a focal length of sixty-three feet, is probably the most powerful telescope in existence for visual observations. It was not designed for photography, however; the forty-inch lens is a *visual* one, concentrating in a sharp and intense focus the rays of light

of those colors—the orange, yellow, and yellow-green—which most strongly affect the eye, but leaving outstanding, or out of focus, the blue rays,—those which most strongly affect the photographic plate. A telescope lens constructed for photography unites in one sharp focus the light of the blue region of the spectrum, and necessarily leaves outstanding the visual rays.

By the use of a method perfected by the writer in 1900 the Yerkes refractor is made available for direct photography of the Moon, planets, star-clusters, and so on. The method is extremely simple and economical, and is applicable to all visual telescopes. Instead of the ordinary blue-sensitive photographic plates, isochromatic plates are used, which are very sensitive to yellow light. Mounted in the plate-holder, close in front of the sensitive plate, is a large, brilliantly transparent yellow color-screen or ray-filter; this excludes the out-of-focus blue light, which would otherwise destroy the sharpness of the photograph, and allows only the sharp yellow or visual image to reach the sensitive plate. With this arrangement the great telescope photographs the Moon with an exposure of less than one second. On account of the size and length of the telescope, and the effectiveness of the color-screen method, the resulting negatives show smaller details of the Moon's surface than have been photographed before.

The photographs which accompany this article were obtained by the writer with the great telescope in the manner just described. In Plate I. is shown an extremely rough region in which the lunar craters are massed together in bewildering profusion; these craters, which are supposed to be of volcanic origin, are of all sizes, from Clavius, 142 miles in diameter, the great ring just above the centre of the picture, to those not more than one mile across. The extremely rough edge on the right is called the terminator; it is, in this case, the region of sunrise on the Moon; here the sunlight is shining very obliquely along the surface, and the irregularities of surface are brought out in strong relief. The crater Clavius, already mentioned, is one of the largest formations of its class; its circular wall or rampart rises about

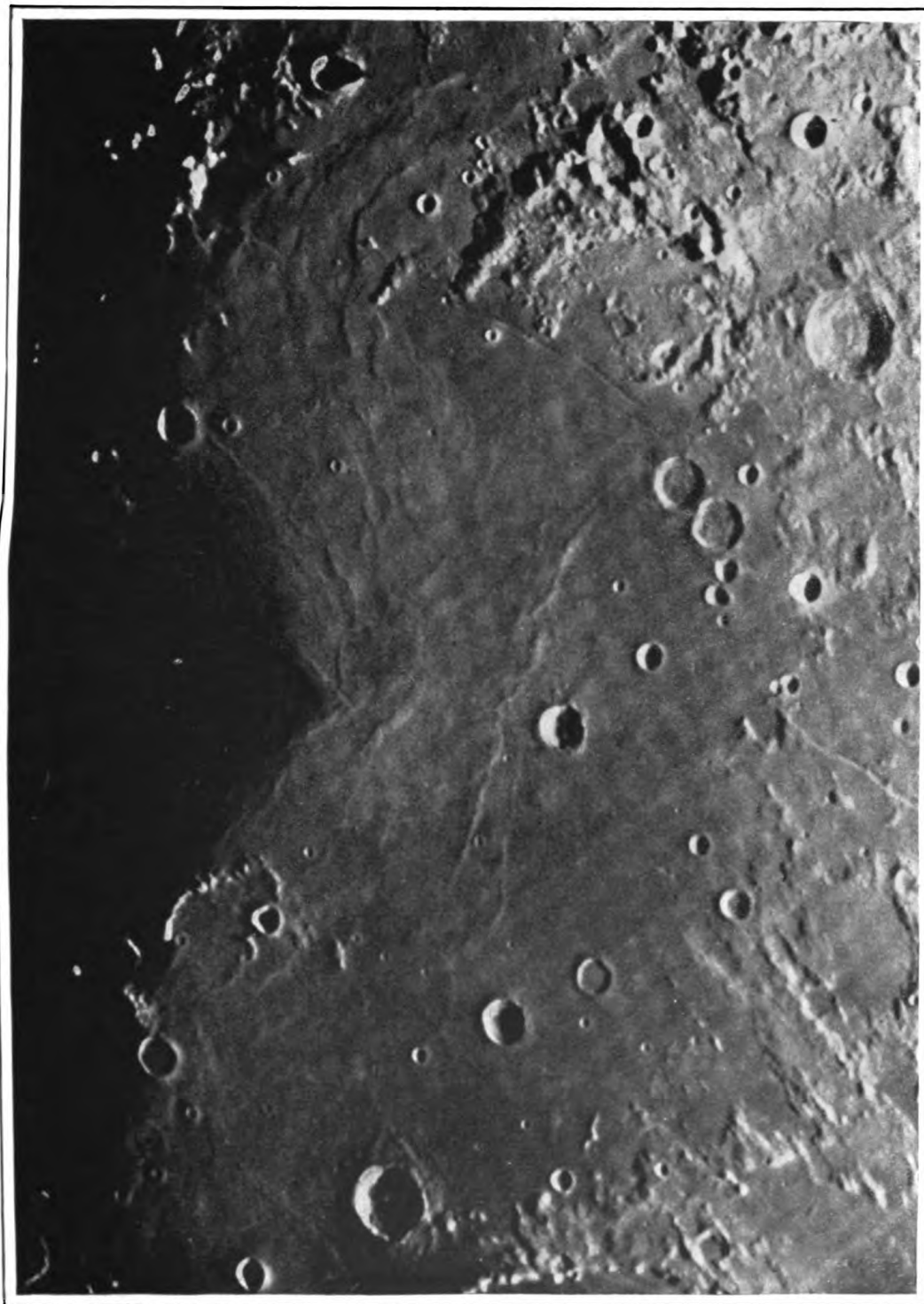


PLATE III.—LUNAR PLAIN, MARE TRANQUILLITATIS, AND SURROUNDINGS

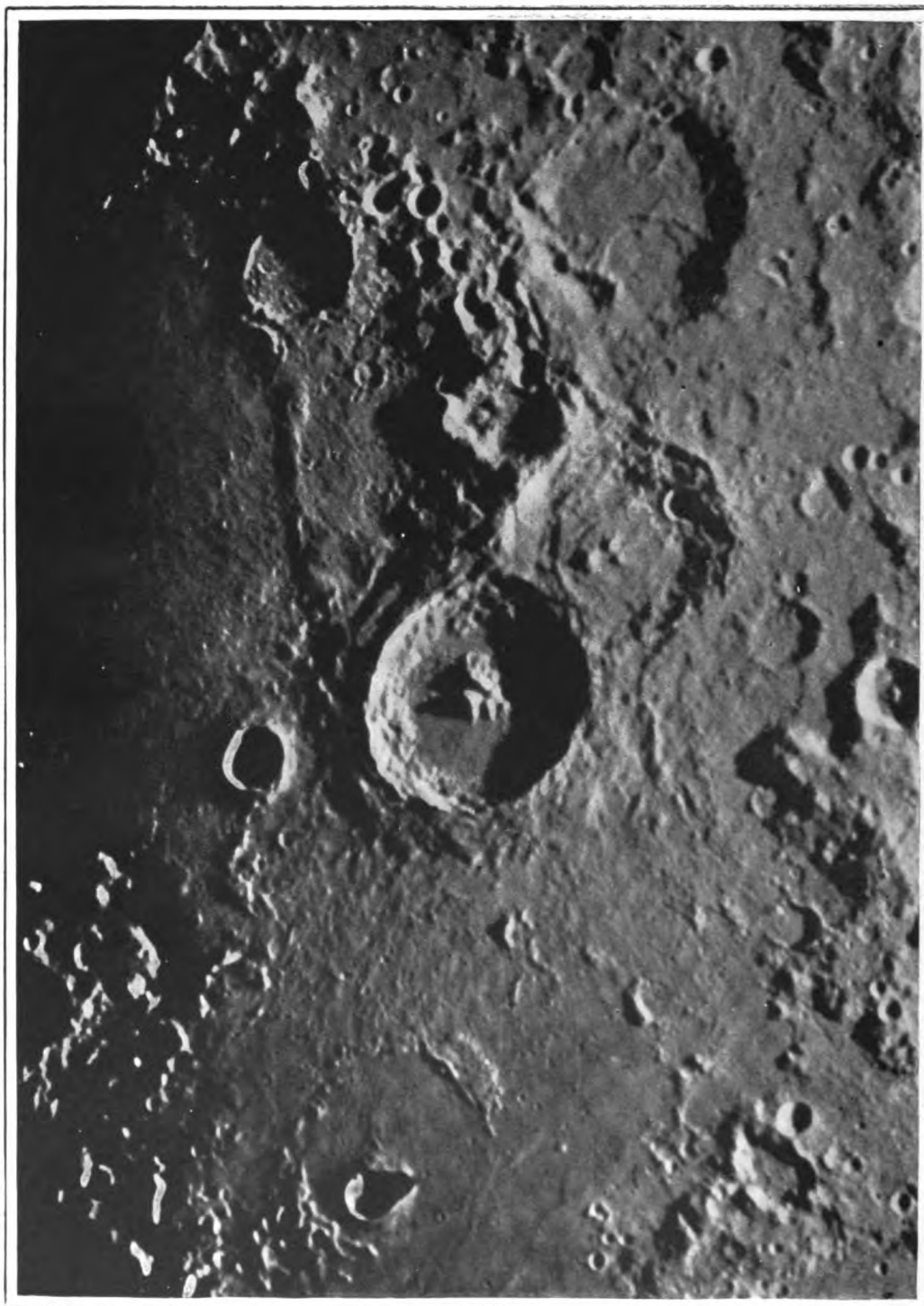


PLATE IV.—LUNAR CRATER THEOPHILUS AND SURROUNDING REGION

12,000 feet in vertical height above the depressed crater-floor, and includes an area of no less than 16,000 square miles. Just below and to the right of Clavius is the great ring Longomontanus, ninety miles across. The conspicuous crater near the lower left-hand corner of the picture is Tycho, fifty-four miles in diameter and 17,000 feet deep; it is one of the most perfect examples of a lunar volcano.

In Plate II. we see a region entirely different in character from the last. It is a part of one of the comparatively smooth, gray plains of the Moon, which were called *seas* by the old astronomers, but which are now supposed to be the dry and sandy beds of ancient oceans. Mare Serenitatis, the Sea of Serenity, the western part of which is shown in the photograph, is nearly circular and is about 430 miles in diameter. Among the most interesting features of its surface are the great crooked ridges, which strongly remind one of ridges of sand formed by the action of water,—although the theory that they are folds or wrinkles produced by shrinkage of the surface is perhaps a more reasonable one. These remarkable features, the details of the great crater Posidonius, and other objects on the western boundary of Mare Serenitatis are shown in the photograph with a distinctness seldom attained when studying these objects directly with a great telescope.

Plate III. is from a photograph of Mare Tranquilitatis, which lies just south of Mare Serenitatis. The complicated systems of sandlike ridges shown on this great plain are most remarkable. The contrast between the dark and comparatively smooth plain or ocean-bed and the higher and brighter rough territory surrounding it is strikingly shown.

The photograph of the great crater Theophilus (Plate IV.) was obtained on the most beautiful night which I have ever seen at the Yerkes Observatory. The valleys of Lake Geneva and Lake Como, near the observatory, were filled with mist, which also covered the surrounding hills and rose to the level of the roof, leaving only the three domes of the observatory standing out above it. The upper surface of this sea of mist appeared almost as white as snow in the moonlight, and nearly as level and definite as

the surface of a lake. The air above the mist was exquisitely tranquil and transparent. The Moon was very high, and appeared to the naked eye white and brilliant, like polished silver. With these conditions we were able to employ the highest magnifying power which is used with the great telescope,—a power of 3750 diameters. With such conditions we were able to secure photographs which show much smaller features of the Moon's surface than have ever been photographed before. Assisted by Mr. Sullivan, the writer made twenty negatives. Plate IV. is from one of the best of these.

No more imposing group of craters exists on the Moon than that shown in the illustration,—Theophilus, Cyrillus, and Catharina. Theophilus, the lower of the three, is sixty-four miles across, and is the deepest of all visible craters. The circular rampart ranges from 14,000 to 18,000 feet in vertical height above the gulf within. The central mountains, so well shown in the photograph, are more than a mile high. But the most striking features of this crater are the vast radiating ridges and ravines of its outer slopes; some of these can be traced for a hundred miles from the crest of the rampart. Can they be the remains of lava-streams which at one stage of the volcano's activity overflowed the crater's rim? Imagine the sublimity, and yet the utter desolation, of the scene, if we could stand upon the crest of the rampart and look out upon those thousands of square miles of gigantic radiating ridges, or, turning about, look down into the vast amphitheatre, the crater-floor 18,000 feet below. There is no scene on the Earth which approaches it.

The craters, mountains, ridges, and other features of the Moon are probably the most ancient formations, in any way resembling the surface of the Earth, upon which human eyes can look. For the Moon is so much smaller than the Earth, having only about one-eightieth of the Earth's mass, that it had probably passed through all of its stages of change and development, and cooled down to a dead and changeless world,—its surface precisely as we now see it,—at a time when the Earth was still a molten mass,—before our oceans and continents and our eternal hills were formed.

An Exchange of Confidences

BY ELLSWORTH KELLEY

THE old man was eighty-six. You would not think it to look at him. He stood so straight and his step was so light that he did not seem sixty.

He shaved his face once over every morning of his life, and blacked his own shoes, even to the heels. His eyes were bright and of the color of the unclouded sky on a moonless night. Other old people said that he had been a very handsome man when in his prime. His manner toward the ladies was still so gallant, in a stately, old-fashioned way, that Aunt Nancy, who kept house for him, used to think of joking him about it. She often wanted to say, "Father, I believe you are looking around after a second wife." But she never said it.

This old man was the little boy's grandpa. When the little boy came in on his first visit from Kansas, and all by himself, the old man met him at the train. They shook hands and kissed each other, while the old man asked,

"How in the world did you know me, when you had never seen me before?"

"Why, you look just like the big picture of you ma has in the sitting-room. She says it is lots of company to her when pa and I are away. How did you know me?"

"Oh, you look exactly like your pa when he was your age. Just as much alike as two peas!"

As they jogged down the pike behind sleepy old Selim they had quite a visit together. Somehow his grandpa had a way of knowing what little boys like to talk about and of the sort of stories they like to hear. So, to put it in his grandpa's words, "they were soon trading yarns like old-timers."

He told his grandpa about the cattle-ranch, and about the swimming-hole in Elm Creek, and of the villages of prairie-dogs, and all about chasing after jack-rabbits with hounds; and his grandpa told him bear stories of the early days,

and of a long chase he and some other men once had after a horse-thief, more than fifty years before.

It was a fine time they had on that drive; but not to be compared with the time they had that rainy afternoon when Aunt Nancy was away and he and his grandpa told each other some secrets. This was the way of it:

The old man was nodding in his chair. The little boy sat by the window listening to the rain. He fell to thinking about seeing a "picture." His first teacher had taught him how to see pictures. He closed his eyes and began to whisper softly to himself. He was doing this when his grandpa awoke from his nap. The old man watched the boy's closed eyes and moving lips for a moment, and then called,

"Hi, there! are you talking in your sleep?"

The boy opened his eyes in confusion, and confessed he had been seeing pictures with his eyes shut.

"Dear me!" said the old man. "Tell me about it."

The little boy closed his eyes again and began: "I see a picture. It is in Kansas. I see the grass running along before the wind to meet the clouds that are coming across the prairie. Now they have met, and the black clouds reach down long white fingers of rain to the grass. I see the cattle running for the shelter of the grove. I see the rain hurrying across the corn-field. I see my ma putting the chickens in the coop—"

"I'll declare," said the old man, as the boy paused, with the least suspicion of a sob in his voice,— "I'll declare, you've made the picture so real that I see a drop of rain on your cheek! Sometimes I see pictures, too. I see them in the fire best, when the long winter evenings come. I see things as they used to be a long while ago, when your pa and Aunt Nancy and all the rest were children. And your



Charles Dickens

THE LITTLE BOY SAT BY THE WINDOW

grandma—I see her moving about the room, and, as she works, I hear her sing:

“There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall—”

The old man paused.

“It is a nice picture,” said the boy, “and— Why, grandpa! you’ve got rain-drops on *your* cheek!” Then they both smiled.

“Say,” said the old man, bringing his cane down on the floor with a thump—“say, I haven’t heard you *read* yet. What do you say to reading a piece to me out of my old reader book?”

The little boy thought that he should like it very much, and the old man got the book from the mantel-shelf. He wiped the dust from its leathern cover, and then gave it a little tender pat with his hand.

The book was a copy of *The American Preceptor*. The boy turned to the title-page and found this imprint:

7th N. Y. Edition.
For Evert Duy-
ckinck, Bookseller.
By J. C. Totten.
1810.

On the fly-leaf was written his grandpa’s name. The ink, once black, had faded to a rusty brown. Then the boy found some rhymes that were of interest, and he read them aloud:

“John Adams Taylor, his Hand and his Pen.
He will be Good, but God knows When.”

The old man smiled half foolishly and

explained: “Yes, I wrote it there when in school. Every boy in school had those lines written in his book.”

Then the little boy found a name written on the margin of a leaf. It was a girl’s name, and it was written in a girl’s hand—“Miss Delight Stafford.” He showed it to his grandpa.

“She was a nice—a very nice little girl,” said his grandpa, after he had read it over twice. “We used to go to school together, and she was my— Say! Did a little girl ever write her name in your book?”

The little boy blushed and looked out of the window. Then he said: “I—that is—yes, *one*. Her name is Molly—Molly Brown. She’s a real nice girl.” Then he paused, uncertain as to what to say next. The old man smiled a sly, knowing smile, but was kind enough to change the subject. He said,

“Now pick out a good piece and read it to me.”

The little boy turned the leaves slowly in search of a familiar piece. At last he found

one—“Logan, the Cayuga Chief.” He had spoken it once of a Friday afternoon. When he had reached the last sentence he was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the speech, and his voice was full of feeling as his young treble rang out: “‘Who is there to weep for Logan? Not one!’” The old man exclaimed: “Good! I’ll declare, it was



John Adams Taylor ~
his Hand and his Pen.
He will be Good —
but God knows When.



"WE USED TO GO TO SCHOOL TOGETHER"

the last one of all—the last baby to be rocked in it.

"That coat? My father wore it in the war of '12. And my grandfather carried that old flintlock when he fought under Washington in 1755."

The pride in a heroic ancestry began to awaken and creep through the little boy's veins. He had no words to say his thoughts. He touched the faded coat with caressing hand and said, "And my pa was a soldier—and a captain—too!" But the old man understood.

"That pile of old books don't amount to much. They're all back numbers and out of date, same as I be." But the boy was down on his knees beside them. He found a book with a blue cover. It was an old spelling-book. A happy thought struck him.

"Grandpa, I read for you; now you must spell for me!"

The book opened at a well-worn page, and he pronounced to the old man the first word at the

good!" and thumped on the floor with his cane. Then he called for the "Singular Adventure of General Putnam." When he had read it, his grandpa nodded in approval and said:

"That's what I call a proper good story. Now I know what we'll do next. Come along with me!"

Together they went up-stairs to the second floor, and through a little door and up another stair, and then there they were—in the attic! There was an old spinning-wheel, and a machine with arms on it that looked like half-grown croquet mallets. There were broken old chairs and an old box-cradle. There was a battered hair trunk and a pile of old books. There was an old gun and an ancient-looking coat.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the little boy.

"Nothing here but trash and trumpery," said his grandpa. But there was a quaver in his voice that made the little boy look up.

"This is your grand-ma's old spinning-wheel. One hundred and forty rounds on that reel made a cut. She could spin eighteen cuts in a day and do her housework besides.

"That hair trunk was mine when a boy. I kept my wedding-suit in it for a long while. I bought those old chairs when we first began housekeeping. I made that cradle. All the children were rocked in it. Your pa was



"HER NAME IS MOLLY—MOLLY BROWN"

top of the first line on the right-hand page.

"Baker. B-a ba, k-e-r ker, baker!" and without waiting for the boy to pronounce the next he went on spelling *lady* and *shady* and *tidy* and *holy*, and so on to the end of the long line of eighteen words.

The boy looked in appreciative admiration at his grandpa, who stood erect to the full height of his six feet one, his head almost touching the rafter, the lust of the conflict of bygone spelling-matches shining in his eyes. The boy pronounced myrmidon, sextile, ferule, orgillous, porphyry. The old man spelled them all.

"My! You must have been a good speller when you was a boy," commented the grandson.

"The best for miles around! I was never beaten but once. And that time a girl beat me and got the prize—and I got one, too!"

"Tell me about it," said the boy.

The old man smiled softly and said:

"It was sixty-eight years ago. I was a natural-born speller. There was a girl in our school who was a natural-born speller too. She had shining black eyes and teeth as white as milk. She was always chosen first on one side, and I on the other. And somehow I always outspelled her, two best out of three, or three out of five. And I thought a heap of that girl. She was Miss Delight Stafford."

"Molly Brown is a good speller too," volunteered the boy. "She beats me sometimes."

"And if I thought her pretty, the other young men did too. But though she was lively and full of fun, she held her head high, and I suppose, first and last, she gave the mitten to every young fellow in the neighborhood.

"We had spelling-matches of Friday evenings in those days, besides parties and revival meetings. Her father could not always take her, and she had no brother. She could have had her choice of company from among the young men, but she did not seem to care. One day at noon I overheard Joe Durkee ask her if he might go with her to the spelling-match at the Ridge school that night. I heard her tell him no, and she looked toward me as she said it.

"Pretty soon she sat down by herself

at a desk, and I made bold to sit down beside her. 'Are you going to the spelling-match to-night, Miss Delight?' I asked.

"'Who's to take me?' she said.

"I made up my mind it was now or never, and I asked: 'Miss Delight, Sister Sarah has a pillion, and she is not going to-night. If you will do me the favor to ride behind me on Black Bess, I guess you will have some one to take you who will be mighty glad to do it.'

"The roses in her cheeks bloomed very large as she answered: 'But I'm afraid of Black Bess—she's so high-spirited!'

"'Then we'll ride old John. He's as gentle as a dog!'

"'Old John! Old John, indeed! He's such an old slow-poke we'd never get there.'

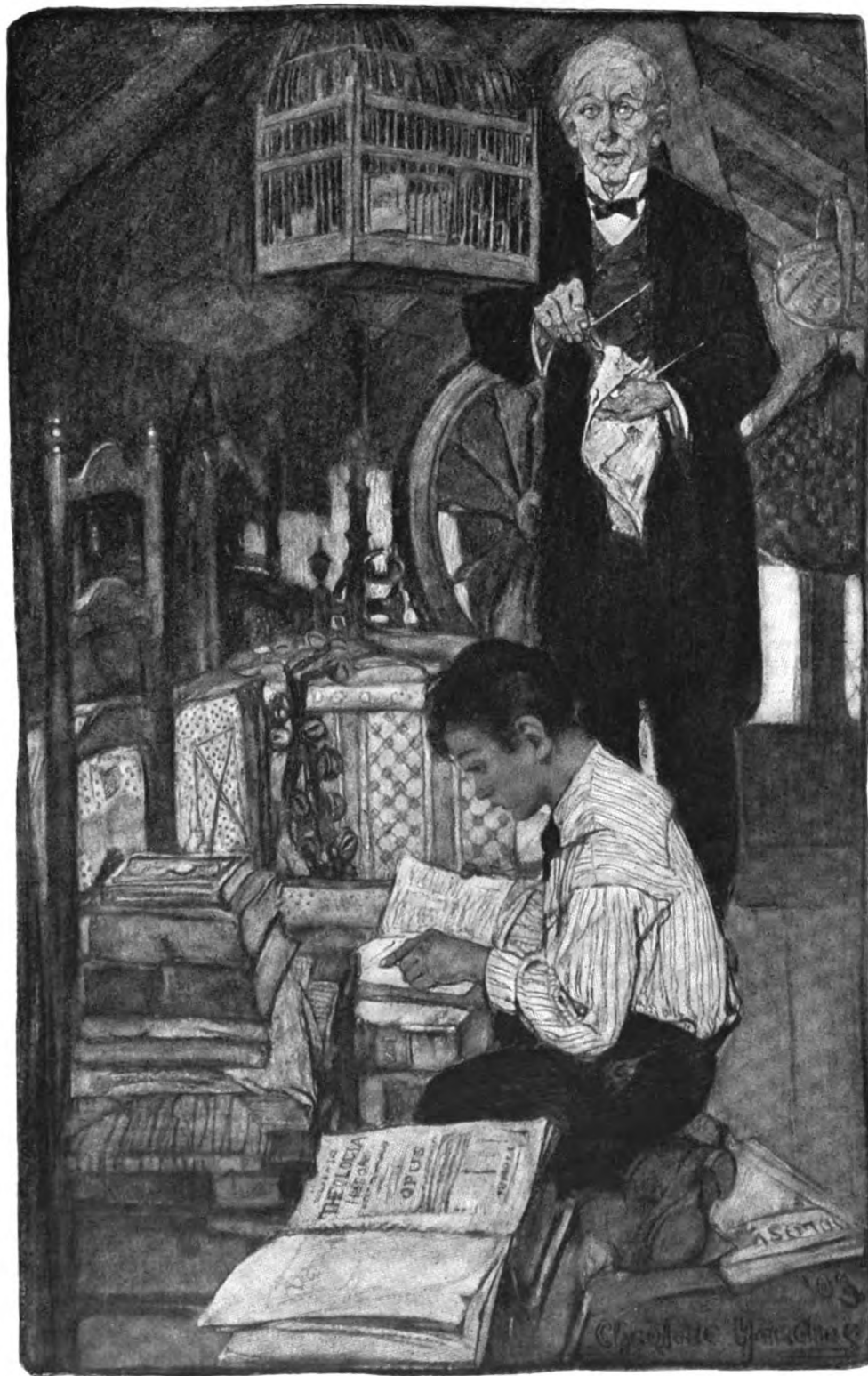
"I felt pretty blue, for I thought the thing was up. I must have looked it, too; but just then I saw a twinkle in her eye, and knew she was making sport of me."

"Sometimes Molly Brown makes fun of me," confided the boy, "but I guess she likes me."

The old man chuckled. "They're alike from A to izzard—every one of them. Well, when I saw her eyes twinkling I grew bold and I said: 'Miss Delight, you are not afraid of Black Bess—not a bit afraid of her! And you will ride behind me on her to the spelling-match to-night!' 'No,' said she, 'I do not think I shall be very much afraid—behind you!' Lord! it makes my old heart thrill this minute when I think of the look in her eyes as she said it.

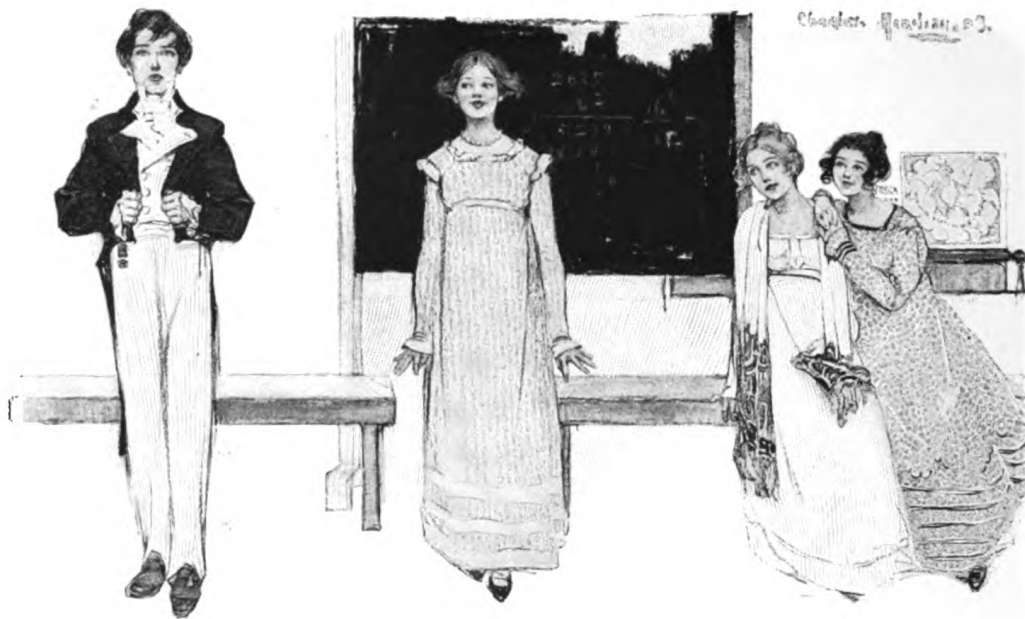
"When sundown came I was at the hitching-post before her father's door, for the match was to begin at early candle-lighting. Miss Delight came out, mounted the horse-block, and sprang on behind me. Once in a while, as we rode along, Black Bess snorted as if she scented a wolf in the shadow of the trees. And then Miss Delight, whose little hand rested lightly against my side, would clasp me with both arms, and I heartily wished the timber road might be beset at every turn with lurking wolves.

"But if my heart was filled with bliss by the events of that ride, she placed a check upon my joy when we reached the schoolhouse. Our crowd of young folks was already there, and with them was



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

THE OLD MAN SPELLED THEM ALL



“‘D-I DI,’ SAID MISS DELIGHT, QUICK AS A WINK”

Joe Durkee. As if to make amends to Joe for refusing his company, she was very gracious to him, and laughed and chatted with him right merrily. As Joe's spirits rose I found myself growing glum. Then I thought of the ride. At least she had never ridden behind Joe nor clung to him for protection.

“The master thumped on the desk with his jack-knife and called the crowd to order. He announced that a prize would be given to the best speller—a silver dollar,—and that was a grand prize in those days. Then he took a speller and put his finger between its pages.

“I was chosen first on one side, and then Miss Delight Stafford was chosen first on the other—and Joe Durkee was chosen second on her side, and of course he had to stand and sit beside her. I'll declare, it made me so mad that I felt like fighting him!” And the old man paused to laugh as if it were the most amusing thing in the world.

“And then we stood up and spelled down. We had not spelled very long before no one was left standing but Miss Delight and myself. I didn't want to

beat her, and I hated the idea of being spelled down by her. We spelled against each other for more than an hour. It was the greatest spelling-match ever held in that country! And then the master put to me the word—valetudinarian. ‘D-e de,’ said I, when I got to the fourth syllable. ‘D-i di,’ said Miss Delight, quick as a wink. And she had me!”

“And so,” said the boy, as if continuing the narrative—“and so she beat you and won the prize. And where did *your* prize come in?”

“Can't you guess?” There was a merry twinkle in the old man's eye as he asked the question. But the little boy could not guess. “Why, going home, I popped the question!”

“Popped the question! What question? And how did you pop it?”

“I asked her to marry me, you know. And she said, ‘Yes.’ And Miss Delight Stafford was your grandma!”

The little boy smiled understandingly. He looked up, hesitated, and then he faltered, “I—never—”

“No,” said the old man, “I suppose not. But you will—*sometime!*”



" DISCIPLINE "

From a sketch drawn and colored by Thackeray when a boy

Four Thackeray Sketches

WITH COMMENT BY W. BROOKE SMITH

THE originals of these sketches were drawn and colored by the boy William Makepeace Thackeray for the scrap-book of his little cousin, Elizabeth Powell, when, as a child, she was visiting Larkbeare, the house of his stepfather, Major Carmichael Smyth, near Ottery St. Mary, where he sometimes spent his holidays from the Charterhouse. The Powells lived at Exeter, some fifteen miles distant by road from the country place at which Major Carmichael Smyth settled in 1825, after retiring from his command of the Military College at Ad-discombe. The drawings must have been made about the year 1825 or 1826, when Thackeray was fourteen or fifteen years old and the little girl was eight or nine. Throughout her long life, which was ended but two years ago, these sketches were preserved among the most valued relics of her childhood, treasures which she

loved to show as earliest examples of the famous novelist's skill in caricature.

Of the circumstances in which they were made, but few memories remained to her save of the kindness which the big schoolboy always showed to his little guest. To this, she used to say, laughing, there was one exception; but the incident by which she seems to have been most vividly impressed unfortunately is not among those which have been recorded by his pencil. This was the catastrophe which followed when her inquiring fingers played too earnestly with the spigot of the great rain-barrel in which water was stored for the Larkbeare garden. The rush of released water completely overpowered the unlucky child, pinning her helpless to the ground and unable to move from beneath the outpour. Hearing her cries, Thackeray ran up to aid her; but the absurd sight was too much for him, and, overcome with irresistible laughter, he stood still for some seconds before he could take action and drag the half-drowned child from beneath the

NOTE.—For permission to reproduce these drawings thanks are due to the courtesy of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (Anne Isabella Thackeray) and Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.

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overwhelming torrent. Perhaps this was the solitary occasion when his sense of the ludicrous proved itself stronger than his constant impulse of kindness towards children.

"Discipline," the largest of the drawings, might well have been made in some strange prescience of the description he was to write nearly a quarter of a century later of "Doctor Birch and his Young Friends at Rodwell-Regis," with "Slaughterhouse" and its former terrors still present in his memory. It is interesting to note how closely this earlier drawing can adapt itself to his text.

"I have always had a regard for dunces," says he in this piece; "those of my own school-days were among the pleasantest of the fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life. . . . Ah, what a pang it must be to be the last boy—huge, misshapen, fourteen years of age, and 'taken up' by a chap who is but six years old and can't speak quite plainly yet.

"Master Hulker is in that condition at Birch's. He is the most honest, kind, active, plucky, generous creature. He can do many things better than most boys. He can go up a tree, pump, play at

cricket, dive, and swim perfectly—he can eat twice as much as almost any lady. . . . He can do anything but learn his lesson; and there he sticks at the bottom of the school, hopeless. If you could see his grammar, it is a perfect curiosity of dog's-ears. The leaves and cover are all curled and ragged. Many of the pages are worn away with the rubbing of his elbows as he sits poring over the hopeless volume, with the blows of his fists as he thumps it madly, or with the poor fellow's tears. You see him wiping them away with the back of his hand as he tries and tries and can't do it.

"When I think of that Latin grammar, and that infernal *As in Præsenti*, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth, upon my conscience, I am surprised that we ever survived it."

Of the particular form at Charterhouse which may have been in Thackeray's mind when he made the "Discipline" sketch, Dr. Liddell (afterwards Dean of Christ Church, Oxford) wrote in a letter published in the *Greyfriars' Magazine*: "We sat by, and were expected to drink in the wisdom of the Head Form, but seldom were called on to have our diligence or attention tested. I need hardly say we did not trouble ourselves to prepare the lessons; and when, on rare occasions, it occurred to the Doctor to 'put us on,' great was our consternation, grievous the ignorance displayed, and vehement the wrath of the master. I cannot remember whether it was in this curious Form that I constantly sat next Thackeray in school. In whichever Form it was, I recollect that we spent much—most—of our time in drawing. . . . I remember one [sketch];—Macbeth, as a butcher, brandishing two blood-reeking knives, and Lady Macbeth, as the butcher's wife, clapping him on the shoulder to encourage him in his bloody work."

From Thackeray's own home letters one gains much the same impression as from his old school-fellow's words. He writes on February 14, 1826, when fourteen years of age: "Valentine's day! But I have had no valentines. Dr. Russell has been fierce to-day, yea,



"SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE"
 Sketched by Thackeray



" DANGEROUS "

From a sketch drawn and colored by Thackeray at the age of fourteen or fifteen

and full of anger. . . . I have got four hours of him to-day before me. Is it not felicitous? Every day he begins at me;—'Thackeray, Thackeray, you are an idle, profligate, shuffling boy'; (because your friends are going to take you away in May). . . . Dr. Russell has treated me every day with such unkindness, that I really cannot bear it. If ever I get a respectable place in my Form, he is sure to bring me down again: to-day there was such a flagrant instance of it, that it was the general talk of the school."

In the same year that Dr. Birch appeared (1849), *Pendennis* was published, and the connection between this letter and Charterhouse days (and, incidentally, the "Discipline" sketch) seems curiously close. This scene, or similar ones, with Doctor Russell, must have been clearly before him when he wrote the passage in *Pendennis* in which Arthur's uncle, the Major, enters school to call him to his dying father's bedside:

"Pen had been unnoticed all through the previous part of the morning till

now, when the Doctor put him on to construe in a Greek play. He did not know one word of it . . . when the awful chief broke out upon him:—'Pendennis, sir, your idleness is incorrigible, and your stupidity beyond example. You are a disgrace to your school and to your family, and, I have no doubt, will prove so in after-life to your country. Miserable trifle! A boy who construes *δε and*, instead of *δε but*, at sixteen years of age, is guilty not merely of folly, and ignorance, and dulness inconceivable, but of crime, of deadly crime, and of filial ingratitude which I tremble to contemplate.'"

One would give much to know whether any of the lads shown in the drawing were intended as portraits of contemporaries. Can the boy be amongst these luckless urchins who was afterwards to be his friend and colleague upon *Mr. Punch's* famous staff? John Leech, whom Thackeray said he first remembered as a small boy at the Charterhouse, "in a little, blue, buttoned-up suit, set upon



THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER"

From a colored sketch by Thackeray

a form and made to sing 'Home, Sweet Home' to the others crowding round about,"—is he one of the little imps shown upon the bench, desperately striving to cram their pieces of "rep." or "construe," which have proved the undoing of the boys who have already passed through the master's hands? In the original drawing a little lad is shown seated in a corner and making a final effort to learn his task. He wears a sky-blue jacket, and one wonders if this might not fix his identity as Leech. But this point can never be established now,—nor, indeed, whether the figures shown had ever an identity apart from the boy artist's fancy. And so we let them go, that boy in a bottle-green coat, tugging at the tails of the clumsy hobbledohoy who has begun to blubber before even he has been put through his paces; and the poor little wretch who is on his knees begging for mercy. His eyes are shown red-rimmed with tears, his ochre-hued head is bound with a black fillet—perhaps to hide some ancient wound. We must leave him to the executioner's mercy when that victim choking in his grasp has been duly dealt with.

"The Last Rose of Summer" is another sketch which, by the exercise of a little harmless imagination, we may please ourselves by supposing to be a draught for an illustration for one of the books, then far ahead, among those to be published. Do you know Miss Meggott? If, by any chance, you have not the advantage of that lady's acquaintance, pray turn to the "Christmas Books," where, facing a little page of kindly descriptive matter, you will find another portrait of her as she appeared to Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

She was going to be married once to that gallant young officer Ensign Macquirk of the Whistlebinkie Fencibles, who fell at Quatre Bras, by the side of his commander, Snuffmull. Nobody comes to dance with her, says Mr. Titmarsh, though she has a new frock on, as she calls it, and rather a pretty foot, which she always manages to stick out. The Charterhouse boy has shown her, oddly enough, as considerably older than she appeared when (one feels sure) Mr. Titmarsh invited her to dance at Mrs. Perkins's ball at Pocklington Square, on the 19th of December. The

same fan and handkerchief are there, but that irresistible, roguish glance which plays on her face in the later portrait is the mesmerizing glare of a Medusa in the schoolboy's handiwork, and the black curls are more suggestive of art than of nature. As for the elderly *soupirant* who stands before her, crush-hat in hand, he surely must have been drawn from the boy's recollection of some guest of Major Carmichael Smyth's when at Addiscombe.

At any originating idea which may have suggested the two drawings "Dangerous" and "Slow and Steady wins the Race" of course no guess can be made. But in the case of the former it is curious to note something of the same motive as in the illustration to the *Pickwick Papers* made by "Phiz" ten years later on. The self-satisfied dandy, skating backwards with folded arms, has cer-

tainly nothing in common with Winkle the sporting-man; but the outside-edge stroke which he has just begun will evidently land him with fatal accuracy upon the couple in collision behind him, much in the manner of Mr. Winkle and the medical students at Dingley Dell.

In "Slow and Steady," the welter-weight jockey, gazing with satisfaction at the winning-post, and his mount, as much astonished as the rider at reaching the end of the course, are perhaps memories of some Devonshire steeplechase or local point-to-point race visited by young Thackeray. The spectators are not in view, or one would like to point out among them the figures which were afterwards better known to the world as Blanche Amory, the jolly old Begum, little Harry Foker, and perhaps even "Pen" himself

Indian Summer

BY TERTIUS AND HENRY VAN DYKE

A SOFT veil dims the turquoise skies,
And half-conceals from pensive eyes
The bronzing tokens of the Fall;
A calmness broods upon the hills,
And Summer's parting dream distills
A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn, in brown array,
Stand waiting through the placid day,
Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
The tribes that find a shelter there
Are phantom peoples, forms of air,
And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening, when the blood-red crest
Of sunset passes through the West,
I hear the whispering host returning:
On far-off fields, by elm and oak,
I see the light, I smell the smoke,—
The camp-fires of the Past are burning.

Kid Sadler

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I
THE city of Portate, South America (began the engineer), has taken on a flavor of enterprise since I first knew it. Two Northern companies now have much to do with its affairs. Their relations with the government are mutually differential. One of them, the Union Electric, has the trolleys and the street lighting; the other, the Transport Company, owns the inland railroad, and a large share of the steamers that anchor in the harbor. I had charge of the lighting plant for the Union Electric, and a man, of whom I know no other name than Kid Sadler, was harbor-master for the Transport Company.

There was a youthfulness about him that belied his looks. For he would go around in his grimy tugboat, that was called the *Harvest Moon*, thrashing and

blackguarding roustabouts, and joyful as the dewy morning. At night you'd be apt to find him playing a banjo on the deck of the *Harvest Moon*, melancholy, singing verses of his own composition to tunes that came of his inner consciousness. Some of these verses were interesting, but the tunes appeared unfortunate. He was particular that his poetry should be accurate as to facts. As to tunes, he had neither gifts nor instruction.

I always thought he was too reckless. He threw one named Pedro Hillary off the stern of the *Harvest Moon*, so that Pedro went down-stream with the tide, because no one thought him worth fishing out, until it was found that Pedro was a member of some post-African sort of Masonic society, and a British subject at that from Jamaica. By that time

he'd been picked up by a rowboat, and was back in Portate, in Ferdinand Street, and Ferdinand Street was very mad. It was a street occupied by negroes, and Sadler was not popular there.

Sadler was a capable harbor-master. The Transport Company thought much of him. Only it seemed to me that he acted youthful. He was a gaunt man with a scrawny throat, ragged dangling mustache, powerful large hands, little wrinkles around his eyes, and a hoarse voice. I wouldn't go so far as to analyze him, yet I'd say he was conscientious in his way, but given to sentiment, to turning out



HE WENT DOWN THE ROAD WITH LITTLE IRISH

poetry and singing it to misfit and uneducated tunes, given to joyfulness and depression, and to misleading his fellow man; which qualities, when you take them apart, don't seem likely to fit together again, and in Kid Sadler I'm not saying they did fit. They appeared to me to project on the edges.

He came to my house in the suburbs the afternoon following the day that Pedro went down the Jiron River, and lay in a hammock where one could look down past the fruit trees toward the mouth of the Jiron and the blue islands. He was making a requiem, such as he thought he ought to do under those conditions, though the requiem was not good and the tune exasperating. "Pete Hillary," it began,—

"Pete Hillary, I make for you
This lonesome, sad complaint.
Alive you ain't no use, is true;
If dead, you prob'ly ain't.

"Pete Hillary, Pete Hillary,
I don't know where you are.
Here's luck to you, Pete Hillary,
Beyond the harbor bar."

Then a man called "Little Irish," who was Sadler's heeler,—and I never heard his family nor his given name, but he was chunky in build and nervous in his mind,—Irish came running up the path at this moment, and cried: "It's a warrant for ye, Kid! Run! Oh, wirra! What did ye do it for?" He was distracted. Sadler paid no attention, only twanged his banjo and sang casual poetry, and Little Irish jabbered without rest. "'Tis Pete Hillary himself was pulled out forninst the sand-bar, and back in Ferdinand Street, swearin' revenge for the bucket o' wather he swallyed. An' 'tis the English consul up to the City Hall says Pete come from Jamaica, an' a crowd of naygers from Ferdinand Street be the docks, an' wirra! what a time! Ah, coom, Kid! Coom quick, for the love of—"

"Gi' me a kiss, sweetheart, says he;
Don't shed no tear for me, says he,
And if I meet a lass as sweet
In Paraguay, in Paraguay,
I'll tell her this: 'Gi' me a kiss;
You ain't half bad for Paraguay.'"

—"an' two twin sojers wid their guns

and belts full of cartridges on the tug this minute, an' the gentlemen at the Transport says, hide, dom ye! they says, till they can ship ye wid a cargo of—"

"The little islands fall asleep,
The little wavelets wink.
Aye, God's on high; the sea is deep.
Go, Chepa, get some drink.
Ar, Magdalena—

"*Calm, Irish! Get calm!* You mean to say there's twins like that occupying the *Harvest Moon*?—

"Magdalena,
First I seen her
Underneath her orange-tree—"

"They *are* that!"

"Well—ain't they got nerve! Why—

"She was swashin'
Suds and washin'
Shirts beneath her orange-tree:

—"why, I got to go down and spank em!"

He rolled out of the hammock and went off down the road toward the harbor, with Little Irish pattering after him.

II

So I saw no more of them that day, nor heard any news until the noon following. There was a gale from the northwest in the morning. Chepa—who was a little half-breed that belonged to me—Chepa came out from the city, and said the Plaza was boiling with news.

For, he said, Sadler had gone aboard the *Harvest Moon* and surprised the twin soldiers, and dipped them in the water with their artillery, and sent them up-town with the wet warrant stuck in the muzzle of a gun. Then he paraded the *Harvest Moon* the length of Portate's water-front, tooting his steam-whistle,—which was not considerate nor scrupulous. Then the Jefe Municipal—that is, the Mayor—fell into a temper and sent a company of the pink soldiery of the city guard in the morning, packed close in a tugboat. Then Sadler led them seaward, where the gale was blowing from the northwest and the big seas piled past the harbor bar. Most of the pink soldiers were seasick, they not being mariners and the gale standing the tugs on their beam-ends. It was well enough for Sadler and Irish, but no sort of position for a city guard, and they came

back and were not happy. The *Harvest Moon* was in again, and now anchored in the harbor.

So far Chepa related, and added that the Plaza was boiling; that in passing the Jefe Municipal on the City Hall steps he distinctly heard him "b-r-r-r-ing" like a dynamo, and was under the impression that he emitted blue sparks. I went with Chepa to the harbor.

The *Harvest Moon* lay rolling a half-mile out. We took a rowboat, and draw-



CHEPA SAID THE PLAZA WAS BOILING
WITH NEWS

ing near, we saw Sadler standing by the rail, with the black nozzle of a hose-pipe pushed forward, and shading his eyes against the glitter of the water. But when he saw who we were he took us aboard peaceably. But he was thoughtful and depressed. He sat himself on the rail, dangled his boots over the water, and described his melancholy.

"What makes a man act so?" he asked. "There's my fellow man. Look at him. I'm sorry for him. Most of him had hard luck to be born, and yet when he gets in my way I naturally walk over him. Some of him's sort of leathery and pas-

sive, whose nature is to go to sleep in the middle of the road and get walked over. When I ketch that one of him, why, I kicks a hole in his trousers, and then it occurs to me, 'Oh, my sufferin' brother, this is too bad!' Pete Hillary's one of the dumbdest and leatheriest, and the Mayor's pink sojers, they been fillin' my bosom with joy and sorrow till I got the heartburn, and laughed from eleven o'clock till one, and been sheddin' tears ever since. Irish went three times round his rosary before he got the scare kinks out of his backbone; and between Irish bein' pathetic and the Mayor and his sojers comin' out so pink and goin' back mixed and jammed to the color of canned salmon, my feelin's is worked up to burstin'. What makes a man act so? It must be he has cats in him."

He pulled his mustache gloomily. I judged his remorse was sincere, though youthful. I said:

"What I don't reconcile in you, Kid, is your poetical habits and habits of banging folks. They don't seem to me to fit. I'd suppose a reflective poet would be one thing, and a gifted, ingenious scrapper another. They don't agree. One of them gets remorseful. He takes to laments and requiems, nightly, bi-weekly, same as malaria. They don't fit."

"Why," he said, "them is just two different ways of statin' that things is interestin'. It's no more'n that. And yet you ain't far from the facts. It was a shoemaker in Portland, Maine, that taught me to chuck metres. I was a young one, and the shoemaker's son taught me to put up my fists in the back yard, more because he was bigger than because he was interested in my education. Then by and by I bettered the shoemaker, and licked the son in the back yard. I never got away from those two things to find another as interestin' as poetry and trouble. But they don't get along together. They never did. But I'll go away, Stanley. I'm fond of Portate, but I'll go. I will, honest; I'll be good. I wish they quit puttin' temptations on me. But they won't. They're comin' again. They've borrowed the *Juanita*, and she's comin', with only a steersman in sight, and a cabin full of sojers that can't keep their bayonets out of the window. My! ain't it sly!"



MOST OF THE SOLDIERS WERE SEASICK

He went to the companionway and called Little Irish, telling him to "start her up."

The *Juanita* was one of the Transport Company's tugs. She appeared to be engaged in a stratagem. She passed the *Harvest Moon* in mid-channel, then swung and came up on the other side. The *Harvest Moon* made no motion to escape her anchorage, though some engine below now began thumping busily. Sadler went aft, dragging the long black hose, and sat below the rail till the *Juanita* drew in to forty feet away, and through the deck-house windows you could see the tufted caps of the suppressed soldiery.

Out of the nozzle of Sadler's hose-pipe there leaped a steaming arch that vaulted the distance and deluged the steersman. He howled and disappeared, and the *Juanita* ploughed onward unguided. The long scalding projection of Sadler's hose played through the windows of the deck-house. There were crashes, uproar, execrations, while Little Irish's engine kept on beating steadily, chug, chug, deep in the chest of the *Harvest Moon*. The *Juanita* went out of reach, and the soldiery poured furiously on the deck. Sadler pulled me flat beside him, because they might take a pot-shot at us—though they didn't. The *Juanita* careered up-stream. Sadler sat up.

"They give me the colic," he said, and wiped his eyes.

"Honored sirs," said Chepa, putting his head up the companionway, "the hot water was too hot," and he blew on his fingers. Sadler groaned:

"Just my luck! I meant to tell Irish

to take the boil off, and forgot it. Now their little copper skins 'll peel. Get out, Stanley. Go ashore. You can't do me no good."

He looked half sheepish, half angry. When we pulled away, he sat with his back turned, his boots dangling over the water, and shoulders bent, staring down moodily, remorsefully.

III

The superintendent of the Transport Company at Portate was named Stephen Dorcas—a bustling, heavily bearded man, whom you couldn't hold still on account of his vitality. His speech was explosive, like the working of a piston-rod. Him I met in the Plaza the next morning going into the City Hall.

"Come on!" he cried. "We'll fix it. What? Well, you see, Jefe was stuck. Came to me. Now then. Got an idea. Suit him first rate. You see. Struck me this morning. Half past seven. Please everybody."

So we came to the Mayor's office and found Sadler, who sat alone by the window, looking down moodily on the Plaza, where the chain-gang from the city jail was pretending to mend the pavement, loafing, quarrelling, one man pulling up what another laid down.

"Got him," said Dorcas, joyfully. "Thumped up the Jefe. First he cussed, then he calmed. Be up pretty soon. Now— Hold on, though. Wait for the Jefe."

Sadler nodded, and we sat and watched the chain-gang till the Mayor came in, out of breath. He was a small, stout man

with a military imperial, whose dignity, benevolence, and temper, resembling dynamite, were so mixed in him as to keep all the resident consuls happy with exercising their diplomacy. He glowered at Sadler, sat down, and snorted.

"Now, Excellency," Dorcas said, briskly. "This way. Understand your position. All right. Reasonable. First, if Pete Hillary was Jamaican, he was no citizen of Portate. See? No good, anyway. Consequently you don't care about him. No. British consul, he don't care, except for the principle. Not really. No. But you want to satisfy consul, meaning his principle. That's so. Then the Hottentot society around Ferdinand Street. Got to fix them. Course you have. Don't want to disoblige honest voters of Ferdinand Street. No. Third, you got to celebrate the majesty of laws and municipal guards. Last, the Transport Company. We don't want the Kid to chew his thumbs in jail for wetting folks. Good land! no! You want to satisfy us. Complicated, ain't it? But you're equal to it. Surely. Now what's needed? Something bold. Something skilful. We have it. Get him banished, Excellency. Get him banished. Executive edict from the President. Big gun. Hottentots pleased and scared. Majesty of Great Britain pacified. Municipal guards celebrated. Transport Company don't object. Everybody happy. There, now!"

He put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, leaned back, and beamed.

"Hum! Ha! You assist?" asked the Mayor.

"We do."

The Mayor gazed at him fiercely a moment, relaxed, smiled, and patted his knee. "It is perhaps not, Señor Dorcas,—not impossible."

"There now, Kid! Fixed you."

Sadler said nothing, and looked down at the chain-gang below. The Plaza was full of moving noises. Women gossiped under the stiff palms and beside the broken-down fountain in the centre. Idlers sat in wicker chairs on the hotel piazza opposite, on the steps below. The shops were open. The butcher on the corner drove a dog into the street. A crowd of boys chased the dog, yelping, down the hidden alley.

"It won't do," said Sadler, mournfully, at last. "It's more interestin' than I'd suppose you was up to, Steve, but comparatively it's dull, and besides, it ain't safe. I'd have to come back and see how bad I was banished. That's more certain than probable. Not that I'd throw you down this way, Excellency," with melancholy eyes fixed on the Mayor and a voice of solemn bass, "without puttin' up another scheme, for it wouldn't be treatin' you upright. But makin' a supposition, now, suppose I was moderately arrested and set to bossin' that gang out there

for the benefit of Portate, and quartered, for safe-keepin' till the trial, at the Hotel Republic as a partial return for bein' exhibited in disgrace. Suppose it took me three days to finish that little job they're potterin' with; by that time I'd be ready to—say, escape,—say, in the *Albany* that sails for Porto Rico Thursday. I shrinks, I fades away, ghostly and remorseful, from



SADLER LEFT WITH A FILE OF PINK SOLDIERS

the majestic shadow of the law. Suppose you was to put up a proclamation subsequent and immediate offerin' a reward for me. Now, as to fugitive or as to exile, looking at it from my standpoint, I makes the choice. I says, fugitive. It suits me better. It's elegant and inexpensive. I ain't worthy of any executive edict. As a fugitive I wouldn't have to fidgit to get even with somebody. But take your standpoint, Excellency. There's iniquitous limits to you. For instance, you can't put up an executive edict by yourself. Consequently there's no glory in it for you. But you can put up a proclamation—say, 'Five hundred dollars reward for capture and return of one Sadler, that committed humiliatin' assault on one Hillary, and spiled the stomachs and biled the skin of patriotic municipal guardsmen, which shameful person is more'n six feet of iniquity, and his features is homely beyond belief, complexion dilapidated and conscience dyspeptic.' Course, Excellency, there couldn't anybody give you points on a proclamation. I ain't doin' that, but I was supposin'—say, printed in the national colors. Folks is impressed by a spectacular reward precedin' a festival of language, and maybe they'd both better be steep. Printed, posted, scattered over Ferdinand Street and the British consulate,—what happens? British majesty pacified, Ferdinand Street solid for the re-election of a Mayor who puts that value and estimate on the dignity of Pete Hillary. Transport Company don't object. Everybody happy—except me. Don't mind me. I go my lonesome way."

Sadler turned away, isolated and depressed, to watch the chain-gang in the Plaza.

The Mayor's eyes glistened with appreciation, with feeling. Dorcas pulled his beard and surrendered reluctantly.

"There'd be more in it for you, Excellency. That's a fact."

The Mayor came over and patted Sadler on the shoulder with his soft, fat hand. His voice showed emotion.

"Ah, my friend! yet be not sad. To be sacrificed to public policy, to public good, is noble."

"Recollect that proclamation, Excellency. You can't describe me too villainous."



SADLER'S FRIENDS, WHO HAD COME TO WATCH HIM ESCAPE

"I will remember," said the Mayor, brokenly—"I will remember."

"But you won't go under five hundred,—er—forgive my weakness,—as a tribute of your respect, private, just between you and me, as friends that may never meet again."

"I will remember. Ah, my friend! Yet be firm."

Sadler left the City Hall with a file of pink soldiers, who acted shy and kept aside from him, as not knowing in what direction he might be dangerous. He was put in charge of the chain-gang, and introduced among them some sorrow and haste. He spent his three days at the Hotel Republic, taking things joyously



THE PROCLAMATIONS WERE POSTED IN FERDINAND STREET

at the hotel bar at municipal expense. There were soirées on the hotel piazza, and terror and discipline in the chain-gang. By the rate the work of the Plaza pavement went on he was worth the municipal expense.

The only point where he didn't appear scrupulous, considerate, was in this going around to bid people good-by.

It was youthful, simple-hearted, affecting, but it seemed inconsistent. It harrowed the Mayor's feelings, and he showed it. He said they were harrowed. He grew nervous. For if a man agrees to be a fugitive, to escape in a manner described by himself—his very words—as “ghostly and remorseful,” it stands to reason he ought not to make too much display, nor tell the British consul that the Mayor was going to assassinate him and that was the reason for these adieus, to which the British consul said, “Gammon!” Yet this seemed to be the idea current in Ferdinand Street. It was why the Hottentot society were peaceful for the time being. But what made the Mayor nervous was the way Portate was keyed up for tragedy, and the way Sadler acted as if he wasn't going to escape mysteriously. For he had to please the

British consul, and please Ferdinand Street and the Transport Company; but the Hottentots were skittish and Sadler inconsistent, and the Mayor was nervous.

On Thursday morning the dock was crowded with Sadler's friends, come to watch him escape. Others there were who had heard he was to attempt it, and thought to see him grasped and detained by a vindictive city guard. They expected a surprise. It puzzled them when the peaceful strip

of water widened between the *Albany* and the pier.

Little Irish was not there, though I had supposed he would vanish with Sadler; but the British and American consuls were there, and Steve Dorcas with others of the Transport Company, people from the Hotel Republic, and Hillary and a group of negroes from Ferdinand Street, looking stupefied. I heard the British consul say to the American,

“But you know, of course, that's all what you call a ‘put-up job’—one of your Americanisms.”

“Well—you don't care.”

“But really, you know, it's not decent.”

Sadler stood on the after-deck of the *Albany* with his hat off, as if asking a benediction on Portate.

An hour later the *Albany* was barely out of sight, but the proclamations were posted in Ferdinand Street, the Plaza, and at the consulates: “Three hundred dollars reward for the capture and return, dead or alive, of one known as ‘Kid Sadler,’ a fugitive from public justice, who committed felonious and insulting assault on Pedro Hillary, the well-known and respected resident of Ferdinand Street. It is suspected that, if still in

the city, he will endeavor to escape by steamer in disguise. Description,"—which description of him was remarkable for length and vindictive scorn.

Then the American consul said to the British consul: "I'll tell you what that is, old man. That's a porous plaster. It has some holes. But it's meant to cover your indecency."

IV

On tropical nights when the moonlight is so yellow, so rich, the odor of the forest is heavy and sweet; you may come to fancy the two united, and this light itself a kind of scented varnish, a phosphorescent mould. Such a night it was that Thursday.

I was sitting on my piazza, and I was thinking that this mystery in the make-up of Sadler was maybe a belated youthfulness. For you take a boy, and he has some oddities. He's innocent and he's shrewd. He's reckless, remorseful, and astonished at himself as something he can't get used to. He has growing-pains in his mind and an instinct for a row. You set him a dare, and you set him tingling. He has fits and starts. He's sentimental and humorous. His enthusiasms are lyrical. Those feelings are more liquid that grow crusted and stiff with after-time.

I've read somewhere to the effect that a poet is one who is such because something in him never grows old, as in another man, but always that something in him is fresh and barbarous. I thought maybe the Kid was a poet. Else why would he act that way, as he surely did?

It was nearly ten o'clock. A flamingo rose from the roadside and flew over the house like a ghost, trailing his long legs.

The gate creaked. Sadler opened it. He came up the path like a ghost.

"How do?" he said. He sat down and twinkled his banjo.

I asked, "Why?" I said it didn't seem reasonable. It was well enough for a flamingo, but a man has responsibilities. It's not right to be a floating, irrelevant object in the tropical night, a presence, an impossible vision.

He sat in the moonlight, big-handed and lean, homely and awkward, with long, ragged, and sagging mustache, an unclassified chunk of humanity, belonging

nowhere in particular. Being a poet didn't seem to explain him at that point, but his speech was candor.

"Irish hooked the *Harvest Moon*," he said. "He lay outside for the *Albany*, so I jumped overboard."

"Changed your mind?"

"Well—the *Albany* runs to Porto Rico and New York, but the *Richmond* leaves early to-morrow for New Orleans. I thought we'd better go on the *Richmond*, and enlist for the Cuban war. But I expect Irish won't like Cuba. It'll make him nervous. I made a 'Farewell' goin' out. I thought maybe I'd come around and tell it to you." He sang, hoarsely:

"Dorcas and Stanley, now adieu;

I drops a briny tear on,

Mayor, my memories of you;

Chepa, that brought the beer on,

Farewell across the waters blue.

Oh, Jiron!

Farewell the nights of ba'my smell,

Farewell the alligator,

Special them little ones that dwell

In the muck-hole with their mater.

Farewell, Portate, oh, farewell,

Equator!



HE SAT DOWN AND TWANKLED HIS BANJO

"You see, the point of goin' to the war is this way. Because—

"The damage you do
Ain't totted to you,
But explained by your patrioti-ism.

Government pays bills, commissary, sanitary, and them that's sent in by God Almighty, too. I guess so."

He seemed subdued, gentle, inclined to be silent, only hummed and strummed as if seeking earnestly for that which might express him, but seeking vainly. Finally it came, a monotonous, tuneless chant:

"One day I struck creation,
And I says in admiration.
'What's this here combination?'
Then I done a heap of sin.
I hain't no education,
Nor kin.

"There's something I would say, boys,
Of the life I throwed away, boys.
It cackles, but don't lay, boys.
There's a word that won't come out.
The hell I raised I'll pay, boys,
Just about."

The flamingo sailed noiselessly over the house again and settled in the road.

"So long, Stanley."

He rose to leave, and stood a moment, black against the moonlight, in silence. I said: "That proclamation of the Mayor's is out. Better stay here till morning."

"I got it somewheres about. I jus' been to see him."

"What!"

The proclamation rustled in his hand.

"Durned little runt! Cut me down two hundred dollars on that reward, plump. And he'd gi'n me his word! Why, you heard him! He ought to be ashamed. I told him so. I says, 'You're no lady.' Nor he ain't. Nor sporty, either. Squeals and wriggles."

"He paid you the reward!"

"Why, course. Couldn't mess his politics. Took him sudden, though. He had a series of fits that was painful, painful."

He moved away, muttered, "Painful, painful," and went down the path with the shadows of the road, where the flamingo rose with a squawk and sailed over the house once more, like a ghost, into the woods.



Grass and Daisies

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

FOR beauty and gladness of the days
Bring but the eyes of trust;
The grass looks up from the April ways,
The daisy from the dust.

The Butterfly

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

"I T'S time for Vilola to come home again, and B. F. Brown is havin' paintin' and paperin' done," said Mrs. Abner Wells to her sister. Her sister's name was Mrs. Francis Baker, and she had come over with her work and her baby to spend the afternoon.

"Well, I thought there was something goin' on there when I came past," responded Mrs. Baker. "I noticed that the front chamber windows were open, and I saw some old room-paper flyin' round the yard."

"The man just finished it,—went away since dinner."

"That front room is Vilola's, ain't it?"

"Yes, of course it is,—didn't you know it?"

"Why, when did he have that room papered before?"

"He had it papered only the last time she came," said Mrs. Wells, impressively.

"Why, that couldn't have been more'n a year ago."

"Of course it couldn't. Don't Vilola Brown always come once a year and spend six months with her father, and then go back to Jefferson and spend six months with her mother? Ain't she done that ever since her father and mother separated when she was a baby? I should think you might know that as well as I do, Elmira Baker."

"Oh, of course I do," said Mrs. Baker; "I was only talking at random. I was only wondering what he was having that room papered for if it was done only a year ago."

"Well, I can tell you," said Mrs. Wells, with asperity. "Some folks have money to throw away for nothing, or think they do. They may find out they don't have any more than some other folks in the long run. I can tell you why. When we had that heavy spell of rain last fall, it leaked in that room around the chimney, and there was a place about as big as a saucer stained, that's why."

"Was that all?"

"Yes, that was all. B. F. Brown ain't goin' to have his precious Vilola comin' home to sleep in a room that's got a spot on the paper, if it ain't any bigger than the head of a *pin*. I don't know what he thinks that girl is."

"Couldn't he have had the paper pieced?"

"Oh no. It was faded just a little. He wouldn't have *Vilola* sleep in a room with a patch of paper showin'. I *guess* he wouldn't."

"Now, Susan, you don't mean he's so silly as that?"

"Yes, I do. I had it from the woman he's been having to clean the house. I tell you that house has been cleaned from attic to cellar. Every carpet has been up. Well, it needed it bad enough. I don't believe it had been swept since Vilola went away last July."

"I wonder if B. F. Brown makes much money in his store?" said Mrs. Baker.

"I don't believe he makes much," said Mrs. Wells, with angry exultation. "I know lots of folks that won't trade there. They say he never has just what they want. They say Deering, and Lawton, or Hapgood and Lewis have a great deal better assortment. I ain't been inside the door since I bought my brown cashmere there, and it faded so after I'd only wore it six months, and he wouldn't allow me anything for it. I told him then it was the last trading I'd do in his store, and it *was* the last."

"I wonder if she's comin' to-night?" said Mrs. Baker.

"No, she ain't comin' to-night. The six months with her mother ain't up till next-week Thursday. I've kept account."

"It's a queer way for folks to live, ain't it?" said Mrs. Baker. "I rather *think* it's queer."

"How long is it since they've lived together. I declare, I've forgot."

"I ain't forgot. Vilola Brown is just

seven years younger than I be. She's nineteen, and her father and mother ain't lived together since she was three years old. That makes sixteen years. I was ten years old when they separated and her mother went to Jefferson to live, and he stayed here, and one had Vilola six months and the other six months, turn and turn about, ever since, and he's paid his wife ten dollars a week all this time, and nobody knows how much Vilola has cost him. She's had everything, and she's never raised her finger to earn a penny herself."

"What do you s'pose the trouble was?"

"Well, they were dreadful close-mouthed, but I guess it was pretty well known at the time what the matter was. I've heard mother talk about it with the neighbors. Mrs. B. F. Brown had an awful temper, and so has B. F. They couldn't get along together."

"There wasn't anything against her, was there?"

"No, I never heard a word against her. She was a dreadful pretty woman. I can just remember how she looked. It was when they used to wear curls, and she had real feathery light ones, and the pinkest cheeks, and she used to dress real tasty, too. I guess folks sided with her pretty generally. I don't believe B. F. Brown has ever stood quite so well here as he did before."

"Vilola don't take much after her mother, does she?"

"No, she don't. There ain't a homelier girl anywheres around than Vilola Brown, and she hasn't got a mite of style about her, either."

B. F. Brown was rather laboriously making for himself some milk toast for supper. By dint of long practice he could make milk toast, griddle-cakes, and fry a slice of meat or fish and boil a potato. He was not an expert at any household tasks, though he had served long, having an unusual measure of masculine clumsiness. Although he was not a large man, his fingers were large, with blunt round ends. He had no deftness of touch. He burned himself seeing if the toast was brown, and finally burned the toast. When the meal was ready he called the cat, which was asleep in a round yellow ring of luxurious comfort be-

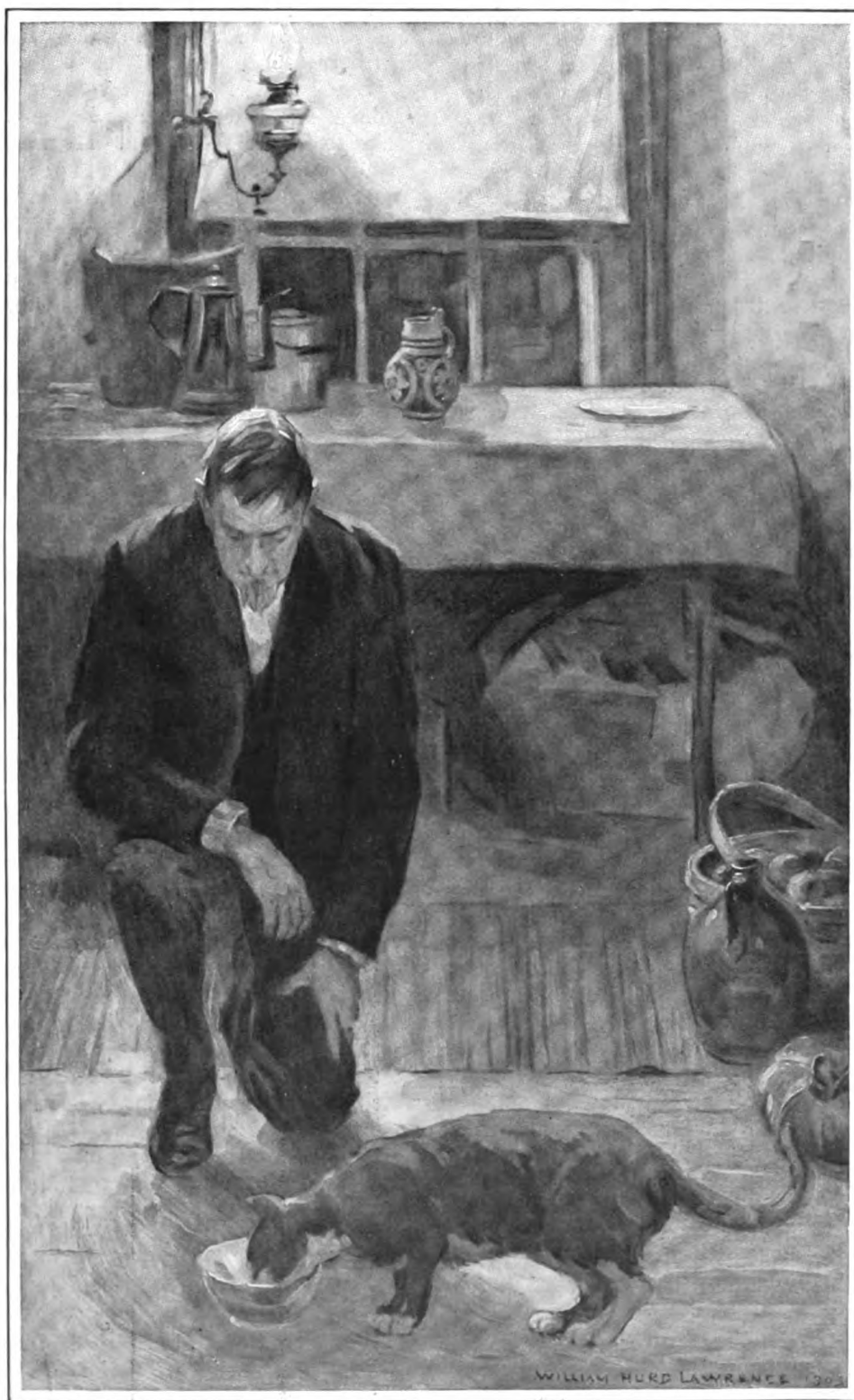
side the stove. The cat rose lazily at his summons, rounding its back and stretching. The cat belonged to Vilola, and he cherished it like a child during the six months of her absence with her mother. "If anything happened to that cat, I don't know what my daughter would say," he told his clerk, John Bartlett. B. F. Brown kept a small dry-goods store on the village Main Street, and John Bartlett, who was as old as himself and had been with him ever since he was in business, and a boy constituted his entire force of trade.

"I should think she would have to take the cat with her when she goes to stay with her mother, she thinks so much of her," replied John Bartlett. The conversation had taken place upon the occasion of a temporary loss and recovery of the cat.

"Oh, she has got another cat she keeps there, a tiger," said B. F. Brown; "she leaves him there when she comes here; but she don't think near so much of him as she does of this yellow one."

To-night, as B. F. Brown placed a saucer filled with a share of his own supper on the floor beside the stove for the cat, he talked to it with a pitiful, clumsy masculine crooning: "Poor Kitty, poor Kitty. There now; eat your supper, Kitty."

"Guess that pussy-cat will be glad to see her," he muttered, as he sat down to his own supper. Every now and then as he ate he paused, with his fork suspended half-way to his mouth with a bit of toast, and looked upward with an ecstatic expression. His soul was tasting to the full such a savor of anticipatory happiness that he had small comprehension of physical sensations. After he had finished supper, he washed his dishes with painful care. He was particular to put every dish in its place on the pantry shelves. He had had the pantry thoroughly cleaned, and all the dishes washed and rearranged, and he was fearful lest he disorder them before his daughter arrived. Then he went back to the kitchen, and surveyed the clean, shining, yellow surface of the floor anxiously. He had had that newly painted, and he was desperately afraid of marring it before his daughter saw it. He took off his shoes and put on slippers before stepping



HE CHERISHED IT LIKE A CHILD

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on it. He kept his slippers in the shed for that purpose, and entered through the shed door. He spied a few crumbs on the floor, which he carefully gathered up with his blunted fingers; then he saw a dusty place, which he wiped over with his pocket-handkerchief. He had planned many surprises for his daughter, as he always did on her home-coming. This time he had one which was, in his estimation, almost stupendous. He had purchased a sideboard. Vilola had always talked about a sideboard for the dining-room some time when they got rich. She had never asked for one. That was not Vilola's way. She had seldom asked for anything in her whole life, but her father had taken note and remembered. The week before, he had gone about anxiously pricing sideboards. He had saved up a certain amount for one. When he found that he could not only purchase a sideboard with his hoard, but a nice little rocking-chair for Vilola's room as well, he was jubilant.

He went home whistling under his breath like a boy. He had an idea that there should be a rich display of some sort on a sideboard, and he searched the house for suitable ornaments. He found an old-fashioned glass preserve-dish on a standard, a little painted mug which had been his in babyhood, and a large cup and saucer with "Gift of Friendship" on the front in gold letters. He arranged these in a row on the sideboard with the tall glass dish in the centre. Then he stood off and surveyed the cheap oak piece with its mirror and gaudily carved doors and its decorations doubtfully, not being entirely satisfied.

Then all at once his face lit up. He hastened into his own bedroom out of the sitting-room, and brought forth in triumph his last year's Christmas present from Vilola. It was a brush-and-comb tray decorated with blue roses. He dusted it carefully with his pocket-handkerchief, and placed it on the sideboard to the right of the cup and saucer. In the tray were the nice new brush and comb which had been a part of the present. He had never used them. He thought too much of them for that. He removed the brush and comb, and stood for a minute with them in his hand, with his

head on one side, surveying the effect of the sideboard without them.

Then he replaced the brush and comb in the tray. He was fully satisfied.

"She'll be tickled 'most to death," he said. He whistled again as he went upstairs to see Vilola's room. He whistled "Annie Laurie," and the words of the old song floated through his mind in company with the air: "Her brow is like the snow-drift, her throat is like the swan, . . . and for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die." His dear daughter Vilola was in his fancy as Annie Laurie. All the romance of his nature, purified and spiritualized, was represented by this daughter.

When he reached her room, the best chamber in the house, the front one with two windows, he set the little lamp which he carried on the shelf and looked about with delight. The new paper was all on. It was a pretty paper—a white ground with a lustre of satin, covered with garlands of blue violets. There was a deep border and a little white-and-gold picture-molding. This last was something quite new; Vilola had never had a picture-molding in her room. "I guess she'll like that," he chuckled. He joyously anticipated hanging the pictures the next evening. That evening he had to be in his store. The next day the woman was to put down the carpet in the room and clean the paint and windows. The next evening he himself would give the finishing-touches. Never had he looked forward to any treat as he did to this simple service for the sake of his daughter. Vilola was coming in two days. The day after to-morrow was to be devoted by the woman to cooking. When Vilola was at home, the fare was very different from his when alone. Anything was good enough for him, nothing good enough for Vilola. The next day his sister Emmeline, too, was to come. Emmeline was a widow who lived with a married son six months, and six, when Vilola was at home, with her brother.

To-night he stood in the dining-room door and surveyed the sideboard again. It looked more beautiful to him than ever. "It's a grand piece of furniture, and no mistake," he said. Then he sat happily down by the kitchen stove, and the cat jumped up in his lap. Suddenly

he reflected that a ribbon around the cat's neck would be an appropriate attention. "Want a ribbon bow on your neck when she comes home?" he asked the cat. He stroked the cat, who purred, and the man would have purred had his state of mind been the only essential.

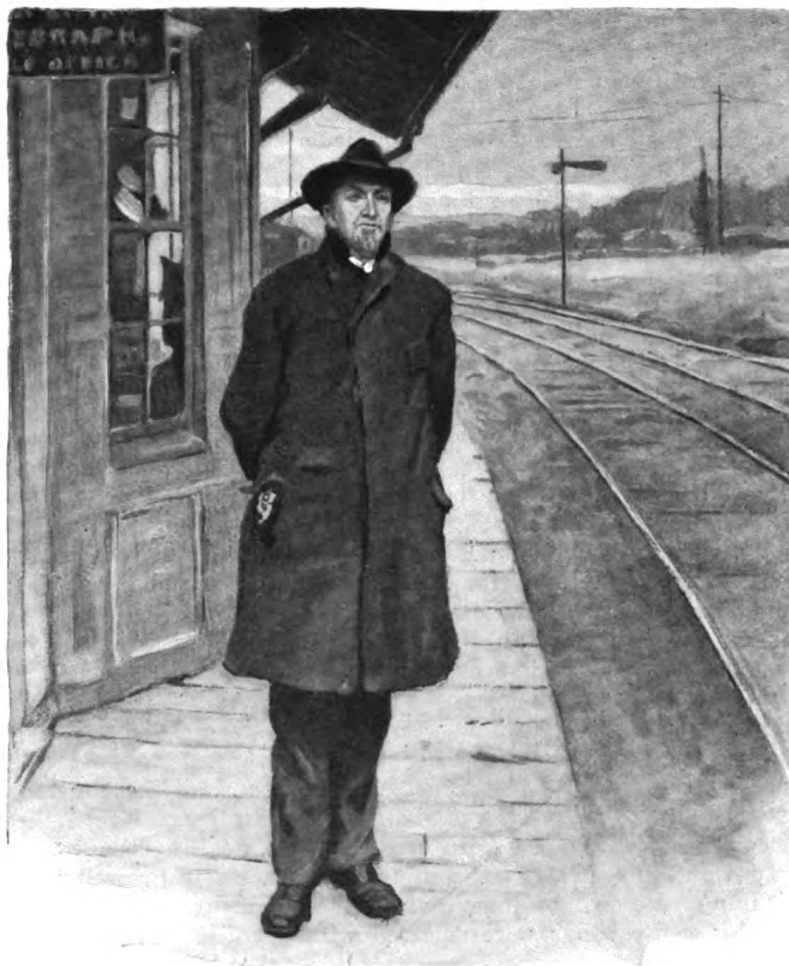
The next morning he bought a great turkey. In the afternoon the house was redolent with savory odors of cooking. The woman who had cleaned the house had come in the morning to put Vilola's room in order, in the afternoon to do the cooking. B. F. had a great store of cakes and pies prepared, and the turkey also was cooked.

He consulted with the woman, and it was agreed that it could be warmed over the next day and be just as good. "I don't want her to have to go right to hard cookin'," he said.

After the woman had gone that night, B. F. went about the house viewing the improvements. He gazed blissfully at the loaded pantry shelves. He had refused to touch one of the new pies or cakes for his supper. He and the cat had fared as usual on milk toast.

Then he went up to Vilola's room. The carpet was now down in the room; he had hung the simple pictures, a few photographs, and two or three flower

pieces which had come as prizes with periodicals. Everything was in order. The delicate blue-and-white paper was charming. The curtains had been washed and ironed, and hung crisply in ruffling



SUPPOSE SHE HAD NOT COME?

fold of muslin; there was a fresh white cover on the bureau; Vilola's blue pin-cushion had been taken from the top drawer; her father had bought a bottle of violet-water, and that stood beside it. There was a clean white counterpane on the bed, and the pillow-shams were stiff surfaces of shiny whiteness. B. F. looked about, and there was something childish, almost infantile, in his expression. His joy over his daughter's prospective joy was at once simple, puerile, and almost heavenly in its innocence.

"I guess she'll be pretty pleased," he said, and he whistled going down-stairs.

Vilola was to arrive the next afternoon. B. F. came home from the store about eleven o'clock in the morning. He made a slow fire in the kitchen stove. He put the turkey in the oven. He laboriously prepared the vegetables himself, and put them on to boil. He set the table, putting on a clean table-cloth, awry and wrong side out, and, as a crowning glory, he had bought a dozen carnation pinks. These hung sprawling from a tumbler in the centre of the table. He had also bought four pots of geraniums, all in bloom, and these were on a light stand in the sitting-room window. Then he got ready to go to the station to meet Vilola. He shaved, and put on a clean shirt and collar and black tie. He brushed his clothes carefully. His clothes were all that worried him. He really needed a new suit and a new overcoat, but if he had bought them, the sideboard and the new paper could not have been bought, unless he had run in debt. B. F. had a horror of debt, even for the gratification of Vilola. He brushed his clothes very carefully, and hoped that Vilola would not feel ashamed of him. The collar of the overcoat troubled him the most, for there were worn places quite white on the velvet. But just before he set out, a lucky expedient occurred to him. He got the ink-bottle and smeared the white places with ink. Then he put on the coat and was quite easy in his mind. He did not know that his face and his white collar were smeared with the ink.

He hurried down the street to the railroad station. It was about half a mile away. The air was raw and the sky overcast, and snow threatened. He noticed that, and his joy was enhanced. It would snow, and he and Vilola would be so snug in the warm house, with the flowers and all that good fare. Before his eyes, moved ever in advance, as he walked, a little picture of home and innocent love and happiness, projected upon the wintry landscape from the inward light of his soul. He bowed radiantly to everybody whom he met. "Hullo, B. F., have you struck oil?" one man asked, jocosely.

"No," replied B. F.; "my daughter is coming on the 1.6 train."

"Oh!" returned the man, who was on his way home to dinner. When he saw his own daughter, a plump schoolgirl, he looked at her with a new wonder of tenderness in his eyes. "It would come pretty hard, not to see Nellie for six months at a time," he reflected. He knew B. F.'s story,—or as much as anybody knew of it.

B. F. reached the station twenty minutes before the arrival of the train. He went into the waiting-room and sat down on a settee, but he did not remain long. He went out on the platform and paced up and down, his overcoat buttoned tightly; the air had the snow-chill. "I hope she's dressed warm," he thought. Every time he reached the forward end of the platform he peered down the track for a first glimpse of the train. "Train ain't due for fifteen minutes," said the village expressman, with friendly importance. "I know it," responded B. F., but he continued to peer down the track. He got a certain pleasure from so doing; he seemed in that manner to be prolonging the delight of seeing the first approach of the train. He was drawing out the sweetness of a passing moment to its full length.

At last the train came in sight. B. F. saw quite distinctly the puff of smoke from the locomotive. He heard the deep panting like the respiration of a giant. His heart leaped; he felt almost a hysterical impulse to tears. Then all at once a terror gripped him. Suppose she had not come, suppose anything had happened? The terror was so convincing that he felt for a second all the pangs of disappointment. The train came to a stop before the station. The people began streaming out. B. F. drew timidly near, incalculable anxiety and suspense in his face superseding joyous expectation. He felt sure that she had not come. Then he saw her coming rather clumsily down the steps of a car, holding her heavy satchel before her. Vilola was inclined to stoutness, although a young girl, and she had not much muscle. B. F. felt that revulsion of spirits which comes from the realization of a longed-for happiness after the dread of disappointment. He sprang forward. "Here you be," he said, in a hoarse voice. He clutched Vilola's satchel, he helped her down the steps.

He did not look at her, for he felt his face working, but he felt her pleasant loving blue eyes on him. "Well, I am glad to get here," said she, in a sweet, low, droning voice. "I was afraid the snow would come and delay the train. It has been spitting snow half the way. How are you, father?"

"Well; well," replied B. F., in a sort of ecstatic gasp. He seized Vilola by the arm with a sort of fierceness. "She's here," he told himself, defiantly. "She's here; nothing can alter that now. She's here."

When he and Vilola were in the stage-coach—an old-fashioned stage-coach ran to the railroad station—he kept glancing at her with the same exultation, which had in it something challenging. It was as if he said to a hard fate which had hitherto pressed him against the wall oftener than not, "This joy I have, and it cannot be otherwise."

Suddenly Vilola, looking at him, began to laugh. "What *have* you got on your face, father?" said she. "A great black smirch. Your collar, too." It was the ink. She took her handkerchief and rubbed his face hard. B. F. shut his eyes tightly. She hurt him, but he was blissful. "It won't come off," said she. "We shall have to wait till we get home. You are a sight!" But she looked at him with the tenderest admiration, even as she laughed.

Vilola chattered pleasantly all the way home. She looked out at her father's little dry-goods store on the Main Street with interest. She asked about business. She asked for one and another of the neighbors. "Oh, how glad I am to be home," she kept repeating, in a heartfelt tone like a refrain.

"How did you leave your mother?" B. F. asked, in a peculiar tone,—the one he always used on these occasions when inquiring for his wife.

"Oh, mother's real well," replied Vilola, "and she looks younger than ever. She looks young enough to be my daughter. She's as pretty as a picture this winter; she's got a lovely new dress with brown fur on it, and a black hat. Mr. Anderson was in last evening, and he told her she ought to have her picture painted in it. She wore it to church last Sunday. I saw Mr. Anderson looking at her."

"You say Mr. Anderson came in last evening?" asked B. F., quickly.

"Yes," replied Vilola, looking at him with wonder.

"What did he come for?"

"He brought home a magazine that mother had lent Mrs. Anderson. She had kept it 'most a month, and mother hadn't read it herself. Why, what makes you look so, father?"

B. F.'s face had sobered as they jolted along in the stage-coach. Vilola looked at him uneasily. "Why, what's the matter, father?" she asked. "What's come over you? Ain't you glad I've come home?"

Then B. F. pulled himself together. He laughed tenderly, and looked at the girl with a beaming face.

"So you think father ain't glad to get you home?" he said. "Well!"

Vilola laughed too. "Well, you looked so solemncholy all at once. I didn't know," said she, with the pretty little pout of a petted creature who can estimate her power with mathematical accuracy. Vilola had been petted by her mother as well as her father. She was a plain girl who gave the effect of prettiness. Her features were not regular; she had a rippling profile and a wide mouth, but her color was beautiful, and so was her thick, soft, light hair puffing over her broad forehead, and she had an expression of arch amiability which was charming. She was rather stout, but daintily built, and dimpled. She had pulled off her gloves, and she had hold of her father's arm with one little plump hand, dented over the knuckles. On one finger shone a small turquoise ring which her father had given her. He looked at it with proprietary delight.

"Haven't lost your ring, have you?"

"No; and everybody admires it. They ask me where I got my ring. They think some fellow gave it to me, and when they say so I laugh and say, 'Yes, the nicest fellow in the whole world gave me that ring,' and then they wonder. Why, it got all around Jefferson that I was engaged, and even mother came to me and asked what it meant. She laughed when I told her. Mother wanted to be remembered to you, father."

"I'm much obliged to her," replied B. F., with gravity.

"How long is it since you've seen mother?" said Vilola.

"Oh, about sixteen years next spring, I guess."

"I guess you'd know her anywhere if you were to see her," said Vilola. "I don't believe she can be changed a mite. She is just as pretty. She looks like a girl."

Vilola spoke with a certain wistfulness. She looked at her father with an unspoken plea and question in her eyes. He knew what it was:—"Oh, father, why don't you go to see mother? Why don't you live together, and let me live with you both, instead of having these partings? Why, father?"

Once she had put her question into words, and her father had answered with a decision and dignity which she had never seen in him before. "Never, as long as you live, ask me that again, Vilola," he had said. "I have done the best I can do for us all." That ended it. Vilola had never spoken on the subject again, but she often looked at him with the question in her eyes.

When the stage-coach drew up in front of B. F.'s little story-and-half cottage where Vilola had been born, and which was more like home to her than any other, more like home than her mother's house inherited from her grandmother, which was more pretentious, the girl dimpled with delight at the sight of the little, familiar place. "Oh, how good it looks!" said she. "I am so glad to get back!" She jumped out of the stage, and ran up the path to the door. She danced up and down like a child. She could not wait for her father to unlock the door. "Hurry, hurry!" said she. "I want to get in! I want to see how it looks!"

B. F., looking fairly foolish with rapture, fumbled with the key. He cast a blissfully confidential glance at the man bringing in the trunk, when he straightened himself up, and flung open the door, and Vilola flew in before them.

Vilola was in the kitchen doorway, dancing and sniffing. "Oh, I smell something awful good—awful good!" she proclaimed. "I know what it is. You can't cheat me." She raced into the kitchen and opened the oven door. "I knew, I knew!" cried she, with a shout of exult-

ant laughter. "Oh, isn't it great—isn't it great! I'm home, and I'm going to have roast turkey for dinner!"

"I thought you would like it," returned B. F., with a queer little embarrassed pucker of his mouth. He was so happy, so enraptured at the success of his preparations, that he was fairly shamefaced. When he had shut the front door after the man, Vilola had penetrated the dining-room and discovered the new sideboard. She stood with the cat in her arms, gazing at it, then at him, alternately, speechless. He laughed, at the same time he felt the tears in his eyes. "Well," he said, "well!"

Then Vilola spoke. "*Father!*" said she. "Father Brown— If you aren't—I never—a new—" It was disjointed, but the more expressive. Joy at its extreme is not sequential.

"I thought you would like it," said B. F.

"Like it!"

"Do you think it is a pretty one?" asked B. F., anxiously.

"Pretty? Why, father, it is the most beautiful sideboard I ever saw. It is magnificent,—just magnificent!"

"I didn't know what you'd like on it," said B. F., radiantly. "So I thought I would put a few things on it, and you could fix 'em up when you came,—take 'em off if you didn't like 'em."

Vilola's eyes at that moment rested full on the brush-and-comb tray and the brush and comb, but she smiled like an angel at her father,—a smile of grateful tenderness which had in it something protecting. "It is all beautiful," said she—"beautiful!"

When Vilola saw her own room and the new paper she was wild with delight. "Oh, it is lovely!" said she. "Lovely! It is prettier than the paper on my room at mother's, and I thought that was lovely."

"I'm real glad it suits you," said B. F.

"It is perfectly lovely, but I didn't need it. Why, the paper on my room at mother's is new too, and the other in this room was only on six months. You're extravagant, father."

"Oh, it don't cost much," said B. F., "and the other paper was stained pretty bad. It leaked in when it rained."

"The way you and mother spoil me!" said Vilola. "Here both of you have got new paper for my room twice in one year."

"Guess there ain't much spoiling," said B. F. He did not tell her that it was at his instance that the new paper had been put upon her room at her mother's, and that he had paid for it. Neither did he tell her that the pretty new suit she wore had been purchased with money provided by him. Vilola believed that her mother had furnished it from her own income. She had a little income besides the ten dollars a week paid her by her husband.

B. F. Brown had guarded all along his wife's good name so carefully that people, generally speaking, believed in it. There had never been any scandal. People opined that she was a good woman as well as a very pretty one.

B. F.'s wife had been quite a favorite, particularly with men, though there had never been a whisper against her in consequence. Other women never accused her of any indiscretion, though they made insinuations against her temper. B. F. had not so strenuously defended her temper, though he never made voluntary mention of it. Vilola supposed that her mother's temper was the reason of the separation. That day, when she and her father were happily seated at dinner, with the turkey and the bouquet of pinks between them, Vilola, when there came a lull in the conversation, said, with an expression which showed that she had had it on her mind to say, "Mother and I have been getting on real nice together lately, father."

"I'm glad you have," said B. F.

"I never have seen that mother's temper was so very bad," said Vilola. "Maybe it's better than it was when I was very young."

"Maybe it is," said B. F.

Then he helped Vilola to some turkey, and nothing more was said about the subject. Vilola had had her girlish dreams of bringing about a reconciliation between her parents, but she had always been baffled by both. Her mother had answered her always as her father had done, though with a certain haste and terror instead of his dignified decision. "It ain't best," said she. "It ain't best

for us ever to live together. Don't talk any more about it."

Vilola had spent many anxious and speculative hours over the whole situation. She was a girl of strongly developed affections, and she adored both her parents. She had never had a lover. She was not that sort of girl, people said. Vilola never considered the matter much herself.

"The girls say I am going to be an old maid," she told her father. "And I don't know but I am."

"Well, I hope it will turn out the way that is best for you," said B. F.

"It looks to me now as if I would full as soon keep house for you and mother as get married," said Vilola. "I don't know as I care anything about getting married. It looks to me like quite an undertaking."

"Yes, it's apt to be," said B. F., soberly.

Vilola was a good housekeeper; she took genuine delight in it. She and her father lived together very happily during the six months. Occasionally Vilola had a tea party. The day before she was to leave, the last day of June, when her six months with her father were up, she invited Mrs. Abner Wells and her sister, Mrs. Francis Baker, to tea. It was a beautiful tea, and Vilola had cooked everything herself. The house also, as the visitors said, looked like wax. Mrs. Baker told B. F. Brown that his daughter was a wonderful housekeeper and she had never eaten such biscuits. He was radiant with pride and affection. Mrs. Wells had been covertly questioning Vilola all the afternoon, now she turned on her father.

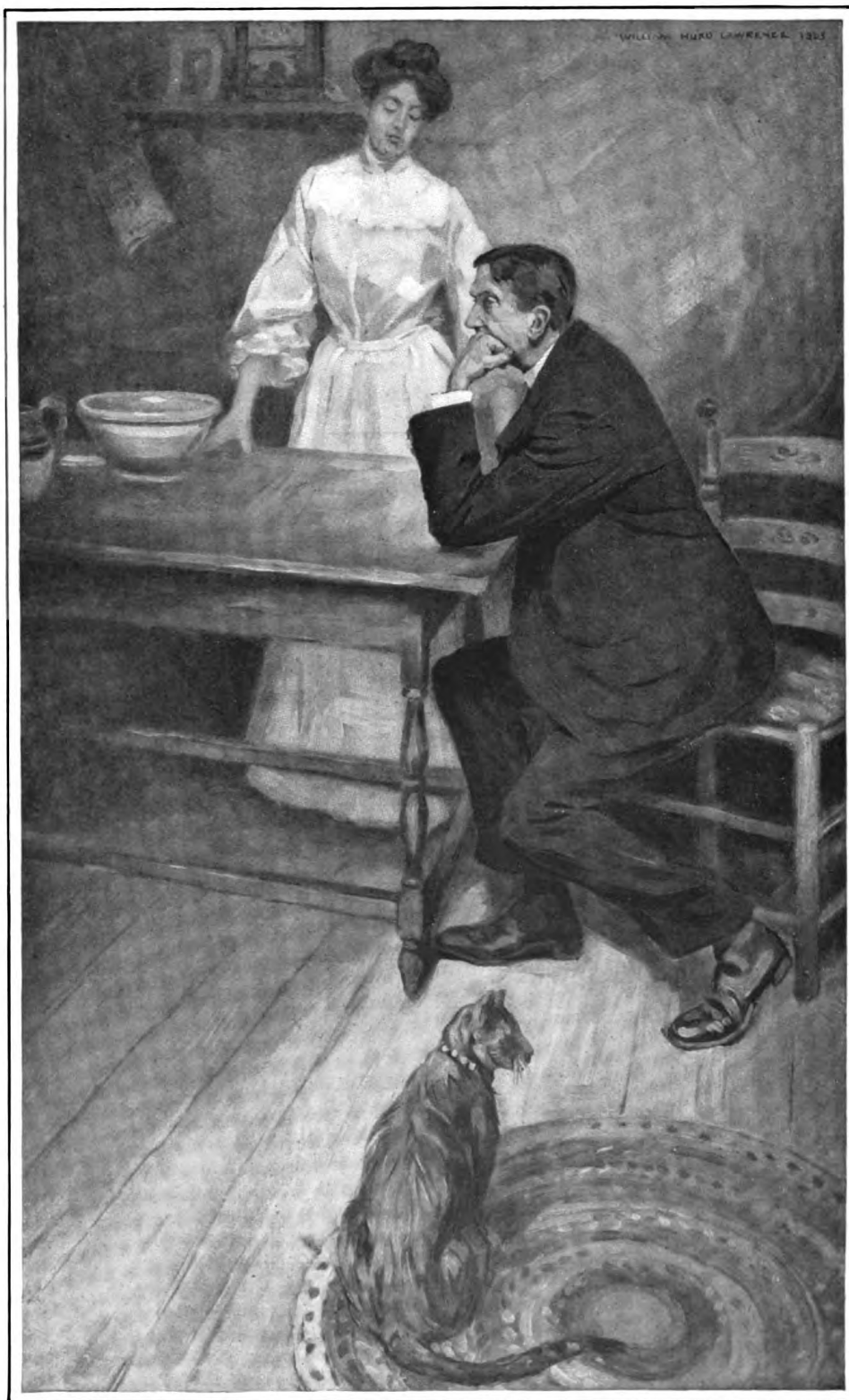
"I guess your daughter takes after her mother," said she, in a sour-sweet voice. "Her mother was a splendid housekeeper, wasn't she?"

"Yes," said B. F., "Vilola's mother was a splendid housekeeper. I guess Vilola *did* take it from her."

"Her mother must have spent a good deal of time teaching her," said Mrs. Wells. This was while Vilola was in the kitchen putting away the tea dishes.

"Yes," said B. F., "she did take a sight of pains with her."

"I just remember your wife," said Mrs. Wells, "and I used to think she was about the prettiest woman. She was a real pretty woman, wasn't she?"



"YOU HAD BETTER LIVE WITH ME ALL THE TIME NOW"

"Yes, she was, real pretty," said B. F. Vilola came in then with some dishes to be put in the parlor china-closet. "Mother's just as handsome now as ever she was," said she, proudly.

"Yes," said B. F., "I'm sure she is."

"She was real tasty, wasn't she, too?" said Mrs. Wells.

"Yes," said B. F., patiently.

"And real pretty spoken?"

"Yes."

"Oh," said Vilola, "mother has got the prettiest ways. Everybody is taken with mother."

"It was always so," said B. F., with a certain fervor.

He even smiled, as if at the contemplation of something pleasant which was before his eyes.

"And she was real kind-hearted, too; I've heard my mother say so," continued Mrs. Wells. "She used to say that Mis' B. F. Brown was always ready to do any little thing for a neighbor when they needed it. She'd lend her table-cloths and napkins when they had company, or her spoons, and if they was short of victuals, and company came unexpected, she'd send over cake or pie just as free. And she was always ready to sit up when anybody was sick. Mother said that she was about the kindest-hearted woman and the most generous she ever saw."

"Yes," assented B. F., with a joyous expression. "Yes, she *was* real kind-hearted and always ready to help anybody."

"She is now," said Vilola, setting away the best cups and saucers in the parlor china-closet.

Mrs. Wells was baffled; she smiled aimlessly, and repeated that she had heard her mother say so. She was relieved when her sister, Mrs. Baker, gave a sudden cry, and diverted attention from the subject.

"For goodness' sake, just look at that, will you!" cried Mrs. Baker.

And they all looked at a gorgeous black-and-gold butterfly sailing about the room, and finally pausing over a vase of June roses on the parlor shelf. "Isn't he a beauty?" said Vilola. "I don't know as I ever saw a butterfly in the house before."

"It's a dreadful bad sign, I fear," said Mrs. Wells, presagefully.

"A sign of what?" asked Vilola, rather anxiously. She had a vein of superstition.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Wells; "something dreadful. Mother always used to say it was. It's worse than a bird." She gave a glance at B. F., as if she was rather pleased that a misfortune was on his track. Going home that night she told her sister that she had never seen such a double-faced man as B. F. Brown, treating his poor wife the way he did and yet praising her.

After the guests had left, Vilola sat down beside the open window, and looked out on the moonlit night, full of soft waving shadows and breathing with sweet flower-scents. Her father sat at the other front window, also looking out. Finally Vilola turned to him.

"Father," said she.

B. F. looked up. "Well?" he replied.

"I can't get something through my head."

"What?"

"I can't get it through my head," said Vilola, quite boldly and simply, "why, when you don't live with mother, and when of course you don't think so very much of her, you should say all those nice things about her that you did this evening."

"They were true," said B. F.

"Well, I know that, of course they were true, but—you acted as if you were glad they were true."

B. F. looked out at the moonlit night, and he had an exalted, far-away expression. "Well," he said, "as near as I can tell you, it's something like this: You know about butterflies, don't you, how there's always a butterfly comin' out of the worm and that little case they crawl into?"

"Why, yes," replied Vilola, wonderingly.

"Well," said B. F., in a tone at once shamed and sublime, "I've about come to the conclusion that there's always a butterfly, or something that's got wings, that comes from everything, and if you look sharp you'll see it, and there can't anything hinder your havin' that anyhow, and—mebbe that's worth more than all the rest."

"Oh," said Vilola.

B. F. said no more. He gazed out of

the window again, and his face shone in the moonlight. Vilola kept glancing at him. His forehead was knitted perplexedly; her eyes showed a furtive alarm. This speech of B. F.'s was at variance with anything which her New England training had led her to expect. A vague terror of and admiration for her father seized her. "What made him say that?" she kept repeating to herself, even after she was in bed. Her trunk was all packed, for she was going in the morning. She was sorry to go, and her heart was sore with pity for her father to be left alone, but she reflected with joy upon the prospect of seeing her mother. She was going on an earlier train than usual; she usually did not leave until night, arriving in Jefferson the next morning. This time she would travel part of the way by day, and reach her destination about midnight. She had not advised her mother of her change of plan. "I guess mother will be surprised," she told her father, when he was seeing her off at the station the next day.

"Now, I don't feel very easy about your getting there at midnight and nobody there to meet you," said B. F. "Hadn't I better send a telegram to your mother?"

"If you do I shall be dreadfully disappointed," said Vilola. "I've set my heart on surprising mother. There's always a carriage at the midnight train; and it isn't five minutes from the station. Promise you won't telegraph, father."

"Well," said B. F., and then the train came.

B. F.'s heart was heavy going home alone. It was noon, and he had not had any dinner. He had a vague idea of eating something before he went to the store, but he sat down beside the kitchen window, and remained there a half-hour. It was cool for July. He gazed out at the green yard. There was a cherry-tree full of red fruit, and the robins were clamoring in it. Vilola was fond of the cherries. Yesterday afternoon he had had some picked for her, and she had carried a basketful away. B. F. gazed at the cherry-tree. He could not bear to look at the empty room behind him. He could hear the tick of the clock, and it sounded like the very voice of loneliness. He took

out his handkerchief and put it to his eyes, and bent his head, and his narrow, elderly shoulders shook a little. His bowed gray head looked patient and pathetic. Presently he rose and went to the store without eating anything.

The next day, about six o'clock in the afternoon, a thunder-storm was gathering in the northwest. B. F. started for home, and he walked rather quickly in order to reach shelter before the storm broke. The northwest was a livid black with copper lights. There was a confluent mutter of thunder. B. F. came in sight of his house, and saw to his amazement that the front chamber windows were open. He had thought they were closed as usual when Vilola went away. He smelled smoke, and, looking up, saw a thin spiral of blue curling out of the kitchen chimney. A sudden alarm seized him. His knees trembled as he hurried around to the kitchen door. The door stood open. There was an odor of tea. B. F. gasped. He entered tremulously. As he did so there was a blue flash of lightning in the room, then there was a sharp fusillade of thunder. Vilola came running out of the dining-room. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come," said she. "It's going to be a terrible tempest."

B. F. gazed at her. He strove to speak, but he only stammered.

Vilola looked at him quite firmly, though she was very pale, and there was a curious shocked expression in her blue eyes. "Yes," said she, "I've come back."

B. F. continued to look at her.

"Yes," said Vilola, "I'm never going to live with mother again."

Suddenly, as she said mother, a burning, painful red flushed her face and neck.

"Yes, I guess you had better live with me all the time now," said B. F. There came another blue flash of blinding light, a tremendous jar of thunder, then the rain roared past the windows. "I've left my chamber windows open, and my new paper will be wet!" cried Vilola, as she ran. The teakettle on the stove boiled over with a furious sputter. B. F. rose and set it back. Then he stood staring absently out of the window at the flooding of the rain which was washing off some of the dust of the world.

Tyrant Nature

BY SAMUEL STEEN MAXWELL

A SWARM of insects whirling in the air is to the onlooker suggestive of conscious pleasure. The joy of life seems to be expressed in the constant, graceful motion. Let one stop to consider, however, and it becomes evident that it is the human feeling that is read into the actions of these animated mites. We are puppets, man in his pride, and beauty fair in her flower; Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game?

The mental and emotional state of the casual observer determines whether he shall see in the incessant round of motion of the whirling insects the expression of exuberant enjoyment or of a mad chase for the necessities of existence.

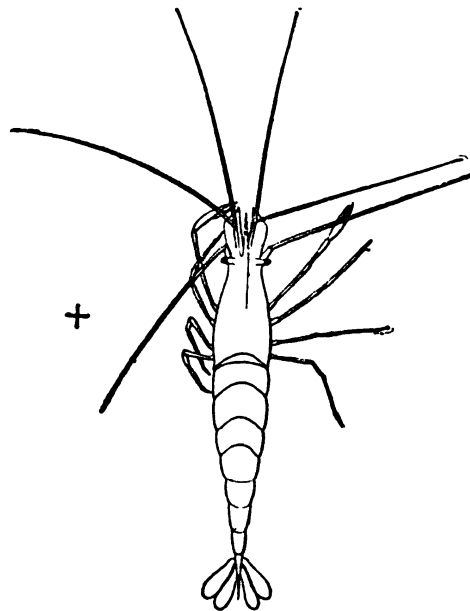
The philosophic student of nature, however, seeks, so far as possible, to eliminate the personal equation, the human, or, as he calls it, the anthropomorphic, element, from his interpretation of the doings of the lower animals. He even considers it impossible to prove or disprove the existence of sensation or of will in these lower forms of life. There are those who, approaching the matter from the evolutionary standpoint, find at least the germ of consciousness in all living protoplasm, plant as well as animal, and others who consider all animal activity to be reflex and automatic. And these

apparent extremes are beautifully united by certain psychologists who tell us that our own seemingly voluntary actions are merely reflexes, of whose central processes we are conscious before the muscular changes actually occur; or, in other words, that when we think we have willed to bend a finger or extend an arm we have simply become conscious of a nervous process which is about to cause these movements, and that the feeling of volition is an accompaniment and not a cause of the action.

Certainly, so far as man is concerned, we are yet far from a scientific answer to the question in the quotation which stands at the head of this article. With many of the lower organisms the case is otherwise. Modern physiological research has demonstrated that many of them do not move themselves, but are

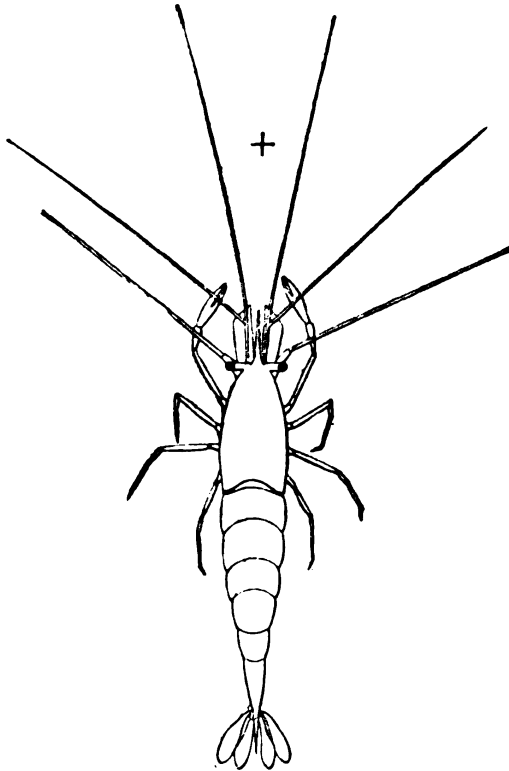
moved by the unseen hand of nature. A few examples will serve to show something of the manner in which these puppets are manipulated, and to give an idea of the absolute compulsion under which they live,—now driven hither and thither, and now held fast and rigid through the action and interplay of physical forces.

If a number of specimens of the little shrimp *Palæmonetes* are placed in a rectangular aquarium, and a weak current of galvanic electricity



PALÆMONETES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A CURRENT PASSING TRANSVERSELY THROUGH THE BODY
(After Loeb and Maxwell)

is caused to pass through the water and through their bodies, they manifest a decided tendency to collect at one end of the jar. Changing the direction of the current causes them to go at once to the opposite end. By means of a reversing key the experimenter can marshal these little animals back and forth in their enclosure as promptly and exactly as trained soldiers under command of an officer.



PALAEEMONETES WITH HEAD TOWARDS THE
POSITIVE POLE
(After Loeb and Maxwell)

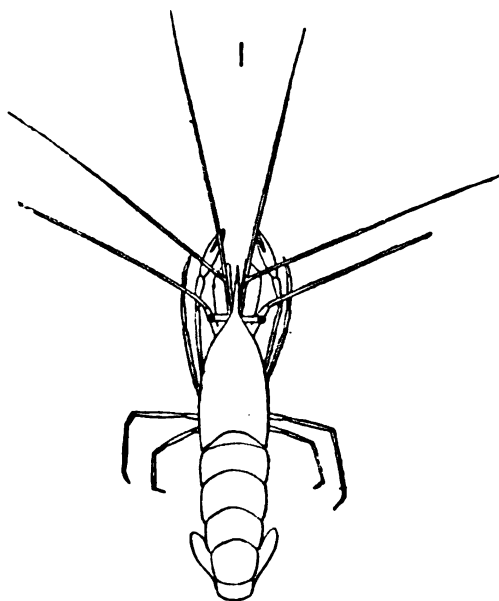
The current used is so weak that it makes no sensory impression on the human nerves, and there are good reasons for believing that no feeling of any kind is experienced by the shrimps. They do not move because it is more pleasurable or less painful at one pole than at the other. Indeed, if they are at rest, it is possible to send the current through them without any migration whatever. This can be done by beginning with a current infinitely weak and increasing its strength gradually.

Under these conditions characteristic changes in the position of the limbs occur. If the specimen stands at right angles to the direction of the current, the legs on the side of the positive pole are bent more and those on the opposite less than normally. If the head is turned toward the positive pole, the front legs are bent like hooks, while the hind legs are extended. In the reverse position the front legs are straightened and the hind legs bent. Thus, whatever the position of the animal, the limbs on the side toward the positive pole are flexed more and those on the side toward the negative pole are extended more than they would be in the absence of the current.

It will be readily seen that under such conditions the movements of the animal must be profoundly modified, and always in such manner that a step towards the positive pole is unduly long and strong, while one in the opposite direction is proportionally weak or wholly impossible. So long as there is no attempt at locomotion, the only visible result of the current is a change of position; but when a movement occurs its effect must always be to bring the animal nearer the positive pole. The muscles employed in swimming are affected in the same way as those used in creeping.

Perhaps every one at some time during life has had a dream or nightmare in which some strange compelling force caused him to walk in one certain direction, despite his strongest effort of will. If the little shrimp had consciousness, such as ours, it would find the effect of its attempts at locomotion equally perplexing. Imagine in a company of soldiers a similar change to be brought about without warning or sensation on their part. Every man, on attempting to mark time, would find himself promptly marching forward, backward, or sideways, according to the direction of the current. Similarly the shrimp, no matter what the position of the body or in what direction it attempts to creep, inevitably arrives at the positive pole. Many other animals are oriented by the current in a similar way, but not always with the same result. Some migrate to the positive pole, while others as certainly collect at the negative.

Of course in these experiments the



PALAEEMONETES WITH HEAD DIRECTED TOWARDS
THE NEGATIVE POLE
(After Loeb and Maxwell)

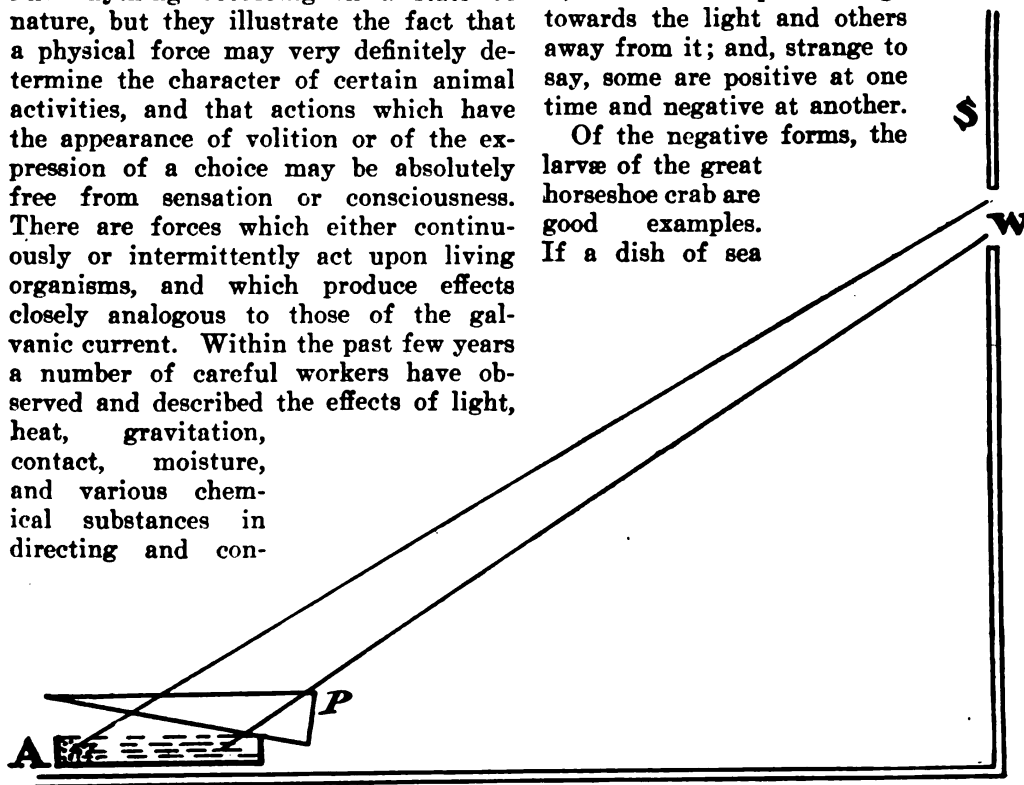
conditions are artificial and wholly unlike anything occurring in a state of nature, but they illustrate the fact that a physical force may very definitely determine the character of certain animal activities, and that actions which have the appearance of volition or of the expression of a choice may be absolutely free from sensation or consciousness. There are forces which either continuously or intermittently act upon living organisms, and which produce effects closely analogous to those of the galvanic current. Within the past few years a number of careful workers have observed and described the effects of light, heat, gravitation, contact, moisture, and various chemical substances in directing and con-

trolling the movements of certain of the lower animals.

The influence of light upon plant movements is a matter of daily observation. Every one is familiar with the changes in position of the leaves and growing stems of a plant in a window, or in any position in which it is illuminated from only one direction. Less familiar is the fact that many minute plants, possessed of animal-like power of locomotion, not merely turn but swim freely towards the source of light. Taking their cue from the botanists, who have investigated this phenomenon closely, the physiologists have found that many animals behave exactly like plants in this regard, responding to the direction of the light waves with a precision almost equal to that of the needle to the magnetic current. Especially is this true of myriads of the little organisms which everywhere abound in sea water, and the study of their activities has been fruitful of suggestive results. Some of these animals are positively and others negatively heliotropic—that

is, some are compelled to go towards the light and others away from it; and, strange to say, some are positive at one time and negative at another.

Of the negative forms, the larvæ of the great horseshoe crab are good examples. If a dish of sea



EFFECT OF LIGHT RAY ON LARVÆ OF HORSESHOE CRAB

water in which these larvæ are swimming be placed in such a position that it is illuminated by rays of light from a single window, it will be noticed that soon the specimens have crowded to the side farthest from the window. That their position has been determined by the direction of the light waves and not merely by differences of illumination has been established by several methods of proof. Perhaps the clearest is shown in the illustration on the preceding page.

In the water in the shallow dish A are placed a number of specimens which manifest the tendency to swim away from the light. Over the dish is placed a hollow prism, P, filled with a somewhat opaque liquid. In the shutter, S, is a window, W, through which the apparatus is illuminated, and light from all other sources is excluded. With this arrangement the darker side of the dish is the one towards the window, because the thick side of the prism cuts out a larger proportion of the light; but the direction of the rays entering the water is practically the same as it would be with the prism removed.

Without the intercepting prism, the animals, being negatively heliotropic, collect at the dark side of the dish—that is, the side farthest from the window. When the prism is put into place, the animals do not collect at the dark (the window) side of the dish, but again proceed directly in the course of the light rays—that is to say, they swim from the window side, which by this arrangement is relatively dark, to the room side, which is relatively bright. By similar methods it has been shown that certain other organisms are positively heliotropic; they move towards the source of light, not because they are attracted by brighter light, but because the direction of the light rays determines their movements; and this occurs even when the movement takes them from bright to dim light.

It is no longer rational to speak of such movements as voluntary, or to classify the forms which exhibit them by such anthropomorphic terms as dark-loving or light-loving. The proverbial moth does not cremate itself in the candle because of its excessive folly, but because of its intense heliotropism. If the moth is a conscious and moral agent,

its sin does not consist in the act of rushing into the flame, but in going near enough to allow the light rays to set in operation processes beyond its control. Here the social reformer may easily append a moral.

One of the most curious facts in the effect of light is that upon certain animals its action is reversible. Thus the larvæ of some of the barnacles are positive to dim and negative to bright light. Under the influence of the rays which penetrate the water they are compelled to swim towards the surface. Before reaching it, however, the increased intensity of the light changes them to the negative condition and they swim downwards, until in the weak illumination they again become positive. Thus they go dancing up and down, the plaything of physical forces.

The larvæ of a certain marine worm are still more suggestive examples of this kind of change. At ordinary room temperature they collect on the side of the aquarium farthest from the window. If the temperature is lowered to 5° C., or 6° C., they migrate to the window side. Allow the water to become warmer than 7° C., they go back to the dark side. There are other animals which are negative in the presence of a sufficient oxygen supply, but become positive in its absence, and there are forms whose heliotropism may be reversed by a change in the concentration of the sea water.

It is evident that through the one agent, light, nature can exert an inexorable power over many organisms, driving them hither and thither, either in long migrations, or in whirling, dancing movements. Other forces are more powerful and more nearly universal in their action. It would be a long story to tell even the little which modern research has laid bare of the methods by which the physical agents direct and control the animal activities. The interplay of forces must always be exceedingly complex, their resultant changing with each change of attitude, of place, or of condition on the part of the organism. It is this complexity which gives the appearance of freedom of purpose, of work and play, to the behavior of those forms, while in reality they are obedient to an inexorable tyrant.

The Winning of Madame Bonnédoux

BY MARIE VAN VORST

AT last Madame Bonnédoux lived alone, after an existence passed in her château overflowing with youth and gay with the voices—to her all sweet—of her six children. Gaston, her first-born, had long left Limousin. He was a Deputy (honor of honors!), and, beneath her spectacles and her rucked cap, how she beamed at the thought of his decorations and distinctions! Her daughters, Maria and Jeanne, at nineteen and twenty, respectively, had been mothers, and they were doing at this present time their honorable duty for *La Patrie* in the sum of the sons they had given to France.

Pierre and Gontran were in the colonies, married, of course,—to young girls whose proper wedding-portions combined with the salaries of Pierre and Gontran made noble incomes for the healthy, well-ordered little families springing up around the colonial parents' knees.

Henri (the story is of him) did his military service, and fulfilled all the requirements that France imposes upon the youth of the country. But the requirements his mother made upon him he had sadly failed in fulfilling. She had required of him but one thing; this he had refused.

Every good French mother looks out for her sons and daughters, from the first swathing of the little bodies in the prescribed swaddling-bands to the decorous and wise leading of the sons and daughters to the altar. And in return it is expected of the children to reverently acquiesce. Not too much to ask? In the case of Gaston, Pierre, Gontran, Maria, and Jeanne it had not been even needful to demand. Like well-trained sheep the Bonnédoux children had followed the shepherd (if such a term may be used) into the fold of matrimony—without one bleat! Mais—mon Dieu! There is, tradition will have us think, a black sheep in every fold, a recalcitrant, a renegade. It would be difficult to call the blond

Henri a black sheep. Even his mother, despite the tears shed on her pillow after the night lamp had died out, would never have used to him the word "renegade." So much more shame, then, that Henri should cause that gentle heart to ache. He would never be able to read this tale thus far without protest. Like all well-bred and normal Frenchmen, he adored his mother with a reverence that comes only in the hearts of those sons who more or less share the faith of the women who have borne them and taught them their prayers. "La veille!" he called her to himself, with an exquisite tenderness that robbed the epithet of anything approaching irreverence. "Ma mère," saint, angel, God to him, what you will—all things holy and beautiful and good. Therefore the case we state seems incongruous, for alone in Henri had she suffered, for him shed more tears than for all her other children put together.

Madame Bonnédoux was too sensible to make for herself—as the French put it—*du mauvais sang* on account of the gala life her youngest son led in Paris. She had too thorough a knowledge of human nature to wring her hands over that period of time in which Henri sowed his wild oats. She understood, as do all true human beings, the race of young blood in young veins. Therefore, the dear old lady, hidden away in her château in Limousin, gave herself up to the cares of her *poulailler* and *potager* and *jardin*, drove day after day to Ambazac behind a self-willed Spanish donkey, and passed the tenor of her life in unruffled smoothness during the term of Henri's emancipation of himself in Paris. But the day came! the hour arrived when the maternal fiat went forth. The matrimonial hour had arrived, and Henri's obedience was not present at the roll-call.

Madame Bonnédoux's first grief was occasioned when her son failed to appear

at the celebration of her fête. It was at that festal time when all her devoted children and her adored grandchildren appeared to "*Saluer* the fête of grandmother"; and from the Deputy who had sacrificed an election excitement to go into the wilderness of his native *pays*, down to the youngest child who could be brought out of the nursery with impunity, all were there but Henri.

The most signally disappointed of the guests at Madame Bonnédoux's birthday party was the marriageable daughter of the Count de Pont Sur, a sweet *jeune fille*, frankly there to be presented to the good taste of Henri Bonnédoux. Mademoiselle Pont Sur was *fiancée* the following week, and the next time there was question of a fête at the Château d'Ive she had been a bride some months. So quickly and gayly do they mend disappointments of this character in France.

Bonnédoux, as she put it, gave to his mother "twenty-six excuses," of which not one was really sufficient. He wanted to be left "tranquil." He wanted to be "a Franciscan priest"; (this was too baldly untrue!). "He was a woman-hater"; and this, the veriest lie of all, awoke a smile in his spirituelle mother! Finally, as they say, *pour le coup*, he was "in love." This Eden-like and primitive state of affairs is not supposed to exist in the prematrimonial French youth. Henri came to the Château d'Ive to tell his mother that on his own hook he had fallen in love. He had failed to appear at her sixty-seventh birthday party, but he travelled without apparent inconvenience during the rigors of mid-January, in snow and sleet, to his boyhood's hearth and his mother's knees, to tell her that he had dared to fall in love!

The old lady bore the announcement with grace; listened, to learn that Henri loved a woman with *no dot*—Madame Bonnédoux's grace was less benignant; the adored one was an *étrangère*. And just what this word means to a French woman of the province is impossible to make clear to the Anglo-Saxon mind. It suggests feathers, war-paint, skin of any color but white, manners and customs and tastes adverse to all the traditions and regulations that France holds dear. She was not of his faith. . . .

Henri arrived at the Château d'Ive

at six one day, and was *en route* from it at dawn the day following. In his mind it was the dreadful memory of a scene with his idolized mother, the first scene of his life of its kind. She had wept. He could not think of it! He had been violent, rude, and determined. He had made an irretrievable impression of unpleasantness on his family, and his determination, hot but steady, was unchanged: he swore that he would wed no one in the world but the woman he loved, château and family to the contrary. When he thought of his mother, and of the friend she had been to him all his life, he did everything in the world but waver toward the woman he adored. True love never wavers *beforehand!*

Madame Bonnédoux lived alone in a château whose date sank mellow and deep in the stones' setting over the round portico. It was nearly effaced, the lettering,—1200. Some of the stones in the structure of the house actually did go back to those times, and the remainder were only guiltily modern by some two or three hundred years. A *drave*, which means an avenue, chestnut-bordered, swept from the lawn to the river. Under quaint bridges the Ive flashed by with a mad rush, so that the most distant rooms of the château were filled with song. A splendid vegetable-garden, a well-filled poultry-yard, stables and outhouses, and gardens where the roses bloomed until Christmas-time, made the interests of the château. The roses of Ive were famous—milky Carnots weighed down their stems, Soleil d'Or flashed and mellowed and glowed and shone above their lustreless leaves. Around the property the country rolled and dipped and stretched away into valleys misty and purple-hearted. Here and there a peasant's house gleamed out white against the green landscape, or the softer tones of stucco, weather-stained and old, blent with the red roofs until house and farm land softened and blended into one monotone. Rows of poplars bordered the river Ive, and on the horizon's fair outline was the shadow of the forest of Pontallac, celebrated for the herds of deer and smaller game. On this beauty Henri turned his arrogant back and went back to Paris.

Madame Bonnédoux lived alone.

When her children were at home the château appeared wonderfully small and cramped—a hive overflowing, buzzing with well-filled cells. But as she sat thus desolate it seemed to have a thousand rooms.

She felt herself deserted in the prime of her age. The thousand rooms were shut away, swept and garnished, the shining parquet waxed until each floor was a mirror; and if a spider from time to time agilely flung a web in some far-off corner, that was the height of disorder! The white panels of the clean, sweet-smelling rooms were spotless, and the whole place diffused an odor of lavender and cleanliness.

The lady, her purple ribbon hanging at her belt with her keys, her black alpaca apron with huge side pockets over her black silk dress, wandered daily through her house, and when she had faithfully fulfilled the traditional duties of a French housewife she was free to sit in her boudoir, a charming room hung in yellow and blue crétonne, where the furniture, if it could have spoken, would have told tales of Louis XVI., and where the curtains fairly did speak in their bewitching groups of courtier and milkmaid, of mill and miller, prince and peasant, sweetly blended with fountains spurting blue waters against a creamy background, blue rivers winding under bridges too light, certainly, to support lovers during the length of time it took them to exchange their interminable kiss. Here she sought her work-table and her absorbing tapestry. She had finished with the web and woof of living things. The threads had all found their proper places save one, and just at present the needle with that thread hung loose. Her inanimate tapestry served to kill the ennui of the long hours. Over her frame she would fall asleep in the sunshine when it came round the corner of the house, past the terrace, and found her before her work. She would wake later and resume her crewels, quite unconscious of her lapse into somnolence, and only feeling a little refreshed without quite knowing why. Here day after day she might be found in her boudoir, and here her man of affairs found her when he came to obtain her consent for a little indiscreet forest-

ering—the cutting down of a tree which she had left too long, that she loved too well. Here her gardener knew he would find her, to discuss with her the condition of the roses, to suggest the purchase of a new breed or to graft some old favorite on a new beauty. Dependents and servants sought the mistress in her boudoir, and when her consent was hard to gain, they knew they had but to recall that "*Monsieur Henri*" had advised this or suggested that; but lately the magic of the name had disappeared, and her astute myrmidons found it as well to leave it unspoken.

... "*Madame la Duchesse de Grammont*"—the magic name that filled the roundabout countryside with pride in its possession—awoke Madame Bonnédoux from a snooze over her tapestry. She gave a sigh and exclamation, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes were still bewildered as she greeted her august visitor and dearest friend.

The Duchesse sailed in, in a stiff black silk, the conventional mantle over her shoulders, the conventional hideous bonnet perched on the back of her distinguished head.

"*Ma chère amie!*" The old ladies exchanged four kisses.

"I fear I disturb you. I am early? We were driving to Ambazac, and took you in *en route*. Let me present my guest, Miss Faircastle, to you."

From behind the portly figure of the Duchesse emerged a slender girl, who made a curtsy and gracefully kissed the hand of the hostess. Her manner was irreproachably *jeune fille*; her gesture, her murmured "*Enchantée, madame,*" took the bitterness from the sting of the "*Mees*" and the barbarism from the name, to the ears of the French lady unmusical and queer. Within Madame Bonnédoux's house was an *étrangère*, and only the strong escort of the great lady of Grammont could have brought her as far as the centre of the boudoir.

The Duchesse installed herself in a Louis XVI. *bergère* by the side of her hostess, and the stranger took a big, hard stool, sat thereon, and folded her hands meekly in her lap. The ladies talked *châteaux* and provincial gossip. The

Duchesse was a bureau of information for all the intimate scandals of Limousin; there was no escape from her biting tongue and spirituelle expositions.

Miss Faircastle—being a young unmarried woman in a country where age still boasts precedence and the younger generation is still possessed of reverence—was ignored.

It was midsummer; through the open windows the vista of the *drave* stretched in the distance, and in the near foreground the terrace ran down to the rose-garden. On the gravel of the drive could be heard the impatient feet of the horses of the Duchesse; other sounds were there none.

Miss Faircastle was following a train of thought all her own; her eyes revelled in the scene without, when the voice of her hostess directed to her a question:

"*Madame* is stopping long in Ambazac?"

Miss Faircastle came back with a start. The *prefix* was not hers, but the tone, polite and formal, she knew was meant for her.

"I am making a little visit to the Duchesse—madame."

"You like Ambazac?"

"I find it the loveliest country I have ever seen." The enthusiastic praise came quick and heartfelt.

"Limousin is very beautiful," agreed the Duchesse, "but Miss Faircastle is a bad patriot to so ardently praise a country which is far from her own—"

"Oui, c'est loin, en effet," murmured the hostess.

When they were taking their leave Miss Faircastle dared: "I have been looking at your roses, madame, through the window. I think I see the 'Madame Cousine'; you have a mass of them!"

Madame Bonnédoux found no difficulty in understanding the perfect French of the gentle voice.

"Yes—you like roses?"

"She has a mania for gardens," interposed the Duchesse. "I can't keep her out of mine. She was there, in the rain, in *sabots*, yesterday, and my roses are nothing by the side of yours."

Madame Bonnédoux looked out of the window and back at the young face, so like the flowers she praised—a rose itself under a soft white hat.

"It's damp and a little late for me to *trimbaler* in the garden," she said. "I am rheumatic these days, and the time to see the *Ive* roses is the morning, if the Duchesse will drive you over—"

"Mais comment donc—avec plaisir!"

"Will you come Sunday, then?"

And throughout the warmth of the next Sunday morning, up and down the paths of the rose-garden the châtelaine's little figure, in its black dress, a flat straw hat on her head, a basket on her arm, and a huge *sécateur* in her hand, with which she snipped a leaf here or clipped a twig there, kept company with another figure, fair, slight, in summer dress. Miss Faircastle clung close to the châtelaine, a basket on her arm as well, filled with roses.

The morning passed swifter to Madame Bonnédoux than any in many a day. Her voice was quite fatigued with talking; she had chatted and explained and informed to her heart's content, and when at noon the victoria drove her guest away, she found the day suddenly grow long and sombre to look forward into.

"*Araignée du matin, chagrin!*" ("Spider of the morning, Sorrow.") Miss Faircastle pointed to a spider swinging in his net from a corner of the ceiling.

Madame Bonnédoux and her guest stood in an east room of the château, side by side.

"Ah! mais oui," the elder lady sighed appreciatively, as if she knew the *chagrin*, had indeed proved it and other like superstitions to be too sadly sure to come true! Her sigh was so audible that, emboldened, Miss Faircastle dared to slip an arm through the motherly one, and her white hand rested lightly on the sleeve of the older woman's dress.

"But if we come, you know, at *night*, chère madame, and see him swinging, we might break the spell. *Araignée du soir, espoir.*" ("Spider of night, Hope.")

Madame Bonnédoux, not convinced, smiled the smile of old age—of resignation without revolt. She nodded, looking down at the white hand.

"*Espoir?*" she repeated: "for you—but for me what can *hope* signify? I think the augur should be turned around. Hope comes in the morning. For me, for example, the day is done, pretty nearly. . . ."

"No—no!" said the girl, caressingly, "it's the beautiful twilight, isn't it rather, madame? A beautiful *crépuscule*—when the people you love come to you—they seek you and long to bear you company."

"*Chère fille*," said the châtelaine, "I am quite alone in the twilight; my children are all far away. . . . I brought you here to show you the view from my son's east window. *Voilà, c'est Limousin*, and the biggest part of the country."

Miss Faircastle looked at the valleys that undulated to the almost invisible horizon—the mists of July held the land mysteriously veiled. Here and there shone little lakes on the valley's bosom, like stars. A red-roofed dwelling nestling at the park's foot caught her eye.

"What a dear little dwelling! Is it part of the property?"

"That is the home—I *purposed* to give my youngest son, mademoiselle"—the voice was hard and cold.

In the pause that followed her words, Miss Faircastle murmured: "Purposed, madame? He has, then, forfeited his birthright?" She caught her very breath at her daring, and her cheeks beat with her blushes, but the mother's eyes were not on her.

"He's obstinate—*mon fils*; he has set his will against mine; he has nearly broken my heart." Miss Faircastle said no more; for a second the two looked at the lovely scene. The eyes of the mother, tear-filled, saw through a veil the red-roofed house that should shelter obedience, compliance, and reverence; the girl's eyes saw through a golden light (not all of the sun's weaving) the nestling home that should shelter love, should nest a dear and cherished brood.

As they turned to leave the room, the hostess's black dress, well above her shoes, cleared the shining parquet floors. Miss Faircastle's gown, long and graceful, trailed its ruffles with sublime tribute to the château's spick-and-spanness. She stood aside for the hostess to pass out first, and when she was well in the corridor the girl snatched up one of the riding-gloves that lay on the mantel-shelf—she pressed it to her lips. Madame Bonnédoux turned. Miss Faircastle had no time to replace the token; she thrust it in her bosom.

Thenceforward, throughout the summer, Miss Faircastle became a constant visitor at the Château d'Ive. When the clock in the boudoir marked two, she was, as a rule, driven up and deposited, and she little imagined how her friend counted the hours of her absence, and how intensely she lived in the company of her guest.

The boudoir clock Miss Faircastle greatly admired. It was a golden vase, held up on either side by laughing golden boys who twined graceful garlands of bronze around the timepiece. From a lion's mouth a filet of glass wound slowly and spirally forth, a strand of crystal water; the general effect was so gay and *débonnaire*, that it was hard to believe the object had anything to do with so serious a thing as time!

Madame Bonnédoux and her guest sat together one afternoon in the boudoir. Conversational topics, such as poultry-yards, rose-growing, legends of Limousin, had run completely out.

Miss Faircastle held a skein of yarn across her hands, and from it the old lady slowly wound the green wool into a beautiful round ball. The pretty clock chimed four.

"*Non, ce n'est pas possible!*" exclaimed the girl. "I have yet an hour; the carriage will not be here until five. Yet I thought it was later; the sun, you know, as a rule, by this time is 'way beyond the rose-bushes."

"It is a good timepiece. I never knew it to lose or gain," replied her hostess. "My youngest son, Henri, used to love it; when he was little it was his joy to watch the fountain flow."

Madame Bonnédoux had recurred, from time to time, of late, to that banished name. Usually a silence fell after its mention, and if it chanced to be broken by Miss Faircastle, you would have said that she possessed a vacuum in the place of continuity of subject, so radical was her change of idea.

But on this day she took deliberately up her friend's topic. "Tell me something of your son, madame."

"He was," launched forth the mother, "quite the most charming child."

Miss Faircastle listened to anecdotes of the obstinate Henri's boyhood told by partial lips, and the pretty memories of a



"UP AND DOWN THE PATHS OF THE ROSE-GARDEN"

blond-haired little boy summoned a child-presence that seemed to steal into the room, to be a sweet companion to the two who sat with bowed heads over the winding ball and skein of yarn.

As the stories multiplied, the skein slowly dropped in Miss Faircastle's hand, and madame ceased to wind. The eyes of the girl, fixed on hers, dilated to the gentle expression growing first exquisitely adoring, then subduing to the maternal lustre that makes of women's eyes the most beautiful luminence in life.

Madame paused finally; lifting up her trembling hands, she cried:

"*Mon Dieu!* to think how I have adored him, and how he has made me suffer."

The response came faint as a muffled bell: "Woman's suffering, *chère madame*, is, after all, the same, isn't it? Think a little how the woman must suffer who also adores him."

The old lady's eyes became vigilant; they grew young as they flashed through her spectacles on the girl.

"What is that to me—mademoiselle? I am his mother. She has won him from me—body and soul."

Miss Faircastle gave a little piercing cry; she sprang to her feet:

"Oh! body and soul?"

Madame Bonnédoux looked up at her. "A woman's faith," she said, slowly, "should be as her husband's. She is a foreigner. Her traditions are not his."

She bent to pick up the ball of yarn, to gather the skein the girl had let fall. When she lifted her bent body, she was alone—the slight fair presence was flying across the terrace through the rose-garden like a swift white bird.

The old *châtelaine* stood quite still in the fading light, regarding the objects which she gathered up together from the floor—her ball of yarn, the tangled skein, and a *man's driving-glove*. She looked at it for a few moments with an inscrutable expression on her sweet old face.

Slowly she made her way back to the east room. The twilight had not claimed it yet. Redly, gloriously, the sunset flamed in, as over valleys, past lakes and fields, it rushed, flashing its last warm messages to life and approaching night. On the mantel-shelf she found a mateless glove; with it she triumphantly

placed its pilfered and restored fellow, then she pattered out again.

Unseen by her, of film silvery, dropping goldenly into a very mist of glory, a spider spun his evening web.

Frail, ethereal substance to enmesh—Hope!

Madame Bonnédoux was alone.

Immediately upon the disappearance out of her life of her sweet companion, she passed into a stage of revolt against what she had discovered, what she had been betrayed into, what she believed she had been charmed into, and she sent her accustomed motherly command hither and thither over the departments where her beloved children and grandchildren were scattered. Extraordinary fate so willed it that not one of the obedient troop could respond. With one consent and for the first time in their lives they all, with one excuse, disobeyed! . . .

Her aforetime loneliness seemed joy when compared with the new desolation. She found her boudoir (always a casket of memories) to be full of new possessions which she would not regard. The familiar treasures of her past she had learned to contemplate in her old age without sorrow, but the tantalizingly near Present was pain to recall. She yearned to hear again the young voice that so courteously replied to her, so gently deferred, that called her "*Chère madame*" with a seduction she at first rebelled against and then adored.

Never did Miss Faircastle say "*Chère madame*" but Madame Bonnédoux, mentally kissing her, heard it "*Chère Mère*."

Summer languidly slipped to autumn, and in the first October days Pauline, Gontran's wife, came with her brood to see her mother-in-law.

What spell had summer cast over the hitherto doting *belle-mère*?

The intimate conversation in the boudoir often caught the old lady napping; tales of the distant colonies did not wake her keen interest. She looked at the hard red cheeks, at the matronly figure, and compared . . . she heard the strident voice and the cracking of stiff silk skirts and shivered; and when the good young woman took her departure with the really loved children, the old

lady sought her nook with a sigh that was not all for Gontran's wife.

December rarely saw her in her boudoir; she kept her own south room, with its great crackling open fire, and its windows to the winter valleys.

Until when one afternoon in December Henri Bonnédoux entered his mother's room and saw her lying on her immense bed, exactly in the centre, amongst her pillows, he never realized how little she was, how small and frail to be mother of six grown children—how small and frail and old to be alone in the Château of Bonnédoux.

Her crétonne curtains were drawn aside; over her was spread a magnificent counterpane which was only used on state occasions.

Birth,—Bridal,—and— . . .

Henri couldn't finish the sequence! With a boyish exclamation he went forward, half threw himself on his mother's bed and into her embrace.

"What are they all about? Why did they not send for me,—let me know you were ailing . . . ?"

Madame Bonnédoux held her son's face between her hands and scrutinized him.

"Please let me take off this sumptuous counterpane, *mère*."

"Why, my son?"

"It's too *élégant*. I don't know my dear little mother under this satin."

"*Mon cher enfant*, it pleases me to be *très en fête*—I have not seen my boy for months."

He nodded repentantly—"I know."

"And they are all coming to-day," continued the mother. "I am glad you came first, *mon petit*; I can have you all to myself. . . . You are thin, Henri."

"It is nothing."

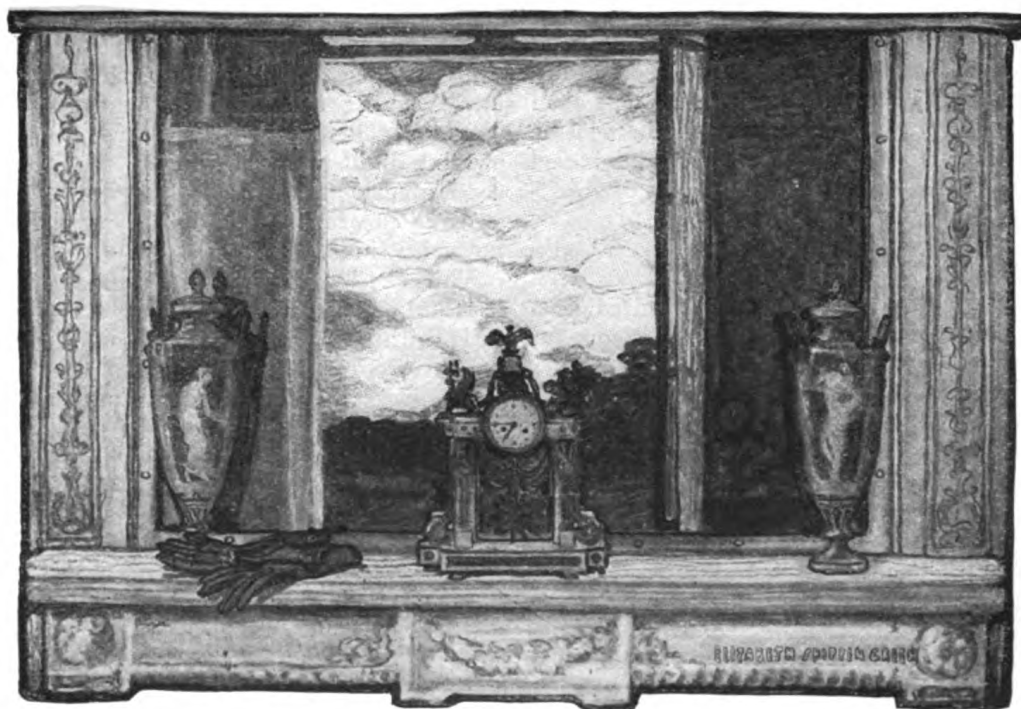
"You are not tranquil, *mon fils*?"

"It is nothing, *mère*."

The old lady shut her eyes and lay back against her pillows, whilst her feeble hands in the strong young palms seemed to pulse again with new vitality. Alas! no, it was his pulse only that she felt beating almost to her heart.

"Tell me, Henri, are you always of the same mind?"

He gave one look at the frail little mother.



THE RIDING-GLOVES LAY ON THE MANTEL-SHELF

"Mère, let us not talk of anything but you—"

"Answer me, my son."

"I love her still—yes."

"What is she like?"

"She has hair like the Soleil d'Or in your garden—lips like your Jacqueminots—a skin like the Carnots—"

"A veritable rose, *en fin*," murmured the châtelaine.

"It is her name."

"Do you think, *mon petit*, *une rose étrangère* would flourish well in Limousin . . . ?"

"Mère!"

"My son," she said, seriously, tenaciously, the obstinacy of her race—her province greater even than her love,—"*you must marry a woman of your faith and mine.*"

He was silent. . . . Madame Bonnédoux dozed, whilst he sat musing, holding her hand. The short winter day slipped away until only the fire glow from the open hearth lit the twilight. . . .

Suddenly Madame Bonnédoux started.

"Go, Henri, look out of the window. I hear a carriage on the drive—"

"It is not the family," he informed her; "it is the carriage of the Duchesse."

"I did not know Cécile was in Limousin," said Madame Bonnédoux.

But it was not the Duchesse of Grammont who stole in through the half-open door, who flew like a bird to the bedside of her friend, and who bent and kissed the pale face—calling in a voice of sweetest music:

"*Chère madame! . . . Chère madame!*"

"*Que c'est gentille!*" murmured Madame Bonnédoux. "How good you are to come!"

"Oh," cried Miss Faircastle, "I have come in hot haste. I wanted to steal in—fancy—before your children come. I want to tell you how I have missed you."

"*Ma chère enfant.*"

As Henri had done, Miss Faircastle held the old lady's hands between hers, gently patting them as she talked.

"*Ma chère enfant,*" murmured the châtelaine.

"To tell you how wrong I was to rush

away that day. . . . I never really went; I was here so often in the boudoir keeping you company."

An exquisite smile played around the lady's lips, and she said:

"I remember your once saying that I had reached a beautiful twilight, when those I love would bear me company."

"They will," murmured Miss Faircastle. "They want never to leave you. . . ."

But looking at the determined face of Madame Bonnédoux, Miss Faircastle saw, despite her kindness, she was not yet won.

She bent her golden head, and close to Madame Bonnédoux's ear she whispered, . . . "*And to tell you that you were right in what you said . . . a woman's faith—*" She paled, caught her breath with a sob.

"Henri!" called his mother. "Come, my son."

Madame Bonnédoux watched them. They stood side by side in the window, and as she looked she saw as though it were but one shadow. She lay, her hands folded on the sumptuous counterpane, as near ecstasy as old age can be, reflecting the radiance of youth and love.

She could hear the undertone of the beloved voices; they would never be far away again; she would no longer be alone; she knew their eyes through the evening light were looking at the little red-roofed house at the park's foot.

"*Pas encore,*" she thought, "they will never leave me."

Thus she lay and spun her dreams, and it is not strange if little Henris and tiny girls with faces like rosebuds stole into her reverie, touching her lips and eyes; a sweet flock to troop down the mountain of sleep. . . .

By and by into the murmured undertone of the two at the window came the many voices of her other children, sound of carriages, and the rustle of life.

She stirred with a sigh.

"Henri!—Rose!—*Venez, mes enfants,* ring for the light. The children have come, and they must not find us in the dark."

How Bismarck Retired

BY HENRI DE BLOWITZ

Late Paris correspondent of the *London Times*

THIS incident might also be entitled, "Of the difficulties experienced by a journalist who wished to maintain cordial relations with a diplomatist." And I write it not only for the sake of retracing an episode of contemporary history with which I was connected, but also to show the strange obstacles, the unexpected contradictions, and the unheard-of difficulties that a journalist must confront.

In 1891 Germany was represented in Paris by an ambassador who was first Count, and then Prince, Münster, one of the most striking types of a German I have ever met. He was like a straight, healthy tree brought from one of the German forests. He had that frigid and somewhat monotonous slowness of Germans who are given to reflection. His somewhat imposing physical heaviness gave one the exact idea of his moral nature.

Count Münster was ambassador at Paris at a very difficult period. The relations between the two countries were far from being then what they have since become. There was great tension between Paris and Berlin. The mission of Count Münster was rendered all the more complex from the fact that, in Germany, the most serious and disquieting quarrels were beginning to take place between the Emperor William II. and his formidable Chancellor, Prince Bismarck. There were rumors of resignation in the air, and German diplomatists abroad did not know whether the orders they received from Wilhelmstrasse came from the master of yesterday or the master of the future. Finally, the resignation of the Chancellor was announced in March, 1890, and fell like a thunderbolt. All the subordinates of Bismarck wondered whether the retirement from power of their chief meant their own dismissal.

Count Münster, on his arrival in Paris, had done his utmost to be agreeable to

every one, and had proved himself to be most conciliating. He had invited me several times to the Embassy, and had talked to me a great deal about the difficulties of his mission, the complexity of his position, and the unsatisfactory condition of international relations. He had always welcomed me most cordially, and had almost insisted upon my returning to see him, to keep him posted with regard to public opinion, and to give him any advice I might think useful for the maintenance of peaceful relations between the two countries.

It was on March 13, 1891, nearly a year after the resignation of Prince Bismarck, that I read without much surprise, in several journals, a telegram from Berlin to the effect that "there was a rumor afloat there of the recall of Count Münster, German ambassador in Paris, and that he was to be replaced by another diplomatist." I went immediately to the Embassy and asked the Count how much truth there was in this statement concerning him. The ambassador was rather nervous and irritated.

"They are stabbing me in the back," he said; "they cannot forgive me because, in the quarrel between the Emperor and the Chancellor, I sided with my sovereign. Prince Bismarck cannot put up with the situation of being nobody, and he wants to drag others down with him in his fall."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but I thought that, on the contrary, the Chancellor had accepted his withdrawal from public affairs very philosophically, and that he was rather glad to be relieved of the burden of power. . ."

"I thought so too," answered Count Münster, "but I only thought so for half an hour. . . At the end of thirty minutes my illusions had vanished and I knew what to think of his frame of mind."

And then, before I had added a word or asked another question of any kind,

Count Münster, with a shade of irony in his voice, began the following extraordinary story.

"On Wednesday, the 19th of last March [1890], I arrived at Berlin. My first call was on Prince Bismarck. I was quite ignorant of what had taken place the previous day. The Prince, after the exchange of the first greetings, told me that he had resigned. He made the statement in a calm voice, a smile on his lips, congratulating himself on being able to resume his country life, of which he was so fond, to revisit his forests and broad plains, for which he had a strong liking, and of becoming himself once again during the few remaining years he had to live. In short, he was happy at the idea of it being possible for him to spend the whole of his time without being harassed by constant anxieties and worries. I evinced great surprise at this news, and attempted some objections; but I did not maintain this line of conduct long, for the countenance of the Prince, his language and tone of voice, impressed me greatly and, I should add, filled me with admiration for him. I discovered in him a wonderful philosophy, the accents of a man who divests himself of his honors and power with ease and manly resolution, and who, with the satisfaction of having well occupied his life and accomplished his duty, resumes the path which leads him to nobly won repose. I asked myself how such a man's place could be filled, and did not comprehend how, in view of the attitude he must to the last moment have maintained, the young Emperor could have taken it upon himself to part with a man who, by the self-control of which he was giving proof at so very critical a moment, showed what eminent services he might yet have rendered his master. Yes, I confess, the more the Prince's attitude excited my admiration, the less could I account for the Emperor having decided on overturning him, and the less could I see how such a man was to be replaced. This twofold idea haunted me while the Prince was speaking, and then, as often happens in such circumstances, I suddenly recalled to mind in full detail two scenes which I had witnessed, two conversations which I had heard. From that moment, while listening to the

Prince's monologue, I understood how the Emperor could have conceived and realized the idea of provoking and accepting the Chancellor's retirement, and I foresaw the successor he would give him. Then all became clear to me on the two points. I knew the young Emperor's perfect veneration for his grandfather, and I placed together this respectful homage and the first scene which my mind had called up.

"A year before his death, at a tea party which he attended, the old Emperor, who had long been conversing with a lady, raising his voice so as to be heard by me and others, uttered the following words, which had fixed themselves in my memory:

"Yes, I assure you, you do not see things from such a good standpoint as I do, but Bismarck has become very stubborn, and it takes all my strength of will to put up with him; but when I am driven to extremities, and things cannot go on farther, the choice of his successor will not embarrass me; my mind is made up—it will be General Caprivi."

"As the lady appeared somewhat amazed at the name, the Emperor William continued:

"Yes, the man is not very well known, but I have had him under my orders, I have often talked with him, and I assure you his appointment is the best possible choice if it ever becomes necessary to part with Bismarck."

"I was, therefore, almost convinced that General Caprivi would arrive in office, for I was sufficiently well acquainted with Emperor William I. to know that he must have said the same thing to his grandson, to whom he always repeated on the following day the conversations he had had, and to whom he must certainly have repeated the one I have just recalled.

"As I continued to listen to, and at times to converse with, Prince Bismarck, my surprise increasing at the continued calmness with which he was relating his resignation, another of the Emperor's conversations flashed across my mind, and greatly lessened the astonishment I had at the first moment experienced when Prince Bismarck informed me of his retirement. I remembered that some considerable time before the Emperor Wil-

liam's death, at an epoch when his health was fairly good, he attended a 'punch' given by his grandson, the present Emperor, to officers of all arms. Prince Bismarck had shortly before appointed his son, Count Herbert, Secretary of State, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"The Emperor William I., speaking aloud, concealing nothing from all the officers who were listening, said: 'It must be admitted that this young Count Herbert has got on prodigiously fast under the rule of his father. It is the greatest act of nepotism which politics have ever recorded.'

"I took the liberty of saying to the Emperor: 'But how is it that your Majesty has not made the remark to him, for I see that this act of favor, of such importance for public affairs, has not escaped your observation?'

"'Why,' said the Emperor, 'I cannot at this moment part with the Prince; he is necessary to his country, and is still necessary to me. I should have readily made the remark to him, but I reflected that as he does not feel the impropriety of these extraordinary promotions, he could not take the remark coolly, and that, if I made it, it might have more serious consequences than I intended.'

"The more I reflected on these two conversations of the Emperor William I., the less surprised I was both at Prince Bismarck's resignation and at the young Emperor's resolution, for I saw that in accepting the resignation he had, as it were, followed the indications of his grandfather's desire, and had beforehand chosen the successor pointed out to him. Knowing how profound was his respect for the old monarch, I felt convinced that he considered himself screened by these recollections and by that authority; they had inspired him with the energy and resolution of which he had given proof in parting almost harshly with the Great Chancellor.

"I rose, and said to the Chancellor that as the Chamber was sitting, I was going thither.

"The Prince replied:

"'Wait a moment. I will put on my uniform and accompany you.'

"He left the room. A few minutes afterwards I heard the Prince and the Princess talking in a very animated way

and in a loud tone. Their conversation lasted a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time the Prince re-entered the room, without having changed his attire. He held a large letter open in his hand. He had turned pale and had an irritated expression. He came up to me and said:

"'I cannot accompany you; I have this moment received a letter from that young man, in which he informs me that he confers on me the title of Duke of Lauenburg; this plainly indicates that my resignation is definitive and my disgrace complete. I cannot accept this mocking retirement. He will soon see that a Bismarck is not dismissed in this style.'

"He then began walking up and down the room in great wrath, uttering threats, accusing everybody, inveighing against his adversaries and the intriguers who had worked in opposition to him. . . .

"I then comprehended that when he had received me, and had talked with such philosophic calmness and dignity of his resignation, he did not believe it was final, but, notwithstanding all that had passed, was persuaded that the Emperor would ask him to resume his post and not to consider his resignation as definitive. I confess that I was then struck by surprise and sadness. I took leave of a man who, in the space of a single visit, had so strangely altered in my eyes."

So spoke Count Münster. He added to his extraordinary story a detail which was decidedly piquant. On going away after his supreme interview with the Chancellor, he asked, before leaving the house, whether it would not be possible for him to pay his respects to Princess Bismarck. But an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, who was just passing by and who recognized him, said:

"'Oh no, Excellency, I do not think it would be a favorable moment for you to see the Princess. . . . To give you an example of the state of mind she is in, a little while ago I took her a portrait of the Emperor which had been sent by his Majesty to Prince Bismarck as a souvenir. On seeing it, the Princess exclaimed: "Let it be taken to Friedrichsruh and placed in the stable!"'

As he finished, Count Münster turned to me and said: "You see why I have reason to believe that Prince Bismarck

is not reconciled to his fall. I have also reason to believe that he does not forgive me for not having followed him, and the report of my recall, spread abroad by his friends, is more the expression of a desire than of a reality!"

In the evening I telegraphed an account of this memorable interview to the *Times*. The next day it appeared in the columns of that paper. The day following it was reproduced by the press of the whole world, for it had been transmitted by telegraph to the farthest extremities of the globe. It gave rise everywhere to the most varied comments; some were ironical, others indignant, still others amused. An English paper, which republished it *in extenso*, added the following line: "M. de Blowitz has once more been guilty of a grave indiscretion."

Here, by way of parenthesis, I should like to say a few words on a subject which I have deeply at heart. In the course of my long career the phrase I have just quoted has been printed about me at various intervals. I have more than once been accused of indiscretion, and more than once the epithet "indiscreet" has been applied to my name.

I will begin by saying that none of those persons who have reproached me in this way could ever quote one example, one single example, to show that, when I gave my word of honor to be silent, or when I promised not to repeat anything, I have ever broken my word or promise. I defy any one to prove that I have ever committed an act of treachery; and only to give one instance, when Pope Leo XIII., after a conversation of more than an hour, in the course of which he had made certain statements which would have caused a great stir in the world, asked me, through Cardinal Jacobini, to give my word of honor not to repeat what had been said, I gave it, and not only did I never repeat a word of the pontifical statements, but I even destroyed the notes I had taken and endeavored to forget what had been said.

But if one calls it an indiscretion to repeat things that have been said to me, a journalist, by persons who have not taken the precaution to demand secrecy; if it be an indiscretion to try to find out what is going on and to tell what one knows, to inform the public of all that one dis-

covers by chance,—why, certainly, then I flatter myself that I have been indiscreet; I boast of it, and it is an extra reason for my being proud. I consider that a journalist is, first of all, the servant of his paper and of the public. There is only one single law in the world which should close his lips—the law of honor!

How often have people, sometimes people in very high positions, come to me and said: "I am going to tell you something extremely interesting, but it is with the understanding that what I tell you is for you alone, and you must not say a word about it in your paper."

I have always answered them:

"Then don't tell me your story; keep it to yourself. . . . I am not inquisitive for my own sake—only for that of my paper. I do not care to know what happens if the public is not to know it. I am a journalist and not a confessor!"

This said, I return to my story:

When Count Münster, who had not asked for secrecy, saw in the *Times* of June 30, 1891, the account of Prince Bismarck's resignation which he had related to me, he did not at first show any signs of displeasure nor of surprise. He did not offer the slightest protest.

His displeasure only commenced three or four days later, when he received some cuttings from German papers, criticising in disagreeable terms his statements. His displeasure was transformed into serious annoyance when the cuttings were followed by letters from friends of Prince Bismarck, written in the most angry and threatening terms.

The ambassador weighed then, and not until then, the importance of the words he had uttered, and was anxious about the consequences to himself that those words might entail. Accordingly, eight or ten days after the publication in the *Times*, Count Münster sent me a secretary from his Embassy, who spoke to me as follows:

"The ambassador," he said, "regrets that in the account you published, and which was very exact, you should have introduced the name of Princess Bismarck. He fears that the comments raised by this incident may cause him serious unpleasantness. He therefore wishes me to inform you that in order to attenuate the effect produced he will

ask the Wolff Telegraph Agency to declare that there was a certain amount of imagination in the story published. He sincerely hopes that you will not take this amiss, and that you will only attribute this rectification to the imperative necessity of circumstances."

I merely replied: "Tell Count Münster that if the publication of his conversation is really likely to cause any annoyance to him, I shall take no exception to the slight reserve he wishes to make, and will not even protest in any way."

Thereupon Count Münster's messenger thanked me heartily, and the next day the Wolff Telegraph Agency communicated an official note to all the papers, stating, in the name of the German ambassador in Paris, that there was a certain amount of imagination in the account published in the *Times* about the resignation of Prince Bismarck. In accordance with my promise, I made no reply.

But, strangely enough, this official note, instead of calming the papers devoted to Bismarck, appeared to have exasperated them still more. They declared that this rectification was equal to an avowal; they denounced the German ambassador in Paris in the most violent terms; they demanded that he should take back his words; they coupled with his name epithets which were almost abusive; in a word, they opened wide the flood-gates of their anger and indignation.

This fearful deluge caused Count Münster to lose all his composure, and, without consulting me this time, a month after my article had appeared in the *Times* he published a fresh denial in the following terms:

"We are authorized by Count Münster, who is at present at his country-seat at Dernebourg, near Hanover, to deny the authenticity of the account of an interview with him, published a few weeks ago in a newspaper. The article appeared without his knowledge, and he repudiates all responsibility for the statements contained in it. . ."

And as the storm, far from calming down, continued to rage, on the 2d of August—I say the 2d of August,—absolutely wild with terror (that is his only

excuse), Count Münster went as far as to write to Count Herbert Bismarck a letter beginning as follows:

"I beg you to tell the Prince that I am quite beside myself on account of the inventions of this Blowitz, and to express to him my regrets at the wrong use which has been made of my name."

The dots in this phrase represent an epithet, probably abusive, which the *Hamburger Nachrichten* thought better to suppress.

I will stop here, and will not qualify the action of a man, bearing a well-known and respected name, who, after having acknowledged the exactitude of a statement made by him, after having asked permission, for private reasons, to add some extenuation, after publicly declaring that there was "some imagination" in what had been published, leaving it understood that there was much that was true, and after asking for a promise that no reply should be made to his statement, could forget himself to such an extent as to write a letter of the kind.

I was, however, more than avenged, for public opinion, which finally gave judgment on the matter, did not doubt for a single instant who told the truth—the diplomatist who spoke or the journalist who was silent. For more than six months after, the organs of Prince Bismarck continued their attacks against Count Münster, thus proving the value they attached to his denials, and the ex-Chancellor himself said, "I shall never forget it," clearly showing towards which side his opinion leaned.

I particularly wished to write this, in order to show the treatment to which a correspondent exposes himself when he writes to tell the public all he knows, and also to show how almost impossible it is for those two complex beings, the diplomatist and the journalist, to have any intercourse with each other. In order for them to agree, the former must keep silent about what he knows, and the latter must talk about what he knows nothing. As soon as the one ceases to keep his counsel and the other tries to be informed about that of which he talks, what happened to me will happen again.

Benje's Eulogy

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

THE day of idiot Benje's funeral was richly autumnal. On Turkey Ridge the fields lay mother-tender with the stubble of the harvest. A shimmering glory touched the woodlands. Above field and wood together smoked a purple haze, risen softly as from spent, heroic battle-ground.

Into the languorous sunshine of the afternoon, spirals of dust curled up from under homely wheels on the red-clay road which led to the farmhouse. Each farm along the way added to the slowly forming little procession. One could not afford, in the quiet of Ridge, to miss the gentle dissipation of a funeral. The hearse lumbered ahead, its antique body rocking from side to side as Kerrenhappuch Green chirruped to his fat horses. Kerrenhappuch claimed the distinction of driving the hearse—second-handed to the community from an undertaking establishment in the nearest town—for the convincing reason that it was kept in its unused intervals beneath the hay-loft of his barn. At night his chickens roosted unimaginatively upon it, and when the rate of mortality was low his hens even set within it, the peeping, joyous life of the broods they hatched in strange contrast to its usual occupancy. Near him the minister jogged in a sulky, fishing bashfully with his lines for the steed before him, after the fashion of scholarly men. Miss Panthea Potter on her rack-ing roan mare brought up the rear, the sharpness of her virginal features thrown into strong relief by the folds of a widow's veil,—an inherited badge of grief which she arbitrarily assumed upon sad occasions. So closely did she ride after the Todds that she was able to talk intermittently with Mrs. Todd, while the latter's husband drove in reflective and accustomed silence.

"What do you s'pose," she asked, as they climbed a long rise in the road, "the preacher 'll find to say 'bout Benje?

'Twill be 'most as hard to 'logize him as 'twould be to praise a week-old baby for the good it 'd done in the world—if he *was* goin' on thirty-seven."

Miss Panthea's tone was high-pitched in curiosity. The reward of heaven for a Ridge life began with the funeral eulogy.

"Poor thing!" There rose to gentle Mrs. Todd on the blue sky the vision of a hulking, foolish creature. "There ain't much to be said over him, sure, even with the preacher sech a hand at buryin' remarks. I recollect when we all thought old Aunt Hitty 'd hev to be put underground 'thout a word, after makin' herself so hateful all her days, always gettin' her own way, an' throwin' shoes 'n' things at anybody that fret her, an' dyin' in a cross spell—An' he spoke for three-quarter of 'n hour on her bein' so prompt at meetin'! But it's dif-f'rent with Benje. He wasn't a thing to speak of. Curus 'bout his endin', wasn't it?"

"Goodness me, yes!—the way that dog Bob o' his run from the paster to the house an' from the house to the paster till Annie sensed somethin' was wrong, an' went up an' found him settin' stone-dead o' heart-failin' by the mulberry. I 'xpect it 'll be a big relief to her now he's gone. I do think he's been a-gettin' loonier 'n' loonier every day."

Mrs. Todd's arms, plumply curved, remembered the three children they had cradled. "She'll miss him a good deal, though," she sighed, "bein' as he was her only one, an' all she's had sence Jim was took. She's cared for him a lot, too. 'Pears like she wants to do everything for him dead jest as she did while he was livin', not lettin' nobody help her 'ceptin' nights, an' sayin' there ain't much time left her, so she'll tend to things herself. When I was over he was lyin' on her spare bed in his best pepper-'n'-salt suit—she'd washed and dressed him all alone—an'

she was down in the kitchen makin' that six-layer cake o' hers an' frostin' it with pink, so's his watchers could hev somethin' fittin' to eat. She was cryin' right down into the frostin', the poor little thing."

"That's her company cake, the kind she used to bring to the socials," Miss Panthea observed, reminiscently. "Seems queer to fuss so much for him."

"An' Bill Higgins said," the other continued, in mild volubility, "that when she sent to town by him for the coffin she gave him her cedar-o'-Lebanon patchwork quilt to wrap it in, an' told him to get the shiniest one he could find, with a white satiny linin', puckered real full 'round the top. Ain't it nice o' her to want the best for him, when she knows she'll hev to skimp 'n' skimp to make up for it? She's been skimpt 'nough now, wearin' that old black Henrietty years—the basque settin' so bad, too—an' that bunnit with the rusty pansies on it. If Benje'd been smart, things would ha' gone better. It jest don't seem fair for anybody to be born wrong that way."

"Mebbe 'twas a vis'tation," Miss Panthea suggested, darkly.

Her friend looked around at her, startled. "Mercy! what for?"

"Oh, I dun'no—somethin' the back ones o' the family was up to, p'rhaps. You know what it says in the Bible 'bout sins bein' visited on the children. Why, I heard tell of a little girl onct that went plumb blind, an' they do say her grandfather on her pa's side took church money out o' the collection—he was a deacon—an' kep' it."

As Mrs. Todd was about to speak, Mr. Todd started his team at a swifter pace along the stretching level they had reached. Her answer came back faintly across the increased distance:

"You don't tell me, Panthy Potter!"

Where the level veered fairly westward the small house stood under the tremulous dusk of a group of pines, its sagging shutters closed in token of the shadow within it. A row of dissimilar vehicles, stained with hill dust, was drawn up outside the dejected pickets of the fence. At the sight of the newcomers an old white horse between the shafts of a shabby buckboard gave a

whinny of hospitality. Mr. Todd tied his hitching-strap subduedly. "I guess Annie's goin' to drive Benje's colt to the graveyard," he said. His wife nodded. Miss Panthea, catching up, dismounted and shook out her dress, crumpled by the saddle, diffusing the odor of a cedar chest. The three went up the walk together with a hushed creaking of Sunday shoes, the shepherd-dog by the gate watching them from beautiful, hurt eyes. Kerrenhappuch Green, lingering on the braided rag mat on the stone step, hooked a gnarled forefinger into the lapel of Mr. Todd's coat. The others went on in through the open doorway.

"What d'ye reckon can be said 'bout Benje?" he asked. His long, gray jaw was thrust eagerly forward.

Mr. Todd spat in thought. "I've been stedyin' on it ever sence he died," he replied, "an' I ain't got the least idee yet."

Their guarded voices sounded profanely loud in the stillness.

Inside the house, in the musty parlor, the sunlight filtered through the closed shutters in wandering patches of brightness on the threadbare carpet and faded rosebud-patterned walls. Rising dimly against the front window, the open coffin made the solemn ornament of the room. A regretful pungency drifted from the bouquets of life-everlastings heaped stiffly upon it. At its head, the single mourner, in a much-worn black Henrietta and bonnet trimmed in weary pansies, held her elderly frame tense and rigid. Her plain, gentle face, furrowed by tears, was set straight before her almost fiercely, showing pale and distinct in the gloom. Her hands in the decent cotton gloves picked in feverishness at the black-bordered handkerchief on her lap. The round cheeks of Mrs. Todd broke with customary funeral sorrow. She rustled damply after Miss Panthea to a seat on the haircloth sofa.

"Ain't his tie becomin'?" she whispered, "an' don't Annie look strange?"

"I 'xpect she's worried 'bout Benje's words. Did you notice the coffin-plate? It must ha' cost somethin'," Miss Panthea whispered back, settling the stern brooch at her throat in contained calm.

They sat looking covertly at the strained, white-haired figure beside the coffin

until the minister rose on the opposite side of the room and lined the first hymn. The cadences of the music dragged with delaying lugubriousness. When the last note fell the tanned faces of the little gathering lit expectantly. Kerrenhappuch Green leaned forward, shaping his left hand into a shell around his ear. A girl, her young color still shattered by the aspect of death, drew in her breath audibly. Outside, the dog, stung by a subtle sense of singular things, whimpered in unrest. "I do wonder what he'll say," Mrs. Todd said, moving her lips silently.

The Ridge shepherd, beaten by the same suns and winds as his flock, opened his Bible. His countenance, sedate and kind with middle age, was illumined by the pardonable pride of a humble man who is conscious that he has come to the occasion when he flowers best. "Why is light given to a man," he read, impressively, "whose way is hid and whom God hath hedged in?" The succeeding cough was indicative of good to come. But as his gaze went past the attentive faces turned towards him to where the still subject of the eulogy lay, he paused in surprise and coughed again.

Miss Panthea's alert eyes swerved from him. She clutched her companion excitedly. "For the land sake," she gasped, "do look at Annie!"

The little figure by the coffin stood facing the minister in wistful apology. The stoop of her frail shoulders seemed the faint semblance of a bow. Her hands were clutching the sides of her limp skirt for support, and her thin old breast rose and dropped frightenedly under the scant frills above it. At the stir of astonishment above her she gave a trembling cry of explanation:

"I'm goin' to do it. I'm goin' to do it. Ever sence I found Benje dead I've knowed 'twas to be me!"

Some one pulled her small sleeve, but she paid no heed. With a swallow of her timidity she continued bravely: "Nobody can 'logize him 'ceptin' me, for he wasn't jest like other folks, an' I—I waited for him onct. P'rhaps you're thinkin' 'tain't much of a life to tell 'bout, but 'twas Benje's. 'Twon't take me long."

The minister thus arrested sank resignedly into his chair.

"Mebbe some of ye know that the Lord sent Benje to Jim 'n' I after we prayed 'n' hoped for children 'thout ever gettin' any. I reckon there ain't been two happier people in the world than us when he come—kings er queens er none. We was terrible proud o' him, he was so good 'n' likely, an' we planned straight off to make him into a scholar. I begun to put my butter-'n'-egg money away in an old cracked teapot 'gainst his schoolin', for I didn't want clothes er nothin' if I was goin' to be a scholar's ma, an' Jim worked harder daytimes 'n' later nights. Every spare minute we had together we'd talk over how great Benje'd be.

"Bime-by he got big 'nough to go to school. It seemed like my heart 'd break for joy when I watched him go out o' sight down the road the first day, his new dinner-pail catchin' the sun an' his pretty curls shinin'. An' if I dreamt then, standin' in the door, of everybody on Turkey Ridge starin' at a man in fine city clothes an' sayin', 'That ain't Jim 'n' Annie's boy!' 'twas 'cause I hadn't found out yet what's the best thing to be. An' if I was ketchin' the glisten of a black silk dress, that was a present to me, 'twasn't 'cause I was ever goin' to mind bein' 'thout things.

"In the beginnin' Benje kind o' learnt, startin' in with the oldest Bayne boy, but it didn't last long." The courage of the old voice failed a little, to gather again later. "Pretty soon the Bayne boy got into the First Reader 'n' then the Second, but Benje couldn't get out o' the Third Primer lesson. 'Tis mighty hard. Jim 'n' I tried to think back 'n' see if we wasn't slow in takin' holt o' learnin'. Then the next Bayne child come to school, an' he left Benje behind, an' the next an' the next, an' by the time it got to little Bud, the fifth un, why, we knowed Benje wasn't no great hand for books. The teacher said he never made her no trouble, 'ceptin' 'bout readin' 'n' writin' 'n' figgerin', bein' always well-behaved, but she guessed he might as well not come any longer. We was awful glad he'd been good. I've got his Primer up-stairs now that he brung me the day he stopped, 'n' his slate with the little dimmy ones 'n' twos on it he never was goin' to add up. But 'twas healthier for him bein' free from school. Over-

stedyin' might ha' clean broke him down. He took it so well 'n' tagged after Jim er set 'round with me, never lettin' on that he missed the other things boys was hevin'. That was one o' his pleasant ways, to be allus smilin'. Jim said he was sure he was goin' to be fine on the farm when he got bigger. He b'lieved he could see the knack stickin' out all over him.

"Bime-by he got big 'nough, but he didn't take to it none. Farmin' is so perplexin'. Jim said 'twould only make him feel old 'n' set 'side, anyhow, to hev Benje sharin' the work. Besides, he said, I needed him to help me in odd jobs. He did jest grand 'round the house. He could dig plaintins 'n' fetch water 'n' carry wood 'n' gether eggs—he gethered eggs beautiful—'n' a lot o' sech things that mean so much. He did it willin', too, an' wasn't never cross like some folks is when they're asked to do triflin' jobs. His disp'sition was his pa's. Jim 'd look at him 'n' say, 'Was there ever sech a boy as our Benje!'

"An' we wasn't the only ones that seed how nice he was. He couldn't make people friends, mebbe, but every livin' dumb thing on the place was proud o' his acquaintance. When he was settin' in the garden the sparrers 'd hop on his hands an' twitter to him, an' all the little wobbly lambs 'n' calves in the barnyard 'd come to him, an' the dogs 'n' horses loved him like one o' theirselves. Even the rabbits in the woods wouldn't run 'n' hide from him. 'Seems to me, Jim,' I says, 'this is how 'tis. Onct beasts 'n' birds 'n' humans lived all together—happy as clams,—but after a while human bein's turned out to be not quite so trusty as they might, an' the beasts 'n' birds crep' 'n' fluttered off to the woods to live alone. There most of 'em hev stayed, an' they ain't never got their faith in us back. Even them we tame 'n' pet sort o' suspicion us. They're 'fraid o' bein' disappointed agen. But here's Benje, a man growed, with a soul kep' as white as a dove's breast. He's jest had runnin' water 'n' wind 'n' sweet things for company, an' his hands 're clean an' his

thoughts jest a baby's thoughts. They know he's to be trusted, so they creep 'n' fly back to him, lovin' him the old way. They're tickled as can be 'bout him—why, I never go into the yard but some of 'em tells me how glad it is to hev him. Everything's cryin', "Benje's here, Benje's here, Benje's here," happy like. An' now, Jim,' I says, 'I ain't goin' to grieve any more, for I've found out what's the best thing to be. The beasts 'n' birds hev taught me. They don't want Benje a great scholar er anything else. They love him 'cause he's stayed a little child.'

"Bime-by Jim died, an' I had to hire out the farm, an' things was changed 'n' hard. But I had Benje left. He was a heap o' comfort. I got old 'n' humbly an' too done up to cook like I used to, but he never complained. He was allus gentle 'n' patient 'n' kind. Other mas lost their sons in the world, but mine come every night to say his stumblin' prayer at my knee. This last year I've scarcely had to prompt him 't all. He said it wonderful well.

"An' now he's gone 'n' my arms is empty. I can't think nohow what old Bob 'n' me 'll do—we loved him so."

For a little while she was unable to say more. Then the tired face shone with an inner radiance like the Grail.

"But seems to me there's a ladder stretchin' from the earth to the sky, an' Benje's climbin' it, the old Primer words he couldn't learn comin' to him at every step. His eyes 're jest like stars—you know they never sparkled much. On the top there's angels standin' callin': 'Come 'long, Benje, come 'long! Never mind if you wasn't smart. You're jest the one we've been waitin' to see.' I can let him go easier when I think how homey them angels is goin' to make it for him."

There was the sound of sobbing in the room when the eulogy ended. His eyes, wet over what he could not have spoken, the minister prayed that the journey up the heavenly ladder might be swift and strong. During the singing of the last hymn Kerrenhappuch Green laid the lid of the coffin softly over the unheeding face.

Foreign Words in English Speech

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Professor of Literature, Columbia University

IT was not without good reason that Mr. Wallace called the period of a hundred years that we have so recently left behind us "The Wonderful Century"; and in nothing was it more wonderful than in the development and expansion and multiplication of the peoples who speak English,—the kindred American republic and British Empire with their colonies, provinces, and dependencies, all inheriting the English language, English literature, and the English common law. And the immediate future of the peoples who have English for their mother tongue bids fair to be as marvelous as the immediate past; there is no relaxation of their energy, and there is no slackening of their determination to reach out and to possess themselves of more and more territory. There are many who deplore this tendency, and who would do all in their power to restrain it; but there are few bold enough to deny its existence.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century English was spoken as a native tongue by a few more than twenty millions of men and women; and at the end of the century it was spoken by very nearly a hundred and thirty millions. Probably the English-speaking race cannot possibly quintuple itself again or even quadruple itself in the twentieth century; but it will pretty certainly double and it may very likely treble itself within the next hundred years. Before the year 2000 the number of those who use English as their natural speech will be between two hundred and fifty millions and five hundred millions. Before the year 2000, English will have outstripped all its rivals—excepting only the Russian, which represents another civilization in a more or less remote part of the globe. Before the year 2000, English will have forced a recognition of its right to be considered a world-language.

And in what condition is the language

itself to undertake the vast work thus laid upon it?—to serve as a medium of communication for so many hundreds of millions of men and women. Fortunately the condition of English is in the main not unsatisfactory. English has discarded most of the elaborate syntactical machinery which still cumbers more primitive languages like the Russian, its future rival, and the German, its chief Teutonic sister-tongue. It is therefore a very easy language to learn by word of mouth. Its most obvious defect is that its orthography is more barbarous and more unscientific than that of any other of the important languages. Almost every one of the leading scholars in linguistics is on record in denunciation of English orthography as it is to-day. Luckily there are not wanting signs that the mass of those who have to use the language are waking up to the waste and inconvenience and awkwardness and stupidity of our chaotic orthography, and that a concerted effort is likely soon to help along that slow simplification of our spelling which has been going on ever since the language was first written. The advance will be halting and casual, as it always has been; but it will be steady. It will have to be so gradual as not to startle or to antagonize the conservative mass of those who speak English;—and the stock that uses our language is very conservative indeed. It will be too slow to please the radical minority, who must perforce supply the energy that will accelerate the retarded improvement. It will work its will without haste and without rest. The advance will be unconscious on the part of most of those who speak English, and yet it will be guided by the conscious effort of the few who are in the habit of taking thought about the words they use.

We may be certain that there will be not a few other simplifications in syntax, as the people who speak English shall come to see the advantage of this or

that short cut,—simplifications which will be bitterly opposed in the future by the ultra-conservative, just as the simplifications already adopted were opposed in the past by the linguistic Tories of the preceding centuries. Where usage now varies—and only those who have given special attention to the subject suspect how abundant are the questions of divided usage, each seemingly supported by adequate authority,—where usage varies, the mass of the people will slowly make their decision in favor of that which appeals to their sturdy common sense, that which is the least roundabout and the most direct, that which will enable them to do their work and convey their meaning and express their thought with the least effort and with the utmost effect.

All these simplifications of syntax and of orthography, all these enlargements of vocabulary and modifications of usage, will be brought about in the long years to come, partly by the unconscious effort of the uninterested majority to save trouble, and partly by the conscious desire of the more interested minority deliberately to improve the language and to help along its evolution. Language grows, of course, like any other organism; but its growth is not spontaneous; it is ever the result of human effort. And those who wish to see the language made fitter for wider service should do what they can to guide this growth, to direct it, and to stimulate it. The purpose of the present paper is to point out one of the ways in which we can all of us contribute to the healthy development of our mother tongue.

From the very beginning English has been most hospitable to words from other languages, ancient and modern. It has been constantly enriching its vocabulary by contributions from almost every other tongue, dead and alive. It has revealed a splendid willingness to absorb and assimilate foreign words,—taking them first as a loan and then retaining them as a gift, and enrolling them finally in the register of English. It began as a Teutonic tongue, and its structure is still Teutonic. The framework of the language is Germanic; and so are the most of the simple, homely words that go straight to our hearts. But from the very beginning our language has held open the door to immigrants of every degree,

glad to naturalize them and admit them to citizenship, if only they were worthy of acceptance. English has thus adopted thousands of words from other languages,—words which the most of us employ with no suspicion that they were once foreigners. These words from the outside were admitted from different sources and at different times; and a history of the enlargement of the English vocabulary would be a history of the peoples that speak English.

The Norman conquest supplied us with many words almost synonymous with words already existing in the language and derived from Teutonic roots; and in the earlier chapters of *Ivanhoe* we are reminded how the words of French origin were reserved for nobler uses. The early supremacy of the Dutch in agriculture, in horticulture, and in ship-building is made evident by the fact that a large proportion of the English words dealing with the farm, the garden, and the ship are of Dutch origin, and were borrowed from the brave little republic when the Englishmen went to school to the Hollander to learn what he had to teach. The early supremacy of the French in all that appertained to the art of war is clearly recorded in our language by the prevalence in the military vocabulary of terms taken over from the tongue of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon I. *Cannonade, ambuscade, brigadier, colonel*, are a few of the words thus borrowed, which we have made our own, and use now in forgetfulness that they are not of the purest Anglo-Saxon origin. Sometimes we have even made a convenient verb out of a French noun, itself made out of a verb, as when we report that a body of soldiers *rendezvoused* at a certain point. Whether or not to *rendezvous* has really got itself admitted into English may be open to dispute now; but it was in frequent use during the civil war, and it may be found in Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*, written only two years after Appomattox. That Scott used it in the *Heart of Midlothian* is perhaps added evidence as to the influence of the French language on Scottish usage.

And just as the history of these words of French origin and of Dutch origin throws light upon the annals of the English race, so also do certain words derived

from one or another of the dialects of the American Indian or from the debased speech of the French Canadian. *Moccasin*, *wigwam*, and *tepee* remain to record how the white man and the red came into contact here in what is now the United States; and *chowder* (from *chaudière*) attests that the man who spoke English when he went into the backwoods had something to learn from the man who spoke French. In like manner *curry* and *ayah* and many another exotic vocable would bear witness to the fact that the British had established themselves in India, just as *trek* and *veldt* testify to the collision of the Briton and the Boer in South Africa, and just as *stoop* and *spook* are evidence of the founding of New York by the Dutch.

But these words have all of them been assimilated by the English language; and we use them without giving a thought to their foreign origin. We have made them ours, once for all, and they are incorporated in our speech finally to be governed by all the rules of our own language. Certain words there are, however, which linger along the borders. Some of these seem to have taken out their papers, but have not yet received their full citizenship. Their position is pitiful and anomalous; and it is the object of the present essay to call attention to their condition and to suggest that the time has come to make a decision, and either to take them into our own tongue or to cast them out finally. It is not wholesome for our own language to employ foreign words, governed by the rules of a foreign grammar, and rebellious to those of our own. If these words are useful and necessary, we ought to admit them to full rights, and to insist that they obey the regulations of our language. In time, no doubt, that tendency toward uniformity which is potent in every language will probably enforce regularity upon these alien words; but there is no reason why we should not hasten the coming of this millennium by a concerted effort. In other words, why not speak English?

Is *cherub* an English word? If so, its plural is *cherubs*, and not the Hebrew *cherubim*. Is *lexicon* an English word, and *criterion* also? If so, their plurals are *lexicons* and *criteria*, not the Greek

lexica and *criteria*. Is *appendix* an English word, and *index* and *vortex*? If so, the plurals are *appendixes* and *indexes* and *vortexes*, and not the Greek *opendices*, *indices*, and *vortices*. Is *memorandum* an English word, and *curriculum*, *gymnasium*, *medium*, and *sanatorium*? If so, their plurals are *memorandums*, and *curriculum*s, *gymnasium*s, *medium*s, and *sanatorium*s, and not the Latin *memoranda*, *curricula*, *gymnasia*, *media*, and *sanatoria*. Is *formula* an English word, and *nebula* also. If so, the plural is *formulas* and *nebulas*, and not the Latin *formulæ* and *nebulæ*. Is *beau* an English word, and *bureau*? If so, the plural is *beaus* and *bureaus*, and not the French *beaux* and *bureaux*. Is *libretto* an English word? If so, its plural is *librettos*, and not the Italian *libretti*. Why not speak English?

Crisis is thoroughly acclimated in the English language, and so is *thesis*; and yet there are those who prefer *crises* and *theses* to the normal and regular *crises* and *theses*. Perhaps they are seeking to avoid the unpleasant hissing of the English plural; but none the less they are falling into pedantry. So *cactus* and *focus*, *bacillus* and *syllabus*, were each of them incorporated into English long, long ago; and yet some who ought to know better—or who ought at least to have better taste and to have a deeper respect for their own speech—persist in giving these necessary words a Latin plural, and speak about *cacti* and *foci*, *bacilli* and *syllabi*,—until one begins to suspect that if they dared they would like to write *omnibi*. *Opera*, which was a Latin plural, has become an English singular, of which the plural is *operas*; and there seems to be some probability that another Latin plural, *candelabra*, may in time be accepted as an English singular, and that we shall calmly describe a pair of *candelabras*. And why not? Why not a *candelabra* as well as an *opera*? Why not speak English? Already do we say *prima donnas*, and not *prime donne*, *bravos* and not *bravi*. If a word has not been absorbed and assimilated into English, then no doubt it should take its foreign pronunciation and its foreign plural; and it should be printed in italics to denote that it is a foreigner. But there are writers not a few

who accept *crisis* and *libretto* and *cactus* and *criterion* and their fellows as good English words, not to be singled out by the use of italics, and who still like to parade their own pedantry by insisting on the foreign plurals. It may seem unkind to suggest that the desire to show off is behind this affectation, and that the persistent clinging to the foreign plurals of words long established in English is really a form of literary snobbishness. But what other reason can there be for this vainglorious freakishness?

It is the pedant wishing to parade his recent linguistic acquisitions, or it is the pretender desiring to get credit for what he does not really possess, who injects foreign words into English sentences. It is not the true scholar who is guilty of this cheap effrontery. The true scholar knows his own language, and does not quarrel with his tools. Possessing his own speech, he is able to make that accomplish his purpose without invoking the aid of foreign allies.

Matthew Arnold, for example, and Lowell also, were both of them careful to use the English word *technic*, and to avoid the French *technique*. Other scholars have set a good example in writing *closure* and not *clôture*, *revery* and not *reverie*, *cotery* and not *cotérie*, *repertory* and not *répertoire*, *conservatory* and not *conservatoire*, *concessionary* and not *concessionnaire*, *grip* and not *grippe*, *employee* and not *employé*, *exposure* or *exposition* and not *exposé*, *understanding* and not *entente*, *comic actress* and *tragic actress* and not *comédienne* and *tragédienne*, *renascence* and not *renaissance*.

There is no reason why we should employ the French *résumé* when we have the English *summary* and *synopsis*. There is no reason why we should take pleasure in describing a young man engaged to be married as a *fiancé*. There is every reason why we should not make use of *pianiste* as though it was the feminine of *pianist*, and *artiste* as though it was the feminine of *artist*,—since a very elementary knowledge of French would inform us that *artiste* and *pianiste* are both masculine. There is every reason why we should not indulge in *nom de plume*

and in *double-entendre*,—since neither of these phrases has any place in the French dictionary.

Our British kin seem to be inclined to prefer the French *costumier* over the simple English *costumer*; and they like to call a wig-maker a *perruquier*—just as they have lately taken to speaking of a napkin as a *serviette*. This last freak of nomenclature is so widespread in the British Isles that the homely napkin-ring is now beginning to be vendable as a *serviette-ring*. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, on the other hand, a colonial rather than a Britisher, in his *Jungle Book*, notes that the Indian Department of Woods and Forests is charged with “the *reboisement* of India”; and very sensibly he eschews italics, and treats the necessary word as duly incorporated into the language he is using. Some writers there are, both in Great Britain and the United States, who seem to be in doubt whether or not *encore* and *chaperon* are frankly to be accepted as English words in good standing, overlooking the fact that the decision has been rendered in both cases, as is proved by the past participles *encored* and *chaperoned*.

A few years ago the energetic German Emperor besought his subjects to oust the unfriendly French language from their bills of fare, and to call the dishes of their midday dinner by native German names. He went even further and advised the giving of distinctly Teutonic titles to implements and devices taken from other countries, discarding *telephone* in favor of *Fernsprecher*. And here perhaps the royal and imperial ruler may have gone too far. So long as *telephone* is the word used by most other peoples, the Germans would be under some slight disadvantage in having a word of their own, instead of taking over the broadly cosmopolitan word. But the desire of the German Emperor to have his people speak their own language, with no interlarding of undigested foreign words, is one that every student of English must sympathize with. The question he put to his subjects resolved itself into this,—Since you are Germans, why not speak German?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE was of course the library of Alexandria—that is always there—but the library of Alexandria was wilfully destroyed, and not merely lost, or mislaid, or swept out, or thrown by mistake or by inspiration into the waste-basket. We must go back of that, or aside from it, to the case of those classics which, in the convents of the Dark Ages, the pious monks defaced by scribbling over the authors of antiquity the legends of the martyrs and the Fathers of the Desert, if we wish to parallel the disaster which we are leading up to very quietly, so as not to shock the reader too much. But neither is this a perfect parallel, for here the material body of the classics was preserved, and by a skilful treatment of the palimpsests the monkish writings were removed, and the authors of antiquity rose in a lasting palingenesis. No, it is of a piece of literature actually made an end of, and wholly extirpated, without hope of future growth, save from such straggling roots as may have remained in the author's brain, that we have to do. Usually these roots come out entire with the original product; they are seldom of such deep plunge in the consciousness that stem and leaf and flower can be coaxed from them into the air again. One single instance of the contrary remains for all time in the case of Carlyle's French Revolution, which, when his friend Mills's housemaid had kindled successive breakfast-fires with the manuscript, until none was left, rose like a phoenix from the ashes of the kitchen range, and flourished into a second immortality. But even this instance changes the metaphor, and is doubtfully comparable to the loss which the writer of the Easy Chair, together with polite literature, sustained when the paper which the actual essay poorly replaces vanished into space somewhere between the writer's and the printer's hands.

I

There is something very cryptic in such an experience, and perhaps many authors could supply instances of the kind from

their dark records if they would or durst. But let them keep their secrets, and let one suffice from the many-remembered literary past of him who here deplores his hard fortune. He had written a novel, and in this novel he had written a love-scene, which he thought surpassed all other love-scenes in modern fiction, if not for impassioned poetry, then for a certain straightforward simplicity on the young man's part, and a certain sinuous sincerity on the girl's part, which perhaps more nearly approached the fact, as we have noticed it in life, than impassioned poetry. He had typewritten that scene with his own hands on a kind of yellow paper which he then used, and which may have had a sizing in it which tempted fate for him, but that is still a matter of conjecture. What is absolute is that about the time the author expected the proof of his love-scene, he received the tattered remnants of his manuscript, with many civil excuses from the editor of the magazine where it was appearing, who regretted to say that the printers had left that love-scene out overnight by a carelessness which editors like to ascribe to printers, and that the mice had got at it, and eaten all that he was not returning to the author. It was too evidently true; there were the ten or dozen pages, gnawed diagonally away from the upper right to the lower left hand corner, with many a tender word, many an endearing phrase, many a semiarticulate sigh or soft murmur bitten in two, and the whole so mangled that the page seemed still to bleed under the author's eye. If anything could have added to his sense of indignity it would have been the calm of the editor in asking him to restore the passages the mice had devoured. That editor, apparently, imagined that it would be an easy thing to reproduce a love-scene that the mice had eaten, but, in fact, it was very hard, and the author was never afterwards able to tell how he came through the ordeal. Only the withering consolation remained that no one noticed the difference between the first and second state of that love-scene; so

far as he knew, no one ever noticed that love-scene at all.

II

It may be so with the Easy Chair paper which the writer feels so ineffectually replaced, yet which the reader might think no better than the one before him. But will it ever be possible to renew the pristine growth from such stray roots as still linger in the fancy, to have again the fantastic flower, the bizarre coloring, the capricious form, whose charm may be enhanced by the fact of their loss, and yet not be as great a charm as the author supposes? It was one of those parasitic growths very common in literature, but with a quality of its own; the characterization of a great poet, but of as detached and wandering a breath as the sweet South, giving and taking odor. To the writer it seems now to have been one of those fortunate creations which when they have once left the consciousness seem as ultimately severed from it as if they came from any other consciousness. He as little as another seems capable of reclaiming it, of naturalizing it anew to his personality, and giving it forth again with the authentic signatures which stamp it as of his sole and peculiar origination. Here are the books of that great poet, in the beautiful new edition, the first entire version of him into the English that had longed for him hitherto, and it ought to be possible if not easy for the writer to coax again into the same atmosphere, the same orchid blossom, with the same weird dyes and antic shapes; and yet to the author it does not seem possible.

A certain fruit which it bore simultaneously with its buds and leaves, the fruit of experience and observation, it does seem possible to gather again in the air which the blossom haunts no longer. We can recall from that lamentable loss how we first and last insisted upon noting the large amount of drudgery which the very subtlest and finest and most capricious and fantastic of the poets had done alike in his years of joy and in his years of anguish. Out of the sixteen volumes of his prose, wonderful prose that has the mood and music of poetry, and sings and laughs and

sighs and capers as it goes, nigh half were made up of what from another hand must have been called hard work. For Heinrich Heine was not only the lyricist and humorist who wrote the "Travel Pictures," the "Florentine Nights," the "Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelwapski," "The Gods in Exile," "The Romantic School," and the "Germany," but he was also the journalist who from 1832 till 1848 wrote newspaper letters from Paris to the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, more frequently and then less frequently, but in the long time that elapsed between the first and last, covered the emotions, if not the events, of two revolutions, and swarmed with the great figures of that most significant epoch of French history. Then France was forever putting off the trammels of the royalist tradition, and was doing the high things in letters and the sciences and arts, of which Heine's newspaper correspondence remains perhaps the most valuable record, as certainly it is the most delightful.

Newspaper correspondence we call it, for it is not less than that, however much more; and here we remember that in commending his industry to those young poetic aspirants who would like to keep themselves in cotton until some high occasion, level with their genius, arrives to justify their emergence, we were careful to advise them to make the effect of their drudgery blossom and sparkle and glow as Heine did his till it seemed no effect of drudgery at all. We owned at the same time that not every aspirant was a Heine, and that this might be difficult, but our contention was still that the Soul-above-Buttons has not so much of the quality of the Over-Soul as it imagines. The Over-Soul, in creating the universe, employed all sorts of humble material which the Soul-above-Buttons despises, and peopled the worlds not only with surprisingly plain and ordinary forms of lower life, but with human beings whom mostly the Soul-above-Buttons would think commonplace. Perhaps the Soul-above-Buttons is higher than the Over-Soul; sometimes it really looks so, from a distance; but it is at least different, and is to be distinguished from it by the necessity it is often under of working for a living.

III

This was pretty nearly always Heine's necessity, and so he wrote not only those letters for the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and those criticisms of the French Salon, and those sketches and studies of Parisian life, which fill so many volumes, but he wrote his ballet-poem of "Faust" to order, for the manager of Drury Lane Theatre. Worse yet, he wrote his "Shakespeare's Maidens and Matrons" as the text to accompany the pictures of these heroines which a German publisher was getting out. It was a job, pure and simple, as near writing advertisements as might be, and some of the essays he scamped outrageously, but others he could not help doing divinely well, and as Shakespeare must have liked them done. Shakespeare himself was a notorious drudge, and when he left off holding horses before the playhouse, and began dramatist, was not ashamed of patching up and making over all sorts of other people's tragedies and comedy. Some of this work he scamped, as Heine scamped his in turn, but that he did it shows that he could drudge, if need were, and was not a Soul-above-Buttons.

Probably neither of them liked drudgery, but neither of them could quite escape it. As for Heine, as we were careful to make the reader observe in that lost essay, he is always a mocking-bird, of the gayest and saddest note in the world; but it must be allowed that he is much more a mocking-bird, when he is not doing duty as a carrier-pigeon for the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, but is wildly tuning and tumbling in airy heights and depths of his own choosing. Then it is that the late Charles Godfrey Leland, who hatched him from the German egg into English, where we have him at last entire, most put to it to keep pace with him, running along under his carolling, and laughing, and sobbing, and sometimes swearing text, and anxiously commenting it with excuses and explanations and reproaches, and sometimes condemnations outright, with such callings and cluckings to the spectator, as are wonderful in one whose own humor had been sufficiently attested, and whose version of his arch-humorist is really a great achievement. It is a thousand

pities that those commentaries are there, but they cannot now be helped, and the reader can only be advised to pass them by, and to do justice without them to the fact that the translator has rendered his original with a conscience which has spared no pains in comparing the French texts with the German texts in which Heine sometimes wrote the original simultaneously or alternately. The work done is one which a literary man of Leland's distinct talent might well be content to leave for his final work, though all would be sorry to have the Hans Breitmann Ballads forgotten in it.

The friendliest critic could not pretend that the version is of an even texture, and we did not say that it was so in the first sprightly running of our pleasure with it. Still less do we say so now, for in our sobered second thought we are sensible of certain heavinesses in it which cannot truly render Heine, and of certain attempted analogues in American and English parlance which are not quite responsive to the *argot* and the student slang of the French and German. No doubt the right rendering of Heine would be done, like that of some of the old English translations of the classics, "by various hands," each choosing some favorite poem, or essay, or tale, or caprice, and giving heart as well as hand to it. But we are not likely to have such a rendering, and in the mean time let us not be unreasonable, let us be grateful. If the present version is not always Heine, if it is not always better than the reader could make for himself, it is doubtless sometimes better. It is possible that if the reader will take it with him to the original, he will find himself interpreting Heine much better than he could without it. No one can examine it without seeing the fidelity and the painstaking fulness with which the original has been followed and reported; and there seems a special opportuneness in the appearance of the complete edition (we owe the American phase of it to that Croscup Company which last year gave us the admirably edited Richardson) now when Heine seems coming fully into his fame with a new generation, and finding himself at home with the most modern of it.

IV

Heine was one of those German ultimations of an English impulse noted enough in the case of the German romanticists who went so much farther and wider than their originals. As with the revival of English balladry there was breathed a new life into German song, which Heine himself richly shared, so with the rise of what may be called the aspiratory and interjectional school of highly poetized, highly personalized English prose (finding its opposite poles, with much the same climate at both, in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" and Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling"), there was transfused into the young German fittest to receive the vital current a fresh inspiration, a novel force, a charm unknown before. But Sterne's capricious, not to say coquettish pose, was quickly transformed in Heine, and what became Heine's mental attitude was no longer that of the English writer in whom he had glassed himself. He did not outwardly remain Sterne, who had such a fatal gift of belittling his rare powers to the effect of literary coxcombry, for inwardly he was not Sterne alone, but Voltaire also, and likewise Rabelais. He became the composite of all kindred talents which every highest talent is; but more and more his own strange and unique physiognomy shone through, till that became all, and the contributory expressions nothing in the spectator's sense. He was first of his type, and then he became himself; but once himself, he remained an influence and force destined to be felt wherever and whenever literary art feels the need of liberation. What Heine does for the reader, who is also a writer, is to help him find his own true nature; to teach him that form which is the farthest from formality; to reveal to him the secret of being himself. He cannot impart the grace, the beauty in which he abounds, but if his lover has either in him, Heine will discover it to him.

The delight of his instruction will be mainly æsthetic, but the final meaning of his life and work is deeply and sadly ethical. If ever in the heyday of his youth and health Heine thought himself something in the way of a Greek god, or a Greek worshipper of the Greek gods,

he came to know at last that he was a poor sick Jew, whose wonderful powers were as strictly limited by the laws of life and death as the foibles of any of his enemies, at whom he mocked so pitilessly.

He is indeed the arch-mocker, before whom Aretino and Voltaire must bow their heads; and he is not less cruelly a mocker because his mockery is as often for himself as for others. It is bewitching, that mockery, that self-mockery of his; but it is not one of the things that he profitably teaches. It involves everything, unfaith as well as faith, and is never more charming than when in his hours of anguish and solitude it smiles denial of the divinity which his philosophy had invited him to imagine that he partially embodied.

As is well known, he renounced that philosophy as he had renounced Judaism, and Christianity, and Protestantism, with occasional reversions to each and all; and he had no philosophy of art, or conduct, or politics that lasts, except freedom. To be free in everything, that was his ideal, and was no doubt the effect of being too often free in nothing. It is not a bad ideal in literary art, and what is best, what will be lasting in Heine, is his literature, his poetry, which is no more separable from his prose than from his verse. It is a pity that he misbehaved so much to so many people, including the whole population of Great Britain and all his fellow Germans. There were exceptions among the Germans to whom he behaved atrociously, infamously; and in more than one well-known instance he behaved filthily. Yet with all his offensiveness, he could be of an exquisite gentleness, purity, and tenderness. He was not a very good Jew, but he asserted nobly the dignity of Judaism; he was a doubtful Christian, but he felt to the heart the beautifulness of Christ; he was a poor pattern of Protestantism, yet he was as far from being a Catholic as from being a pagan or a Puritan. For all his sins he paid with sufferings of such rarely exemplified severity that they might well have persuaded him of a moral government of the world, if they were not mere accidents befalling him while worse sinners went free.

Editor's Study.

I

AT the noon of the year, in the ripe increment of August, the kingdom of plant life, whose luxuriant abundance is Nature's royal midsummer investiture, is making preparations for next year's spring-time—visibly to all eyes in the seeds infolded in the full bloom of the flower and in the fruit ripening to its fall, and invisibly in ways known only to the expert naturalist. Nature folds in as she folds out, regarding at one and the same time her rising and her falling, and when by and by she shall seem to be flying away in the very panic of divestiture, she shall really have safe escape and retirement in impenetrable armor, in her resurrection raiment.

So, while the Magazine is showing forth its midsummer festival, it is preparing for the reader's future entertainment halls and gardens of the Imagination which, it hopes, may surpass in beauty and interest any that have been opened to him hitherto, and, besides the inestimable treasures of fiction and poetry, those novel disclosures of science and nature, of travel and adventure, of life and of art, such as have been his study and delight in the preceding volumes, but which, it hopes, may have unprecedented excellence. This is not the proper season for definite announcement of the things to come upon which the Magazine bases its splendid hopes, and the express promise of which it may well forego, hiding the happy secret of its future treasures within the folds of its present bright holiday garment. But the editor is so in the habit, in these pages, of taking the reader into his confidence that, without indiscretion, he may venture to make at least one pleasant disclosure.

Only a few months ago an unpleasant necessity compelled him to announce a postponement, owing to the author's serious illness, of the serial publication of Miss Mary Johnston's new novel, "Sir Mortimer." It is now possible to say that the fortunes of the novel are safe, and that its serial publication will begin in the autumn. In this wonderful historical romance, of the days of the Span-

ish Armada, deepened by a pervading psychological interest, the author has not only entered upon a higher field of imaginative fiction than in her previous novels, but seems, if that were possible, to have transcended herself.

II

It is not great names—as measured by phenomenal sales—but the quality of the work that impresses readers, at least those readers whom the editor is addressing, and who rejoice with us, in the interests of literature, that the excellence of this quality is maintained. The new and unknown writer need not despair, since the laurels are to the best. If he, or she, can attain this best, our pages will welcome the work, be it long or short.

No young writer in whom the literary aspiration is a passion need, or really will, be cowed by the array of mighty and expert antagonists in the arena, whose names sound and resound so gloriously from the herald's trumpet, in full volume, re-enforced by past triumphs. Though a true and becoming modesty may well temper his ambition, it should in no degree suppress his ardent longing. These veterans, young aspirant, are indeed masters, but, as such, your exemplars. They also had their beginnings, hidden indeed, as used to be the sources of the Nile, "not permitted to be seen small," because they mastered their art before they exhibited as artists.

Let the modesty be sincere, but the waiting not too long. There is no royal road to the culture which makes for mastery in literature; but once fully in-breathing its spirit, the aspirant is well on the way of its discipline, and a good part of this discipline is in the open arena itself. The finer art of our best writers was not gained in the cloistral seclusion that gave it its first nurture and inspiration, or in the quiet comfort of past masters (if we may revert to the original meaning of the word "comfort"—"strength-giving"), but in the maturer stages of their published work.

The figure of the arena is a misleading one, save for the discipline of exercise.

There is really no competitive contest between writers, and those writers who look upon the field as one of conscious competition are not true literary artists. There may be competition between students in the acquisition of knowledge, but there is none in the growth culture. On the part of young writers there would seem to be more likelihood of imitation. Assimilation is indeed one of the earliest signs of genius, an essential factor in its nutrition. Genius will out, it is true, but in its first outing, if it be not altogether crude and dissociate, will betray the stamp of impressions made upon its sensibility by the work of other writers, past and present. It is thus only that the continuity of literary culture is maintained. How many of our best writers would frankly confess to their early imitations of the writers most admired by them! But this period is of short duration; assimilation passes from imitation to transformation, and each individual genius takes its own proper embodiment. In the literary as in the starry heaven there is no danger of collisions; every star has its own path. But the association of the writers of any time or of any given group is as important as the individuation of each. The literary heaven has its confluences of stars, its conspicuous drift of constellations, marking its galactic course from Job and Homer to Browning and Emerson. Our judgment of an author is unavoidably comparative with reference to the other stars in the constellation to which he belongs; his excellences and his limitations are thus better understood.

III

Considered as an illustration of poetic tradition in direct line from one generation to another, the poem entitled "Indian Summer," printed in this number and attributed to the joint authorship of Tertius and Henry Van Dyke, affords suggestions not entirely foreign to the theme we have been discussing; and there is a very pretty story of its composition.

The poem was sent to the editor by Dr. Van Dyke, with the request that the verses should be read before the accompanying comment. We have taken the same course with our readers, who, of course, have already read this beautiful

poem and are prepared for the story of its composite authorship, which we will give in the father's own words:

"Among some scraps that my boy (sixteen) had left by accident in his desk I found parts of lines 1 and 2, and the whole of lines 3-9. He had given the thing up. But it seemed to me so good that lines 10-18 came almost of themselves."

When we subject the poem to a close scrutiny we see evidences of the maturer author in the lines contributed by the father, as should be expected, but in those by the boy is given the whole visible picture, including the dominant image that prompts the more imaginative refrain in the concluding passage, and the unity of the poem is so perfect that but for the double signature no reader would suspect that it was not written by one person.

IV

In the last Study the editor laid stress upon the importance of a liberal culture for youth in our colleges, and deprecated the ever-increasing tendency to abridge that leisure for reading and reflection which is absolutely necessary to the best results. He had especially in view the interests of literature. But it is true that the greatest men in any field owe their eminence in good measure to a culture sufficiently liberal to have emancipated them from the limitations of a special training. The rank and file of educated men who become captains of industry, practical engineers, efficient organizers in the business world, gain their mastery of detail from their special training, and our universities are wise and beneficent in furnishing every possible facility for this kind of education; but the university fails of its highest purpose if the young man at the end of the course has not also gained something else—a general outlook upon the world of men and things, a habit of free movement above and beyond mere facts and processes to a co-ordination of the laws of nature and of the principles determining human action.

Every institution of learning, of whatever grade, should be liberalizing, guarding against the undue pressure of merely mercenary motives and against the vice of over-specialization, by which the men-

tal vision is narrowed and the spiritual sensibility atrophied. We want scientific men who are also philosophers, business men who know what constitutes statesmanship, artists whose souls are not buried under their technique, artisans who love the best things in life and literature.

For, it must be remembered, we depend upon our schools (and the word "school" in its Greek original means "leisure") not only for the influences that inspire writers, but also for those which quicken and deepen the sensibilities of readers. If the time ever comes in this American commonwealth when education shall mean only the equipment for material success and mastery, then our literature must languish, what is best in it lacking the support and encouragement of intelligent readers, and its worst elements nourished by the ignorant and indolent.

V

When a great man is honored by special commemoration, as Emerson has recently been, eulogy is apt to run to an extreme, and, by reaction, set up a counter-current of equally extreme depreciation. It was Emerson himself who said that Nature never stops short of excess in the attainment of her cherished aims—when she sets in motion her urgent forces she reinforces them; and this saying is, by the way, peculiarly characteristic of the man's mind—of that kind of philosophic contemplation which distinguished him as a "seer." The tendency toward fanatic adulation in what we call "hero-worship" is apparent also in estimates of great writers and thinkers, and begets the same reaction. In this way Emerson has probably been unduly depreciated by some critics in their effort to lay stress upon his limitations.

It is true that Emerson was not a philosopher in the sense that Hegel was; but, though he did not formulate any system of philosophy, he was certainly a philosophic thinker, and the cause of philosophic thinking in others. He considered types rather than particular structures, and it was on this account that the Ideas of Plato impressed him, and that Whitman's early poems gained his commendation. He was as one "out

of the body," and therefore his discourse had no physiology. Racy of his New England soil as his language always was, his imaginations were not thus rooted, but had some ethereal nourishment. His mind was an air-plant. In all ways he was a transcendentalist.

Without reference to the special occasion which has made him and his work themes for recent discussion, the consideration of his place among writers is an interesting study in comparative literary criticism. To some the comparison of Emerson with Carlyle seems first in order, but to us somehow De Quincey, the contemporary of both, suggests himself as the antipodal type, mentally and emotionally. De Quincey and Emerson had this in common—that they, in comparison with all other writers, were preeminently discursive. Neither had Carlyle's faculty for the organization of knowledge in historic or biographic form—no such dramatic imagination or drastic judgment. Nor had either the subtle humor which runs through all the speculative conceits of "Sartor Resartus"—the typical thinking in which comes nearer to Emerson's than does anything in De Quincey's writings. But it is in contradistinction to Emerson as an air-plant that De Quincey stands forth as an antipodal type; and especially as an interpreter of human life. Whatever his aerial flights, he always touches the earth, and he makes the heart beat responsive to his intimate appeal. There is the same contrast between Emerson and such writers as De Quincey and Jean Paul Richter as there is between Thoreau's nature-studies and those of Jefferies.

Emerson was not a profound scholar. Nor was he a profound analyst, perhaps because he had so much the poetic view of the world, in a telescopic field. He discourses upon Plato, but he never comprehended him as Walter Pater did. His view of the Christ was telescopic and clear in the dry air, never gently refracted by human tears into sympathy with common human needs.

But it is easy to say what Emerson was not, and our negations only intensify our appreciation of his positive excellences. His lofty and unique discourse remains the solace of age as it was and always will be the inspiration of youth.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Charm that Failed

BY OLIVER HERFORD



HE Hero of my tale
Was a serpent,—
don't turn
pale!

My snake was not
the "serpent"
of Theology
With an apple
up his sleeve
To tempt some
child of Eve,
Nor was he versed
in deadly Toxi-
cology.

No, his fangs were free from guile,
And he had a roomy smile.
There was no more harmless snake in all
Zoology.



But since no creature known
Is perfect, I will own
He had one failing—vanity, alas! innate.
He was also fond of sport,
Though not a cruel sort:
His aim was more to charm than to
assassinate.
He was often heard to say,
When feeling rather gay,
"I'd like to see the Bird I cannot fas-
cinate!"

*And one day
Some laughter-loving Fay
His boasting heard,
And sent a Bird.*



It was sitting, stuffed and stiff on
A thing of straw and chiffon,
Ribbands and lace and jet and such like
finery,
By a milliner begotten
And some careless maid forgotten,
In stuffed and lonely splendor in the
Vinery.

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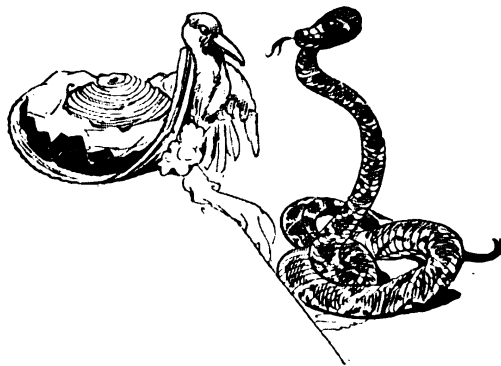
When with expectant eye
Mr. Serpent, by and by,
Strolled forth in search of game from
out the Pinery.

*And the Bird
Never stirred
Or said a word.*



"Aha!" said Mr. Snake,
"Unless I much mistake,
Here's a charming subject for a Trance
Hypnotic;
Soon I'll have her in my toils!"
And with mysterious coils
He advanced with air complacent and
despotic.
Then he rose up, and let fly
A glance from out his eye,
And watched for the effect of his nar-
cotic.





*And the Bird
Never stirred
Or said a word.*

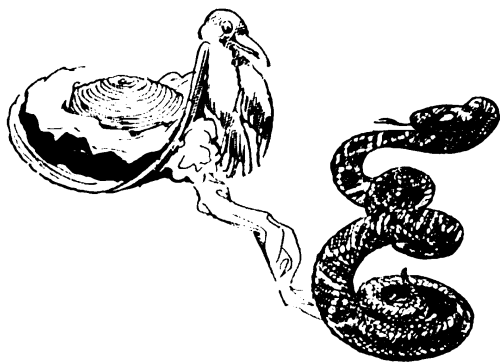


Said Mr. Snake, "My spell
Seems to work extremely well."
And straightway with Majestic Pride he
puffed,
But when an hour had pass'd,
And still the Bird stood fast,
I must confess he felt a trifle huff'd.
"There's something wrong," said he,
"With the Bird—or with me."
How should he know the wretched thing
was stuffed?—

*That Bird,
Who never stirred
Or said a word.*



Mr. Snake was sorely troubled,
And his efforts he redoubled,
And he balanced on the tip end of his
tail,
Swaying to and fro the while
Like a pendulum—a style
That hitherto he'd never known to fail.



But not a word she uttered,
And not a feather fluttered
As he plied his mystic Art without avail.

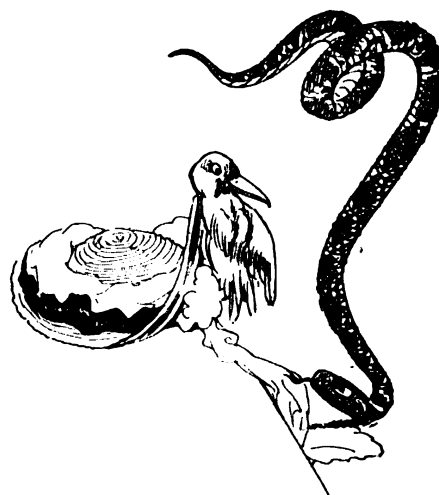


"Confound the bird!" he said,
And he stood upon his head
And waved his long mysterious tail in air,
And he focussed all the rays
Of his esoteric gaze
Into one cold and petrifying glare.
But the Deadly Glance fell wide;
He might as well have tried
To hypnotize a table or a chair—

*As that Bird,
Who never stirred
Or said a word.*



"That settles it!" he cried.
"I will not be defied!"

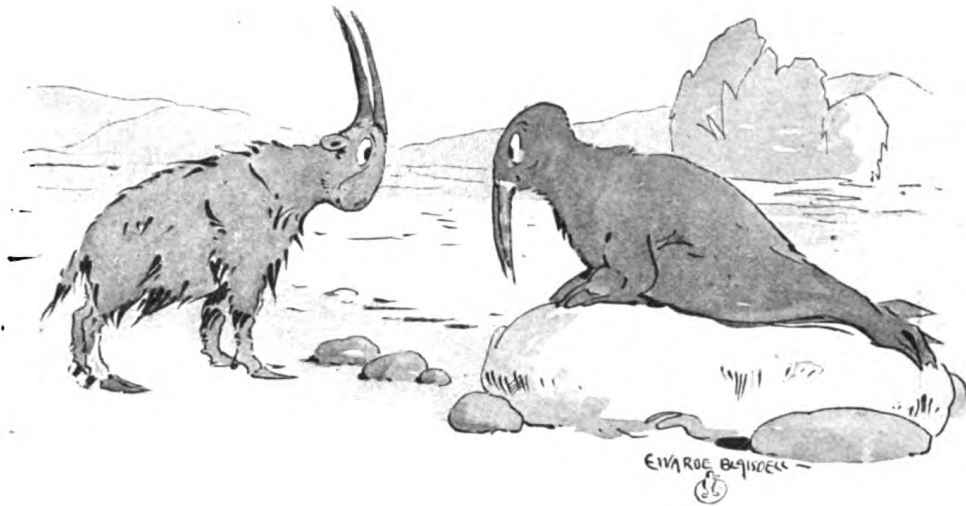


And he coiled himself to spring,—oh,
rash proceeding!
Like an arrow from a bow
He sprang—how should he know
The Doom to which he was so swiftly
speeding?



Next moment he lay dead,
With a Hat Pin through his head.
Whereat, with most commendable good-
breeding—

*The Bird
Never stirred
Or said a word.*



A Puzzling Question

GOAT. "Pardon me, old man, but which of us is upside down?"

The Crafty Cow

THERE was a Piper had a Cow,
And he had Naught to Give her,
So he pulled out his Pipes, and Played her
a Tune—
Consider, Cow, consider.

The Cow considered Very Well.
"You've done the best You're able,"
She said: "Now put my Halter on,
And lead me from the Stable.

"Take me to where the Health Board Sits,
That It may Certify
That You are You, and They are It,
And also I am I."

The Piper Did as he was Bid,
And When the Health Board Spied
A Decent Cow who had till Now
Gone on Uncertified—

It Waked and Wept
Where It had Slept.
And said, "We Certify
That you Are You,
And he Is he,
And also We are I."

From Then till Now
That Clever Cow,
Presuming on her Label,
Has made the Piper
Work the Pump,
And Loll'd about the Stable.

ROSALIE M. JONAS.

Considerate

SOME young business women and students,
who are living together, recently made
the discovery that their chaperon-house-
keeper was keeping herself too well informed
as to their letters and personal belongings,
One of the girls decided to put a stop to this,
so over the ribbons and handkerchiefs in the
top drawer of her dressing-table she put this
sign in huge letters:

*The things I prefer you should not see are
in my trunk. The key is in my pocket.*

The girl told her mother about it when
she went out of town for her Sunday at
home, but, to her surprise, the mother re-
proved her severely, saying, "Mabel, you
would not have Mrs. — see that sign,
would you?"

"No, mother," replied the girl, stoutly.
"I should not think of hurting the good wo-
man's feelings. I would not have her see
that sign for worlds—that's why I put it
in my private drawer!" E. S.

A Logical Conclusion

LITTLE Harry went to school last Mon-
day for the first time. On his return he
informed his mother, with great impressiveness:
"Mamma, that teacher has a cinch.
She writes 'cat' *once* on the blackboard,
and us boys writes it twenty times in our
books." H. L.

Her First Call on the Butcher

A MONOLOGUE

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

She enters, shakes skirt free of sawdust, and wrinkles nose in disgust. She moves uncertainly, finally points at one man.

YOU, if you please. Good morning. I want to look at something for dinner. . . . Oh, I don't know what I want—just show me what you have. . . . Of course I can't tell what I want till I see what you have, and even then it's very hard. . . . Yes, just us two. . . . Well, the platter we use ordinarily for dinner—I don't use the best set for every day, but this one is really very pretty, white with little pink roses— Well, it's about so long and so wide, and I would like something to fill it nicely. . . . I can't think of one thing. What are these? . . . Chops? Well, I never saw chops growing in bunches before. . . . I don't care,—when I was at home we often had chops, but they weren't like that, but sort of one and one, with little bits of parsley around them. . . . You cut them up? Oh—oh—oh— I suppose different butchers have different ways. . . .

I don't think I care for that kind of chops, anyway—I mean those with the little tails. I like the ones with the long



At the area gate talking to a man

thin bones. . . . French chops? Oh no, they weren't imported—oh no, because the cook used to go out any time and get them. . . . Oh—oh—oh—you do? . . . They are? . . . I see. . . . I'll take some. . . . How many?—oh—I—er— Why, about as many as you usually sell. . . . Well, let me see—Mr. Dodd generally eats about a dozen oysters at a time—I don't mean all at once, you know—so for both of us I think about two dozen. . . . Oh, I can send for more if that isn't enough.

You are quite sure you have the best—best—description of chops? . . . Well, you see, our cook, Lillian,—such an odd name for an Irish cook—I mean our cook at home before I was married,—she wanted me to employ the same butcher we had then, but as I told mamma then, I thought it was more a matter of sentiment with Lillian than meat! She was the most disobliging girl except when it came to buying chops, and she was always only too ready to run out after them. One afternoon I was just going up the steps—I had been to a tea. I think—anyway, I know I'd had an awfully stupid time. Well, there was Lillian at the area gate talking to a man who had "chops" written all over him. So when



I never saw chops growing in bunches

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Lillian said— [Turns.] I'm in great haste myself, madam. [To butcher.] You will kindly finish waiting on me before you attend to any one else. Where did I leave off? Oh yes. He was a little, thick-set man with black curly hair and mustache. Do you know him? . . . Oh, I thought probably all butchers knew each other. . . .

I would like to look at some chickens, please. . . . Why, it hasn't any feathers! . . . It did? . . . You have? . . . It was? . . . Oh—oh—oh. I don't like the color—it seems very yellow. . . . Because it's fat? Well, I don't want a fat chicken—neither Mr. Dodd nor myself eats a bit of fat. . . . Oh—oh—oh. I can't help it—I don't like the color of that chicken—you'll pardon my saying so, but it does look very bilious. Why, what are you breaking its bones for? I wouldn't take it now under any circumstances. . . . Perhaps, but Mr. Dodd wouldn't like me to buy a damaged chicken. There, I like those chickens hanging up. . . . No, no, not that one—further along—no—yes, yes, that's it—the blue-looking one with the large face. . . . I don't care, I like its looks much better than the other one. Now, let me see—there was something I wanted to tell you about that chicken—wait a minute—I'll have it directly—I've been taking a course of memory lessons. M—m—m—something about a boat—a tiller, a centreboard, a sheet, a sail, a mainsail—that's almost it—a ji—ji—a jib—that's it—giblets! Be sure to send the giblets.

Where's my list? I thought I put it in



Why, it hasn't any feathers!



Please send the things early

my bag, but— No, I can't find it. Isn't that exasperating! I remember making it out, and then I laid a little sample of white silk with a black figure in it on the desk—yes, I remember perfectly. Oh yes, and then the sample or the list—you see, the sample with the thin black figure really looked like the list. Well, one or the other must have fallen on the floor, for I remember, too, my little dog chewing something as I came out—yes, that must have been it. . . . It really doesn't matter specially.

Mr. Dodd says always have plenty of beef, so you might send a few steaks. . . . What? Porter-house or sirloin? I—er—I don't think we care for any of those fancy ones—just some plain steaks will do.

Now please send the things very early this morning, because we dine at seven, and Mr. Dodd doesn't like to wait. . . . Yes, that's all, I think—that's all— Why, the idea—it's Friday, and our girl doesn't eat a bit of meat on Friday—you will have to take all of those things back. Just send around a few nice fishes, and be sure and send their giblets! Good morning.

Her Reason

POLLY'S godmother gave her a Bible when she was eight years old, and one day Polly's mother found her reading some passages in the Old Testament which were full of "hell fire" and "the wrath of God" and other appalling things. The child looked up thoughtfully as her mother entered the room, and said, "Mamma, I have always had such a very pleasant impression of God that I think I shall not read the Bible any more, if you don't mind."

E. SHACKELFORD.



THE TURTLE. "Which is it; head or tails?"



THE MONKEY. "I'll take tails."



THE TURTLE. "You lose."

Goin' Barefoot

IT'S more fun goin' barefoot than anythin' I know.
There ain't a single nother thing that helps yer feelin's so.
Some days I stay in Muvver's room a gettin' in her way;
An' when I've bothered her so much she sez,
"Oh, run an' play!"
I say, "Kin I go barefoot?" En she says,
"If y' choose"—
Nen I alwuz wanter holler when I'm pullin' off my shoes!

It's fun a-goin' barefoot when yer playin' any game,—
'Cause robbers would be noisy an' Indians awful tame
Unless they had their shoes off when they crep' up in th' night,
An' folks can't know they're comin' till they get right close in sight!
An' I'm surely goin' barefoot every day when I get old,
An' haven't got a nurse to say I'll catch my death o' cold!

An' if yer goin' barefoot, yer want t' go outdoors.
Y' can't stretch out an' dig yer heels in stupid hard-wood floors
Like you kin dig 'em in th' dirt! An' where th' long grass grows,
The blades feel kinder tickley and cool between yer toes.
So when I'm pullin' off my shoes I'm mighty 'fraid I'll cough,—
'Cause then I know Ma'd stop me 'fore I got my stockin's off!

If y' often go round barefoot there's lots o' things to know,—
Of how t' curl yer feet on stones so they won't hurt y' so,—
An' when th' grass is stickley an' pricks y' at a touch,
Jes plunk yer feet down solid an' it don't hurt half so much.
I lose my hat mos' every day. I wish I did my shoes,—
Er else I wisht I was so poor I hadn't none to lose!

BURGES JOHNSON.

He found the Combination

FRANK had just passed through the throes of his first composition, and the result was something like this: "My dog has two eyes. My dog has four legs. My dog has a tail." His teacher said: "Frank, you should combine all those facts about your dog into one sentence," and forthwith gave him "The Horse" as the subject for his next essay.

The following day Frank entered the school-room with an air of conscious triumph, and hailed the teacher in a voice shrill with exultation: "Miss Mary, I've combined!" And he had, for this, is what she read: "My horse has a fine disposition, a long tail, and a young colt."

The Humming-Bird and the Rose

CALL me, rose, oh, call me to thee;
 Vain my search, and I would woo thee.
 Rose, my eager lips are parching
 As the cruel sun goes marching—
 Marching home, my rose!
 Tell me, wherefore art thou hiding,
 Oh, my red, red rose?
 Tell me quickly whither biding
 Ere thy petals close.

Ah, my rose, I spy thee under
 As I brush the vines asunder!
 All the morn the moments counting
 While the glowing sun was mounting—
 Now thou'rt mine, my rose!
 There is promise in thy blushing,
 Oh, my red, red rose;
 All thy sweetness will be gushing
 When the noon sun glows!

Still this nectar I am drinking,
 Though the weary sun is sinking!
 Yet another drop is hidden
 Where my searching lips are bidden—
 All is mine, my rose!
 Sated now, I hear her calling—
 Oh, my pale, pale rose!
 Wherefore are thy petals falling
 Ere the night wind blows?

Now the night wind blows
 Whence the dead sun lies;
 And my own red rose—
 Oh, my sweet, sweet rose—
 Droops and fades and dies.
 CURTIS DUNHAM.

Reading Enough

A TRAVELLER who not long since was journeying on horseback through a thinly settled section of one of our Western States was stopped one day by an old farmer who showed his interest in the newcomer by asking many questions.

After relating much about the Spanish war and other happenings of even less recent occurrence, of which his questioner had heard nothing until then, the stranger asked the countryman why he did not take a weekly newspaper and so keep himself informed.

"Wal," answered the farmer, "when pa died he left me a stack o' papers that high" (lowering his hand to a position just above his knee), "and I ain't got half through th' pile yet, so what's th' use gettin' more?"

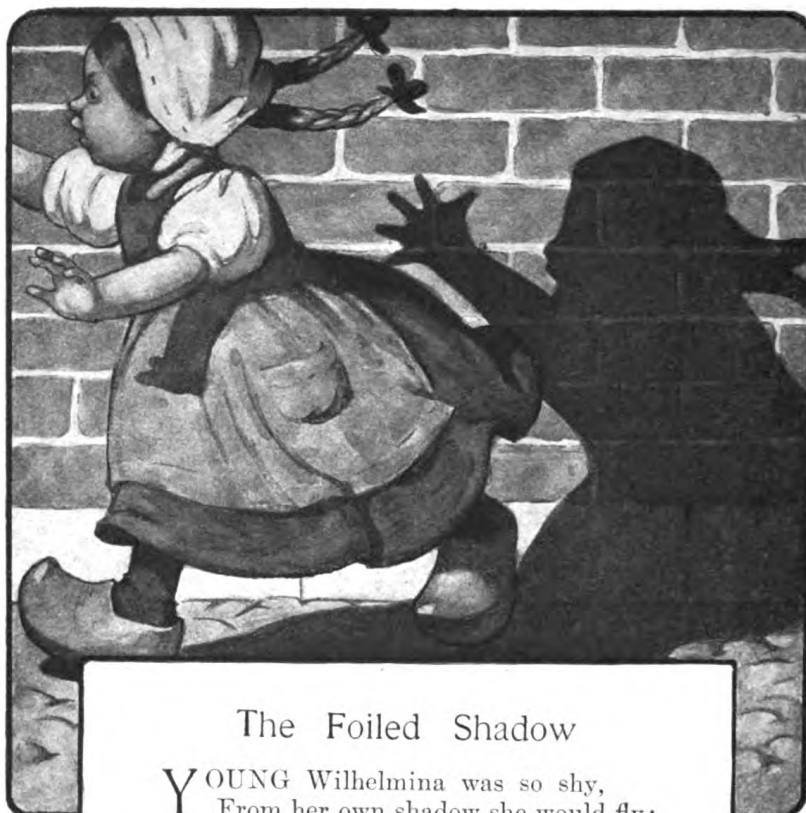
C. H. B.



In Childhood's Happy Hour

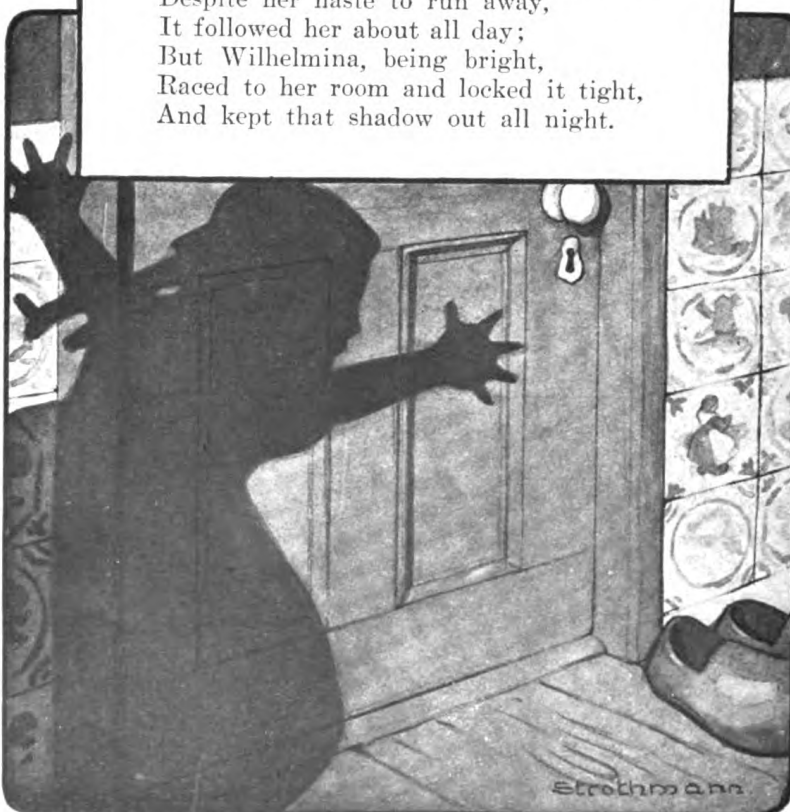
*I love it when ye folks begin
 To give us our new medicine,
 I've tasted lots o' things 'at's worse.*

*I'm oldest, so vey feed me first;
 An' when it comes their turns, ven I
 Just yell an' dance an' make 'em cry.*
 B. J.



The Foiled Shadow

YOUNG Wilhelmina was so shy,
From her own shadow she would fly;
Despite her haste to run away,
It followed her about all day;
But Wilhelmina, being bright,
Raced to her room and locked it tight,
And kept that shadow out all night.



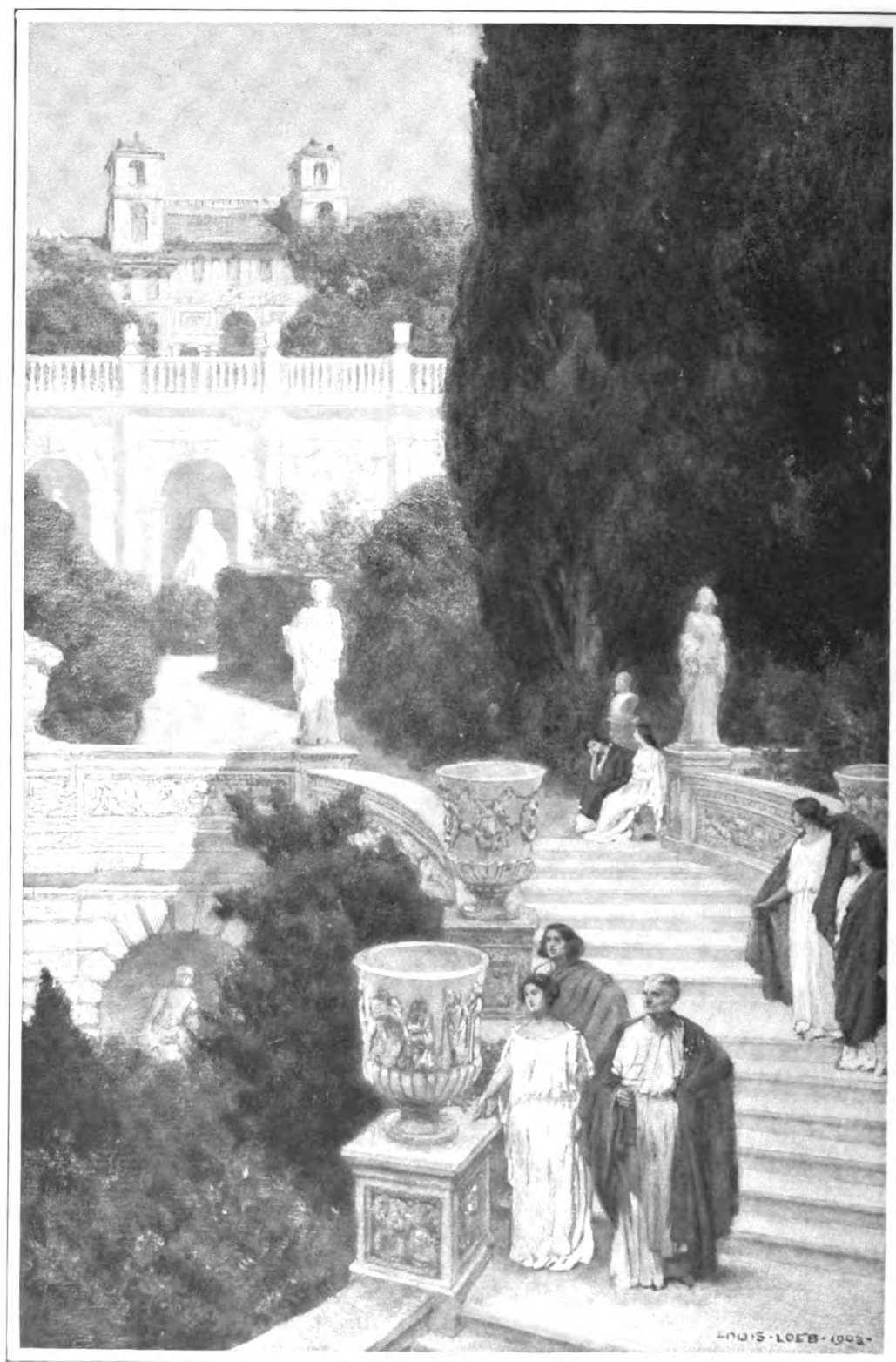


Illustration for "Italian Fantasies"

SALPION'S VASE

"Adorning the Country-seat of some noble Roman"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Note

BY MARGARET DELAND

I
OF course everybody in Old Chester knew that there was something queer about Mary Gordon's marriage. Not the mere fact of the man, queer as he was;—for, to Old Chester's ideas, he was very queer. . . . A "traveling-man," to begin with—and the Gordons had a line of scholars and professional men behind them; a drummer, if you please! In theory Old Chester was religiously democratized; it plumed itself upon its Christian humility, and every Sunday it publicly acknowledged that Old Chesterians were like the rest of humanity to the extent of being miserable sinners. But, all the same, that Mary Gordon should marry a "person" of that sort—

"Dear me!" said Old Chester.

However, travelling-men may be worthy; they need not, necessarily, use perfumery, or put pomade upon their shiny, curly black hair. But Mr. Algeron Keen was obviously not worthy; and he was saturated with perfumery, and his black curly hair was sleek with oil. Furthermore, he was very handsome: his lips were weak, and pouting, and red; his eyes liquid and beautiful; his plump cheeks slightly pink. One may believe that such physical characteristics do not imply moral qualities; but only youth has such a belief. When one has lived a little while in the world, one comes to know that a human soul prisoned in such pretty flesh is piteously hampered.

Yet Mary Gordon, meeting this poor creature by chance, fell deeply in love with him. Of course such falling in love was queer; it was inexplicable; for Mary was a nice girl—not, of course, of the calibre of some Old Chester girls; she had not the mind of Alice Gray, nor the conscience of Sally Smith; but she was a quiet, biddable, good child—at least so far as anybody knew. But nobody knew much about her. In the first place, the Gordons lived just far enough out of Old Chester to miss its neighborliness. Mary was not often seen in town, and in her own home her brother Alex's loud personality crushed her into a colorless silence. Her father did not crush her; he merely did not notice her; but he was fond of her,—at least he had the habit of indifferent affection. She always came into the library to say good night to him; and he, sitting by the fire in a big winged chair, a purple silk handkerchief spread over his white locks to keep off possible draughts, would turn his cheek up to her, mechanically; but the soft touch of her lips never made him lift his eyes from his book. She never kissed Alex good night; she was openly afraid of him. Alex was rude to her, and made her wait on him, throwing her a curt "Thank you" once in a while, generally coupled with some sarcastic reference to her slowness or stupidity—for indeed the child was both slow and stupid. Perhaps, had she been loved—but no one can tell, now, how that would have been. At any rate, there

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was a pathetic explanation of loneliness to account for the fact that she was drawn to this Algernon Keen, who had nothing to recommend him except a cheap and easy kindness, that cost him no effort and was bestowed on everybody.

Of course the two men, her father and brother, refused to consider Keen as Mary's suitor at all. Alex nearly had a fit over it; in his rage and mortification he took all Old Chester into his confidence. He went to the Tavern—this was the day after Mary had, trembling and crying, told her little love-affair to her father and begged his consent,—Alex went to the Tavern and ordered the snickering, perfumed youth out of town.

"Well, I guess not," said Algy. "This town doesn't belong to you, does it?"

Alex stammered with passion: "If—if you dare to address Miss Gordon again, I'll—I'll—I'll horsewhip you," he said, his pale eyes bulging from his crimsoning face.

"I guess Mary has a right to let me talk to her if she wants to; this is a free country!" the other blustered. And Alex, loudly, on the Tavern steps, cursed him for a skunk, a— Well, Old Chester was never able to quote Alex. He came to his senses after this dreadful exhibition of himself, and was horribly mortified. But post-mortification cannot undo the deed, and before night everybody in Old Chester knew that Mary Gordon had fallen in love with—"the person who brings samples to Tommy Dove's apothecary shop!"

Old Chester was truly sorry for Mary. "For," as Mrs. Barkley said, "love's love, whether it's suitable or not; and Mary has such a lonely life, poor child! Well, it will take time for her to get over it."

It seemed to take a good deal of time. That winter she grew pale and was often ill. The poor little thing seemed to creep into her shell to brood over her blighted hopes. Once she was downright sick for a week, and Mr. Gordon sent for William King. Willy said at first that Mary had something on her mind (which certainly Mary's family did not need to be told).

"I believe she's thinking about that scoundrel yet!" said Alex. "But she has just got to understand that we'll never allow it, Willy. You may as well make

that clear to her;—and let her get over her moping!"

William King looked thoughtful, and said he would call again.

However, any of us Old Chester girls could have enlightened the doctor: "Mary was pining away for her lover"; that was all there was to it. But the lover never appeared, being engaged in offering samples of pomade and perfumery to apothecary stores in other regions. And then, suddenly, the queer thing happened. . . .

The morning paper announced: "Married—by Dr. Lavendar, Mary Gordon to Algernon Keen";—and the date, which was the night before.

"What!" said Old Chester at the breakfast table. And gaped out of its windows to see Mary—crying very much—get into the stage, not at her father's house, but at the Tavern door, if you please!—and drive away with the Person. What did it mean? "Was Alex at home? Did he consent?" demanded Old Chester—for Alex had been away from home for a week. By noon it was decided that Alex had consented. For it came out that he had returned to Old Chester the previous afternoon; and with him, shrinking into the corner of the stage, was Mr. Algy Keen.

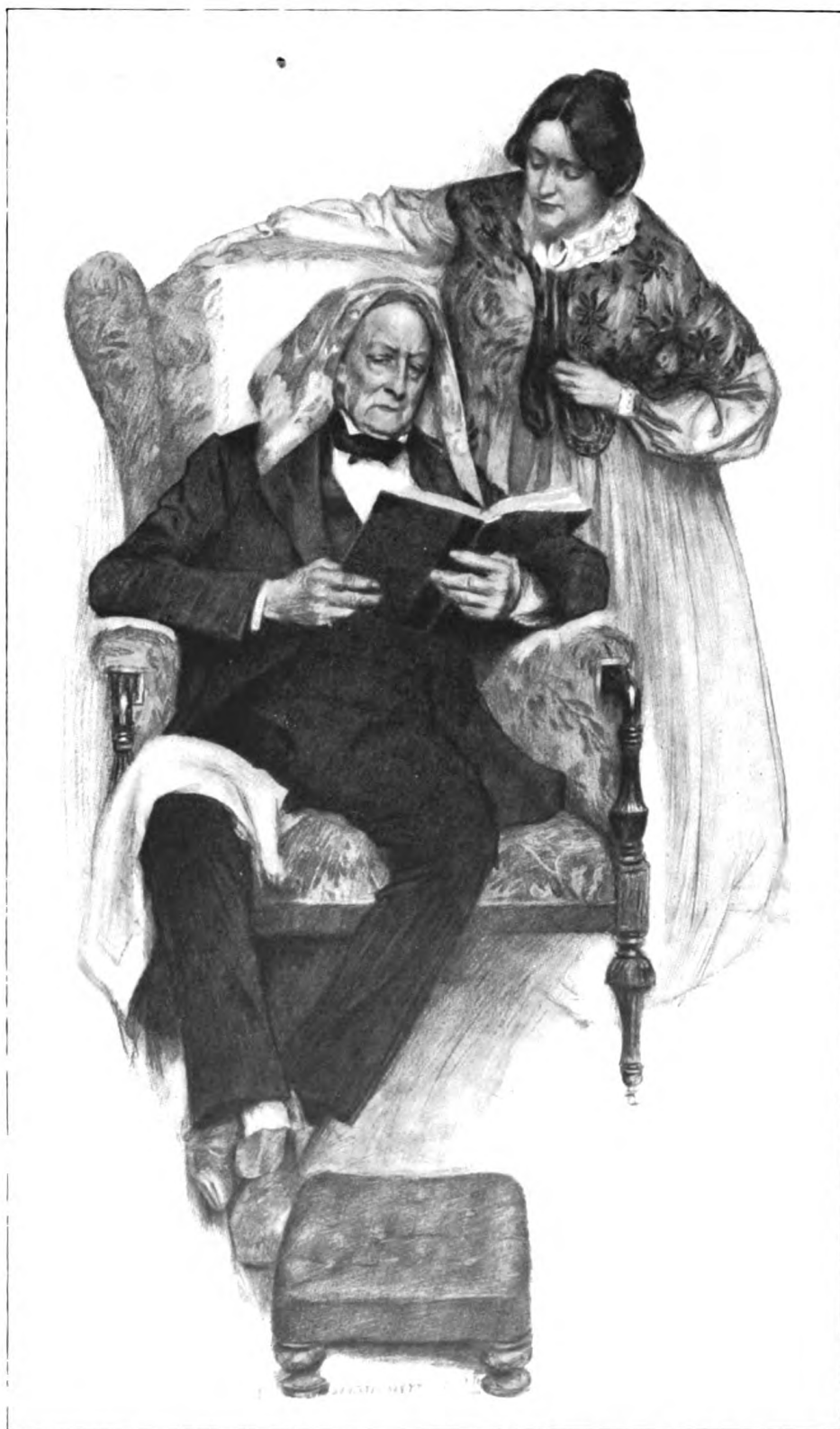
"Get out," Alex said to him when the stage drew up at the Gordon house. The man got out, shambling and stumbling, with a furtive look over his shoulder,—for Alex Gordon walked behind him to the front door, his right hand gripped upon his walking-stick, his left clenched at his side.

"He kep' just behind the feller," the stage-driver told Van Horn at the Tavern afterwards,— "just behind him, like as if he was afraid the feller'd run away from him. But the feller, he stopped, right at the steps, and he turned around, and he says, 'Mind you,' he says (mad as a hatter!)—'mind you,' he says, 'I'm not *brought*; I've *come*,'—whatever that means," the stage-driver ruminated.

So much Old Chester knew the day after Mary Gordon's wedding. And it naturally sought to know a little more.

"I suppose her father feels it very much?" ventured Mrs. Barkley to Dr. Lavendar.

"Any man feels the marriage of his only girl," said Dr. Lavendar, briefly.



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

SHE ALWAYS CAME TO SAY GOOD NIGHT TO HIM

And Mrs. Barkley held her tongue. But Mrs. Drayton, who was just then anxious about her soul and found it necessary to consult Dr. Lavendar as to the unpardonable sin—Mrs. Drayton was not so easily squelched. “My Jean says that the Gordon’s Rachel told her that Alex brought the man into the house by the ear; and then sent her for you, running, and—”

“She didn’t bring me into the house by the ear,” said Dr. Lavendar.

“But why, do you suppose, was it all so sudden?” said Mrs. Drayton; “it almost looks—”

“How do you know it was sudden?” said Dr. Lavendar.

“Well, my Jean said—”

“It may have been sudden to Jean,” said the old man; “possibly Mary had not taken Jean into her confidence. Some folks don’t confide in servants, you know.”

But Mrs. Drayton was proof against so delicate a thrust. “Well, I only hope she won’t repent at her leisure;—if there’s nothing but haste to repent of! If there’s anything else—”

“I’ll say good-day, Mrs. Drayton,” interrupted Dr. Lavendar;—“and as for your question about the unpardonable sin, ma’am, why, just be ready to forgive other folks, and you needn’t be afraid of the unpardonable sin for yourself.”

He took his hat and stick and went thumping down-stairs. In the hall he met William King going up to see the invalid, and said, with a gasp, “Willy, my boy, a good honest murderer is easier to deal with than some milder kinds of wrong-doing!”

“Dr. Lavendar,” said William, “I’d rather have a patient with smallpox than treat some lighter ills that I could name!”

As for Mrs. Drayton, she told her daughter that Dr. Lavendar was very unspiritual, and did not understand the distress of a sensitive temperament. “Even the slightest error fills me with remorse,” said Mrs. Drayton. “Dear me, I should think Mary Gordon would know what remorse is—for of course there is only one thing to think.”

II

Old Chester thought the one thing. No evasions of Dr. Lavendar’s, no miserable

silence on the part of the disgraced father and the infuriated brother, could banish that one thought. But nothing definite was known. “Although,” as everybody said to everybody else, “of course Dr. Lavendar knows the whole thing, and probably Willy King does too.” If they did, they kept their knowledge to themselves. But Dr. Lavendar went often to the Gordon house that winter. “They’re pretty lonely, those two men,” he told Willy once,—perhaps six months afterwards.

“Would either of them have softened if the baby had lived, do you think, sir?” William said. And Dr. Lavendar shook his head.

“Perhaps her father might. But Alex will never forgive her, I’m afraid.”

And Alex never did forgive her—not even when she died, as, happily, she did six or seven years later. She died; and life closed over the miserable little tragedy as water closes, rippling, over some poor broken thing flung into its depths.

“*Thank God!*” Alex said, when he heard she was gone.

“You may thank God for her,” Dr. Lavendar said, turning upon him, sternly, “but ask mercy for yourself because this door of opportunity is shut upon you forever!”

Dr. Lavendar had brought them the news. They did not ask how it had come to him; it was enough to hear it. The two men, Mary’s father and brother, listened while he told them, briefly: “She died yesterday. The funeral will be to-morrow, at twelve.”

“*Thank God!*” Alex said, hoarsely, and lifted his hand and cursed the man who had dishonored them.

And Dr. Lavendar turned upon him in solemn anger. “Your opportunity is gone—so far as she is concerned. There yet remains, however, the poor foolish sinner whom she loved—”

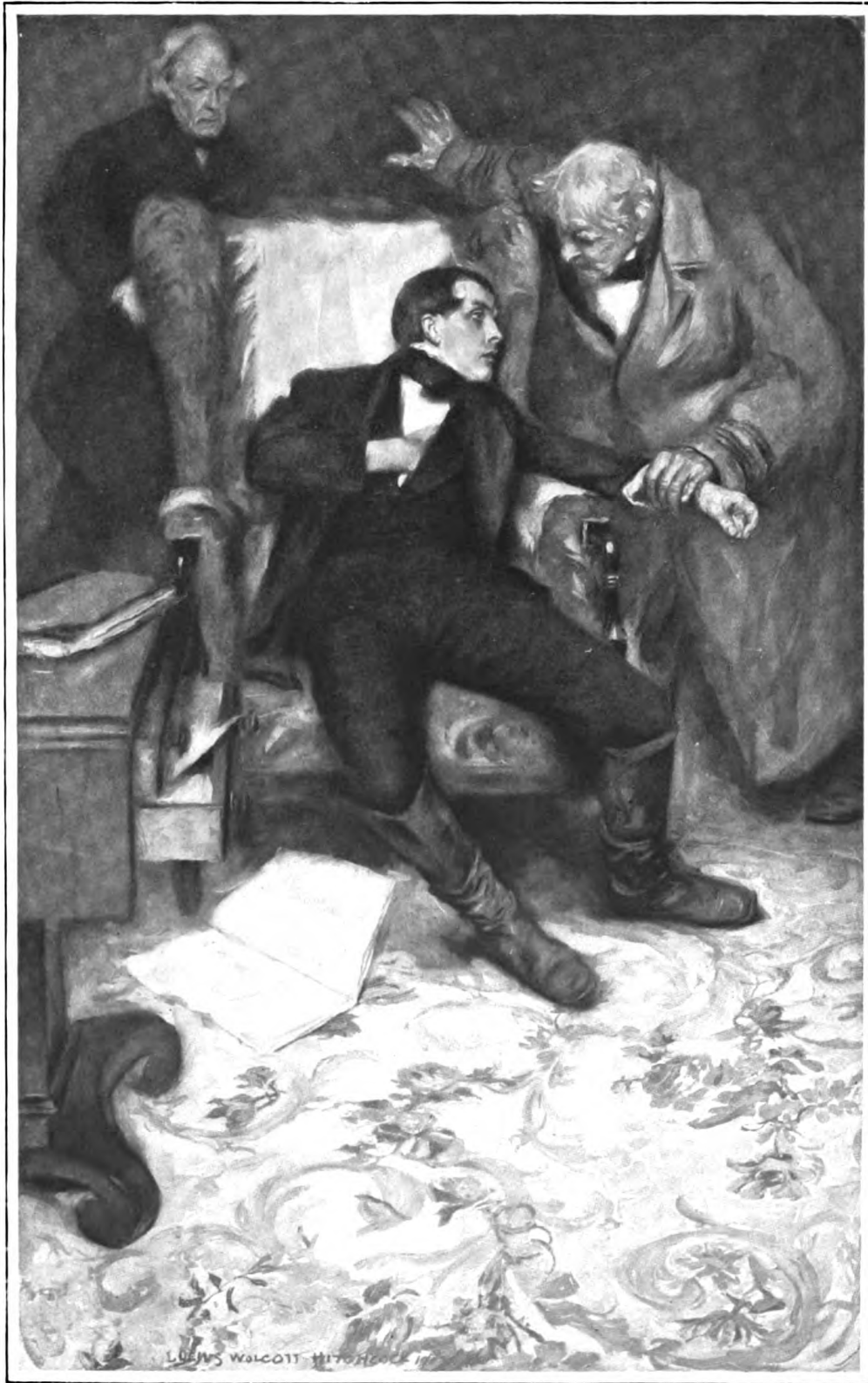
“Damn him!” said Alex.

“—and who loved her.”

Old Mr. Gordon dropped his face in his hands and groaned.

“Who loved her,” Dr. Lavendar repeated. “For that, at least, he cannot be indifferent to us, whatever he has made us suffer.”

Neither of his listeners spoke. It was growing dark in the long room, walled



Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

ALEX LURCHED INTO A CHAIR

to the ceiling with books, and lighted only by a fire sputtering in the grate. Mr. Gordon, sitting in his big winged chair, close to the hearth, said, after a long pause: "You said—to-morrow, Edward? Where?"

"In Mercer. I shall go up on the morning stage."

Again the silence fell. Alex got up and walked to the window and looked out. "Why didn't you bring Danny in, Dr. Lavendar?" he said, carelessly; "the little brute will freeze out there in your buggy. I'll call him in." He turned to leave the room, and then stopped.

"Alexander, *sit down!*" said Dr. Lavendar.

Alex sat down, with involuntary quickness; then he threw his legs out in front of him, and thrust his hands down into his pockets. "Dr. Lavendar, this is our affair. I'm obliged to you for your kind intentions, but this is our affair. You've told your news,—and we have listened respectfully; if I should say gladly, you might be shocked. So I only say respectfully. But you have spoken; we have listened. That is all there is to it. The thing is finished. The book is closed. I say, *Thank God!* I don't know what my father says. But that's neither here nor there. The book is closed, and we will never think of it again."

"Alex, you will probably never think of anything else," Dr. Lavendar said, half pitifully; and then sternly, again: "I can't make you accept the opportunity that still is open to you;—but I will point it out to you: Come up to Mercer to-morrow with your father and me."

"Mercer!" the younger man cried out furiously; "you mean to see her buried? To dance on her grave, and pull the man out and spit in his face and—" He stopped, his face suddenly purpling, his light eyes staring and rolling; then he stumbled, and jerked himself together, and lurched forward into a chair, breathing loudly. The two old men, trembling with horror, ran to him. "Oh, Edward," John Gordon said,—“oh, Edward, why did you rouse him? He can't speak of it, he can't think of it! Alex—there!—we'll say no more about it."

Alex stared at them with glassy eyes, in silence; his father kept bemoaning himself and imploring his old friend to

say no more. "You won't speak of it again, Edward? He goes out of his head with rage. Promise me not to speak of it any more."

"No, John; no," Dr. Lavendar said, sadly;—and as Alex's eyes cleared into bewildered consciousness, the old minister stood a little aside while the father helped the son to his feet and led him away. When he came back, shuffling feebly down the long, darkening room, Dr. Lavendar was still sitting by the fire. "He's quiet now; I—I think he's ashamed. I hope so. But he won't come out of his room."

Dr. Lavendar nodded.

John Gordon spread his purple handkerchief over his white locks, with shaking hands, and then sat down, tumbling back in his chair in a forlorn heap. "Edward," he said, feebly, "tell me about it. It was on Thursday? Had she been sick long?" Then, in a low voice, "She—she didn't lack for comforts?"

"No; I think not. The man was as tender with her as—as you might have been. She was sick—I mean abed—two weeks. She had been ailing for a long time; you remember I spoke to you about it about a month ago. And again last week."

"You—saw her?"

"Yes."

"More than once?"

"Oh, many times," Dr. Lavendar said, simply; "many times, of course."

John Gordon put out his hand; Dr. Lavendar shook it silently. Then suddenly the old man broke out, in weak complaining anger: "He wouldn't let me write to her. I would have sent her some money. He wouldn't hear of it. He was awful, Edward. I—I didn't dare."

Dr. Lavendar was silent. It had grown so dark that he could not see the father's face, until, behind the leafless trees at the foot of the garden, a sudden smouldering glow of sunset broke across the gloom of the room, and touched the purple cowl, and the veined hands covering the aged face. Dr. Lavendar sighed.

"What can I do, Edward? I can't go to-morrow; you see I can't."

"Yes, you can, John."

"He would die! he'd have another attack. His heart is bad, Edward."

"Oh, I'm afraid it is, I'm afraid it is! But, John, you do your duty."

Never mind Alex's heart. That isn't your affair."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly go—not possibly," the father protested, nervously.

The red glow died out. The room grew dusk, and then dark. Mr. Gordon got up and reached to the mantel-shelf for a spill. "Mary used to make the spills for me," he said, vaguely. "Now our Rachel does it, and she doesn't half bend the end over." He lighted the spill, the little flame flickering up on his poor old face peering out from under his purple handkerchief. "Oh, Alex ought not to be so hard. I would go with you tomorrow, Edward, but I can't, you know. I can't!" Then with a shaking hand he took off the ground-glass globe and lighted the tall lamp that stood among a litter of papers on the library table. "You see how it is, Edward, don't you? I can't possibly go."

"You will be sorry if you don't, John."

"I'll be sorry anyhow," he burst out. "I'm always sorry. I've been sorry all my life. My children are my sorrow!"

III

Algy Keen, his face swollen with crying, his black hair limp and uncurled, sat on the edge of the bed in the back room of a dingy Mercer lodging-house. The windows had been left open after Mary had been taken away, so that the room was still cold; and there were two chairs facing each other,—a certain distance apart. The room was in dreary order, and there was the scent of flowers in the chill air. The bed was tumbled, for the forlorn man had dropped down upon it to rest. But he was too tired to rest, and was sitting up again, dangling his stockinged feet on the shabby carpet and talking to Dr. Lavendar. He snuffed, and his poor weak lips shook, and he rubbed the back of his trembling hand across his nose. Algy had had broken nights for a fortnight, and the last three days and nights of Mary's life he had almost no sleep at all; these two days when she lay dead in their bare room he had slept and wept, and slept again; and now, when he and Dr. Lavendar had come back from the funeral, he sat on the edge of the bed and whimpered with weakness and grief.

"Well, sir, she was a good girl," he

said. "I don't care what anybody says. She was a good girl. I ain't saying that things was just right to begin with. But that wasn't Mary's fault. No; she was a good girl. And her folks treated her bad. They'd always treated her mean bad. My goodness!—if they'd 'a' let me come to see her, respectable, as you would any of your lady friends, 'stead of skulkin' 'round— . . . *I can't stand the smell of those flowers!*" he broke out, in a high crying voice; "I left them all out there at the cemetery, and I smell them here, I smell them here!" he moaned, trembling.

"I like to smell them," Dr. Lavendar said. "They mean the old friendship for Mary. Mrs. King sent them. She's our doctor's wife in Old Chester. She always liked Mary."

"I don't see how she could help it," Algy said, his face crumpling with tears. "Well, she was a good girl. And she was a good wife, sir, too. I tell you, you never saw a better wife! I used to come home tired, and there'd be my slippers out for me. Yes, sir; she never missed it! And she was always pleasant, too; you mayn't call just being pleasant religion, but I—"

"I do," Dr. Lavendar interposed.

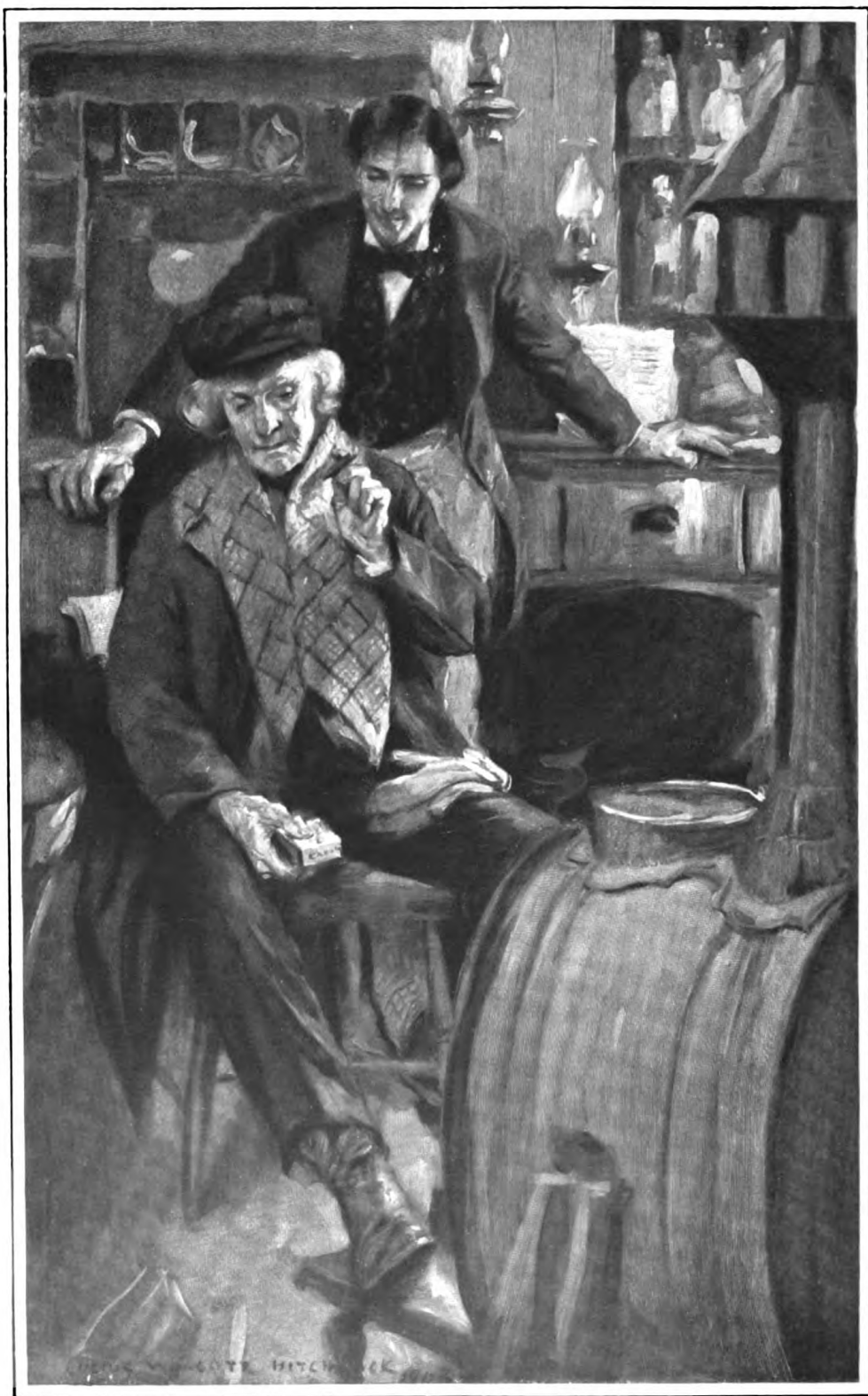
"Well, so do I," Algy said, his face lightening a little. "I call it a better religion than her folks showed. Well, now, sir, I loved Mary,"—he stopped and cried, openly,—"*I loved her* (I didn't need that hell-hound of a brother to come after me!)—yes, I was just as fond of her—and yet, there was times when I come home at night,—not—not quite—well, maybe a little—*you know?*"

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar.

"But, my God, sir, Mary was pleasant! It isn't every woman that would be pleasant then, is it?"

"No, it isn't, Algy."

"Course, next day, she'd tell me I done wrong. (She never told me so at the time—Mary had sense!) And I always said: 'Well, yes, Mary, that's so. And I'll never do it again.' But she was pleasant. Course I don't mean she was lively. She used to remember—well, that we'd made a mistake. *You know?* And she used to kind a brood on it. She talked to you considerably about it, I guess. She said you comforted her. She said you said



See page 506

HE SAID THE PICTURE ON THE LID WAS VERY STRIKING

that maybe her—her mistake had brought her to be kind o' more religious. Saved her, as you might say."

"I said that she had come to know her Saviour through His forgiveness."

"I don't think Mary needed any forgiveness," the poor husband said, with tearful resentment; "I think her folks need it."

"I'm sorry for them," Dr. Lavendar said. "They have got to remember that they might have been kinder. That's a hard thing to have to remember."

The young man nodded. "I hope they'll remember it, hard!"

"They will," said Dr. Lavendar, sighing.

"I spent my last cent on Mary," Algernon rambled on. "I got her a good coffin; a stylish coffin. The plate was solid silver. The man wanted me to take a plated one. I says 'no,' I says. 'I don't get plated things for my wife,—if it takes my last cent!' Well, it just about took it. But I don't care. Her people threw her off; and I did for her. I spent my last cent!"

"You took her from them in the first place, Algernon," the old minister said; "don't forget that you sinned."

"Well, you said she was forgiven?" the other broke out, angrily. "I guess God's more easy than some people!"

"He is."

"Well, then," Algy said, resentfully; "what's the use of talking?"

Dr. Lavendar was silent.

"I don't begrudge a cent I spent on her," Algy went on. "I had laid by \$1140 to set up a place of my own here in Mercer. At least—it wasn't me; I'm not one to save much; it was Mary did it. But these last eight months have taken it all, 'cause I ain't done hardly any work; couldn't be away from her on the road, you know; so we had to live on that money. I could 'a' got a cheaper coffin; but I wouldn't. As for the doctor, I got the best in town. I don't believe in economizing on your wife. And I paid him. I paid him \$204 yesterday morning;—though it seems high, considering he didn't cure her. But I wasn't going to let Mary get buried owing the doctor. And I paid for the coffin. 'Spot cash,' I says to the man, 'make it spot cash, and name your figure.' He took off \$17.

Well, how much do you suppose I've got left now, Dr. Lavendar, out of \$1140? Just \$23, sir! I don't care; I don't begrudge Mary a cent. I thought the coffin looked handsome, didn't you? — *Oh, I wish somebody had 'a' moved those chairs when we were gone!*" he cried, his voice shrill and breaking.

Dr. Lavendar got up and pushed one of the chairs back against the wall, and brought the other to Algy's side. The young man laid his hand on it and began to cry.

IV

"No, I suppose you don't care to hear about it, John. But I want to tell you; so I guess you'll listen to please me?"

John Gordon said nothing.

"It isn't a long story," Dr. Lavendar said; and told him briefly of the funeral. When he ended there was silence. Then, "John," Dr. Lavendar said.

"Yes, Edward."

"The man is in need."

"What's that to me?" the other burst out.

"Much," said Dr. Lavendar; "it gives you a chance."

"You mean a chance to give him some money?" said the other. "Good God! To pay the scoundrel for what he did to us? Edward, you don't understand human nature."

"He spent his last cent making Mary comfortable, John. She told me so herself."

"I will never give that—creature one penny of my clean money."

Dr. Lavendar said nothing.

The older man bent forward, shivering, and stirred the fire. The coal broke into sputtering fragments and the flames roared up into the soot. "Alex would never listen to giving him any money!"

"Don't ask him to listen to it. Haven't you got your own check-book?"

"Let him rot! That's what Alex says."

"I don't believe that it's what you say, John, because he was good to Mary. And you were not."

Mr. Gordon groaned.

"Well, I won't give him anything; I'll lend it,—possibly."

Dr. Lavendar frowned and got up.

Mr. Gordon put out a trembling, detaining hand.

"Edward, you don't understand. . . . How much do you want for him?"

"He had saved about \$1200 to go into some business. It's all gone."

"Well, I won't *give* it to him!" the other repeated, with feeble sharpness; "I'll lend it;—to please you."

"I'm sorry you haven't a better motive."

John Gordon got up and went over to his library table, and fumbled about in one of the drawers for his check-book. "I'm a fool," he said, fretfully; "I don't know but what I'm worse. Lending money to— But you say he was good to her? Poor Mary. Oh," he ended, half to himself, "I don't know why Alex is so hard!" Then he took his quill and began to scrawl his check. "I'd rather see him starve," he said.

"No, you wouldn't," Dr. Lavendar said, calmly.

"Well, there! Take it. Get a receipt."

"Johnny,—think better of it!"

"You needn't take it if you don't want to," the other said, sullenly.

Dr. Lavendar took it; and John Gordon called after him,

"You won't tell Alex?"

Dr. Lavendar shook his head, and sighed. As he drove home he said to himself that a loan was better than nothing. "But, Danny, my boy," he added, "what a chance he had! Well, he'll take it yet; he'll take it yet. The trouble with me, Daniel, is I'm in too much of a hurry to make folks good! I must reform."

Danny blinked a grave agreement; and Dr. Lavendar, dropping his shortcomings joyfully from his mind, began to sing to himself:

"Oh! what has caused this great commotion—motion—motion

Our country through?—

It is the ball that's rolling on,

For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—"

When, however, a day or two later, Dr. Lavendar went up to Mercer to take the check to Algernon Keen, he found to his astonishment that it was not so easy to secure to his old friend even the smaller and meaner opportunity of lending, much less giving.

At first, Algernon looked at him open-mouthed. "*Him*—offering to lend money

to—?" His astonishment robbed him of words. Then into his poor, shallow face came the first keen touch of shame. But instantly he was ashamed of his shame. Ashamed—like so many of us strange human creatures—of the stirring of God within him. He didn't want their dirty money, he said. They thought themselves so good, they couldn't stomach Mary. Well, then, they were too good for him to touch their money. His voice shook with angry grief. His bitterness was genuine, even though he used it to hide that first regenerative pang of shame. No; Dr. Lavendar could take their money back to them. "I spent my last cent, just about, on Mary," he said; "and I didn't begrudge it, either."

"I'm sure you didn't begrudge it."

Algy's weak mouth shook, and his eyes filled; he turned away and stared out of the window. "He better have offered to lend her some money than me," he said. "I bet he's glad she's dead!"

(Dr. Lavendar thought of Alex.) "He wants to help you, now, for her sake," he said.

"I don't want his money," the younger man insisted, brokenly; "he let her die."

"I think that it would please her to have you take it."

"I don't want to be under obligations to those people," Algernon said, doggedly.

"If Mr. Gordon has your note, it's business."

Algy hesitated. "I suppose he thinks I'd never pay it back?"

"If he takes your note, it looks as if he expected to be repaid."

"It's treating me white; I'll say that," Algernon said; and again his face reddened, slowly, to his forehead, and he would not meet Dr. Lavendar's eye. "But I don't want their favors," he cried, threateningly.

"It's business, if you give your note," Dr. Lavendar repeated. "Come, Algernon; let her father do something for her sake. And as for you—it's a chance to play the man; don't you see that?"

Algy caught his breath. "Damn!—if I borrowed his money, I'd pay it—I'd pay it, if it took the blood out of me!"

"I will make your feeling clear to him," Dr. Lavendar said. "Let's make out the note now, Algy."

The old man got up and hunted about

for pen and paper. "Here's a prescription blank," he said; "that will do." An ink-bottle stood on the narrow mantel-shelf, a rusty pen corroding in its thickening depths; but Dr. Lavendar, in a very small, shaky old hand, managed to scrawl that "Algernon Keen, for value received, promised to pay to John Gordon—"

"—in a year," Algy broke in; "I ain't going to have it run but a year—and put in the interest, sir. I'll have no favors from 'em. I'll pay interest; I'll pay—six per cent.—like anybody else would."

"—and interest on same," Dr. Lavendar added. "Now, you sign here, Algy. There! that will please Mary."

"Oh, my!" said Algernon, his poor red-rimmed eyes filling—"oh, my! my! what will I do without her?"

V

The next day Dr. Lavendar carried the note back to old John Gordon, who took it, his mouth tightening, and glanced at it in silence. Then he shuffled over to a safe in the corner of his library and pulled out a japanned tin box. Dr. Lavendar watched him fumble with the combination lock, holding the box up to catch the light, and shaking it a little, until the lid clicked open. "He'll never pay it," John Gordon said.

"He'll try to," Dr. Lavendar said; "but it's doubtful, of course. He's a sickly fellow, and he hasn't much gumption. But if there's any good in him, your trusting him will bring it out."

"There isn't any good in him," the other said, violently.

And that was the last they said about it; and for the time Algernon Keen dropped out of their lives.

He set up his little store in Mercer, and struggled along, advertising his samples of perfumery and pomade upon his own person; trying to drink a little less, for Mary's sake; whimpering with loneliness and sick-headache in his grimy room in the hotel where Mary had died; and never forgetting for a day that promise to pay, on the back of the prescription paper in John Gordon's possession. But when the year came round, on the 2d of December, he had not a cent in hand to meet his obligation. And that was why Dr. Lavendar heard of him again. Would the doctor—this on per-

fumed paper, ruled, and with gilt edges—would the doctor "ask *him* if he would extend?" Algernon could pay the interest now; but that was all he could do. He wasn't in very good shape, he said. He'd been in the hospital for a month, and had had to hire a salesman. "I guess he cheated me; he was a kind of fancy talker, and got me to let him buy some stock;—he got off his slice, I bet." That was the reason, Algy said, that he could not make any payment on the principal. But he was going to introduce a new article for the lips (no harmful drugs in it)—called Rosebloom,—first-class thing; and he expected he'd do first rate with it. And in another year he'd surely pay that note. It hung over him, he said, like a ton. "I guess he don't want it paid any more than I want to pay it," Algy ended, simply.

Of course Dr. Lavendar asked for an extension. And got it, though John Gordon's lip curled. "I never expected to hear from him or his note again," he said. "Probably his honesty won't last over another year."

Dr. Lavendar went up to Mercer to see Algy, and they talked things over in the store between the calls of two customers. Algy's hair was sleek and curly, as before,—for business is business; but he looked draggled and forlorn; his color had gone, and he was thinner, and there were lines on his forehead, and his bright hazel eyes, kind and shallow as those of some friendly animal, had come into their human birthright of worry. "It's this note that takes the spunk out of me," he said; "if I could only get it paid! Then I'd hire a house and have the shop in front. I've thought some I'd get married, too. It's hard on your digestion living in one of these here cheap hotels. But I can't get over thinking of Mary. I don't seem to relish other ladies. I suppose they're all right; but Mary was so pleasant." And his eyes reddened. "And anyway, it would cost more to keep a wife, and I don't propose to spend money that way. *He's* treated me white, I'll say that for him; and I propose to show him— Dr. Lavendar, I haven't drunk too much only three times in the last year; honest, I haven't. I thought you'd think that would please Mary?"

"I'm sure it does," said Dr. Lavendar.

"I suppose you think," the drummer said, sheepishly, "that it was pretty darned foolish to drop three times?"

"I think pretty soon it won't be even three times," Dr. Lavendar declared; "but it's hard work; I know it is."

Algernon looked at him eagerly. "You know how it is yourself, maybe?"

"Well, I never happened to want to take too much," Dr. Lavendar said, gently; "if I had, it would have been hard, I'm sure."

"Well, you bet," Algy told him, knowingly. Then they talked the business over, and Dr. Lavendar clapped Algy on the shoulder and said he believed he'd have that house and shop yet. "Rosebloom may be a gold-mine," said Dr. Lavendar. Then he gave Algy some advice about the window display, and suggested a little gas-jet on the counter where gentlemen might light their cigars; and he told Algy what brand he smoked himself; and recommended it, in spite of its price. Algy smacked his thigh at that, and said Dr. Lavendar had the making of a smart business man in him. Indeed, Algy felt so cheered that he opened his show-case and displayed a box of his new cosmetic.

"Look here, doctor," he said, earnestly; "I'll give you a box! Yes—yes! I will. I'd just as lief as not. You maybe wouldn't want to use it yourself; gentlemen don't, often. But give it to one of your lady friends. Do, now, doctor. It don't cost me much of anything—and I'm sure you've been kind to me."

And Dr. Lavendar accepted the lip-salve, and thanked Algy, warmly; then he said that the picture on the lid of the tight-waisted lady was very striking.

"That's so!" cried Algy. "She's a beauty. She makes me think of Mary."

Algernon had presented Dr. Lavendar with a cigar, and the old minister was smoking it in great comfort, his feet on the base of a rusty, melon-shaped iron stove; Algy was leaning back against the counter, his elbows on the show-case behind him. "Dr. Lavendar," he said, looking at the toe of his boot, "I—got something on my mind."

"Well, off with it, quick as you can."

"I've been thinking about the Day of Judgment."

"Ho!" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Well, sir, I get to thinking: if everybody's sins are to be read out loud, before all the world,—standing up, rows and rows and rows of 'em! Can't see the end of 'em—so many. I can't bear to think that Mary might hear—things about me!"

"Well, Keen," said Dr. Lavendar, slowly, "I don't believe it will be that way." He hesitated a little; after all, it is a risk to take away even a false belief, unless you can put a true one in its place.

Algy stopped looking at the toe of his boot. "What!" said he.

"Now just look at it," said Dr. Lavendar: "who would be the better for that kind of publicity? Good people wouldn't like it; it would pain them; you say yourself that Mary wouldn't like to hear that you did wrong three times?"

"No; she wouldn't," Algernon said.

"Wicked people might enjoy it," Dr. Lavendar ruminated, "but—"

—"but God don't cater to the wicked?" Algy finished, quickly.

"That's just it," said Dr. Lavendar. "He doesn't. But I tell you what it is, Algy, it is painful enough to just have your Saviour tell you your sins when you're sitting all alone!—or maybe lying awake in the dark; that's a dreadful time to hear them. It's worse than having rows of people listening."

Algernon nodded. "Maybe you're right," he said, sighing.

The birth of a soul is a painful process. But when he went away, Dr. Lavendar's eyes were full of hope.

And he grew more hopeful when, as the next year came round, and Algernon again asked for extension, the old minister carried back, not only the note and the interest to John Gordon, but a payment of \$24. What that \$24 meant of self-denial and perseverance, Dr. Lavendar knew almost as well as Algy himself.

"I don't know whether you meant it, John," he said, as the old man took the note and locked it up in the japanned box;—"I don't know that it was your intention,—but I believe the responsibility of debt is going to make a man of Mary's husband."

"Debt doesn't generally work that way," Mr. Gordon said.

"No; it doesn't. But He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, once in a while, Johnny."

"It's nothing to me. I'm done with him!"

"If the court knows itself, which it think it do," said Dr. Lavendar, chuckling, "you're just beginning with him."

"I'd rather have him decent, if that's what you mean. But I despise him."

"I don't," said Dr. Lavendar. "I tell you, John, we're poor limited critters, you and I. We felt that no good could possibly come out of Nazareth. I must confess that when I got you to send him that money, I was thinking more of the benefit to you than any effect it might have on him. I thought he didn't amount to two cents. To my shame I say it! But I was blind as a bat; the Lord had sent him a great experience: *Mary's death*. Well, it was like a clap of thunder on a dark night; the lightning showed up a whole landscape I didn't know: there was honesty, and there was perseverance; and there was love, mind you, most of all! Love. I tell you, Johnny, only the Lord knows what is lying in the darkness of human nature. In fact," said Dr. Lavendar, reflectively, "as I get older there is nothing more constantly astonishing to me than the goodness of the Bad!—unless it is the badness of the Good! But that's not so pleasant. No, sir; I don't despise Mr. Keen."

Nor did he despise Algy when the note had to be extended still again, although again Algy was ready not only with the interest, but \$37 50 of the principal.

VI

As Algernon struggled along with Rosebloom and cheap cigars and bright red and green perfumed soaps, the debt was lessened and lessened; and the back of the note was almost covered with extensions, yet only \$317 had been paid off. In spite of himself John Gordon grew interested; he would not have admitted it for the world, but he wanted to hear about Dr. Lavendar's annual visits to Mercer; and Dr. Lavendar used to drive out to smoke a pipe with him and tell him what Algy had said and done. One day—it was seven years after the note had been drawn, a clear, heartless winter day, with a cold high wind that made the old minister look so blue that John Gordon mixed a glass of whiskey and water and made him drink it before they be-

gan to talk, that day Mr. Gordon went so far as to ask a question about Algy: "Has he given you anything more for your complexion, Edward?" he said, with a faint grin.

"He gave me a smelling-bottle this time. I handed it over to Mary, and told her not to let me get a sniff of it; and she said, 'Sakes! it's beautiful!' But I'll tell you something he said, Johnny: he said that his debt to you was a millstone round his neck. And yet the truth is, it's a life-buoy!"

John Gordon looked at the soiled, crumpled paper with its dates of extensions, and smiled grimly. "Well—I won't deprive him of his life-buoy."

"The store is doing pretty well," Dr. Lavendar went on,—and stopped, because Alex entered.

"Whose store is doing pretty well?" he asked, civilly enough—for Alex.

"Algernon Keen's," said Dr. Lavendar.

Alex's face changed; he looked from one to the other of the old men by the fire, and he saw his father's hand open and close nervously. But he restrained himself until their visitor had gone. He even went out into the sharp, bright wind and unhitched Dr. Lavendar's little blind horse Goliath, backing the buggy close to the steps and helping the old man in with what politeness he could muster. Then he hurried back into the library to his father.

"I should like to know, sir," he said, standing up with his back to the fire, his legs, in their big mud-stained top-boots, wide apart, his hands under his coat tails—"I should like to know, sir, why Dr. Lavendar sees fit to refer to a subject which is most offensive to us?" He fixed his motionless pale eyes on his father shrinking back in his winged chair.

"I don't know—I don't know," said John Gordon. Then, suddenly, he put out his hand and caught at the crumpled note on the table beside him, and put it in his pocket. Instantly suspicion flamed into Alex's eyes. His face turned dully red, almost purple. He made a step forward as though to interpose and grasp at the paper—restrained himself, and said, with laborious politeness:

"If that is a note, sir—I thought I saw endorsements of interest,—sha'n't I put it into the safe for you?"

"I won't trouble you, Alex."

Alex stood silent; then suddenly he struck the table with his fist:—"My God! I believe you've been lending money to that—to that—"

Mr. Gordon began to shake very much.

"Did Dr. Lavendar presume to ask you to lend money to—to—"

Mr. Gordon passed his hand over his lips; then he said, faintly, "No; he didn't."

Alex, like a boat brought suddenly up into the wind, stood staring blankly. "Oh—" he said; "I thought—" and then suspicion broke out again. "Has the creature asked you for a loan?"

"No," Mr. Gordon said.

And again Alex gaped at him, silenced. Yet he was certain that that strip of paper had some connection with Algernon Keen. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I thought for an instant that you were dickering with the man who seduced your daughter. I am sure I beg your pardon for the thought," he ended, with elaborate and ironical courtesy,—for his father's obvious agitation assured him that he was right. "I only felt that if it was his note,—it must be kept carefully, carefully!" He smiled in a deadly way he had, and opened and shut his hand, as though he would close it on the hilt of a knife. "But, of course, I was mistaken. You would press it, if you had his note—although, 'sue a beggar'; and besides, if we had got as far as lending him money, we would be asking him to dinner next."

Mr. Gordon cringed.

"So I beg your pardon," Alex ended, sardonically.

"Very well—very well," his father said, and got up and began to potter about among his books, as much as to say that the subject was ended.

"It is a note," Alex said to himself. And smiled. . . . So far, the creature had gone scot free. In these days of lawfully accepted dishonor revenge is not talked about. But perhaps it would come to his hand. Not the revenge of the instincts; not the shedding of blood, man fashion!—but the revenge of inflicting misery. Not much of a revenge, of course; but the best that he could get. And so he smiled to himself. . . .

He said no more at the time; but

months later his father realized that the incident was not forgotten, when Alex said, suddenly, sneering: "So your son-in-law is prospering in his business? I saw his establishment to-day in Mercer. If he owes you any money, he will be able to pay cash. I congratulate you, sir."

Old Mr. Gordon made no reply. He was very feeble that autumn. Willy King told Alex that another attack of bronchitis would be the end. "He can't stand it," said Dr. King. "I'd take him South, Alex, if I were you."

Alex did not like to leave his mill in Upper Chester, but, as he told Willy, he was a good son, and always did his duty to his father. So he would take the old man South, though to go and come would keep him from business almost a week.

It was then that John Gordon told Dr. Lavendar that Alex suspected him of lending money to Mr. Keen. "And if I die," he said, "Alex will squeeze the poor devil! he'll squeeze him till he ruins him. I—I suppose I'm a great fool,—but I almost thought maybe, some time, I'd destroy that note, Edward?"

Dr. Lavendar chuckled: "I knew you'd come to it, Johnny! but—" he stopped, and ruminated. "You've come to it; so that's all right. But do you know—I don't believe he can do without it quite yet awhile."

"Poor devil!" John Gordon said again, kindly. "Well, I'll let him gnaw on it till he gets it cleared up. I suppose he'll want another extension?"

"Probably," said Dr. Lavendar. "He is just holding his own this year; he will be able to pay the interest, he told me; but not very much more."

Extension was necessary, as Dr. Lavendar had foreseen; and when he wrote to Mr. Gordon about it, the old man replied in obvious fear of his son. The note was in his safe, he said; Edward knew where it was; it was in the japanned box. "But I don't care to ask Alex to get it," he explained. "He doesn't know of its existence; so I'll give you power of attorney to see to it; you'd better just have Ezra Barkley put it in shape for you, because it will be necessary to go up to the house and open the safe to get it and put it back again. Alex is never at home until late in the

afternoon, but Rachel is there, and will let you in. You'll find some very good Monongahela in the chimney closet." Then he added the combinations of the locks on the safe and the japanned box.

"Stick that in, Ezra, will you, about going up to the house?" Dr. Lavendar said.

And Ezra stuck it in, solemnly, and then held his pen between his teeth and sanded his paper. "It is estimated," he observed, through his shut teeth, "that the amount of ink used in the United States of America, in signatures to wills, since the year when the independence of the colonies was declared, would be sufficient in bulk to float a—"

"Well, Ezra," said Dr. Lavendar, chuckling, "this paper seems rather liberal! Suppose I take some cash out of the safe to repair the roof of the vestry? It leaks like a sieve."

"Your construction of liberality is at fault, sir," Mr. Ezra corrected him, gently; "this paper defines exactly just what you may do, up to the moment when the principal reclaims the paper; or dies."

"Well, I hope he won't reclaim it, or die either, till he gets an affair we are both interested in patched up," Dr. Lavendar said; then he listened politely while Mr. Ezra told him just how many times the word "ink" occurred in Holy Writ.

Dr. Lavendar went away with his power of attorney in his pocket. And when he sent it to John Gordon to sign, he seemed to take it for granted that he and Mr. Gordon were equally interested in the development and well-being of Mary's husband. He said in his letter such things as, "You'll make a man of him yet; and, 'Your patience has given the best elements in him time to come out.'" Dr. Lavendar had a perfectly unreasonable way of imputing good motives to people; the consequence was, he was not very much astonished when they displayed goodness. He was not astonished when some two months later another letter came from old Mr. Gordon, saying that on the whole he thought the note had better not run any longer. "I am going to forgive him his debt," Mary's father wrote in a feeble scrawl; "and I'll be obliged to you if you will go up to my house and get that note and send it to me. I'm pretty shaky on my pins and

I don't want to run risks, so I wish you'd tear the signature out and burn it before you mail the note. I'll send it along to Mr. Keen. I mean to write to him and tell him I think he is honest, anyway. The fact is, I half respect the poor fellow. It's been a long winter, and I can't say I'm much better. Willy King doesn't know everything.—Be sure and destroy that signature."

Dr. Lavendar read this letter joyfully, but without surprise. "I'm glad he didn't take my advice and let it go on any longer," he said to himself; "I guess I'll risk the effect on Algy, now."

Then he wondered if there would be any danger of meeting Alex if he went up to the house right after dinner. "I can't manage it this morning," he said to himself. "I've got to go and see Mrs. Drayton. Well,—I wish the Lord would see fit to cure her;—or something."

So he went plodding out into a still, gray February day, and called on Mrs. Drayton, and stopped at the post-office to hear the news, and then went home to his dinner. "Ye're not going out *again*?" his Mary cried in shrill remonstrance, when she saw him muffle himself up for the drive out into the country; "it's beginning to snow!"

"I am," said Dr. Lavendar; "and see you have a good supper for me when I get back." He got into his buggy, buttoning the apron up in front of him,—for it was a wet snow; he had on a shabby old fur cap, which he pulled well down over his forehead—furrowed by other people's sins and troubles; but his eyes peered from under it, as bright and happy as a squirrel's.

His little blind horse pulled slowly and comfortably up the hill, stopping to get his breath on a shaky bridge over a run. In the silence of the snow, Dr. Lavendar did not hear the stage coming down the hill until it was almost on the bridge; then he had to pull over to let it pass. As he did so, the single passenger inside rapped on the window, and then opened it and thrust his head out, calling to the driver to stop.

"Dr. Lavendar! you have heard, I suppose? Very sad. A great shock. Of course I'm going on at once to bring the body back. It is difficult to get off at this season, but a son has a sacred duty!"

Alex's pale eyes were bulging from his red, excited face.

"What news?" Dr. Lavendar said; "you don't mean—Alex! John isn't—your father isn't—"

"My father is dead," Alex said, with ponderous solemnity; "it is a great grief, of course. But I trust I shall be properly resigned. His age rendered such an event not altogether unexpected."

Dr. Lavendar could not speak; but as the stage-driver began to gather up his reins from the steaming backs of his horses, he said, brokenly: "Wait;—wait. Tell me about it, Alex;—your father and I have been friends all our lives!" Alex told him, briefly: He had just had a despatch; his father had died that morning; he had been less well for a fortnight. "I had a letter from him this morning," Alex said, "in which he referred to his health—"

"So had I—so had I."

"I cannot get back with the body for six days—three to go, three to come," Alex said, "but I will be obliged if you will arrange for the obsequies next Thursday."

"Yes; yes. I will make any arrangements for you," Dr. Lavendar said. He took out his big red silk pocket-handkerchief, and blew his nose with a trembling flourish. "We were boys together; your father was the big boy, you know; I was the youngster. But we were great friends. Alex, I am afraid my own grief has made me forgetful of yours—but you have had a loss, my boy; a great loss."

"Very much so—very much so," Alex agreed, with a proper sigh, and pulled up the window of the stage—then lowered it abruptly:—"Oh, Dr. Lavendar—are you going on as far up as my house?"

"As *your* house?" Dr. Lavendar repeated. "Oh—oh yes; I didn't understand. Yes, I am."

"Would it inconvenience you," Alex said, "to stop there? I am going to ask Mr. Ezra Barkley to come up, at once, and put seals on various things—I am the sole executor, as well as the heir, of course; but I sha'n't be able to attend to things for a week—and the forms of law must be observed. If you could be on hand when Barkley is there;—not that I do not trust him."

Dr. Lavendar stared at him blankly;

for an intelligent man, Alex was sometimes a great fool. But he only nodded, gravely, and said he would stop at the house and wait for Mr. Ezra; Alex signed to the driver, and the stage went rolling noiselessly on into the storm. When, at the foot of the hill, Alex glanced back through the little oblong of bubbly glass in the leather curtain of the coach, he saw Dr. Lavendar's buggy standing motionless where he had passed it on the bridge; then the snow hid it.

Under the bridge the creek ran swiftly between edges of ice that here and there had caught a dipping branch and held it prisoner, or had spread in agate curves—snow white, clear black, faint white again—around a stone in midstream. On the black current, silent, except for a murmurous rush of bubbles under the ice, the snowflakes fell, and melted instantly; myriads of them—hurrying, hurrying, hurrying; then, as they touched the water, gone. Dr. Lavendar, in the buggy, sat looking down at them:

"In an instant—in the twinkling of an eye, we shall be changed." . . .

"He was my oldest friend." ("Was": with what an awful promptitude the mind adjusts itself to "*he was!*") Yet as he sat there, peering out over the top of the apron and making, heavily, those plans familiar to every clergyman, Dr. Lavendar did not really believe that the plans were for Johnny. The snow fell with noiseless steadiness; the top of the buggy was white; thimbles of down heaped themselves on the hubs, tumbling off when the horse moved restlessly a step forward, or backed a little and stamped. Suddenly Goliath shook himself, for the snow was cold upon his shaggy back, and the harness clattered and the shafts rattled. Dr. Lavendar drew a long breath. "G'on!" he said. And Goliath went on with evident relief. He knew the road well, and turned in at the Gordon gateway as a matter of course. When he stopped at the front steps, the door opened and Rachel stood there, her eyes red.

"Sam will take him round to the stable, sir," she said, as Sam shambled out from the back of the house to stand at Goliath's head. "Oh, my! sir; I suppose you've heard?"

"Yes, Rachel; I've heard," the old man said, unbuttoning the apron and climb-

ing out. Rachel took his hand, and wept audibly. "I knew he'd never come back; he was marked for death! I've lived here eighteen years, and I always said it was a privilege to work for a gentleman like him."

"Yes—yes," he said, kindly. He was plainly agitated, and Rachel saw that he was trembling.

"Course you feel it, sir, being about of an age," she said, sympathetically. "Dr. Lavendar, sir, won't you have a glass of something?" With the hospitality of an old servant, she would have opened the little closet in the chimney-breast—but he checked her.

"Not yet; not now, Rachel. Leave me here a while by myself, my girl. I'll come out to the kitchen and see you before I go. When Mr. Barkley comes, ask him to step into the library."

"Yes, sir," said Rachel, obediently; and went away sniffing and sighing.

Dr. Lavendar stood looking about him at the emptiness of the room:—the winged chair, with the purple silk handkerchief hanging over the back; the table heaped with books; the fire drowsing in the grate; the old safe in the corner by the window. Outside, the snow drove past, blotting the landscape. Ezra would probably arrive within a half-hour;—perhaps he had better get the note before he came? Then there need be no explanations.

When Mr. Ezra came in he found the old minister sitting by the fire, quite calm again, and even cheerful. "Yes," he said, in answer to the lawyer's very genteel expressions of sympathy—"yes, I'll miss him. We were boys together. He used to call me Bantam. I hadn't thought of it for years."

"Nicknames," said Mr. Ezra, "were used as long ago as 300 B.C."

"Well—I'm not as ancient as 300 B.C.," said Dr. Lavendar, "but I called him Storkey; I can't imagine why, for he was only an inch and a half taller; he always said it was two inches, but it wasn't! It was an inch and a half."

"We are here," said Mr. Ezra, pulling off his gloves and coughing politely, "for indeed a solemn and an affecting task. It is my duty, sir, to seal the effects of the deceased, so that they may be delivered, intact, to the executor."

Dr. Lavendar nodded.

"Are you aware, sir," proceeded Mr. Ezra, producing from his bag the paraphernalia of his office, "that such is the incredible celerity of bees (belonging to the Hymenoptera) that they can within twenty-four hours manufacture 4000 cells in the comb? This interesting fact is suggested by the use of wax for sealing."

Dr. Lavendar watched him in a silence so deep that he hardly heard the harmless stream of statistics; but at last he was moved to say, with his kind old smile, "How *can* you know so many things, Ezra!"

"In my profession," Mr. Ezra explained, "it is necessary to keep the mind up to the greatest agility; I therefore exercise it frequently in matters of memory." He lit a candle, and held his wax sputtering in the flame. "I recall," he said, "with painful interest, that at one of our recent meetings I had the honor of drawing the power of attorney for you, from the deceased."

"So you did," said Dr. Lavendar.

"Did you ever reflect," said Mr. Barkley, "that should that power be used after the death of the donor, to carry out a wish of said donor, expressed an hour, nay, a moment, before the instant of dissolution—such act would be an offence in the eye of the Law?"

"I've always thought the Law ought to put on spectacles, Ezra," said Dr. Lavendar; "it has mighty poor eyesight once in a while."

Mr. Barkley was shocked. "The Law, Dr. Lavendar, is the deepest expression of the human sense of justice!"

"But, Ezra," Dr. Lavendar said, suddenly attentive, "that is very interesting. I remember you referred to the lapsing of the power of attorney when you made out that paper for me; but I didn't quite understand;—do you mean that carrying out, now, directions given before the death of my old friend here, would be against the law? Suppose he had asked me—last week, perhaps—to destroy—well, say that old account-book there on the table;—couldn't I do it to-day?"

"Dr. Lavendar, you do not, I fear, apprehend the majesty of the Law! Why," said Mr. Ezra, standing up, very straight and solemn, "such a deed—"

"But suppose I didn't want—suppose Johnny didn't want,—for reasons of his own, to have anybody, say even his executor, see that account-book; suppose it might be put to some bad purpose—used to injure some third person (of course that is an absurd supposition, but it will do for an illustration)—if he had asked me to destroy it last week, do you mean to say, Ezra, I couldn't destroy it to-day?—just because he died this morning!"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Ezra—"such conduct on your part would be perilously near a criminal offence."

Dr. Lavendar whistled. "Well, Ezra, I won't destroy it."

"I hope not, sir; I hope not, indeed," cried Mr. Ezra.

Dr. Lavendar laughed; he had the impulse to turn round and wink at Johnny, to take him into the joke. But it was only for an instant, and his face fell quickly into puzzled lines.

"A moment's reflection," Mr. Ezra continued, "will convince you, Dr. Lavendar, that the aforesaid account-book is now the property, not of the deceased, but of the estate. Its destruction would be the destruction of property belonging to the heirs. Furthermore, your belief that the hereinbefore-mentioned account-book might be put to an improper use, for the injury of a third person—such belief would no more justify you in destroying it, than would your belief in its unfairness towards said third person justify you in destroying a will."

Dr. Lavendar thrust out his lower lip, and stared at him, frowning. "Yes," he said, slowly—"yes; I see. I did not quite understand. But I see."

Mr. Ezra, solemnly, began to pour forth a stream of statistics; he referred to the case of Buckley *vs.* Grant; and even mentioned chapter and page of *Purdon's Digest* where Dr. Lavendar could find further enlightenment. Dr. Lavendar may have listened, but he made no comment; he sat staring, silently, at the old purple handkerchief on the top of John's chair.

When Mr. Ezra had finished his work and his statistics, the two men shook hands; then Dr. Lavendar said good-by to Rachel, and climbed into his buggy, buttoning the apron high up in front of

him; the lawyer mounted his horse, and they plodded off into the snow, single file. But Dr. Lavendar's eyes, under his old fur cap, had lost their squirrel-like brightness. So Algy's note belonged to the estate? and the estate belonged to Alex; and Alex was the executor. And upon Alex Gordon his father's intentions in regard to Algy's note would make no more impression than the flakes of snow on running water! A vision of Alex's mean and cruel mouth, his hard, light eyes, motionless as a snake's in his purpling face—made Dr. Lavendar wince. The note, the poor, shabby, worn note, that stood for the best there was in Algy, that stood for perseverance and honesty and courage; the note, which had weighed so heavily that he had had to stand up in his pitiful best manhood to bear it; the note that John had meant to "forgive,"—Alex would use to humiliate and torture and destroy! Under the pressure which he would bring to bear, that note would be poor Algy's financial, and perhaps his moral, ruin. "And if I had not objected, John would have cancelled it!" Dr. Lavendar thought, frowning and blinking under his fur cap. He saw the smoking flax quenched, the bruised reed broken! he saw Algy turning venomously upon his enemy,—for he knew him well enough to know that he would fight like a rat at bay; he saw the new and hardly won integrity crumbling under the assault of Alex's legal wickedness. Dr. Lavendar groaned to himself. Alex could, lawfully, murder Algernon Keen's soul.

When Mary saw the old minister come into the house she was much displeased. "There, now, look at him!" she scolded; "white as a sheet. What did I tell you? I'll bet ye he won't eat them corn dodgers—and I never made 'em finer!"

It must be admitted that Mary was right. Dr. Lavendar did not eat much supper. He went shuffling back to his study, Danny slinking at his heels; but for once he did not notice his little grizzled friend. When he got into his flowered cashmere dressing-gown, and put on his slippers, and stirred his fire, he sat a long time with his pipe in his hand, forgetting to light it. When he did light it, it went out, unnoticed. Once Danny

tried to scramble into his chair, but receiving no encouragement, curled up on the rug. The fire burned low, and smouldered into ashes; just one sullen red coal blinked in a corner of the grate; Dr. Lavendar watched this red spot, fixedly, for a long time. Indeed, it was well on towards twelve before he suddenly reached over for the bellows and a couple of sticks; and bending down, stirred and blew until the sticks caught, and the cinders began to sparkle under the ashes. This disturbed Danny, who sat up, displeased and yawning. But when at last the flames broke out, sputtering and snapping, and caught a piece of paper—a shabby, creased piece of paper, covered with dates,—caught it, ran over it, curling it into brittle blackness, and then whirled it, a flimsy, crumbling ghost, up the chimney, Dr. Lavendar's face shone with a light that was not only from the fire.

"Ha, Danny!" he said, cheerfully. "I guess you are *particeps criminis*!"

Then he went over to his study table, and rooted about for a thin, shabby blue book, over which he pored for some time, stopping once or twice to make some calculations on the back of an envelope, then turning to the book again. He covered the envelope with his small, neat figuring, and turned it over to begin on the other side—and started. "Johnny's letter!" he said. But when the calculations were made, the rest was easy enough: first, his check-book and his pen. (At the check he looked with some pride. "Daniel," he said, "look at that, sir! You never saw so much money in your life; and neither did I—over my own signature.") Next, a letter to Alex Gordon:

"MY DEAR ALEXANDER,—I owe your father's estate to the amount of the enclosed check. No papers exist in regard to it, as the matter was between ourselves. I will ask you for a receipt.

Yours truly, EDWARD LAVENDAR."

A Drudge

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

I WAITED long until the sky
Should give me of its blue
To weave and wear, and share, and weave
The very stars into.
The days they went, the years they went
And left my hands instead
Another thing for wonderment,—
The mending, and the bread.

Ah me, and one must set a hand
To burnish up the task;
And hush, and hush the old demand
A wakeful heart will ask.
But with a star's clear eye on me,
Oh, I can hear it said:—
"What souls there be, that only see
The mending and the bread!"

Charles Lamb's One Romance

BY JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD

CHARLES LAMB, the bosom friend of all who read his works, whose life (and devotion to his afflicted sister Mary) can never be divorced from his books, nor his books from his life, is one of the pathetic figures in English literature. This brother and sister are more like some of the most delicate creations of Charles Dickens or Thackeray than real workaday people. They belong to London and London life—limited and central London,—and as they had a passion for moving from place to place which was more than Miltonic, and partly due, no doubt, to their mental affliction, they lend an interest to streets, places, and districts in London which is often sadly needed.

They give a memory to Pentonville—the district of Grimaldi; they glorify the old madhouse in the High Street, Hoxton, which still stands as it stood in 1800, with the large brass plate on the door of the chief dwelling and entrance, inscribed with the single word "Miles"; they sanctify the "Cat and Mutton Fields," over which they walked, hand in hand, from Hackney to Hoxton, when they felt the mental curse was coming on them; they give a more than topographical interest to the little humble cottage on the New River Bank at Colebrooke Row, Islington, where the street door opened into the parlor, without an intervening "hall" or passage, and where they were near Colley Cibber's last dwelling-place before he died; they brightened up even the historic Temple, where they lived in Mitre Court; they relieved the gloom of the Patent Office and the lawyers' dens in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane; they gave a tragic story to 7 Little Queen Street, Holborn, where poor Mary Lamb became an irresponsible matricide; and finally they found themselves in the congenial neighborhood of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, amongst their friends the

"old actors," including the Kembles, at No. 20 Great Russell Street. Charles Lamb and his sister occupied the first floor. There were no "flats" in 1817, and those who disliked the responsibility of a house had to be satisfied with "upper parts" over shops. The next door was held to be the site of the famous "Coffee-House" known as "Wills's," and long known to us later people as the "Boiled Beef Red House," at the corner of Bow Street.

I look upon Covent Garden Market as the right spot in all London for Charles Lamb to have lived in, and regret that he ever went to Enfield, or to Edmonton, where he died in 1834. I may insert a paragraph about his local surroundings at this time which has a little interest attached to it in connection with Thackeray. Thackeray was the first editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and asked me to "write up" to certain woodcuts of Covent Garden Market by the well-known artist W. C. Bennett. The literary padding was wanted in a hurry—like newspaper work. I spent the night and morning in the early market, and delivered the "copy" at midday. When Mr. John Timbs, F.S.A., compiled his *History of Club and Club Life*, he selected and published part of my article (which was not signed) from the *Cornhill Magazine*, in this form:

"Mr. Thackeray was a hearty lover of London, and has left us many evidences of his sincerity. He greatly favored Covent Garden, of which he has painted this clever picture, sketched from 'the Garden,' where are annually paid for fruits and vegetables some three millions sterling."

Then comes the quotation:

"The two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other; a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote and history; an arcade,

It is impossible I should feel injured or aggrieved by your telling me at once, that the proposal does not suit you. It is impossible that I should ever think of molesting you with idle importunity and harassment after your mind once firmly shaken — but happier, far happier, could I have leave to hope a time might come, when ~~our~~ ^{our} friends might be your friends; our interests yours; our book-knowledge, if in that inconsiderable particular we have any little advantage, might impart something to you, which you would every day have at your power ten thousand fold to repay by the added cheerfulness & joy which you could not fail to bring as a dowry into whatever family should have the honor & happiness of receiving you, the most welcome accession that could be made to it.

In haste, but with entire respect & deepest affection, I subscribe myself
C. Lamb

CHARLES LAMB'S PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE

Facsimile of a portion of the letter now in the collection of John Hollingshead, Esq., London

often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle; a rich cluster of brown old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentments of many actors long since silent, who scowl or smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers; a something in the air which breathes of old books, old pictures, old painters, and old authors; a place, beyond all other places, one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight; a 'Crystal Palace'—the representative of the present—which peeps in timidly from a corner

upon many things of the past; a withered bank, that has been sucked dry by a felonious clerk; a squat building with a hundred columns and chapel-looking fronts, which always stands knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems to sleep, and does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other on the footways; surely a real old-world Arcadia for Charles Lamb and his sister."

Here they could stand at their window and see their beloved Drury Lane Theatre, then without its ultra-simple façade, and could send over to their dear friend, Miss Frances Maria Kelly, the versatile and sympathetic actress and singer, who lived in the "upper part" of No. 8 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, to borrow her Drury Lane "bones" for admission—every leading actor and actress having one or more of these privileged tickets.

Charles Lamb, according to the testimony of the many distinguished men and women who knew and loved him, had the most beautiful and sympathetic nature, the highest sense of honor, and the greatest determination to obey the dictates of duty—his chief duty, self-imposed, being to devote his life and means to the care and protection of his afflicted sister. Having the instincts of human nature, it is no discredit to him that occasionally he was conscious of the tie, if only for a moment, but he shook off the feeling in the spirit of an inspired martyr. His sister's intermittent attacks of *dementia* were never wanted to recall him to his task. He was not insensible to female attractions of a quiet kind. With all his love for the old drama and the art of acting, he was not attracted by the ladies of the stage with whom, through the Kembles, he was occasionally brought in contact, until he met with Miss Fanny Kelly, who was probably introduced to him by the Kenneys—the dramatist and his family. Before he met Miss Kelly, his female friends may have been, like the well-favored Quakeress at Pentonville, agreeable, but not over-intelligent

—at least, not gifted with his particular order of intelligence. Miss Kelly was a ladylike and a fairly good-looking young woman, but she was not what the world or the stage calls a beauty. She had character, honesty, talent, a real and cultivated love of her art, and, amongst the whole Kemble company at Drury Lane, she was the only woman, Lord Byron said, worth talking to. She overcame his shyness regarding his lameness, and made him walk across the historic Greenroom of Drury Lane for the first time.

With a woman like this, sympathetic and ready to learn—even eager to learn,—who could understand and appreciate his unpedantic learning and rare humor, the friend and companion of his afflicted sister, it is not astonishing that Charles Lamb dreamt of a household in which the three could live together, joined by a link of congenial literary taste, and in which, when the dreaded time came for him to take his sister's hand and walk weeping to the asylum, he might come home to his modest lodging and find a cherished companion. Although this pleasant dream was never to be realized, he made Miss Kelly a written offer of marriage. It was the first and only letter of the kind he ever wrote, and is a model of gentle dignity and right feeling. It fully proves that all the friendly estimates of his character were based upon sound observation and knowledge:

20 July 1819

DEAR MISS KELLY,

We had the pleasure, *pain* I might better call it, of seeing you last night in the new Play. It was a most consummate piece of Acting, but what a task for you to undergo! at a time when your heart is sore from real sorrow! it has given rise to a train of thinking, which I cannot suppress.

Would to God you were released from this way of life; that you could bring your mind to consent to take your lot with us, and throw off for ever the whole burden of your Profession. I neither expect or wish you to take notice of this which I am writing, in your present over occupied & hurried state.—But to think of it at your leisure. I have quite income enough, if that were all, to justify for me making such a proposal, with what I may call even a handsome provision for my survivor. What you possess of your own would naturally be appropriated to those, for whose

sakes chiefly you have made so many hard sacrifices. I am not so foolish as not to know that I am a most unworthy match for such a one as you, but you have for years been a principal object in my mind. In many a sweet assumed character I have learned to love you, but simply as F. M. Kelly I love you better than them all. Can you quit these shadows of existence, & come & be a reality to us? can you leave off harassing yourself to please a thankless multitude, who know nothing of you, & begin at last to live to yourself & your friends?

As plainly & frankly as I have seen you give or refuse assent in some feigned scene, so frankly do me the justice to answer me. It is impossible I should feel injured or aggrieved by your telling me at once, that the proposal does not suit you. It is impossible that I should ever think of molesting you with idle importunity and persecution after your mind once firmly spoken—but happier, far happier, could I have leave to hope a time might come, when our friends might be your friends; our interests yours; our book-knowledge, if in that inconsiderable particular we have any little advantage, might impart something to you, which you would every day have it in your power ten thousand fold to repay by the added cheerfulness and joy which you could not fail to bring as a dowry into whatever family should have the honor and happiness of receiving *you*, the most welcome accession that could be made to it.

In haste, but with entire respect & deepest affection, I subscribe myself

C. LAMB

HENRIETTA STREET July 20th 1819

An early & deeply rooted attachment has fixed my heart on one from whom no worldly

prospect can well induce me to withdraw it but while I thus *frankly* & decidedly decline your proposal, believe me, I am not insensible to the high honour which the preference of such a mind as yours confers upon me—let me, however, hope that all thought upon this subject will end with this letter, & that you will henceforth encourage no other sentiment towards me than esteem in my private character and a continuance of that approbation of my humble talents which you have already expressed so much & so often to my advantage and gratification

Believe me I feel proud to acknowledge myself

Your obliged friend

F. M. KELLY.

To C. LAMB Esq.

July 20th 1819

DEAR MISS KELLY,

Your injunctions shall be obeyed to a tittle. I feel myself in a lackadaisical now-ish kind of a humour. I believe it is the rain, or something. I had thought to have written seriously, but I fancy I succeed best in epistles of mere fun; puns & *that* nonsense. You will be good friends with us, will you not? let what has past "break no bones" between us. You will not refuse us them next time we send for them?

Yours very truly,

C L.

Do you observe the delicacy of not signing my full name? N. B. Do not paste that last letter of mine into your Book.

I consider myself fortunate in being able to publish this letter in *facsimile* for the first time, and the subsequent brief correspondence on the same subject.

Madonna

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HE gazed, the little vagrant lad,
On the Madonna's gentle face;
And all his wistful visage sad
Renewed its infant grace:
He gazed, reluctant to depart,
Then kissed her, softly, as he stood,—
Ah, wondrous Art! his lonely heart
But yearned to motherhood!

The Rose of Spring

BY MAY HARRIS

I
“AND it’s strange to think,” said the girl, looking across the fields to the blue line of hills in the distance, “that well as we know each other, your mother doesn’t know me at all. When she does—”

St. John Venning, lying full length on the short April grass at her feet, put out his hand and touched hers adoringly.

“When she does—!” he repeated, with triumphant assurance.

“Oh, she’ll never love me,” she protested, sadly. “I know I’m not the sort of girl she would want you to marry.”

“What makes you say such a thing, Molly?”—half angrily. “When she knows you, she’ll adore you.”

“No, she won’t,” Molly Grange said, shaking her head. “Mothers never do.”

The generality passed Venning by, but he looked at her anxiously.

“You told me you had a letter from her this morning. Dearest, did she—”

“No, no!” Molly answered his unfinished question. “It’s just an idea of mine—a cobweb I’m responsible for.”

Venning gave a sigh of relief. He had just a little dreaded what his mother would feel. They had been unusually near to each other in a community of affection and temperament that had suffered no diminution, even in the difficult years that join youth to early manhood; and it was not easy for him to passively imagine any breach in the future. But Molly!—she must love Molly, or— All his love for Molly, all his youth,—which, though her senior by two years, was, as the youth of a man often is, more youthful than hers,—was in his voice.

“If she didn’t love you,” he said, with a laugh that scorned the profanity of the idea, “she wouldn’t seem the same mother I’ve always cared for so.”

He said “cared.” Love seemed a word whose infinite meaning narrowed to one objective point—Molly.

“Tell me of her, St. John.”

“What must I tell?” he asked, lazily, his eyes on her face. “It seems I can’t tell you anything except—I love you!”

Her eyes fell shyly.

“She writes so beautifully—her books, I mean. She must be very beautiful herself.”

“She is. Isn’t it wonderful? I shall have the most beautiful woman in the world for my wife, and the next most beautiful is my mother.”

“Don’t put me first,” Molly said, with a sudden touch of pain in her voice. “*She* has been that so long! I feel as if I were taking you away from her.”

“But you are *not*! Instead, I am going to give her *you*!”

“She’s tall like you?”

“Yes, she’s tall too, but I’m not like her. I suppose I’m like my father. He died when I was a child.”

“And all these years she’s been alone—with you.”

“Yes, always with me—until my college days. She took me everywhere with her—made me into a sort of comrade, you know. We lived in Europe three years; she wrote one of her books there—in Florence. I rather hated Florence. Then we lived in England; the mother had friends and relatives there. I had a tutor. I liked it better there, but I suppose I’m American, after all,” laughing. “So we came back, and I went into college. Then”—with playful emphasis—“one vacation I came to Madderley to visit Willy Laurence, and I met *you*! And the next year I came back again, and I—but that is *now*!”

He was going away for a few days to Florida to meet his mother, who was to join some friends in St. Augustine for a yachting trip, and in anticipation of this separation they had been for a walk, drawing out to the fullest the bitter sweetness of parting—even for a little while. The girl’s lap was filled with

flowers they had gathered—delicate, short-lived wild things of a fragrance fainter and more subtle than the glory of gardens. From the slope of the hillside where they sat the village spread before them, with the gleam of the sunset on the little river flowing swiftly under its bridge. The small red brick church and the tiny rectory were very near, and Molly could see her grandfather in his surplice going across the bit of grass.

"Prayers are over, and I've missed again! Poor grandfather! I ought to have been there—so few come."

"When I come back we will go—every time."

She nodded, and gathering her flowers into a loose bunch, rose and stood looking down at him.

"We must go now. Do you hear that tinkle-tinkle? Isn't it sweet? It's the cows coming home. When I was a little thing I used to love to come up here and watch them come over the bridge, and listen to the bells. There! Aren't they pretty! That one is ours—with the speckled face. I *love* cows! I should like to call them—'Cusha, cusha, calling, when the dews were falling,'—you remember?—like 'my sonne's wife Elizabeth.' Do you know Elizabeth is one of my names too? Aren't the bells like chimes—sweet and far away? It's all so beautiful and peaceful—the sunset, and the spring, and the flowers—" She smiled as she paused.

He sprang up and put his arms about her with passionate tenderness.

"And *you*! You are the spirit of it all to me!—the spirit of the spring itself!"

She let her head rest for a moment against his shoulder.

"We're both so young," she said. "Grandfather says I'm just a child. Will you always be satisfied with me?"

"*Satisfied!*" He held her closer to his heart.

II

After supper came the evening game of chess with her grandfather in the low-ceilinged sitting-room of the rectory, where the lamplight touched Molly's bent head with gleams of bronze, and the rector's fine profile made a medallion against the shadows. She thought of Venning as she moved her pawns, and the delicate perfume of the wild-plum blooms

she had gathered that afternoon drifted to her a fragrance that was nostalgic of some depth of joy, of pain, of sweetness; a blending and a memory, a refrain and a desire. When she kissed her grandfather good-night, he held her hand a moment. "Little girl," he said, "I have been thinking much of you—and Venning. I know I have brought you up differently from most girls—just myself and my books for your companions. And you know so little of outside things. I'm afraid I've been wrong. Do you think you will be happy with Venning?"

"Grandfather, do *you* think so?"

His fine old face softened to a great gentleness, and when he spoke his voice was tenderly whimsical.

"Molly, we neither of us can tell about the future—until it's too late to prophesy."

He went back to his books, where the moths fluttered about the lamp, and sat a long time, with absent eyes fixed upon a page. His cure of souls had been a quiet holding, and his years with his congregation had drawn him into a sympathy and cohesion that, if it had been without intensity of obligation on his part, had yet managed to abundantly satisfy the affection he, in spite of abstractions, inspired. He had lived his life with the impersonal freedom of a scholar; a serene white-haired student of the learning and the power of the thoughts of other men. His own thoughts mellowed in this sunshine like late autumn fruit, bereft of acid or bitterness. It had been a lonely life in a way, for he had lost his wife early and never married again. Molly's father was his only child, and he and his wife died of the fever in New Orleans when Molly was a baby. Then Molly came to live with her grandfather and to share—protectively, even at that early age—his uneventful life. She had been a very charming child, and her girlhood had accented the charm. Now she was a woman, and she had asked him the question that is ever unanswered. . . . In youth there is the gleam, the pursuit; the veiled face of the figure whose garment's hem one seems about to touch. The glimpse, the vivid pursuit—they were enough to the eager spirit of youth. And later!—one forgot. He sighed as his thoughts drifted.

Molly went up the steep little stair slowly, carrying a lamp that threw her shadow grotesquely.

Her slight figure bent a little at waist and shoulders, and there was a pathetic lack of poise about her head.

When she put down the lamp her first movement was to the table where the letter from Venning's mother was lying.

She opened it and read again, slowly, the few firmly written lines:

"MY DEAR MISS GRANGE,—My son has written me much of you—that he wishes you to be his wife. How strange it is! It seems only yesterday he was a baby with curly hair, a boy with loving eyes—and now he is a man and is choosing his wife! I want to see you and talk to you. It may be that I am presupposing too much—perhaps your decision is not final. I have changed my route and will pass through Madderley two days after you receive this. There will be two hours between trains, and I will call to see you.

Faithfully yours,

HELEN VENNING.

"P. S.—I have not written my change of plan to my son."

Molly read the letter twice. "*It may be that I am presupposing too much—perhaps your decision is not final.*" In the words there seemed to lurk a meaning—perhaps a menace.

She put the letter down and went to the window. The stars were thick overhead as she pushed back the heavy wooden shutter and leaned out. Her grandfather's lamp from the room below made a brilliant square of light in the soft obscurity. Other people's lights twinkled here and there in Madderley, but they seemed far away. Even the tower of the little church next door, lifting its eternal symbolism to the quiet sky, seemed remote with an isolation borrowed from the night. The girl pressed her face against the shutter, while the odors of spring floated up from the garden below.

"St. John! St. John!" she said to herself, and her voice had a depth as if she were praying.

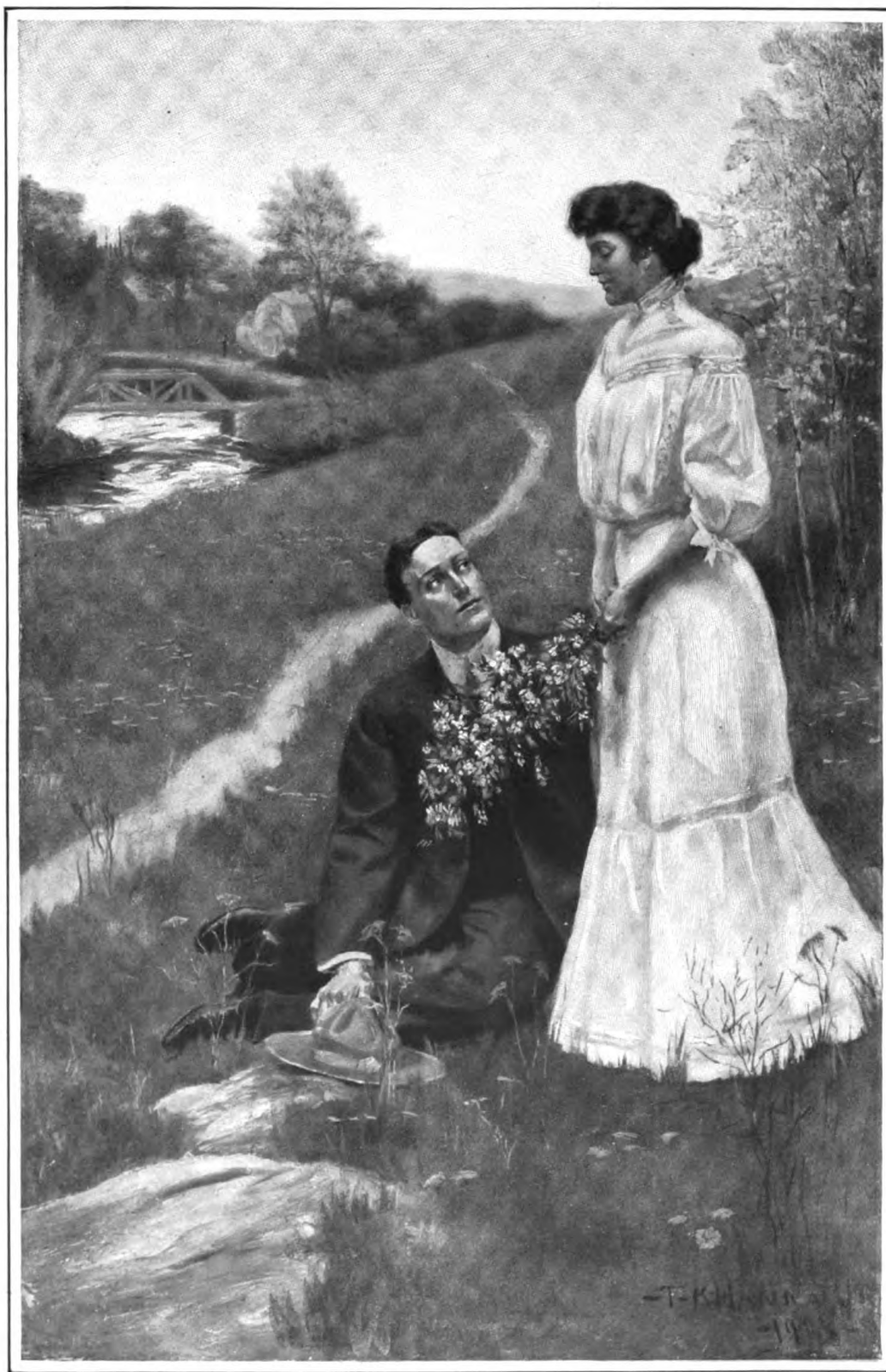
III

Mrs. Venning was shown into the rectory sitting-room a few minutes past eleven the next morning. Her mind, she

found, was confused from its usual clear definiteness by the ebb and flow of hastily gathered impressions that had stranded her, as it were, upon doubly alien shores. She had walked the short distance from the station with eyes informingly conscious of the uncared-for sidewalks, the lazy atmosphere, the provincialisms, surface-ly apparent, of the little Southern village. It had been all she had expected—perhaps a little worse; though the slumberous quiet after strenuous bustle was not unattractive in itself. The charm of the scenic effect of the little river foaming over big gray rocks beneath the arches of the wooden bridge had pleased her with its quaint Old World note. The hills had seemed to rim Madderley, jewel-like, in their soft blue setting, and Mrs. Venning had owned the glamour which she must nevertheless deprecate. She did not wish to be pleased, and her prejudices and half-formed hopes to avert what loomed tragically before her as the closure of her happiness in her son were in no way lessened.

In the rectory yard the first spring profusion of roses lent a note of luxuriance and vivid color that impersonally she appreciated, though to her nervous perception the welcome they so abundantly showered had a touch of triumph. There was, however, no atmosphere of triumph in the little sitting-room. Indeed, the quiet interior where Molly's wild flowers lightened the dusk of the old furniture had an air of aloofness that, if it was untriumphant to the visitor it received, was also unwelcoming. But for all its simplicity, its almost bareness, the room had atmosphere, which Mrs. Venning acutely recognized. Her graceful, ornate figure was the supreme contrast, and she felt with sensitive fastidiousness that she was the jarring note. She was as much out of touch and place here, she reasoned in the satisfaction of her strong perceptions, as the girl her son had chosen would be in the environment of her own so different world.

She had come on impulse, but with a definite purpose, and, she felt, not an unworthy or unkindly one. Her son must be saved, if possible; but in doing that, she believed, she would also be saving the girl—this untaught fledgling girl of a little out-of-the-way coun-



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE ROSE AND STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT HIM

try village—from the sure unhappiness that would come when St. John's boyish passion was exhausted and there were no reserves of charm and tact to kindle it afresh.

But she felt just a little of the courage of her convictions and resolves abate in the absence of the elements of distastefulness she had so abundantly prefigured in the surroundings of the girl she had come to see. The old furniture had its dignity, its courteous reserve, and the books lent a secure essence of culture, which the flowers poetized. Were the books *hers*? Mrs. Venning wondered, as her quick eyes scanned the well-known names: here the essays of Arnold and Spencer; there volumes of German mysticism, of French materialism. Many of the books were richly bound—there were numbered copies of famous editions, and a little black-letter, leather-bound volume of Montaigne. On a table she saw her own last book—a familiar green binding lettered in white—*The Rose of Spring*. It lay, oddly, in touch with a volume of Sir Thomas Browne, which Molly's grandfather had left open at "Urn-Burial," the night before. The unworn freshness of her volume keyed in its contrast subtly with her own variance. As she bent over the books, Molly came in.

Mrs. Venning turned at the opening of the door, with a swift marshalling of her forces. All her son's letters were in her mind—enthusiasms of phrase that had prepared her for much beauty of a palpable and provincial type. Also she had imagined height.

A slight, small girl with thick, dark hair and gray eyes came forward quietly and put out her hand. "I am afraid you must be very tired," she said, and her voice, if formal, was very sweet.

"You are Miss Grange?" Mrs. Venning asked as she shook hands. "*Molly* Grange?" Her tone was perplexed surprise. It was incomprehensible to her that this childlike appearance should belong to the girl her son loved. A sister, she imagined.

"Yes, I am Mary Elizabeth Grange." Molly gave her full name a faint emphasis, and Mrs. Venning gathered delicately that to only a few was she "*Molly*." "Won't you sit down?" Molly added, and put forward the most comfortable

chair. The little negro servant who had opened the door brought in lemonade, deliciously cool, in fragile glasses old-fashioned and beautiful in pattern.

Mrs. Venning felt in the moment's pause that she had lost the sense of well-being self-possession so perfectly affords, and which was usually most graciously and gracefully hers, and it was with an effort that she spoke easily of her journey South and her impressions of Madderley. Molly's girlish dignity and reserve were quite palpable to her—a delicate frost overlying the charm of her youth. She really preferred it—again impersonally—to the crude effervescence of the desire to please she had imagined. St. John, definite and portentous, was not mentioned as the talk with eddying sweep circled him, as it were, on an island which only dexterous battling through the surf could reach. It became momentarily more difficult for her to introduce what she wished to say—what she knew Molly knew her letter had implied. It was strange to think, and she could not quite decide, that the small, pale girl was holding her with intention at arm's-length, gently but completely baffling her efforts. The elision of personalities reached the limit of a pause, and Mrs. Venning unshipped her oars with a resolve she felt the difficulty of keeping steady.

"I made this appointment, Miss Grange, so I would have the opportunity for a little conversation with you. Doesn't it seem strange to you that we should be completely unknown to each other and yet both stand in such close relation to my son?"

She almost repeated Molly's words to St. John the day before, but her manner, though surfacely gracious, had a reserve of jealous possessiveness. Molly did not appear to notice it.

"I have often wished to know you," she said, simply, and after a moment's hesitation added: "I think I *do* know you in a way—through your books. I have just read *The Rose of Spring*. It is very beautiful."

"Thank you," Mrs. Venning, with some tonelessness of manner, answered. It was the first touch of the banality she had expected.

"But"—the girl's voice had added effort—"I think you were wrong to make



MOLLY, KNEELING DOWN BESIDE HER, TOOK BOTH HER HANDS

it so sad. Don't you think there is a sorrow that is personal—is bitter, perhaps—but is one's own; and another that is borrowed—that needn't be?"

"Perhaps," Mrs. Venning agreed, tentatively. She gathered obliquely that Molly had pointed a meaning not fully exposed, and she allowed her to make the next move passively.

"It was so beautifully told—it seemed real to me;" a touch of nervousness shook the girl's voice. "But I think you shouldn't have made the mother try to live her life over again in her daughter's—to try to arrange it as she could have wished her own to have been."

"Do you think she hadn't any rights?" Mrs. Venning incisively questioned.

"Oh, every right—as a mother!" Molly said, eagerly. "But her daughter's life belonged to her daughter! It wasn't *her* rose of youth—it was her daughter's!"

"Ah!" Mrs. Venning, with a peculiar vibration of her voice, interpolated.

"You might," Molly hastened on, her hands closely clasped and her eyes on the floor, "have made it so much less sad to her—and tragic. Her daughter was just a sweetbrier; she wanted her to repeat the bloom of the hothouse rose she had been herself—that had withered and been lost. It couldn't be, and she couldn't understand, and she tore her hands on the thorny sweetbrier, and there was estrangement and loss—again."

"Is that the way it seems to you—that she should regard her daughter—" Mrs. Venning's pause was trenchant.

"As some one with rights to happiness as great as hers had been."

The words themselves were firm enough, but the soft voice had a pathetic quiver. A faint, exquisite color had come into her cheeks, and with the touch of appeal in her deep eyes Mrs. Venning suddenly saw that Molly was beautiful. To her mind's eye also came St. John's face. What she had meant to say recoiled uselessly, and the tragedy of the unfought battle and the victory that was not hers throbbed her heart painfully. She recognized she was the alien, and that the bridge must be built swiftly if she would ever stand beside them—those two unified with youth and love.

She looked back into the bitter shadows of her life with the panoramic vision

of a drowning person—saw herself in her disillusioned wifedom, her widowhood that was a tragedy in that it was a release from one; saw her son, who had been the treasure jealously hoarded, selfishly guarded—and now the right to spend was no longer hers! What she had amassed belonged to some one else. All their life together, the sweetness of his affection, the strength of her devotion, all she had hoped he would be, the heights he would reach—! And he had been her own—her only one!

She thought of the things she had meant to say to this girl—the argument she had meant to make. St. John's youth, his temperament, his inherent fastidiousness—the different environment the two had had. She had meant to warn her from the depths of her own experience—her own knowledge of life. But now— There had been only a few indirect words, but the consciousness of their unspoken import, of the strength and power—that was at once insolent and piteous—of youth held her impotent at the barrier. In the wreckage of her thoughts drifted a line of verse, and it reiterated itself with no tunefulness of measure—"And no hand can gather up the fallen, withered petals of the rose of youth."

She seemed, strangely, no longer herself. The unfamiliar room, and the girl—the girl who had apprehended and saved her from making the appeal that would only forever alienate. She recognized her own intuitive appreciation of the unusual in St. John's choice; saw his unerring and inherent reach toward the finer element she had passionately desired and never found. In his attainment, and its completeness, she had a sudden sense of the permitted finish of her own incompleteness. She turned to Molly, the hard lines of her beautiful face wonderfully softened, and put out her hand.

"After all,"—she began, but her voice caught in a sob.

Molly ran to her, and kneeling down beside her, took both her hands in hers. "If you could love me—just a little," she whispered.

Mrs. Venning put her hand on the soft dark hair. "Forgive me," she said, gently, and Molly's kiss buried all that had been unspoken between them forever.

A Paris School Colony

BY STODDARD DEWEY

Illustrated by M. Boutet de Monvel

WHEN May days are warm in Paris, a spring fever seizes on the primary-school children of the Eleventh Ward. In each school the director passes among the boys and the directress among the girls, taking names and looking carefully at faces. The question is, which of the 3000 children between ten and thirteen years of age shall make part of the 1000 who, in batches of 200, are to be sent to the country, far away toward the Vosges mountains, for three weeks' stays, from June to September? Younger than ten the children could not get on without their mothers; at thirteen most of them have already left the primary school.

Many more children than can be received are noted by the directors, and the names are handed over to a committee of school medical inspectors and ward delegates, to whom the principal of each school is joined. These make the final choice. Children are to be taken who show signs of suffering from the confined life in these populous quarters of the great city, and whose parents are unable to send them to the country. As to the first requirement, the doctors certify to the need of country air—it is universal. As to the second, the ward authorities make a discreet investigation, to prevent families that are really able to provide for their children's outings from taking advantage of the city's free "assistance" (in republican Paris the word "charity" is tabooed).

Neither the class record of the children nor even the conduct, good, bad, or indifferent, is taken into account. And—oh, irony of Paris school-child fate!—it is not the best scholars that are to have the first chance. It is the dull, the backward, and the ailing that are to profit by the first migrations in late spring and early summer; the bright and forward must wait until they have won their school prizes in late July.

When the lists are complete, the School Fund officials see that each chosen child receives its card, which forms the beginning of the documents in its case—a *dossier* such as is loved by French officialdom. Besides the child's name and parents' address, the card contains a quantity of scientific common sense. Four columns give the dates of departure and return, with spaces for marking at both dates the child's weight, waist and chest measurements, and strength at the dynamometer. A blank space is left for observations to be made at the end of the vacation, about personal neatness and behavior and health during the three weeks' stay. The school colony has for its end and aim to educate in health and good breeding.

The father or legal guardian of the child must sign a declaration releasing the city authorities from all responsibility in case of accident. He receives in return a list of things with which the child colonist must be supplied—a change of linen for each week, wraps, a Sunday gown for the girls, a comb, soap, and a tooth-brush—"an object," says the report, "the use of which is generally unknown." If the poverty of the parents is too great, the School Fund discreetly supplies all or a part of the outfit, just as it has eked out the child's lunches and clothing during the school year, without the child's companions being the wiser.

The great day approaches. Each child is served with an official notice to come to the Mairie—the public building in which centres the entire civil life of the ward, from birth declarations to marriages, assistance from the city, and death. The child is identified, and receives a little black-stained wood valise, called its *cantine*, and a number. The outfit is packed and the cantine is taken back to the Mairie, where the officials are charged with organizing the train that

is to carry numbered children and cantines together to the colony.

There is time for five colonies from June to September. To keep the equality of the sexes, three colonies of boys and two of girls are sent one year, and three of girls and two of boys the next. But the male sex recovers its prerogatives in the choice of boys for the first and last colonies of each year, boys being thought better fitted to cope with the sharp weather that may come in early June and late September. The departure and return and the life at the colony, from rising to the sound of the bell to lying down to the same, vary little. Eight experienced masters and as many mistresses have charge of the batches of 200 children from the moment they are handed over by their parents at the railway station until they are welcomed back. This is a general principle of French school law—the teacher is responsible for everything that happens to the child while under his charge, and these children will never be out of sight of watchful guardians by day nor yet by night.

The children arrive, all unused to journeying, at the great Gare de l'Est. The boys clamber eagerly into the train, when it is their turn. "Some of the mothers and a good many of the little girls had tears in their eyes when the train started," wrote observant little Albertine Lefebvre, in her best handwriting, in the copy-book journal which the children are encouraged to keep of their days in the colony; "but I was very glad, for it is the second time I go." It is the children whose health is in actual need of such a trip that are chosen a second time; this can be done, for the thousand who are provided for each year practically take in all the eligible poor children of the ward.

The departure is made as solemn as possible, for the parents' sake perhaps as much as for the children's. The Maire of the ward and other municipal officers and the members of the School Fund are present; it is this volunteer School Fund, aided by subsidies from the municipality, which pays for these vacations of the poor. The vacation is passed in an old-time château reformed according to republican ideas; "château" is the

appropriate word, for in French slang when money is supplied by the public funds—"it is the princess who pays."

The teachers call over the names and numbers, and arrange the children in groups of twenties, which are stowed away in order in the train. There is an eight hours' journey before these usually alert children of Paris step forth, tired and abashed by excess of novelty, at the fashionable watering-place of Contrexéville. Here great Lorrain farm wagons, with canvas covers in case of rain, are waiting for the last stretch of three miles of country road. The children are full of curiosity, as they are driven, through the lengthening shadows of the late afternoon, along the village street leading to the château.

"What struck me most," says Victor Lambert in his copy-book, "was the look of the houses. We Parisians have the habit of seeing houses in a straight line, but at Mandres they are scattered here and there as if some clumsy hand had thrown them about by chance." Le Capon, another boy colonist, is more self-centred: "My sadness was very strong," he writes, "but it vanished when I saw the vast monuments of the colony!"

In reality the Château de Mandres is a great, plain, old-fashioned house of stone, built on a high hill which stands out above the valley of the little river Vair. Near by there are stretches of fields green and gold with wheat, or green and purple with clover. Not far away begin the dark-green woods, and last of all, shutting in the horizon of the valley, is the faint blue line of the Vosges mountains. We are far from Paris with its crowded tenements and streets; there is air and there is history, and the school-children are spared neither.

The château was built by the Marquis de Favincourt in the seventeenth century; at the end of the eighteenth, when the Revolution swept nobility away, the Marquis of the time found it convenient to "emigrate," and his domain was declared national property. It was sold to the peasants, who cut down the trees of the park, divided the land, and turned the château into a barn. Yet another century and M. Duval-Pihet, a constructing engineer prominent in all school mat-



THE BOYS CLAMBER EAGERLY INTO THE CARS

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ters of the Eleventh Ward of Paris, with Dr. Graux of Contrexéville, bought the old building and a half-dozen acres of land around it, planted trees, repaired and built additions, and then made known to the School Fund that they were ready.

In 1889 there were 200 children to profit by this colony of Mandres-sur-Vair; now there are 1000 each year, and the property has been handed over permanently to the Eleventh Ward. The movement has become general in the Paris schools, and the municipality has come to the aid of the insufficient ward school funds. In 1891 the city raised its contribution for these school colonies to 200,000 francs, and the school funds of the twenty wards gave 94,000 more; and 5536 children, under the care of 209 teachers, had their summer outing. Mandres is the largest of these colonies; the total expense of journey back and forth and three weeks' stay is 53 francs and 18 centimes for each child—a little over ten dollars, as exchange goes!

The children are not a little over-

whelmed with the systematic attention bestowed on them from the moment of their arrival. They are from the Eleventh Ward, where premises are scant, where more than one family contents itself with a room or two, and the floor has to supply insufficient bed-room.

"They took us first of all to the clothes-room, to put away our things. How well organized everything is!" writes Le Capon in his journal; "everything is numbered, and I never saw such an application of the principle—A place for everything and everything in its place. . . . I don't know if I shall enjoy myself, but I do know that the air I breathe here is very different from that of my home in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. . . . We are passed on to the refectory" (the name itself, to those familiar with French life, shows how these poor children of Paris are suddenly landed in full boarding-school); "the food is very good, and there is a woman to wait on us at each table. Really, we find that we are well cared for!" These



AN IMPORTANT LESSON--BED-MAKING, WHICH IN FRANCE IS SCIENTIFIC

copy-books may be written with a view to the masters' eye, but the first impression of the child shows through. Albertine writes: "As soon as we had rid ourselves of our wraps and baskets, we went to eat a good soup, which quite revived us!"

A cardinal principle of the colony is four meals a day, with milk "at discretion," as a chief means of this *puériculture*.

The children go up to bed in one or other of the five dormitories which have been disposed in the old château building—forty sleeping like one in each, with a teacher to set the example and keep order by mere presence. Each child has its own numbered bed, with a night-table at the head and a chair at the foot.

"Are you contented, young man?" one of the boys was asked by a curious visitor.

"Rather," was the surprised answer: "just think, I have a bed all to myself!"

The day after arrival a half-hour "of grace" is given, and the children rise at seven instead of half past six or even six, as the daily rule prescribes. The wash-rooms are beside the dormitories, and the teachers explain the necessity and propriety of washing *à grande eau*—that is, with plenty of water. The boys don their trousers and doff their shirts for the operation, and are encouraged to splash themselves thoroughly. It is a first lesson, and they take to it with the greatest good-will.

"The master recommends us to use these moments well, and to try to be always clean with our bodies as well as with our clothes," notes young Ratchet; "he also urges us not to dawdle, but to do well and quick!"

After the children have dressed, they go in bands to clean and black their shoes, and then—those of each dormitory keeping together in regimental order—they are marched down to the recreation court until all are ready. "Soon the master's whistle stops the game, and we go in ranks, each in his own place and to the word of command—Right about face! Forward march!—into the refectory." A half-hour is given to this "little breakfast" (lunch being the French breakfast proper). I have looked through the three weeks' *menus* and find that it consists invariably of milk soup,

regularly with vermicelli, and bread. It is a sacred function, not to be shortened, for feeding and fattening are prime ends of the colony's education. Nowadays the organizers of these philanthropic enterprises have ever before their minds the necessity of aiding in the struggle for life against tuberculosis, the enemy of civilized peoples.

On this first day another important lesson immediately follows breakfast, and a careful repetition of it is made on all the succeeding days under the watchful direction of the teachers. This is bed-making, which in France is scientific. Good notes are given for the best-made beds, and there is a suitable set of prizes for them at the end of the vacation. On this first day, also, soap and comb and tooth-brush and minor linen are ranged in order in the carefully inspected night-tables. The valises are then placed in the order of their numbers in the trunk-room, to be opened again only for the due extraction of Sunday clothes. All is done with the order and method and minute regulation which are the glory of the French housekeeper and the despair of lawless foreigners. The result is happy in this gathering of children, the narrowness of whose home surroundings is often aggravated by slatternly habits.

In the Eleventh Ward the story of one little girl of eleven has become classical; under other circumstances she might have been ranked as a little prig: as it is, she became the serious-minded apostle of the neat and tidy. On her return from the colony she set about the needed reformation of her home. She in turn taught prompt and proper bed-making, sweeping, and the rest to her parents and brothers and sisters when she came back to her cramped, untidy quarters in the city tenement-house.

The remainder of the morning is given up to making the children acquainted with the park and the playgrounds which they have around the house, and under a covered court in case of rain. There are more good counsels mingled with instructions from the teachers, who themselves set the example of using the gymnastic apparatus. Moreover, on this first day, letters must be written home. Each day, at some unoccupied hour, time is taken for writing out the happenings of

the day before. These accounts are criticised kindly by the teachers, who give notes for them; the best-written win the proud distinction of being copied in ornamental *cahiers*, which are to be kept for future generations in the archives of the School Fund. It is there I have made my few selections from the colonial literature. Each day, also, a postal card, noting the degrees of heat and atmospheric pressure, the doctor's visits, and the day's excursions, is sent to Paris to be put up in the Mairie, where the families of the colonists come to read it with admiring eyes.

Luncheon, the "great breakfast," is served at eleven o'clock, in courses or acts, like the solemn and satisfactory ceremony which it is among all true Frenchmen. A specimen menu is: soft-boiled eggs; beef stew; mashed potatoes; cheese—four acts, without overlapping.

Great attention is paid evidently to variety in the meals, as well as to conventional propriety in the serving. I have noted during the lunch-list for twenty-one days—the entire time of one colony—mutton and veal stews; roast veal and beefsteak ("bifteck" is a fair French spelling, but one little girl of the Eleventh Ward turns it into "bif-fect" in her copy-book); and on the last day there is a chicken. There are omelets and fried eggs; potatoes, boiled, mashed, fried, and with white sauce; white beans and flageolet beans; spinach; macaroni and noodles; salads on nine days and cheese on fourteen, with occasional cakes and biscuits and honey.

At four o'clock in the afternoon there is always a generous bowl of milk, with bread at discretion, for each child.

The dinner is another solemn and satisfying performance, in four acts;—for example: sorrel soup (excellent for taste and health as made in France); leg of mutton; flageolet beans; honey. I find on other days various vegetable soups, leek, onion, bean, julienne, with tapioca and vermicelli; five days there was a *pot au feu*, where there is both eating and drinking in the mixture of the meat with the broth in which it has been stewing for hours along with turnips and carrots and nourishing cabbage. Asparagus and lentils are added to the list of vegetables (the vegetable is always eaten as a sep-

arate course); and there are various dressings-up of old friends—beef with *sauce madère* and potato *boulettes*.

On Thursdays and Sundays, and when the doctor comes on his frequent visits of health inspection for each child, coffee follows lunch, to complete the illusion of château life for the children of the Eleventh Ward. Other visits or a director's fête-day or any other occasion may warrant a distribution of bonbons and cakes. M. Duval-Pihet always distinguished his appearance by a glass of champagne for each delighted child. And so the vacation nourishment accompanies its quantity with the little cares which give quality and savor to French cookery.

This is the side of life at the colony which is naturally most appreciated by the children themselves, growing animals with healthy appetites which are not always satisfied in the narrow circumstances of their city life. "If you could only see how fat I'm getting!" writes one.—"Don't worry about me," says another; "I eat well and don't bother myself about anything."

"How old are you, my boy?" asked M. Cornély, who visited the colony for the *Figaro* newspaper.

"Eleven, sir."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Five, sir."

"Are you contented here?"

"I should think so. We're treated like princes—why, we've only to lift our hands and we get bread to eat."

This is the verdict of the child, who, whatever he may be in the ideal, is in practice a stomach served by his other organs. It is no shallow philosophy that places the child's principle at the base of all efforts to educate and improve.

The days now go on with the cheerful monotony of a well-kept French boarding-school, without lessons or classes, but where all is eating and sleeping and play. We have seen how order, cleanliness, and food are provided for. Exercise in the open country, which would be the first preoccupation of English and Americans, is not neglected; it is only regulated, boarding-schoolwise.

There are morning walks to the woods, and afternoons spent in the open spaces of the forest at childish games. The lit-



AFTERNOONS SPENT AT GAMES

the peasant children gaze with awe at these favorites of fortune from the city, as they walk in long line through the narrow paths of the fields. In the wood and in fields where there is no crop to take hurt from running feet, the boys scatter wildly, contriving new games. "We have been held up by brigands!" writes one, triumphantly, to the children at home. Another time they engage in a French equivalent of hare-and-hounds, only it is a deer that is chased with horse and dogs and hunting-horn (*chasse à courre*); and the boys come in comfortably, after not too long a pursuit, for the killing and the cutting up of the quarry (*curée*).

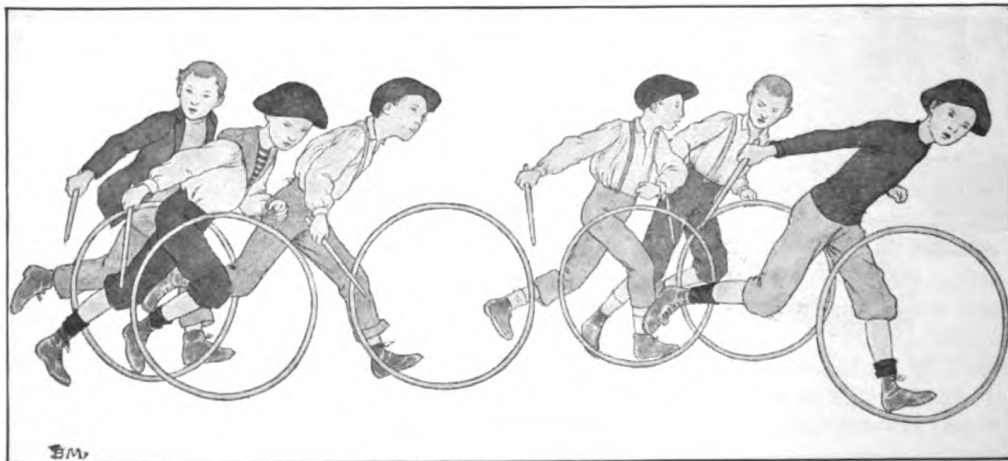
In the boys' note-books I find some very clever explanations of the physical geography and botany of the region, evidently taken down from the walking-lesson of one of the masters. Some of the boys add diagrams and colored sketches. I am not surprised to hear that from these primary schools, more than once, there have gone up to the city engineering schools poor boys like these who have won for themselves high places in the scientific world.

The little girls speak oftenest of gathering wild flowers, which with the innate taste and good manners of the Parisienne they weave into bouquets for their teachers. They gather green hazelnuts, on the assurance that they will ripen as they dry and can be taken back to town. One prudent little girl notes that, in the *clairière* of the forest, she "gathered

stuff to make a basket to put flowers in when I get back to Paris." The chief games of the girls are some form of dancing hands all round or skipping the rope. Trundling their hoops is common to them with the boys; the girls too try the gymnastic apparatus decorously. To them, more than to the boys, the country is only an agreeable frame for their usual city amusements. Sometimes, in the long afternoons, they sit and mend under the watchful eyes of the teachers, always with a view to instruction in needle-work. But, whenever the weather permits, morning and afternoon, all the children, whether girls or boys, are marched out into the fields and woods.

Once during their stay they are driven in the farm vans, forty at a time, for a bath at Contrexéville, quite as if they were of the rich world which frequents that fashionable resort. "I was astonished at the beauty and magnificence of the establishment," writes a little girl, not forgetting to note that, when their bath was over, the kind doctor had them visit the gardens of the Casino and gave each of them a hot cake. They sang in the wagons going home, they lunched with appetite, and played better under the horse-chestnuts in the afternoon—*le bain nous avait rendues souples!*

On the last day there is a solemn distribution of prizes, quite as at some boarding-school. There are recitations, little plays to be acted, with music from the piano or choruses or songs; some of the boys have brought violins and flutes.



THEY CARRY THEIR CITY AMUSEMENTS WITH THEM



THERE ARE MORNING WALKS

French fashion, everything is arranged so that each child shall receive something, and none is utterly left out in the cold. One of the little girls notes after such an occasion, "I did not sleep as quick as usual; the heat and champagne [M. Duval had presided] excited us a bit, and we were still under the impression of the happiness given us by his *gentille petite surprise!*" Each child is given a souvenir—something of practical use—to take back to Paris, and the great prizes are five francs as a first deposit in a savings-bank book begun in the name of the winner.

The children are all measured once again—the boys gain on an average from three to four pounds during their stay in the colony, with from three-quarters

of an inch to one and a half in chest measurements, and double their strength at the dynamometer. The girls, however, average a quarter less in proportion. The boys seem to appreciate these gains, and note them carefully in their copy-books. M. Cornély, with his French ideas of education, expresses his own gratification at another result, which forever differentiates the Paris school colony from anything of the kind in England or America:

"During these three weeks the children have more social training than during their whole time in school."

"To the poor children of the Eleventh Ward," said Dr. Graux to me, radiantly, "we succeed in giving the benefits of a boarding-school!"

May

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT

I

ON the stump of a fallen fir a young girl sat and daubed.

The sunlight of the afternoon was round her like a mist of gold; about her on the hillside were the rich and tawdry ruins of autumn woods; and away beneath, seen through the ranks of shining stems, the serene still bosom of a lake.

A cape was thrown back from her shoulders, and over it her hair lay like strewn gold. Tall and very slender, she sat with bowed neck, sucking the top of her brush thoughtfully. And as she worked with earnest face, now looking, now sucking, now daubing, she crooned to herself a little valiant song:

"Cometh! he cometh, the Conqueror!
Hot and in haste from the sea,
Home from his quest,
Cometh to rest,
Conquering, cometh to me."

A sudden deep hound-note smote in upon her singing reverie.

She looked up, listening.

"It's that boy—nosing!" she murmured, half in scorn, wholly wistful that her pride forbade her to be nosing with that boy.

Poor May! That morning, entering the bath-room to wash her photographic plates, she had found her brother there engaged in secret business.

"George, what *are* you doing?" she asked, peering keenly over his shoulder.

"Only this," said George, adroitly tucking a tiny fid of soap into the stomach of an opened sardine.

May shut the door behind her stealthily. "I say! what's up?" she whispered, with bright eyes.

"Never mind!" said George, tucking adroitly.

The light in May's eyes changed. "If it's for any of my animals," she said, rather white, "I'll go for you."

George answered nothing. He turned,

slipped out of the room, and locked the door behind him.

"It's for Peter," he sniggered through the door, and departed, running, while behind him May clamored and kicked the panels furiously.

George hurried privily down dark staircases, along unfrequented passages, and out at last on to the lawn through the window of the library in the far west wing.

There basked blue Peter in the sun. Now Peter, though the best loved of all May's animals, needs must pass his life upon a chain, because her father, the General, held it better that one cat should suffer constraint than that many sitting pheasants be destroyed.

To Peter, awaiting his breakfast, now came George, softly, and standing just out of paw-reach, tempted him with the soaped and silvery bait. Thereupon Peter reared up in swelling majesty, fought the air, and made hideous outcry. When he was heated to madness, George with cooing words delivered the bait. Peter fell upon it, partook ravenously, and thereafter lathered at the mouth.

Forthwith George hurried off to the dining-room, and, pink with the horror of his news, informed the General that he was afraid—he really was most beastly afraid—that May's cat was going mad—foaming at the mouth like one o'clock!

"My dear boy!" said the General; rose hurriedly from his breakfast, napkin in hand, trotted out to find poor Peter slobbering greatly, spitting, pawing his mouth.

Dutton, the keeper, was summoned. The General, George, and Dutton were standing on the path in consultation, watching Peter's antics with grave faces, George's the gravest of them all; the General was saying,

"I think—I really do think—he ought to be destroyed."

Dutton, one eye on George, was saying, dubiously, "Very well, sir."

And George, of the very tender heart and pained eyes, was saying, "Oh, *poor* May!" when poor May, who had climbed out of the bath-room window and scrambled down the wall, the ivy for ladder, appeared, rosy with running and indignation, and fell upon tender George.

"You cad!" she cried. "You coward!" and thumped him; then with flaming eyes disclosed all to her father and the grinning Dutton.

"It was only a lark," said the defeated George. "No need to get into such a tear, May. Besides, his inside wanted soaping."

"It didn't!" cried May, hotly; and George departed, abashed, to play croquet by himself all morning in the sun-dimpled shade of the great beech, and to pretend he liked it; while May paraded the wilderness-garden, Peter hugged in her arms, crooning to her favorite, to comfort him, passages from the "Morte d'Arthur."

After luncheon George had informed his sister that he was going to "nose around in the woods," and had been good enough to say that she could come with him if she liked.

"I don't like," said May, icily,—*"I don't nose."*

"Rot!" said George, in his brutal boyish way, and departed, whistling, to show he didn't care, though May knew he did, and George knew she knew it, and none, therefore, but the footman was deceived.

So he had gone out, the terrier pack at his heels, to call up old Berserker and go forth a-warring in the woods; while she came here—"to daub," as George called it.

Now she heard old Berserker's voice, deep, challenging, unmistakable, on the



SHE WORKED WITH EARNEST FACE

hillside above her, and knew her brother was at business, and her heart was with him.

She had risen to her feet, and stood like a fawn listening to the sound of distant hounds. All now was silence once more—not a whimper, not a cheer. If game was afoot indeed, they had lost touch. She was glad of it—for Peter's sake; yet sorry—for George's. He was not a bad old boy, this brother of hers, as boys and brothers go.

With renewed stillness there stole back into her soul the refrain she had been singing. Her foot began to tap out the time, her voice to take up the burthen of the air:

"Cometh! he cometh, the Conqueror!
Conquering, cometh to me—"

She stopped, for behind her there was the crackling noise of one coming over dead leaves quickly; and turned.

Out of the shadow of the wood, into the fair sunshine, pattered a tiny black-avised fugitive at a trot, silent, strenuous, sure of himself; yet so bent upon the business of escape that he did not see the singer.

Behind him, on the hill, boomed forth a sudden voice of thunder.

"*Hark to Berserker!*" came a boy's ecstatic cheer. "*Get to him, little ladies! Lottie! Tottie! Edna! Hya! hya! hya!*"

The pointed ears of the fugitive in black went back. He broke into a dogged gallop, holding on his way with dripping tongue but calm eyes.

"Pigs!" murmured May. "The sweet."

The hunted gentleman looked up, saw her, swerved a little, and stopped dead.

She stood in the opening of the forest, robed in a raiment of dying sun, with hair like strewn gold, and the tip of a maiden finger tight between her teeth.

He stood against a background of rusty bracken, shaggy, square-set, swart as a tiny Highland bull, with ears like spears, and eyes like bayonet-points piercing his rough face.

So in the silence they stood and looked at each other, rapt in the magic trance of love at first sight.

Close on them boomed forth old Berserker's deep battle-cry; followed a clamor and yapping fury as of all the devils in hell at chase; and behind, clear-voiced and jubilant, George's—

"*That's the style! Good old man! Push him out! Hya! hya! hya!*"

May woke with a start. She waved to the fugitive peremptorily.

"Fly!" she ordered. "Fly!" and added, as he still stayed, "Idiot! hsh! whsh! hsh!" and waved him away.

He went not. Instead he came to her, his head uplifted, his ears on guard, with high carriage and a certain proud and tender diffidence, as though he would pursue his chance



THE GENERAL, GEORGE, AND DUTTON STOOD WATCHING



"OH!" SHE GASPED. "YOU, DUTTON! WHAT A FRIGHT!"

acquaintance if she, the lady, would permit it.

There sounded a crashing and scamper in the woods.

May looked up.

Among the white stems she saw the dark shadow of a hound hunting, a host of ragged white terriers screaming at his heels, and, behind, a boy, fair as herself, clad in white, leaping down the hill.

"*May! May!*" this one screamed. "*He's coming your way! Head him back into their jaws!*"

"Likely!" murmured May, sped across to the hunted one, picked him up, and fled down the hill, pale as the pale waters at her feet.

II

Slim-legged, flitting phantom, her hair trailing behind her like a wake of gold, she sped down the hill among silver-

bolled birches, stiff hollies, slender rowans, leaping through reddening bracken-beds, making for the lake shining wan-faced beneath.

As she rushed with flowing mane through the fast opening trees, before her the bare sand-dunes, and beyond them the shimmering waters of the lake, of a sudden a mighty man, tawny-bearded, breathless, stepped out upon her from behind a mightier oak.

She came to a startled halt.

"Oh!" she gasped, huddling her cape about her. "You, Dutton! What a fright! I didn't know . . ."

The keeper drew her in behind the tree. "Hush, miss!" he panted. "Ma word!" wiping his brow, "I've run! Reck'n we've got him this time, though! Master George put him out o' t' brockens! I'm for cuttin' him off! He allus cooms same road. Hark to Berserker!"

Breathing hard, he stood with bowed face, listening, too intent to pay heed to the pale girl with the cramped left shoulder who panted at his side.

"Seems they've lost him," he muttered, gnawing his beard. "Queer, too. He allus takes t' watter by yon birches." Then he turned to the girl. "Yo' hanna seen him, miss?" he asked, eagerly. "He should ha' coom your road."

"Me!" panted May. "What? When? Why should I? Who?"

"Yon little rough terrier—'im that's always muckin' my coverts. I'll lay I'll muck him yet," savagely. "He's nigh cost me my place 'fore this."

"What!" gasped May. "A little black Scotchman—with pricked ears—and beady eyes?"

"That's the spit of him!" cried the keeper, hoarse and eager. "A proper little chap to look at, and mucks my coverts reg'lar as I take my meat. Ha' ye seen him, miss?"

"I should think I have!" cried May.

"When, miss?" keen as Berserker upon the trail.

"Not a minute ago," breathlessly.

"Wheer?"

"Up there—in the clearing by the fir-tree as I was sketching,—bold as brass, and as cocky as you please."

"That's 'im," cried the keeper. "By the clearing, ma word!" and was starting up the hill; then paused. "That's wheer they are now," he said, listening. "They've lost him, I do declare," and he stood with bowed face breathing blasphemies into his beard.

"No, they haven't," cried May, eagerly—"not if you're quick. Run, Dutton! Run like billy-oh! Tell Master George what I've told you. He *can't* be far! If you're only quick!" she urged. "Fly, man! fly! Every moment's precious! You *must* get him. He'll spoil all our shoots, else; and you know what the General said last time."

"I should ought to," grunted the keeper—"nigh cost me my place, he did, young wermin."

"Then do as I tell you, and don't let him cost you your place."

"Nay, miss," said the other, gloomily, and returned to the shelter of his oak. "If he cooms at all, he'll coom this road. I'd best bide here."

"Very well," panted May. "Only don't blame me when the bag at the next shoot is one of my tame ducks and a stop-boy," and she began to walk rapidly away.

The keeper followed her with curious eyes, then suddenly with cautious feet. Yet, with all his caution, she heard him.

"Why are you following me?" she cried back, sharply.

"I thought happen I could help you, miss," said the keeper, respectfully. "Seems you've hurt your arm a bit?" with solicitude.

"Haven't," said May. "You needn't follow me, Dutton. You can't help me. It's only water for my painting I want. If I need help, I'll call."

"Nay, miss, I'll coom along," said the keeper, with dogged courtesy.

"D'you hear?" cried May. "Go back!" imperiously. "I don't want you. I won't be followed! D'you hear, Dutton? Go back to your oak! The dog might come any minute."

"Reck'n he's past, miss," said the keeper at her heels; and she knew he was grinning.

"Oh, you don't know!" panted May, and began to trot. "Keep up heart! Never say die! And whatever you do, don't desert your post!" and she fled, scudding down the sand-dunes, her hair behind her like a wonderful banner of gold.

"Beg pardon, miss!" came the keeper's deep voice, joggling at her ear; and fleet though she was, she knew he was fleet.

She stopped, and turned to bay.

"What?"

"Beg pardon, miss," touching his hat and approaching with sideways head. "Beg pardon, miss! But what might that'n be?"

"What?" fiercely.

"That'n, miss!" pointing, and approaching with slow feet.

"Where?" breathlessly.

"Under thy cape, miss."

"I see nothing," pale as fear.

"Theer, miss!" said Dutton, and drew closer, with the shy self-conscious grin of the swain wooing his Phyllis. "That'n," and thrusting out a huge red hand, he caught a tail hanging like a black dirk from beneath her golf cape.



HE CAUGHT THE DOG'S TAIL FROM BENEATH HER GOLF CAPE

"Gort him!" he roared, and rocked beneath a tempest of laughter.

III

May flung back her cape. The fugitive in black was in her arms, his muzzle on her shoulder, his ears and eyes towards the wood, and his tail fast in that red remorseless hand.

"Drop it!" ordered May, with eyes like flame.

"Pardon, miss," said the keeper, calm again now. "He nigh cost me my place 'fore this."

"You're pulling his tail out of its socket," cried May, with heaving bosom. "Drop it!"

"Pardon, miss," said the keeper, touching his hat. "It's you're pullin'. I ain't."

"Dutton!" wailed a boy's voice from the hillside.

"Sir!" roared Dutton.

"If you tell—" cried a sword-voice in his ear.

"*I've lost him,*" pursued the far voice. "*Berserker can't hit it.*"

"Try forrard, sir," roared Dutton.

"Coward!" said the sword-voice; and a hand like a white scud smote his cheek.

Dutton threw up his shoulder and hid his cheek behind it, grinning.

"Dutton!" wailed the far-away voice. "*Which way?*"

"This way, sir," roared Dutton.

"Which way is this way?"

"Watter way, sir," roared Dutton.

"Right O!" cheered the voice. "Come on, the boy! Lottie! Tottie! Edna! Hya! hya! hya!"

The hunted gentleman raised his muzzle from its resting-place and peered alertly up the hill; then he turned and licked the chin that was so round and sweet and tempting, close to his own.

"Dutton!" said May, very quick and quiet.

"Miss?" said Dutton, and hunched his shoulder.

"I'm sorry I smacked you, Dutton."

"That's no matter, miss," said Dutton, cordially, touching his hat.

"And now," said May, swift as a sword, "drop it!"

"Pardon, miss," said Dutton the dogged. "Nigh cost me my place 'fore this, miss."

"Dutton," said May, very still and white.

"Miss?"

"D'you hear me?"

"I hear, miss," respectfully.

"Then do what you're told."

"Pardon, miss," said Dutton the dogged. "Nigh cost me my place 'fore this, miss."

"I won't stand any nonsense, Dutton!" trembling.

"No, miss," respectfully.

"I order you!" with a stamp.

"Yes, miss," grinning uncomfortably.

"Yes, you may smile," cried May, white hot. "I'll make you—you'll see. Take your hands off! or I'll—I'll—I will."

"Will what, miss?"

"Gnaw you," said May, very white.

"Very good, miss," said Dutton, patiently.

"Brute!" said May, bowed her flower face over the huge hand, and gnawed.

Then she looked up into the keeper's face.

"I say!" she gasped, "did it hurt?" and scanned the hand where showed the ivory marks of her teeth.

"Tickled a bit, miss," said Dutton, unmoved. "Take another taste, miss."

"It's no good," panted May. "It's so tough. I can't get my teeth in."

"Very sorry, indeed, miss," said the grim keeper.

"And so tobaccoey," panted Miss May. "It's beastly."

"Very sorry, miss."

"And so huge," cried poor May, "I can't get my mouth round."

"Very sorry, miss," said the keeper, grim and grinning.

"Hya! hya! hya!" came a boy's scream, nearing in leaps. "Blood for the ladies! blood for the boy!"

The fugitive cuddled down into the arms of his protectress. May was glancing up the hill with eyes of the frightened fawn.

With fevered fingers she began to tease at the great hand that wrapped round the tail like a selvage.

As well might a sea-swallow peck at an iceberg in hope to move it.

She saw it and gave up.

"Oh, Dutton! Oh, please!" The voice was changed now, meek, pitiful, suppliant, full of tears. "I beg you."

Dutton ceased to grin.

Faintly the white fingers strove.

"I do ask you, Dutton! We've always been such good friends, you and I—ever since you used to carry me about in your arms when I was a tiny thing."

The squeal of excited terriers, and her brother's hateful voice cheering them on, was in her ears.

The fugitive in her arms was shivering—but not so much as she was—poor pale anemone shaken by the wind.

She began to pull softly, edging away, with eyes aghast and ever on the hill.

"Oh, Dutton!" appealing and piteous. "Dear Dutton! And when I saved your Tommy's life last week—I did! I did! You know I did. Didn't I?"

Dutton began to fidget.

"When, miss?"

"At the school feast—when he swallowed a bull's-eye,* and it stuck half-way down;—and he couldn't breathe, and began to go black in the face. And Miss Pigott was down on her knees saying: 'Pray, child! pray! It's the only thing to do!' And I said, 'Rot!' and put my paw in and clawed it out—and he bit a great piece out of my wrist,—and Mr. Hancock said—I *hate* having to remind you—that, humanly speaking, I'd saved his life. Now d'you remember?"

Dutton grumbled and grunted.

* A bull's-eye is a large round sweet.

"And you said if I ever needed a friend—and you could—and now you can—and you won't—and here he comes, the beast!—Quick, Dutton! Quick! Oh, do! Oh, duckie!"

"It 'll cost me my place," said Dutton, feelingly, but he loosed his hold.

"Angel!" cried May, her head upon her shoulder as she fled. "Angel of Light!"

IV

She was half-way over the open dunes that lie between the water and the wood, flying like the blast-blown petal of a rose, when behind her burst a tremendous questioning cry.

"Berserker's on yo', miss!" came the roaring voice of Dutton. "Set t' little chap down, and let him cut!"

Wild-eyed, she looked behind her as she fled. Berserker, tan-hued old warrior, loose of throat and flapping-jowled, had shot out of the wood, had sighted her, and now was plunging down the slope in chase at a long lolling gallop.

White as a driven snowflake, and as swift, she turned to her fleeing. Before her the land fell suddenly away in a steep slope, patched with bents and bog-myrtle. At the foot of the steep the foreshore lay, shining, pebbly, wet; and beyond it, a hundred yards away, the waters whispered about the lady-birches that have walked ankle-deep into the water, and stand there shivering and afraid.

Down the steep pitch she swooped, as a bird swoops into an abyss; and at the bottom, out of sight of the pursuer, she set down the fugitive.

"Run!" she panted—"for your life!" smacked him sharply to hurry him; then turned and fled up the steep.



"HELP!" CRIED MAY, IN LAST-GASP VOICE

As she topped the crest, the old hound, his head up, plunging along at his floppety gallop, was not twenty yards away, racing for a view; she clapped her hands.

"Bersie boy! Bersie boy!" she cried, cheering him, breathless but gallant. "Hya! hya! hya!" and led away, trailing her hand like a wounded wing, as though to lay him on the scent.

The old hound swung from his going, came to her cry, flappety, floppety, bent to her trailing hand, flung here, flung there, thirsty, ferocious, and with thrashing tail, searching his clue.

"Search him out! Push him out! Hya! hya! There's the boy!" panted May, leading ever away from the crest of the slope; and even as she did it she heard the sound of one, cautiously picking his way through shallow water beneath.

Berserker heard too. He turned from her and her Delilah-like seductions. A moment he stood with high head listening, then plunged to the crest of the steep, and stood there splendidly at gaze.

May flashed to his side.

Below them, ankle-deep in the calm waters blood-stained by the dying sun, stood one like a wee bull, shaggy, swart, four-square, with ears like spears and bayonet-points, grinning up at them villainously.

"Fool!" cried May, and stamped.

"Ow!" roared Berserker, and with a bound and a boom was flinging down the steep.

"No, you don't!" cried May, and flung herself on top of him.

"*Berserker's hit it! Get to him, little ladies!*" came her brother's triumphant scream, as he blurted out of the wood.

"Loose him, miss!" roared Dutton, running towards her.

"Never!" cried May, her hands like a white collar about the old hound's throat. "Help! help! Oh, you beastly brute!" as Berserker plunged booming into her hands as a horse into his collar. "You sha'n't!" with set teeth. "You pig! you sha'n't!" and yet for all her pulling she was heaved forwards, flung off her feet, and so pulled slithering down the slope, still clinging desperately; while Berserker plunged and tugged and boomed in throttled voice.

"Help!" cried May, in last-gasp voice. "Hold him!" as Dutton came over the crest of the slope, running furiously.

"I got him, miss," cried the keeper, seized the old hound by the collar, wrenched him clear, wrestled with him, flung him, and knelt on him.

Poor May had collapsed.

"Are you hurt, miss?" panted the keeper, anxiously.

"Don't know," said May, in small and rather weepy voice, sitting dishevelled beneath a heap of golden hair.

Over the brow came her brother and his waspish pack, thirsting for blood.

"Where is he?" he cried.

"Half-way across t' watter by this," said Dutton, kneeling on the flopping Berserker. "Best look to Miss May. She's a bit shook up."

George turned and beheld his sister huddled beneath her hair.

"Hullo, May!" he cried, trotting anxiously over to her. "Hurt?"

"Never mind!" came an uncertain voice.

George knelt beside her.

"I say, May!" almost in tears, and tenderly he drew aside the curtain of her hair. "I say, old lady."

"Go away!" cried May, and drew again her curtain that she might hide behind it.

George, abashed, rose to his feet and looked across the water.

Far out he saw a black snout resting on the calm bosom of the lake, a little eddying ripple in its wake.

"Gone away!" he cried. But there was no heart in his halloo, "Hya! hya! hya!" but there was no dash in the run with which he led the terrier pack to the water's edge.

May raked aside her curtain to peep out with brimming eyes.

She saw that low-lying snout far out on the bosom of the lake; she saw the terriers idly yapping in the shallow waters; she saw George throwing stones in the direction of the retreating enemy (the stones fell short; George, even George, could not throw a quarter of a mile), and the tears were hunted from her eyes by an April smile.

"That's all right," she sighed, and shook her splendid mane.

"Ah," grunted Dutton. "And he'll cost me my place yet."

May peeped at him round a mass of intervening hair.

"No, he won't, Dutton," she said. "I'll see to that," and overcame him with a smile. "You needn't sit on Bersie any more," she added, considerately.

The keeper rose. So did Berserker, shook his loose old skin till it rattled, then came to her, grinning a great war grin, for much he loved her.

"Rough old wretch!" she said, and raising an elegant toe, prodded him delicately in the ribs. "You've wrenched me all to nothing," and patted the wrinkled head he thrust into her bosom.

George was coming back from the water's edge slowly, the drowned terriers at his heels. He was throwing stones disconsolately at reed tussocks, and refusing to lift his eyes.

"Suck'd again, old boy!" chuckled a

rich voice above him. "You're about as much good as an apple dumpling."

The boy lifted his handsome face, and the light was back in it.

May was sitting on the bank above him, her arms about her knees, her eyes dancing through a veil of invading hair.

"It's all you!" he said, grinning at her delightedly. May was rude; May was grinning; May was herself again—good old May. "We'd have had him but for you."

"Yes, you would," chuckled May. "Scored you off for Peter."

Suddenly she skipped to her feet, straining on tipmost toe.

"Good-by, my own!" she cried in devoted voice, kissing her hand across the water. "*Au revoir*, sweetest! Come again soon!"

She executed three steps of a skirt-dance, pirouetted with widespread skirts, and bowed gravely to Dutton.

George turned and looked out over the water.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" he said, for on a spit of land on the opposite shore, under a solitary fir, stood a wee figure, shaggy, swart, four-square, with ears like spears, the sunset in his eyes, waving his tail at them over the stained water; and almost they could see his villainous smile.

The Roman Way

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I

HAVING such sadness then we turned aside
From the straight road and Roman Way that goes
Too straightly upward, on what breathless snows
Its measured lines austerity descried:
"Captain, too stern this granite road!" we cried,
And, "For whose right in militant array
Are led the sons of men the Roman Way?"
But the slow avalanche alone replied.

And so we turned aside: and day by day
Men passed us with set faces to the road,
And crying, "The Eternal City!" went their way,
While in the pleasant valley we abode,
With all its dewy herbage and the fleet
Running of water brooks with silken feet.

II

Then in the main of living we were glad
Of that resolve which took us from the Way,
Seeing how softly bade adieu each day
And in what gentleness the moon was clad;
Then ashen age came on us, sullen, sad,
Stealthy and slow, and passed and passed again
The onward faces of swift journeying men,
Keen with the life of some large Iliad.

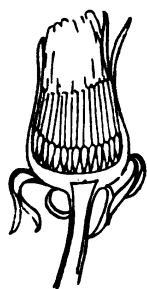
Now—for our heads are stricken, our lives are
As flowers sodden in the winter rain—
We, who alive are dead—and whether far
Beyond the snows are blissful births of pain,
Or Rome, or Cæsar, we know not—we say,
There is one way of life, *The Roman Way*.

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Some Successful Plants

BY A. J. GROUT, Ph.D.

IN a lawn or a garden there is constant annoyance because of weeds, that will grow in spite of all our efforts to the contrary, while the plants that are desired often refuse to thrive even though cared for with the greatest solicitude. Again, some plants appear to thrive in situations so unfavorable that one would say it were impossible but for the self-evident facts. In the chinks between the flagstones of our busy city streets, in well-worn paths, in heaps of coal ashes and cinders, are found many



DANDELION
Section of fruit-
head closed

humble but eminently successful plants. Success in plant life does not mean a great show of beautiful flowers or foliage or a high and exalted worldly position. It means the ability to obtain sufficient nutrition so that the plant may make a vigorous growth and produce flowers which shall be fertilized and produce a large number of sound, viable seeds,—i. e., seeds which will grow.

For each seed contains a baby plant carefully wrapped from cold and wet, and upon the number and vigor of these seeds depends the next generation of plant life.

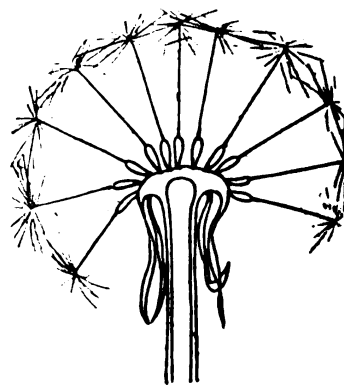
Additional elements of success are habits and devices which protect the plant from its various enemies, and various devices for scattering the seeds far and wide.

Measured by these standards our commonest weeds are the plants most successful in the struggle for existence, which is constantly going on in the case of every living thing, from microbes to man. A careful study of a few of the familiar despised plants to discover the secrets of their success is most fascinating; for the objects of study are open to all, even in the most crowded city,

and to learn wonderful things of common and despised objects arouses enthusiasm in the most listless. Moreover, only a small portion of these secrets has ever been extracted from our humble acquaintances, and the study has all the charm of original investigation.

Perhaps none of our plants is more common or more familiar than the Dandelion, and certainly none is more wonderful. First of all, it is not a native, but was introduced from Europe, whence have come many of our worst weeds, fitted by centuries of struggle in cultivated fields to overcome the native plants of a continent where cultivation had previously been practically unknown, and where natives had had no opportunity of adapting themselves to the conditions of civilized agriculture.

One of the Dandelion's strongest points is the ability to obtain nourishment under strong competition and in unfavorable situations. A deep, strong, perennial tap-root draws all available nourishment and moisture from surface and subsoil, stores nourishment during the winter, and enables the plant to start far and away ahead of most of its competitors. The Dandelion blossom is one



DANDELION
Section of fruit-head open

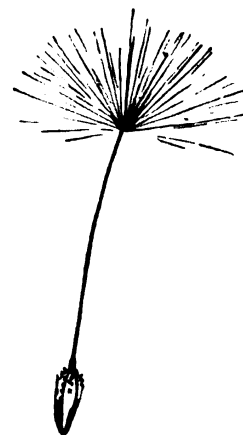
of the very first to appear in the fields and parks of New York city. This same tap-root is exceedingly bitter, which very likely protects it from destruction by moles and other animals. At least I do not remember having seen a root that had been disturbed by animals of any kind.

But only a small portion of its food comes from the soil. Air and sunshine are just as necessary, for the air is food and the sunshine is digestion for our vegetable neighbors. Note the shape of the leaves; narrow at base and widening to the outer end, they form a dense rosette that not only gets for the Dandelion all the air and sunshine coming its way, but smothers all but the most sturdy competitors. Here lies the secret of the Dandelion's presence in lawns and walks and open waste places. In lawns the grass is kept low, so that it cannot overtop and shade the Dandelion, while its own leaves lie so low and close that they are little hurt by the mower and can smother the grass underneath. Let the grass grow, and the Dandelion must raise and lengthen its leaves and stretch them up toward the sunlight. For a while it will do this, but the contest soon proves too much for even a Dandelion, and you will seldom find Dandelions in heavy grass-lands or land growing tall plants, except on the edges next open spaces.

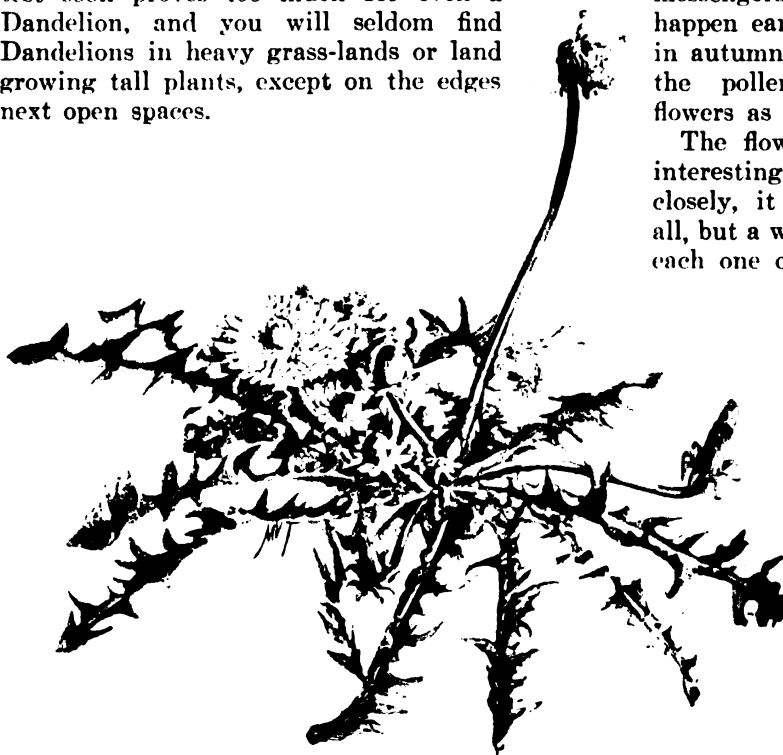
The large, strong root and the wide-spreading leaves furnish nourishment sufficient to produce abundant flowers and seeds, but mere nourishment is not enough. Seeds with their delicately cradled infants cannot be produced unless the tiny pollen dust is carried from one flower to another.

As the Dandelion cannot walk, she must hire messengers, and the brilliant golden glory of the flowers is not primarily designed for our enjoyment, but as a flaming advertisement of "Nectar Within." And nectar there is indeed, and so abundant and easy of access that almost any insect can obtain it. Müller noted ninety-three species of insects visiting the Dandelion. These included bees, ants, beetles, butterflies, flies, and bugs. If, after all, this array of messengers fail her (as may happen early in spring or late in autumn), she is able to use the pollen from her own flowers as a last resort.

The flower itself is a most interesting structure; looked at closely, it is not a flower at all, but a whole head of flowers, each one of which produces a single seed (fruit). Look at the tip of each tiny yellow strap, and you will see five little notches, standing for the five separate petals of ordinary flowers. As you examine each tiny floret you will be surprised to find that they do not all look alike. On the outer



DANDELION SEED



DANDELION LEAVES, NARROW AT BASE AND WIDENING TO THE OUTER ENDS

ones the central stem (stigma) is widely split, and curled like a pair of miniature Dandelion curls, while in the inner flowers the halves of the stigma are still closely applied to each other and stand erect. Take a close look under the microscope to find why this is so. Close around the stalk (style) which bears the curls is a five-parted tube made of the boxes (anthers) which hold the pollen dust. Into this tube all the dust is discharged before the stigmas come out, and as they come out the brush of long hairs on their outer surface sweeps the pollen along up above the tube, where it is easily carried away by insect visitors. Note that the pollen from its

own tube cannot reach the shorter hairs on the inner surface of the stigmas, for each half is covered by the other until they separate. As they separate, its own pollen is on the under side, and cannot reach the short hairs until the curls make a complete circle, when its own pollen may act if the messengers have not brought pollen from other flowers. For the pollen must light on these short inner hairs if it is to help make seeds, and pollen from another Dandelion flower makes better, healthier, stronger seeds than that from the same plant.

Have you ever noticed that no Dandelion blossoms can be found at dark or on a rainy day? The heads of flowers close except in sunshine, so that the pollen dust may not get wet, for if wetted it is killed, or injured so as to be valueless.

The stem (scape) on which the flower is borne is a most interesting structure. It is hollow like bicycle tubing, and for the same reason—the greatest strength with the least material. When the Dandelion is in blossom the scape is upright, and just long enough to bring the flower up into a conspicuous position. If the grass be an inch high, the scape will be a little longer. If the grass be a foot high, so is the scape. But when all the little flowers in the big flowerlike cluster have blossomed and there is no more need for calling in insect helpers and visitors, then the scape bends over toward the ground, nestling the developing seeds close to the leaves and grass, out of the way of the lawnmower or the sharp teeth of the cow or sheep. While the plant babies are growing, secure in their



DANDELION SEEDS READY FOR DISSEMINATION

hidden nest, the scape is slowly but surely becoming longer, so that when the babies are grown and ready to sail away, each in his own little air-ship, this scape straightens up to its full length, lifting the seed infants high in air, so that they may fly farther away and not crowd each other or their parents in their new home. The sketches of a section through the open and the closed head show how ingeniously the closed heads are made to assume the globular shape so well known to us. Note in the drawings how the stem, or beak, of the flowers has elongated in the fruit, so that the tiny voyagers may not suffer wreck by being overturned in sudden gusts. Also note on the edges of the basket of this tiny air-ship the tiny anchor-teeth to catch on leaves and roughened soil. These also probably serve to help force the seed into the soil as the parachute top struggles and rolls and tugs at anchor, until at last it is broken off, leaving the baby Dandelion carefully planted and ready to start into new life. But for all Mo-



PLANTAIN ROSETTE

ther Nature's care there is a great deal of tragedy in Dandelion life. Every well-grown plant will produce some hundreds or even thousands of seeds in a season, but not more than one in a hundred at the utmost will live to grow into a plant producing seed. Yet it is through this very process of selection by destroying all but those best fitted for the conditions of life that the Dandelions of today are so marvellously adapted to existing circumstances.

The common Plantain (*Plantago major* and *P. Rugelii*) is another plant that thrives in spite of all efforts to subdue it. It does not make good salad or greens, and in this respect is at an advantage over the Dandelion. It has the same wide-spreading, closely fitting rosette of leaves for smothering competition, the outer with long petioles, and the inner with scarcely any. It also lacks the large, deep root, bitter juice, and conspicuous flowers of the Dandelion. Its flowers are on long slender spikes, without color or odor, and the pollen is hung at the end of long slender threads, so that it can be easily carried by the wind to the plumelike stigmas. These stigmas always appear first, beginning at the



PLANTAIN HEAD

bottom of the spike. After they have caught their fill of pollen they wither, nearly always before the pollen-sacs (anthers) of the same part of the spike are ready to shed any pollen, so that the flowers can very rarely be self-fertilized.

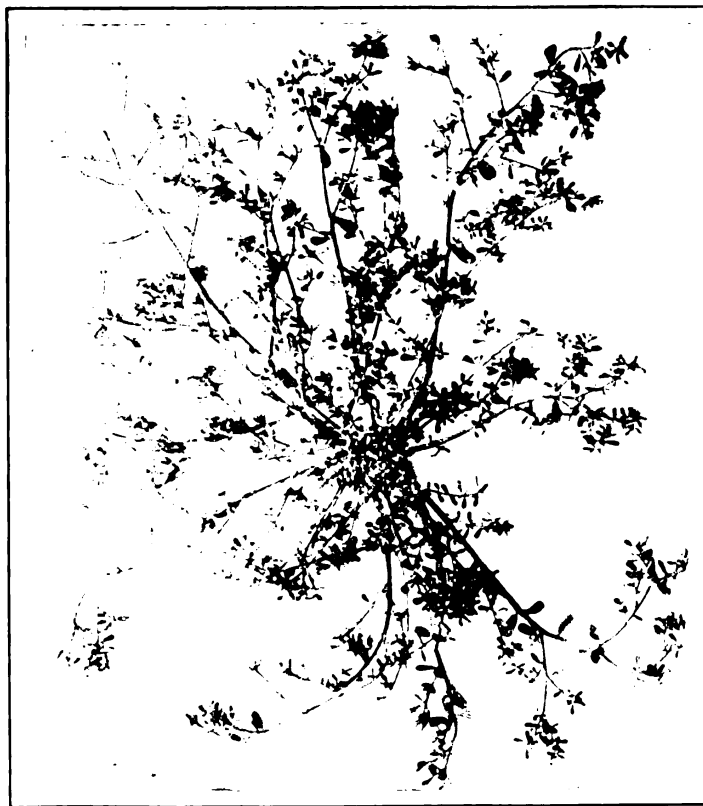
The character of the flowers as given above indicates that the Plantain trusts entirely to the wind to carry its messages, but it seems that insects also help, in spite of the apparent lack of inducements. Although the glowing sign is not there, the nectar apparently is, for I have seen bees visit flower after flower and spike after spike, only turning aside for a tempting blossom of white clover. But more than anything else the Plantain depends on the number of its seeds and their longevity. Each tiny capsule produces from five to ten seeds, and there are sometimes as many as a dozen spikes of one hundred capsules each on a single plant, so that a well-developed plant has on it nearly six thousand seeds. A single plant will easily produce fourteen thousand seeds in a season. There is no

special device for protecting and scattering these seeds, but from the great number some must get a chance to grow, as they will retain their vitality for years when buried in the ground.

The common Purslane, or "Pussly" of the farmers, is very different from either the Dandelion or the Plantain. It will not grow in lawns or grass-lands, only in soil that is frequently disturbed by the cultivator or hoe. For it cannot stand competition. Let other seeds grow, and it is soon choked out. If the soil be cultivated often enough to keep down the other weeds, then it spreads itself over the bare soil in thick, reddish-green mats. Attack it with the hoe, and you merely make ten plants where before was but one. The stems and leaves are so thick and succulent that every fragment will send out roots even in the driest of our gardens. If it be dug out, gathered up, and thrown in heaps on the bare rock, the stronger and more fortunate subsist on the remains of their associates. Place a plant in a botanist's

drying-press, and the lower leaves will drop off, while new leaves will be developed at the upper end.

The thick, fleshy leaves and stems of this plant are characters indicating that it is a native of the seashore, or of arid regions like the deserts of our Western plains. The plants that grow in such situations do not do so because they thrive best there, but because there is little or no competition. They were probably driven originally to such inhospitable places by the keen competition of their associates, and having had little or no competition since, have lost rather than gained the ability to compete with other plants in more favorable



COMMON PURSLANE

situations, so that, as we remarked above, Purslane will only grow in well-tilled gardens where other weeds are kept down. Another bit of confirmatory evidence is seen in the presence of this plant along our sea-beaches.

The Purslane is an annual, very sensitive to frost, and consequently has to start afresh every year, but its enormous production of seeds compensates fully for this. On the plant figured there were fifty thousand seeds, mature and immature, each tiny capsule holding about one hundred. A well-grown plant is estimated to produce one million two hundred and fifty thousand seeds in a single summer. At this rate, if every seed were to grow and produce likewise, at the end of a few years the offspring of a single plant would more than cover the entire surface of the earth. These seeds are very long-lived, and lie dormant in the soil for years, ready to spring up and cover the ground as soon as it is left bare of other vegetation by cultivation or other causes. Purslane has inconspicuous flowers without odor, and no device for seed-distribution except the extension of its own branches. Its success seems to lie wholly in its tenacity of life and abundant production of long-lived seeds. The Dandelion is well equipped in nearly every direction. Plantain depends also upon abundant seed-production like Purslane, but is successful largely through a very complete adaptation to conditions that are frequent.

A considerable number of our weeds achieve success through runners, like those of a strawberry plant, which spread the species safely and securely. Two con-



SORREL, A WEED PROPAGATING ITSELF THROUGH RUNNERS

spicuous plants of this sort are the Golden Hawkweed, which has been known to kill nearly all the grass over large areas of meadow, and the common Sorrel (*Rumex acetosella*), which does not invade grass-lands with a good sod, but is a great pest around the edges of cultivated plots, spreading all over the area of cultivation if given half a chance. All of these plants are foreigners, specially fitted, as previously stated, for success in civilized areas.

Judgment

BY ALICE BROWN

PART II

III

HELEN went back into the library and sat down by the fire. Again she was waiting, with an expectation intensified by what she had gone through. Recalling herself presently to practical needs, she summoned the maid and told her to have chocolate ready, and some food; when Mr. Landor came, he was to be sent up without delay. Then, with nothing to do until that moment, she leaned back in her chair and withdrew into compensating meditation. She had been a wife for years; and yet, in the habit of her fervent thought, she was a bride. When her husband was away, she had hours of still communion with him, made up of memories from their life together, and also of that rapt consciousness for which there is no name. A hundred times a day she sent her soul to him with inarticulate messages: the thoughts that bless, the prayers like crystal globes of safety enclosing a beloved soul. Helen adored the man in a way including the far reaches of all being. It was not for this year or next that she kept troth with him; her desire ran forward toward unexplored delights, beseeching the unknown good to shower them on him. She was like a mother garnering up treasure for an improvident child, in expectation of his sometime desiring it.

It was nearly twelve when she heard Landor coming up the stairs. He appeared in the doorway unannounced: a tall fellow of sinewy bulk, with a firm chin, a hawk's eye, and a mouth too sensitive even in its strength to promise him the ease of poor contentments. He was a man who had seen service in life. His face betrayed it. The eyes were weary of gazing on things with which the hands had grappled.

Helen met him in a welcome artlessly compounded of new pleasure and unchanging fealties.

"I'm afraid you are tired," she said. "You don't run up-stairs as you used to."

He answered her smile, and in that irradiation his face turned sweet and boyish. Immediately she remembered how Kent had introduced him to her years ago; nobody, Kent said, was such a kid as Graham Landor.

"It wasn't because I didn't want to come," said he. "I *am* tired, dog-tired. But five minutes by the fire will set me right."

"You're going to have a tray. Sit down and wait for it."

But he could not compose himself. He walked to the window and back again, his hands in his pockets. He halted there before her.

"Mrs. Markham," said he, impulsively. "what made you send? Has anything happened? Is it—Elizabeth?"

She looked up, surprised.

"Elizabeth? No, it's not about her. No, this is business."

He sat down, and the frown upon his face gave way delightfully.

"I didn't know," said he. "It's so long since I've been here—"

The maid came in with the tray, and Helen poured his chocolate. He took it absently, and she had to jog his interest.

"Come," she said. "Break bread with me."

Then he did eat, and the food cheered him. He shook off old preoccupations and gazed at her.

"Now," said Helen, putting down her cup, "this is why I summoned you: Is the plan still on for sending a young man orchid-hunting?"

A keener look ran into his eyes. He seemed to dismiss his intimate and per-

sonal soul in favor of an every-day intelligence.

"It is still on," he said.

"Have you found the young man?"

"No. We've considered six, but they're no good."

"What do you say to substituting for a young man a middle-aged New England woman?"

Landor looked at her through the dawning of a more inquisitive discernment. He took off his eye-glasses and wiped them. His eyes had immediately the softened look of the readjusted focus. A smile was coming, perhaps in recognition of acumen from a quarter whence he least expected it.

"I should consider it," he responded, temperately. "This is the day of woman; it's the day of the New England woman. Will she write in dialect?"

"She will write decorously, according to no one less than Lindley Murray." Momentarily her smile answered his, and then anxiety returned, to reassert itself. "Briefly, this is it. A woman I used to know has just been here. She worked for me years ago. She is delirious over orchids, and she wants to travel. Her mind is set on culture; but besides that she has the spirit of Borrow and Richard Burton rolled in one. She would hunt your orchids to the death,—or anything else she set herself to hunt! I thought of your quest. I thought of you—of the woman—of myself. It's audacious; but then *you* are audacious."

"You are a splendid promoter. I didn't think it of you." He came upright in his chair, and flashed his sudden smile upon her. "Dear lady," said he, keenly, "why are you doing this?"

She had been deeply moved in speaking; he could not but be conscious of it. A fine reserve controlled her usually; she was accessible and sweet, open to all human needs, yet always, as it seemed, behind a veil. Now something stirred her too poignantly to be ignored. She had an end in view; and seeking it, her old fine sanity gave way to eager haste.

"I want to help the woman," she said. Her cheeks were scarlet now. Her eyes bent upon him entreatingly. "I want to feed the starved life she has been living. But it's more than that. It's more

personal. I have another motive, and that I cannot tell you."

"Shall I do it because you ask me?"

She hesitated, and honesty stood by her.

"No," she answered, "no. Do it if she will sell your paper."

He looked at her a moment in silence. He was besieging her hidden reserves, speculating upon her warmth.

"Is Elizabeth?"—he hesitated—"is Elizabeth concerned in this?"

"No!" She glanced at him in pure surprise. "Not directly." Then, candidly as she had spoken, this seemed to her a lie, and she added: "We are all concerned, more or less, in a way. But you are not to fash yourself with that. You are merely to decide whether the woman will do the work you want, and trust it to her."

"Can I trust her?" asked Landor, with knitted brows. "That's the question."

"You can trust her to do a piece of work like that. Her heart will be in it. So will her conscience."

"How do you know I can trust her?"

"I feel it."

"The mischief you do!" said Landor, shaking his head at her. "So we are to fit her out with a letter of credit, and expect her to come back with orchids and a manuscript of forty thousand words. Have you found her trustworthy?" he asked, suddenly, in direct attack.

She looked him in the eyes, her own gaze crystal-clear.

"No," she said. "She has behaved abominably. I am afraid of her; yet I respect her very much. She has a distorted conscience; but I believe she'd let it lead her to the stake. She is cruel; but then, she has been starved."

"Starved? poor? is she poor?"

"Her soul is starved."

He shook his head.

"Dear lady," said he, "when you get to souls, you're outside my bailiwick. Well, let me see the creature. When can I meet her? Where?"

Helen seemed to palter.

"I don't know," she answered, weakly. "When she comes, when I see her, I can send her to you."

"She'll have to hurry, then. The scheme ought to be advertised in Saturday's issue." He was abstractedly

fingering at the pull of the drawer; and for no reason, save that the letters were within, the action made her nervous.

"Turn the key," she said, with a little laugh. "There! give it to me, please. Elizabeth put some papers in there, and neglected to lock the drawer. They make me fanciful. I feel as if they might jump out and punish us—make faces at us—for being careless."

"Elizabeth!" he repeated, obeying absently. "Elizabeth! Has she been here to-night?"

Again Helen glanced at him, mutely questioning an emphasis disproportioned to the fact.

"Yes," she said, securing the key to her châtelaïne. "Elizabeth came in for an hour."

A wave of feeling touched his face, and then engulfed it. He threw himself back in his chair as if, recognizing the greatness of the emotion, he abandoned himself gladly.

"Mrs. Markham," he said, "I haven't seen Elizabeth for two years. We are in the same city, we might meet at any corner; yet I have not seen her."

"No," said she, softly, with a gentle interest, "we never see you now. We must amend that. You used to be here so much. Elizabeth would be sorry—Why, Graham! Gray!" Kent's old name for him came from her lips without premeditation.

He still sat there with eyes tight shut; and something about him, his attitude, his air, arrested her, forbidding further speech. His face, even under its suffusion, looked mature and worn. But presently his eyes opened to meet hers in sudden radiance. He smiled.

"Yes, Mrs. Markham," he said, "it was Elizabeth. It's always been Elizabeth. Didn't you know?"

"No," she breathed. "I never knew."

Landor sat upright, and a different spirit moved upon his face. It grew harder, yet with no ignoble stress. He looked as if he were savage over life alone.

"This is a good time to make a clean breast of it," he said, recklessly. "I haven't confessed since my mother died. I'm tired enough to want to do it." The clock struck. "Twelve! Are you too much fagged? Could you sit here for half

an hour and let me talk about Elizabeth? I never talk of her. I've no right to. She doesn't belong to me, though, Heaven help us! I belong to her. She's shut up inside me somewhere. God, Mrs. Markham! let her come out to-night. Let's talk her over." He looked like a man fired worthily by some passion, ready to say the things he might repent to-morrow. She leaned forward and laid a hand upon his arm. At that moment of impulsive sympathy he was as near to her as Kent, as much her own.

"Dear heart," said she, "of course we'll talk about Elizabeth."

"The most gallant girl there is!" he answered, as if it were a toast. "The most splendid dear old girl! Of course I cared about her, Mrs. Markham. What did you think I came here for?"

"I thought you were Kent's chum."

"That was why I came at first. Then I saw her, and it was all over with me: for good, for life, I guess it is. It looks that way. But no wonder you didn't know. She was at boarding-school a lot. We wrote to each other. I hadn't asked her even, but she must have understood. Then it all came out about the land frauds—you know, Mrs. Markham."

"I know a little,"—she hesitated. "My husband told me—" There she stopped.

His brows darkened; he looked old.

"Your husband was quite right," he said. "It was pretty tough at the time; but he was right. How much do you remember about it, anyway?"

"I believe there was a newspaper scandal—" Again she paused.

"You don't like to say it? You may. I'm used to it. I've thought it times enough. This is how it was: My father had an elaborate and fraudulent scheme for making money out of the Arable Land Company. He had the stock, he had the stockholders. He had everything but the land. Your husband found it out. He exposed us. He wrote us up succinctly for the papers. Kent might have done it brilliantly; but he refused. Meantime, while my father was being disgraced, I was in love with Bess."

"He couldn't have known," she cried, swiftly. "My husband didn't know—"

"Dear lady," returned Landor, gently. "he did know; but he was quite right. I went to him and told him. I urged

him to delay a little, and let me see if I could get my hand on the helm. I had an idea I might save a smash, and give every man his own, without disgrace. I told him so. But he refused. Justice had got to be done, he said; it must be done quickly."

A groan burst from her lips. Landor forestalled her words.

"Dear Mrs. Markham, do you suppose I'd tell you this if I didn't believe he was right? I didn't think so at the time. I thought he was a devil. For I told him I wanted Bess, and I begged him to leave me my good name to offer her. And he refused. Well, my father died. No, I don't think that hastened it. The Land Company failed. Your husband had smashed it. The widows and orphans who trusted us went to the wall. My father left me some money. I decided, rightly or wrongly, I don't know which, that the stockholders were not my business. I bought the *Day* and worked like a beaver on it. But the tougher struggle I had—" he spoke musingly, looking into the fire.

"Yes," said Helen, eagerly—"yes!"

He glanced up at her with his quick, responsive brightness. He looked like a lovable boy, and her heart warmed to him anew.

"Mrs. Markham," said he, "you may think me a sentimentalist; but the more I struggled, the more certain I was that I'd got to shoulder the stock of the defunct Land Company."

"Of course you did!" she cried, as if it were a triumph of her own. "Oh, what splendid things men are!"

He shook his head.

"No," said he, whimsically—"no. I wasn't a splendid thing. I wasn't even irreproachable in the way I'd climbed. I was having some sort of success, and I couldn't have had it so soon if I hadn't got it through setting my feet on the faces of other men. Or rather, my father had set his feet there, and I climbed on what he left me. But when it dawned on me that I'd got to pay his debts—Jove! wasn't I disgusted when that came over me!—I had to work all the harder. But I've grubbed, and I've lived plainly, and now I'm feeding the maw of an insatiate monster called the stockholders of the Arable Land Company."

"Dear boy," she said, the mother in her all awake, "how proud we ought to be of you! And Bess! Have you told Bess?"

He looked at her in plain surprise.

"Why, no," said he. "I never have told Bess. How could I? I've nothing to offer her. The money I earn goes to the Arable Land. I have nothing on earth to offer Bess but a name, and that is smirched."

"Smirched! Let us see what she says to that. Let us see what my husband says."

"Mr. Markham said everything he had to say on that head in the beginning," returned Landor, dryly. "We talked that over when I made my first plea to him. He told me then that I was of bad stock, tricky through and through. I was furious. Yes, Mrs. Markham, I was. But in the course of a year or so I came to the conclusion that maybe he was right. I thought possibly a fellow more seaworthy, more tautly built, might not have been willing to inherit money made as my father did it. Oh yes, I knew pretty well what his schemes had been! I knew they'd pass muster in Wall Street, but not under the Mosaic law. I was 'of bad stock.' I was, you see! So, having recognized it, I walked Spanish. I toed the line. There are no tricks to be laid at my door, Mrs. Markham." He looked her in the face, smiling again in his boyish way, but speaking with a homespun honesty quite devoid of pride. "I watch myself," he added. "I can't afford to skulk. I don't dare to. But Bess! Oh, ye gods! how young I feel to be in a room where Bess has been—and isn't!"

'Only to kiss that air,'"

he sang,

"'That lately kissed thee!'"

He was chaffing his emotions, yet they mastered him. Hunger looked from his eyes; Helen felt her throat constrict in poignant sympathy.

"Gray," said she, "we shouldn't have let you bear all this alone."

"Oh, you couldn't have helped it!" he returned, quite simply. "A man has got to meet his life himself. What could any of you have done?"

She was silent; but she knew what they

might have done. She saw him accepted at the house, for Kent's sake and his own, and fancied him working out his destiny as he had wrought it, yet not unaccompanied. Many things were made plain to her in that moment. She knew why Bess had gone away from home rather than take bread from her father's hand. And all this was not because John Markham had dealt justly, but because he had not remembered mercy. And recalling Elizabeth's bitter cry against him, she saw judgment walking toward him, and involuntarily put out both hands, as if to ward it off.

"What is it, Mrs. Markham?" Landor was asking with concern; and then she realized that she had been in that mystical world of hers where souls seemed ever battling; and that she must come out and meet the moment. But her eyes were wet, the lashes clogged by tears.

"Don't be bothered," said Landor. "Why are you so sorry?"

She could not tell him without betraying the man for whom, in his own judicial arrogance, she was most sorry; but she said, in a sad commonplace:

"It has been unnecessarily hard for you. If we had known—if we had stood by you—it need not have been so hard."

"Not a bit of it," he responded, in his easy manner. "It's been good for me, mighty good. It toughened me. Keep it to yourself, Mrs. Markham. Don't tell. I shouldn't have broken down like this, but I know you never tell. Kent used to say so. By the way, when do you expect him?"

She told him, and the date brought up the vision of Jane Harding.

"I should like to see Kent," said he, musingly, looking into the fire. "I wish we could go back a few years and have a little fun—all hands round—everybody trusting everybody else."

"I don't see why it should have separated you and Kent," she ventured, humbly. She dared not speak of Bess.

He looked at her in frank surprise.

"Why, I was huffy, Mrs. Markham!" said he. "Was it temper, though, or was it pride? My father had been called a sneak, and I was the son of a sneak. I forswore the whole troop of you. All but Bess! dear old Bess! Well, that's enough of her to-night. When can I see

your 'peripatetic, very magnetic' orchid-huntress?" He rose, and stood looking down at her.

"I can't let you undertake that," said Helen, suddenly.

"Why?"

"Because it benefits me. It benefits us."

"Gammon! Let me see the woman and judge. I sha'n't take her unless she'll do the trick. Can't afford it. I've got to think of the Arable Land."

Helen had risen, and they clasped hands. She was looking at him in a mute petition, and he interpreted it.

"No, bless you!" said he, "don't bother. You women always think things can be reconstructed, patched up, pieced on again. They can't. I am simply a confirmed bachelor devoted to Arable Land. I have wedded a lost cause. It's a doge and Adriatic business. But Bess! she's the miniature I carry in my pocket to take out, once in a while, when my lawful spouse isn't looking. Good-night, dear lady. Keep my secrets. By the way—" He turned back to her. Humor was in his eye. "What a hard old brick your husband is!" He said it warmly, and her own heart leaped to meet the word. "I don't know another soul honest enough to tell a fellow he's the son of a scurvy knave, and then propose this orchid scheme to him, because he thinks the fellow's got the dash to carry it through. I'm not good enough for his daughter; but he likes my pluck, and he's absolutely unconscious of ever having hurt me. He adores the harrow—justice. He thinks the toad adores it too."

Helen put a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Have you told him?" she ventured. "Does he know you are paying them back?"

"Bless you, no! that's where my obstinacy comes in. I haven't curried favor."

"I must tell Bess!" She spoke firmly, with some apprehension of being withstood.

"No, you won't tell anybody. That's the beauty of you. I've asked you not to. Bess! She's the last person. I couldn't give her a crust."

"If she cares for you, she'll wait."

"Wait! I should be Methuselah, my shoestrings blowing into my eyes. And perhaps—perhaps she never cared."

He ran down-stairs, and she heard the door bang behind him. The sleepy maid came in to turn off the lights, and Helen went to her own room, refusing further tendance. There she looked at her bed as the last place likely to interest her. She was keyed to an amazing pitch, and life seemed too precious to be spent in sleep.

The remnant of the night ran quickly, broken by nightmares like forebodings, and morning found her hungry for its face. While she dressed she had a servant telephone the house at Woodside. There was no response, and with visions of an inhospitable country hearth, she went herself to call up Rosamond and forbid her going. Briggs answered at the telephone.

"She has gone, Mrs. Markham. She took the early train."

"Gone to Woodside!" repeated Helen. "Did she go alone?"

"A person called for her," returned the man. "I didn't catch the name—"

"Find out! find out!" cried Helen, fiercely, in unreasoning certainty; and the voice came back:

"A Mrs. Harding, ma'am. A Mrs. Harding."

IV

Helen turned away from the telephone, and called for her outdoor wraps. The maid who brought them, startled by her face, reminded her of breakfast. That fact of concrete living steadied her; she dropped her cloak, and, pinning her hat on as she went, hurried into the dining-room. There, to the accompaniment of an open fire, with its complex messages, peace awaited her. The room had that subtle air of serene living due to careful service. The table was exquisitely prepared with an access of devotion by servants who wrought for her the more religiously while John Markham was away, because they knew she pined a little. None of the slighter accessories had been forgotten; there were flowers, and the morning paper lay beside her plate. But to Helen, in her present haste, none of the uses of life were more than the garment covering life itself. She hardly noted the sweet in-

vitingsness of the room, but poured herself a cup of coffee and drank it hastily. The maid, in a deferent concern, brought her the rolls, and then ventured,

"Mrs. Markham, you must eat."

Helen thanked her.

"Call a carriage, Lydia," said she. "Yes, I'll eat. Don't be worried."

When the carriage came, Helen was cloaked and ready, and sufficiently alive to present fact to note the anxious query in the woman's face.

"I am going to Woodside, Lydia," said she. "Miss March has run down to open the house. We shall be back to-night. Tell Miss Elizabeth."

Half-way down the stairs she paused, with a thought of the letters where she had left them in the table drawer. They distracted her; she had no use for them, yet, afraid to trust them to unfriendly circumstance, she ran back, unlocked the drawer, thrust them unwillingly into a little bag and slung it on her wrist. She hurried down again, and the woman opened the door for her. A gust of sleet struck them in the face. This was a storm: winter in the midst of spring. It seemed like a new battle to fight; but presently Helen began to feel the calmness born of movement after pure foreboding. The fact that Rosamond and Jane Harding were together in dangerous solitude was one to be met, not to be shuddered at; she must simply follow, to avert unhindered conclaves—and she was following.

The road to Woodside, after it passes the city limits and a line of dirty suburb, runs through marshes of great amplitude. To Helen, the journey had always been a progress full of wonder upon wonder. Short as it was, it healed her spirit, as sojourns do in foreign lands, or calm sea voyages. From these salt plains she drew some nourishment, through a sense beyond the sight. She had been born near the sea, and perhaps young vigor wakened in her at the portals of its look and smell; however it was, they heartened her. To-day she longed for the marshes, and ignoring the carful of travellers, kept her glance upon the outer day, to suck sustenance from it as of old. But the storm refused her that communion. The sleet, riding like dust upon a mastering wind, hid the world away, and she tried vainly to reach out even the hand

of memory to touch her marshes as they used to be, warm under sunset skies, with rose lagoons and creeping tides. It was like the withholding of a much-loved face; and when she reached the little station, she was keyed to prescience of a moment she must dominate alone, without the aid of her familiar guardians.

There was no carriage at Woodside. A ramshackle carryall was accustomed to rattle up from the village intermittently in winter weather, and she searched the snowy highway for it. The station-master, plunging about in the oilskin and sou'wester that disclosed him as he was, a fisherman sacrificed to inland life, explained that the carryall had been there, but had gone down to the Place to take Rosamond March.

Woodside was unspoiled. It delighted in Christian names, and used them generously.

"Was Miss March alone?" asked Helen. She wrapped her cloak about her, prepared to struggle with the gusts.

"No, there was another woman: one o' the help, I guess. Mother in Israel! you don't say you're goin' to walk!"

"I mustn't wait!" she called back piercingly. "The storm won't hurt me,—nor the snow."

"This wind 'll cut ye like a knife." She heard the voice come warning after her. "Down on the cassy—"

The cassy, in the local speech, was the causeway connecting inland Woodside with the Place, John Markham's summer home. His house looked toward the east. Behind it was a smooth extension of the harbor, and fronting it the sea.

Helen took the road impetuously. She put down her head, and felt herself, like a cleaving prow, pushing the air and parting it. She was clipper-built, but her cloak flew back, fluttering distressfully, and when she raised her head for breath the sleet was cruel to her. She took the causeway at a struggling run. The snow threw gauntlets in her face, the sea wind battled her, and little waves curled over the parapet to crowd her inland. She had never seen the tide so high, though memory, that seemed to come in gusts now like the wind, recalled old tales of a day before the causeway had been built, when Woodside, in angry times, had been an island. Beyond the

causeway the road curved slightly, and eased her from the wind, and presently she toiled into the orchard-ground of Woodside Place. No other spot on the New England coast had equal beauty, because Woodside was a miracle of trees. There were orchards of great ancience, and groves of evergreen. The apple-trees were twisted, their faces turned one way, from long submission to the wind; but they had obstinate vigor. Faithful to the seasons, under all calamity, they bore bloom and ripened fruit, and lent the spot the double enchantment of moving leaves under the tang of salt sea air. To-day, constant in their old associations, they were friends. The marshes had failed her; the trees, in a more humble fashion, kept the tryst of memory.

The house, the great comfortable creature she had known in happy intimacy, loomed darkly through the snow; its yellow walls looked dim to her. It was her husband's treasure, his delight; he had built it for their dual use, and she sobbed, stumbling up the steps, to feel the nearer him. She opened the great front door and stepped in, the wind with her in an onslaught that tore at curtains and blew the ashes on the hearth. There in the hall was Hannah, toiling under wood, kindling and pine cones.

"The Lord above!" remarked the woman. "Ain't this the crowner?"

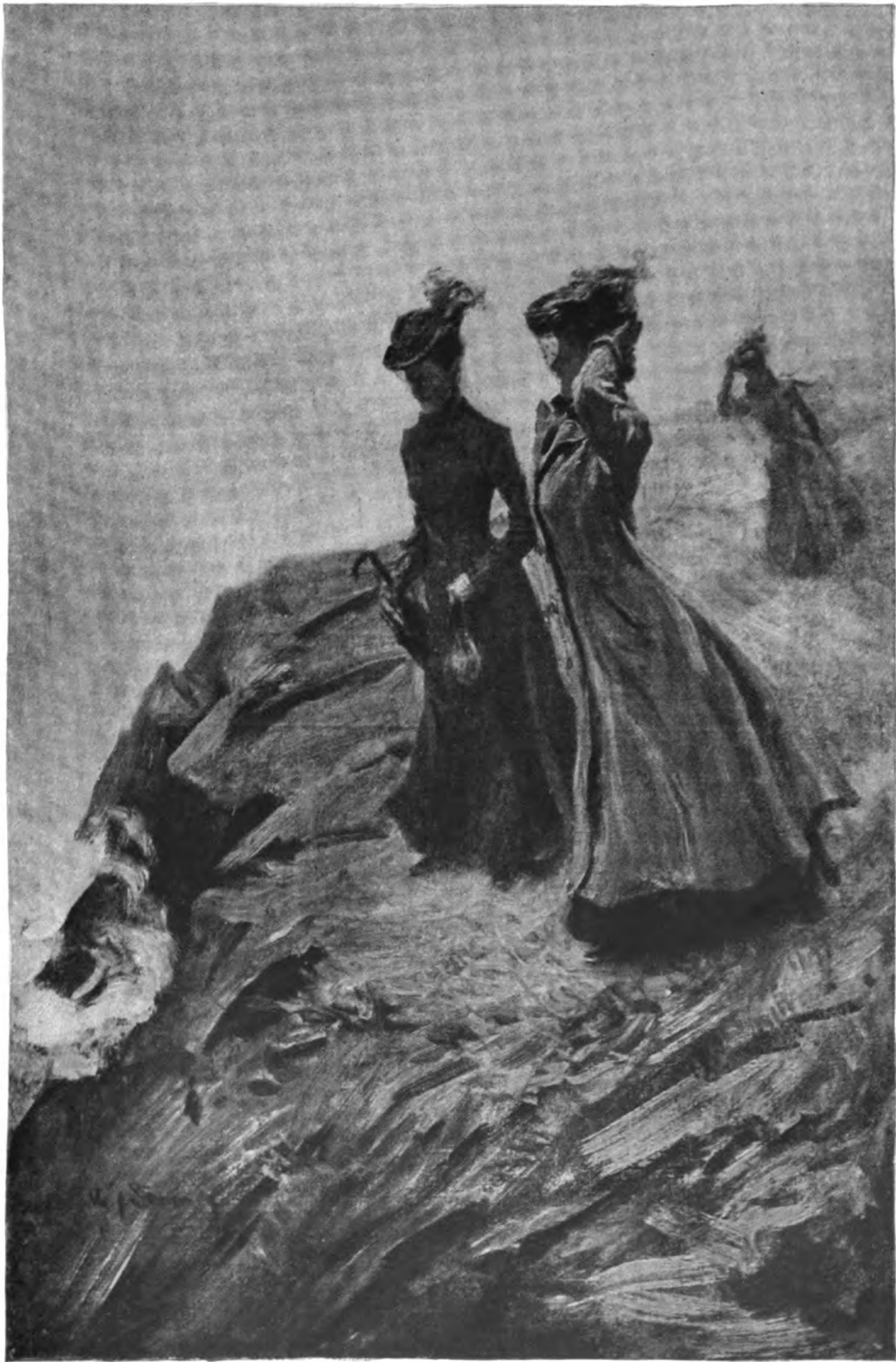
Hannah was a short, square body of great strength, who loved the world and all the uses of it. To kindle a fire like this, in haste, was like a swift adventure to her; she loved to cook, and tend the sick, and because she was strong, all service seemed to her like play. She had a tanned face with high cheek-bones, of the aboriginal type, and two rows of white firm teeth. Her hair was gray, and her dark eyes held glints of satire. Hannah put down the wood-basket and offered Helen a hand in equal clasp.

"What set you out to come down here," she inquired, "such a day as this?"

Helen laid both her cold hands about that stronger one, and gained some comfort from it. The question was ready on her lips:

"Have they come?"

"Rosamond March? Yes. She brought down that woman that used to have the class,—but there, you know. Rosamond's



THEY WERE LOOKING DOWN INTO THE VOID BELOW

as wild as a hawk. Never see such a storm, she said. Nothin' would do but she must climb up over the cliff an' watch the waves come in. I told her she couldn't see her hand afore her face; but there! I've started up a fire in the furnace. In half an hour it 'll take some holt. You come in the kitchen—"

"Where is Sam?"

"Sam's been called to Portland to see that brother of his that has the pip reg'lar as the spring comes round, an' then goes marchin' up May Hill, and has it all over agin next year."

"Are you alone, Hannah?"

"Law, yes! I admire to be. I can feed the critters, can't I? Sam took both hosses up to the stable afore he went. Your husband said he could, if 'twas more convenient. Where you goin'?"

Helen was at the door.

"I'm going to find Miss Rosamond. Get up your fires, Hannah. We'll be back." She was out in the storm again, and Hannah, her mouth agape with interrupted news, closed the door behind her.

Then the woman, merry over the influx of new life, went off to light her fires. Excitement seldom blew this way in wintry weather; she adored it.

Helen took the bleak path over the hill, to the cliff defending Woodside from the outer sea. Long before she reached them, she guessed out the two figures through the snow; they were looking down into the void below them, pondering over it; the surge was only a voice now, wallowing there in its own clamor. Until she came upon them, they were not aware of her.

"Rosamond!" she called. "Rosamond!"

The girl turned upon her a cold-nipped face. Even in that spent moment Helen told herself it was an untroubled gaze. Jane Harding, there beside her, was a monolith in black. She had tied a veil over her hat, and her clothes seemed to be wrapped about her by the storm concurrent with her self-enfolding will. Rosamond's hands were upon Helen's shoulders. She was calling to her:

"We came to see the waves, but there aren't any. There isn't any sea. Only a noise! They're drowning in a great white gulf there. But hear them thunder!

Hear them boom!" She was ecstatic after her imprisonment in the house and the routine of the sick-room.

Jane Harding had turned with no surprise, and now she stood awaiting, in a civil fashion, the signal of their movements. In the midst of this hurly-burly, she suggested a strange stillness, like that of things inanimate. She was not, Helen realized, in a maze, the creature anticipation had so clothed in terrors; now, face to face, she was bewildering in her simplicity, a practical person of commonplace demeanor. Yet she was a fact.

"Come down!" called Helen in response. "We shall get our deaths here. Come!"

They left the voices crying in the gulf, and the wind swept them home. The fire in the hall had been heaped high with logs that tested even Hannah's strength. Helen, with her instinct of courtesy, turned to Jane Harding, the unfamiliar guest.

"Take off your things," she said. "Come to the fire."

Jane Harding, apparently unmoved by winter weather, untied her hat, and began unbuttoning her jacket with steady hands.

"Thank you," she said. "I will remain a spell."

They sat down beside the hearth, and Hannah brought them steaming lemonade. Rosamond's tongue ran fast. She looked like the spirit of the storm, animated through its wildness and untouched by chill. She sipped the hot drink, and Hannah chuckled to herself and urged the fire.

"I can't imagine why we don't come down in February," said Rosamond. "Why not in January? Why don't we stay right through?" The delicate bloom of her cheeks had hardened into red. The sleet, melting on her yellow hair, curled it the tighter. "A day like this takes ten years off you in ten minutes."

"How old are you now?" asked Helen, in a wistful fondness. "Eight?"

"Ten, at the most, dear, on a day like this. Hannah, what a great old fire! Mrs. Harding, you're not drinking!"

The goblet stood untasted on a table at the woman's hand. Immediately Helen knew why. Jane Harding

would accept neither bite nor sup from the creditors who were yet to pay her those just dues.

"Won't you have a cup of tea?" suggested Helen, in her untired solicitude. "Hannah will make it for you."

"I am not accustomed to take anything in the middle of the day," returned the woman, in a stiff denial disproportioned to the circumstance; it sounded like an article of faith.

"It was so good of you to come," said Rosamond, including the alien in her joy. "But you, Mrs. Markham, weren't you a dear to follow after! What do you think mamma said? She was in great shape when I left, greedy as possible for me to get some fun out of it. I might stay all night, if I liked. I suspected her, then. 'You didn't want me to run down to open Mrs. Markham's house!' I said. 'You wanted me to have a lark.'"

"I thought of that myself," owned Helen. "But we won't stay all night. We're better off in town, in such storms."

"It's a well-built house," said Jane Harding, quietly. "There's a cellar underneath. It's likely to be warm."

Rosamond raised her brows and pursed her lips.

"Let's stay all night," she coaxed.

Helen rose conclusively; she was warmed at the surface, but her veins ran chill.

"Hannah," said she, "we'll go over the rooms now. I may suggest some changes for Mrs. March's coming. No, Rosamond, no. We won't spend the night. You don't want to leave your mother, child; she's sick in bed."

Rosamond looked wilful, in her smiling way.

"It isn't like an ordinary illness, dear. Mamma was as game as you please this morning. 'What's breaking a hip?' she said. 'You never would have been so frightened if I hadn't ventured to get up a touch of fever.' And it's true, you know. She's all right, bless her! only bored. Oh, let's stay all night!"

Helen's gentleness pitted itself against that laughing will. "Now, Hannah?" she said. "Mrs. Harding, you will excuse us, won't you, while we do these necessary things? You will find a lot of books there in the library. Come, Rosamond."

But half-way up the stairs, with Rosamond and Hannah, she turned to find Jane Harding following them.

"I should be pleased to go over the house," said Mrs. Harding, in a decent gravity no one could resent. "I haven't seen it since I used to come here to sew."

Helen opened her lips in quick denial, and then closed them and went on. It was evident to her that as she did not intend to leave Jane Harding alone with Rosamond, so the woman did not propose leaving Rosamond alone with her.

They made a slow progress through the rooms, where new heat was softening the winter's chill, Helen giving desultory directions, as needless as their visit here. Hannah knew her business. At a day's notice she could slip the house into its holiday dress, and she heard superfluous counsel now with a cheerful calm, the depths of her mind quite unmoved by the necessity for remembering it. The silent figure followed, until Helen, nervous under tension, cut the conclave short.

"That's all, Hannah," she said. "Come, Rosamond!" A courteous thought constrained her. "Come, Mrs. Harding!" she added, the more gently because her mind revolted. "Come down by the fire. Hannah, give us an early dinner,—eggs—anything you like. We'll telephone the station for a carriage, and get off at three."

Then like a continued dream they were again sitting before the fire in the enforced intimacy of a country house when doors are closed by storm, and there is one world within, and an alien one outside not to be penetrated. Jane Harding sat rigidly upright in her chair; she was a compendium of all properties. Her calm assaulted Helen like a challenge. It became at once imperative to change that rigorous attitude to normal uses, lest it break out in clamor. She went into the library, and came back presently with a book rich in colored plates.

"Here is the *Flora of Brazil*," said she. "Wouldn't you like to look it over?"

Mrs. Harding, masking her desires, took the book but coldly; there was no lure too small to wake suspicion in her. But with the turning of a page she was lost; mania hurried her, hotfoot, off to



SNATCHES OF ENGLISH BALLADS

the land of heart's desire. Rosamond got up, drowsy with the warmth and her early rising, and opened the piano in the library.

"Do you mind?" she asked, and Helen shook her head. Hannah, at the first notes, came from the kitchen to announce whole-heartedly,

"It was tuned last week," and then the girl began to play.

Helen sat and watched Jane Harding. She wondered what the music meant to her. It evidently meant nothing save, perhaps, an accompaniment to her breathless roving in Brazil. She was absorbed. A slow red stole into her dry cheeks, and her hand was eager upon the turning page. She held the book as if she loved it; and yet it was not that she loved. It was her own vicarious wandering.

Rosamond blurred through snatches of English ballads, and then, challenged by the fighting day without, struck into the "Fire Charm." She had some mastery of music, and the spirit of this compelling thing awoke and answered her. The potency of it roused Helen to responsive clamor of the nerves that call to action. Life was at once heroic, peopled by gods who make sad abnegation and yet triumph because they have the blood of gods, and of mortals who are not denied the everlasting roads. At that moment there was slight difference between the two: gods and men were mingled on immortal fields, or earthly grounds destined, through combat, to become immortal. Ardency awoke in her to be faithful to great appeals, and to summon souls she loved to share that loyalty. For no reason she could formulate, she took the package of letters from the bag depending from her wrist, where they had hung like lead, and slipped the string. At the sound, Jane Harding's eyes forsook the page. The sight recalled her, even from Brazil.

"What you going to do?" she asked, in a swift natural elision.

Helen had unfolded one of the sheets and dropped it on the fire. She did not answer. Then she slipped another from the pile, and laid it also there. The words still quivered on brown pages as if, through wilful malice, they defied the flame.

"I don't know why I'm doing it," said Helen, suddenly, rousing herself and burning another letter. "I don't want such things to live. They mean wrong and cruelty: the wrong of other people—your cruelty."

"Well," said the woman, briefly, "they're only copies."

"No matter. They are better out of the world."

The "Fire Charm" was weaving toward its end, full of little cleansing flames in stern yet merciful encircling. Helen, with her inward eye, saw the scene as she had a hundred times: the Valkyr prostrate, strength in expiation, the fire rippling on and rising in obedience to inexorable will. Jane Harding also turned her head and listened momentarily. This had but thrust her mind into another path of thwarted longing.

"I got Lindy an instrument," she said. "She wouldn't learn. I kept her at it." The futility of setting the tools of life in motion seemed to strike her then, and her mouth worked meagrely.

Helen laid the last of the letters on the fire.

"I thought maybe you'd want to show 'em," said Jane Harding, in practical reminder. "You might read some of 'em to your daughter, or to Rosamond's mother."

Helen was studying her in a wistful unbelief; something imploring was in it also, as if she begged the woman's angel to come forth and show itself.

"Well, I've got the ones these were copied from," added Mrs. Harding. "I could show 'em to her." She nodded toward the room where the "Fire Charm," returned upon itself, through cunning evolution, was again beginning. "I could do that any minute."

"Have you brought those letters with you?" At once Helen's eyes sought a black bag on the floor. Now she remembered that the woman had been carrying it on the way down from the cliff; she had taken it up-stairs with her. It had not left her hand.

"No, they're not in there. That's crackers."

"Crackers?"

"I brought my luncheon. You didn't think I'd eat here, did you? I pay my way." Yet she was demanding ten thou-

sand dollars. Helen thought, with an unbelieving awe, of crackers and that adventurous will in combination.

"You have been very careful of the bag," she said, in a quick logic of suspicion.

"I like to keep things by me."

Helen brooded, and the woman answered her unspoken thought.

"I'd just as lieves tell you where the letters are. They're on me, in a good stout pocket. There they'll stay, unless they're taken off my dead body."

Hannah crossed the hall, carrying a log to the library fire. With her short stature and her evident strength, she looked like an unclassified creature born to do tasks, gigantic ones underground or where nature moves in rude, cyclopean ways. Jane Harding's eyes followed her. Proud satisfaction brightened them.

"She couldn't take 'em off of me," she added. "Nobody could."

The music ceased, in the lulling of an acquiescent will, and Rosamond came back, as Hannah paused before them to announce the early dinner. Helen rose.

"Come, Mrs. Harding," she said. "Come, Rosamond."

"I am much obliged," returned the woman. Her hand lay suggestively on the black bag. "I don't eat any to speak of in the middle of the day."

"You must eat. Come."

Jane Harding had returned to her book with a finality befitting a greater question. Helen stood for a moment in an anxious urgency; then she put her arm through Rosamond's, and they went out together. Rosamond's face was puckered whimsically; her chance companion piqued her into wonder. She had met merely Kent's old teacher. She had found a mystery.

"Isn't she discouraging?" she ventured to whisper in the seclusion of the dining-room. "She's depleting. She seems to sap me, somehow."

"Don't, Rosamond!" said Helen, sharply. Jane Harding was every instant growing before her vision, greatening in power, in implacability worse than malice. She feared the woman's ordinary senses; even that small whisper might be heard, and then she would strike Rosamond.

"Why, no," said Rosamond, wondering. "I won't."

Helen roused herself to talk, and Hannah, in her homely sufficiency, helped on the moment. She had evolved a good dinner, and she served them featly, meantime rehearsing the annals of her snowy world.

"Sha'n't I take her in a cup o' tea?" she asked, nodding toward the quarter where Jane Harding, in her silence, was as significant, in some strange way, as if she called them all impartially.

"Yes, Hannah, yes," said Helen. "Take her a tray."

Hannah brought back the tray untouched. Her face disclosed a hopeless wonderment. "She must have suthin' by her," she said, briefly. "She's all over crumbs."

Then the talk faltered, none of them knew why, and presently they were rising from the table. Helen summoned back her energies.

"Now, Hannah," she said, "telephone the station for the carryall. Tell them for the three-o'clock. Promptly, Hannah, without fail."

Hannah was a long time about it. When she came back, joy, decently suppressed, was in her face.

"I can't get 'em," said she. "I can't get anything. No wonder, with this tempest blowin'. The wires must be down. You'll have to stay all night."

"Rosamond," cried Helen, sharply, "we must walk."

Rosamond stood by the fire, poking at it with an impetuous foot. She, too, like Hannah, was on the side of the storm; but the gravity of Helen's face constrained her to keep silence. Hannah was putting on her shawl and hood. Helen mutely questioned her.

"I'll go an' take a look at the cassy," said the woman. "Unless I miss my guess, you won't step foot on it this night. The waves are breakin' over the road now, I'll warrant ye."

Rosamond's young blood awoke. "Let me!" she cried. "Oh, Hannah, let me go! Give me your shawl. Please, Mrs. Markham. I'll be back in no time."

She bundled herself into hood and shawl, a laughing caricature.

"Go out at the side door," said Helen. "Don't—" She was about to add, "Don't

let her see you," but she suppressed the impulse, and shook herself awake again to common sense. Yet her revolting nerves warned her not to let Jane Harding follow Rosamond again into that bleak solitude. Rosamond stepped out through the side door into the storm.

"She's a beauty," remarked Hannah, admiringly, picking up the dishes. "Kent done well that time. 'Most as well as his father did afore him."

Helen waited in silence, leaning her head against the pane. It was impossible to encounter Jane Harding again, with the prospect of their spending a night together under the same roof; she waited for the verdict, and watched the storm. It had risen, if that could be after so wild a rout. The snow was harder now and finer, tiny frozen pellets that besieged the windows and threshed the orchard trees. A tragic portent, in what seemed awful nearness, roared and boomed the sea.

"Hannah," she said at last, out of her foreboding, "do you think something is going to happen?"

Hannah glanced sharply at her, from under knitted brows.

"I guess what 'll happen to you 'll be a cold on your lungs," she said, practically. "You better not stir out o' this house to-night. I'll soak your feet. You don't look any too rugged this spring, anyways."

Helen had not heard. She was quivering under the misery of homesickness.

"You need cossetin'," said Hannah, tenderly. "When's he comin' back?"

Tears sprang to Helen's eyes, out of past longing grown acutely new.

"Soon, Hannah, soon, I hope," she answered, softly. But the mention of John Markham soothed her nerves, risen in that complex rebellion.

Rosamond was coming. The wind had whipped her blood into a gallop; she seemed to bear the best of news. Outside the window she saluted Helen, like a soldier, and then came stamping in.

"I've won!" she cried. "We don't go home to-night."

Helen had paled. The blood engulfed her heart; her vision darkened.

"The sea—" she faltered.

"It's simply raging over the footway. We couldn't do it even if we drove.

But it's all right, Mrs. Markham. Mother 'll know the reason. Hannah, here's your shawl."

Her snowy things off, she turned to lay a cheek to Helen's in a laughing triumph. Helen had pulled her energies together.

"Then we'll stay," she said, accepting destiny. A wan smile was on her face. "Hannah, Miss Rosamond will sleep in my room. Give Mrs. Harding the east chamber."

With Rosamond's hand on her shoulder, the girl singing a marching song, she went back to the hall fire, where Jane Harding was absorbedly copying the picture of a flower on a piece of wrapping-paper. At that, a vestige of some warmer hope came upon Helen.

"So you can draw, Mrs. Harding!" she said, involuntarily. "That's good. That's splendid."

"Some things I can," responded the woman, in an obvious pride, but without an answering glance. "I can draw flowers."

They left her at her task, and the afternoon went as time in the country does under a darkened sky. Rosamond was everywhere, like a spirit. She played more music; she gossiped with Hannah in the kitchen, and even made candy there, and came in triumphant with a sticky plateful. Then it was supper-time, and Helen could not eat because Jane Harding would not; and Rosamond went to the barn with Hannah, to "feed the critters." After that she returned to the library fire where Helen was hovering, and reported that she had had a beautiful time.

"But you've had a horrid one," she added, in a swift remorse. She took the place she liked at Helen's knee. "I am a selfish pig. I shall be punished."

"Mrs. Harding must come in here," said Helen. Her hand was on Rosamond's hair in the soft pity mothers feel. "Ask her to come."

Jane Harding had heard, and before Rosamond could rise she had appeared, in her noiseless way, and melted into a chair in the background.

"Come nearer," said Helen. "Draw up, as Hannah says. She must come, too. We must be sociable, a night like this. Where is Hannah?"

"She's got 'a sight o' things to do,'" said Rosamond, drowsily. She rested her head on Helen's knee and mused into the fire. "Don't you hear her pounding about overhead? She said you got a chill this morning and you'd have to be het up. There, that's a shiver! Are you cold?"

Helen was cold chiefly from within. Yet she moved nearer the fire, to get the brightness of it.

"Are you quite warm?" she turned to ask Jane Harding.

"I am very comfortable, I thank you," said the woman, and her voice sounded as if she would rather not be comfortable, if by privation she might purchase her just dues.

The storm came gustily now, in sharp attack and specious lulling; it was silent only to be heard anew. It whipped the pane, and the nerves answered it. Nothing was continuous but the roaring of the sea. Yet they were secure, so Rosamond thought, within.

"Let's tell stories," she said, dreamily. "Let's talk about—" There she paused, remembering the alien presence, and with a note of vagrant laughter, tried again. "Let's tell a continued story. I'll begin. Once there was a prince. He had nice brown hair, and a cow-lick on his forehead." Whereupon she reflected that this was Kent, too definitely portrayed, and, to the confusion of accuracy, gave him blue eyes instead of brown. "He was a very remarkable prince, taller than anybody else, straighter, more wonderful every way. He was very sad and very funny, very impatient and very good-tempered— Was he good-tempered, Mrs. Markham?" She shook Helen's knee with her laughter, and Helen, constrained by her, went on.

"Yes, he was really good-tempered; for when he was upset you could always make him smile in a second. The right person could."

"I guess she can!" said Rosamond, inadvertently, and bit her lip.

Helen continued hastily. She was afraid; yet Jane Harding sat quite still, a breathing silence.

"The prince lived in the palace for a while. Then he went out into the world, and the world wasn't the sort of place he hoped it was. Some of the kindest

things proved to be cruel. Some of the prettiest ones had dust on them. The dust rubbed off and smirched him. There was a time when he didn't look like a prince. He was like a beggar."

"How strange you are!" Rosamond sat up and stared at her through the fire-shine. "That isn't the way you talk. What is it, Mrs. Markham?"

Jane Harding's voice broke upon the pause as Helen, starting at it, found she knew it would.

"I can play that game," said the woman, with her unmoved civility. "It's my turn now."

Helen thrust Rosamond away from her in the violence of her responsive movement; then with a quick compunction she bent and laid both hands upon the girl's shoulders, as if to guard her.

"No!" she said, commandingly, "no! I'll finish. I said he looked like a beggar. Rosamond, he was a beggar. He begged for love, and what seemed love betrayed him. But he kept on seeking, and he found the one person who was to give it to him. She was the only one he wanted. For remember, Rosamond, he hadn't had any love; he had only had the things that look like it and are not, and his poor heart was all torn with shame and trouble." The current of persuasion failed her. "Rosamond," she cried, forgetting the other woman, and yet urged by her insistent presence, "don't let anything separate you from what you love. Remember, life is bigger than you think. There are sins, but they are great archangels of another sort for us to conquer. Never be separated from people, never forsake them. What is it in the Bible?—'neither death nor life . . . nor principalities nor powers—'"

Violent shuddering laid hold on her, and Rosamond sprang up.

"Hannah!" she cried, sharply. "Hannah! Mrs. Harding, turn on the light."

While Jane Harding was groping for the key, Hannah came swiftly with a lamp.

"The light won't work," said she. "The storm has played the mischief with it. You lamb, what is it?" She set down the lamp, and hurried over to Helen, shaking in Rosamond's arms. "She's got a chill," said Hannah. "You throw that fur thing over her, an' I'll

get some whiskey." She came back instantly with a smoking tumbler, and Helen's lips bit upon it, chattering.

She smiled up into Rosamond's face.

"I'm not cold," said she. "It's only nerves."

"Nerves or not, you get straight into your bed," said Hannah. "It's as warm as toast. There's a soapstone to the foot. You help her, Rosamond. There!"

Helen had risen; again in a gust of will that seemed to fit the storm, she got her wavering grip on circumstance. But bed seemed to her merciful. At the door she paused.

"Good night, Mrs. Harding," she said. "Hannah will show you to your room. She will give you some of my night things."

"I sha'n't need anything but what I have," returned Jane Harding. She was standing, in a scrupulous courtesy, yet with a rigid self-restraint that seemed a challenge. She was apparently quite uninterested in the moment, but her eyes were watchful.

"Good night," said Helen, and went up the stairs. Jane Harding followed, and Hannah, in passing, briefly indicated her room. The guest stepped in and Helen heard the turning of the key. The sound heartened her, and in her own big chamber, where she was to be with Rosamond, she laughed from an incredulous relief.

"Rosamond!" said she, "Rosamond!"

"What, Mrs. Markham?"

"I almost think we may get home safely, after all!"

"Get home? Of course we shall get home!" said Rosamond, wondering. "You're not timid because we're just three women here alone?"

"No, I'm not timid. It isn't the night or the place—the dear place!—it's the powers of the air. Hear Hannah clanging to the doors and bolting them!"

She began undressing slowly. Her gown laid by and her hair sweeping, she stood before the fire and mused a moment, her arms stretched out before her, her hands grasping the mantel. The sight of them recalled her suddenly to John Markham, because he loved them. She flushed, and felt her happiness.

"Don't get chilled again," urged Rosamond.

"No. I wonder if that woman truly has some night things. I must see."

She caught her own nightgown from the bed, and crossed the closet forming a passage between the rooms. Jane Harding's door was slightly open. The woman had not heeded the dark closet; from her side, it had apparently no outlet. Helen knocked softly, and then, unheard, paused in a spasm of pity for the lonely figure there. Jane Harding was sitting by a light-stand, where she had put the lamp. She, too, had taken off her dress, and her gaunt decency, in its serviceable cotton clothes, struck at Helen's heart like a new moral poverty.

"May I come in?" she called. "I've brought you—"

She was advancing, in a sweet defiance of intrusion, led, perhaps, by some desire to offer the stranger the intimacy of their common sex. She halted sharply, midway in the room. Jane Harding was busy, and immediately Helen saw what occupied her. A packet of letters lay open on her lap. She was assorting them. Three were on the table. A little pile was on one knee. She seemed to be selecting some for special purposes. These were Kent's letters. With the keenness of startled vision, Helen caught his hand upon the superscription. She even noted that the envelopes were numbered, as if certain ones were to be laid aside. This was a second's thought. In that second Jane Harding had heard her voice and, looking up, seen her advancing. The woman started, a clutching hand bent on gathering up the papers at a grasp. The light-stand went over. The lamp crashed down and shivered. A river of flame followed the spreading oil upon the matting, and another line of light ran up the woman's clothes. Helen fell on her knees, and began twisting up Jane Harding's skirt and crushing out the fire in her hands.

The letters were everywhere, and the hurrying flame was close upon them. Jane Harding stood grasping at her burning skirts, wringing them as if she wrung fire out of them. Even in the heat of danger, she had remembered the axioms that rule emergencies.

"My Lord!" she called out piercingly. "Them letters are in the fire! Put your foot on that one there." And Helen did

it. "You let me be!" cried the woman. "Put it out where 'tis on the floor. Give me that pillar."

They each took a pillow and smothered the thing where it ran toward a valanced bed.

"Don't call!" whispered Helen, sharply. "Rosamond! We must save Rosamond."

At last she and the woman had, to her mind, the common cause of sparing Rosamond. There was soothing in it. Again she felt the calm responsive to an urgent need. Her shadowy fears had fused into one dread, and she was fighting it. This was embodied terror, yet it was nothing compared with the soul-tremor she had felt before. And the "Fire Charm" went surging through her memory.

Jane Harding had not ceased beating

at the thing where it ran about the floor, and Helen alternately fought it there and then turned back to strip charred shreds and tatters from the woman's clothing. The burning river reached the bed and touched it. Helen stooped to it; her own skirt caught, and the flames had her.

"Don't call!" she whispered, with the "Fire Charm" deafening in her ears. "Don't call Rosamond!"

In a flash of pain, her senses sickened. Suddenly she was in a world where heat and light were one enemy and the thick air choked her.

Sensation was an anguish. In the revolt of her tortured body, she even forgot Rosamond. And the "Fire Charm" rippled into sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two Love-Songs

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

I DO not know if your eyes are green or gray
Or if there are other eyes brighter than they;
They have looked in my eyes; when they look in my eyes I can see
One thing, and a thing to be surely the death of me.

If I had been born a blind man without sight,
That sorrow would never have set this wrong thing right;
When I touched your hand I would feel, and no need to see,
The one same thing, and a thing the death of me.

Only when I am asleep I am easy in mind,
And my sleep is gone, and a thing I cannot find;
I am wishing that I could sleep both day and night
In a bed where I should not toss from left to right.

II

O woman of my love, I am walking with you on the sand,
And the moon's white on the sand and the foam's white in the sea;
And I am thinking my own thoughts, and your hand is on my hand,
And your heart thinks by my side, and it's not thinking of me.

O woman of my love, the world is narrow and wide,
And I wonder which is the lonelier of us two?
You are thinking of one who is near to your heart, and far from your side;
I am thinking my own thoughts, and they are all thoughts of you.

A Statesman of To-morrow

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

THE campaign had begun.

Father was a Reformativ, so Mother and you and Lizbeth were Reformatives. As to Publicrats, you had a vague notion, taking them by and large, as Grandfather used to say, that they were by nature drinking-men, inclined to staying out nights, poker, even thievery and wife-beating, and other naughtiness. Father did not say so, but you had seen pictures of them in the newspapers on the library table. Gross, full-stomached men they were, with short-cropped hair, and square, unshaven jaws; gambling-looking men, with monster diamonds in their striped shirts, tilting their plug hats rakishly, clutching cigars with pudgy, bejewelled fingers, and rolling their swollen eyes gloatingly over bags of gold. Sometimes they kept a tiger. It was an emblem, Father said. You rather fancied it scared policemen while its masters jingled and gambled their ill-gotten gains, wrung somehow, somewhere, as you opined, from the widows and orphans and the honest workman with his square cap and his dinner-pail.

But, on the other hand, what a noble race were the Reformatives! What fine pictures they always made in those newspapers on the library table! How gracefully they wore their long Prince Alberts, carried their tall silk hats! What dignity of mien! What venerable beards! What flashing eyes and philanthropic brows! And what a way they had of lifting their index-fingers to the Stars and Stripes, or winding its folds about their heaving breasts—while above their heads the Sun of Prosperity burst, triumphant, through the lowering clouds of Publicratic rule!

Oh, it was all there—there in the newspapers on the library table,—and even a boy like you had but to look on this picture and on that to be a Reformativ.

Some good men, doubtless, were Pub-

licrats. Father himself admitted that. There were several in Ourtown—church members, too. Stanch, dyed-in-the-wool Publicrats they were, but you never would have thought it. They *looked* like Reformatives. Misguided beings you thought them; for it followed, as the night the day, in your love for Father, that a party of men that could give him so much pain, whose deeds down-town or under domes could wring from him such direful prophecies, must be a godless breed indeed. Mother thought so too.

You heard the table-talk. You listened to the bands. You watched the torches flaring in the wind of an October night, and the white transparencies bobbing by. On foot, jostling the other boys, you followed a Senator and four white horses from the railroad to the Grand Opera House. Breathless you heard him, watched him thresh the air, saw his face redden, his bosom swell, heard his speech-worn voice leap hoarsely from his throat as he raised aloft a trembling finger to the flag above his head.

Five hundred men sprang to their feet in answer. The floor quivered. The rafters rang. You could not hear the music of the band—but in that din you heard a still, small voice. You heard the Man within you rapping at the door.

Homeward that night you struck at shadows with your hedgerow stick. Parry! Thrust! You fenced with them—and laughed aloud at your folly. Across the threshold you wandered restlessly from room to room. From the library shelf a plaster Webster glowered upon your dream. You halted suddenly. Manfully you stood before him, giving him frown for frown, matching your future against his past. Your lips tightened. Your jaws set. Your eyes flashed fire beneath your beetling brows. The glow of that recent eloquence was still upon you. The words of the Senator still sounded sweetly in your ears.

Something within you struggled, fought for utterance. You thrust your hand between the buttons of your vest. You cleared your throat, summoned your voice from some unwonted depth—

"Ye great men of the past!"

It was a noble line—inspired apostrophe. Again you said it, to give the next line time:

"Ye great men of the past—"

But no. You tried once more:

"Ye great men of the past—"

But got no further. Things there are too deep for utterance. Frowning, you stood one silent moment more; then, with your hand still tucked between the buttons of your vest, stalked, like a Senator, through the door. . . . "Wait. Just wait—old Publicrats!"

"Publicrats," said your friend the Sawdust Man, "are always a-stickin' their noses in where they aren't wanted. They've been a-messin' with this here gover'ment ever since I can remember, and when they once get *in*,"—here the Sawdust Man winked and nodded sagely,—"look out!"

"That's so, Mr. Luggins."

"Of course it is," said the Sawdust Man. "When you see a Publicrat a-seekin' office, keep your eye on him. Keep your eye on him, I say; for mark my words, there's a nigger in the fence somewhere, *every time*."

The shop was fragrant with pine. Astride the sawhorse, your toes just touching the littered floor, you watched the carpenter at his bench. From the pockets of his brown apron he took long, shining nails, and hammered them straight as the flight of arrows into the yellow pine. Then with his square and his great pencil he drew a line, and reached for his saw.

"Publicrats," he paused to say—"Publicrats are the worst cusses for *takin'* things ever I see."

From edge to edge of the gleaming board the saw's teeth gnawed their way. The air resounded with their harsh music. The pine dust fell in a golden shower on the shavings by the bench.

"Can I have the little piece?"

"Yep. What can you do with it?"

"I can make something."

"What?"

"Oh—I don't know—something."

The carpenter laughed. Even the cast-off end of a yellow board was precious in those days—precious in all the unknown possibilities of its clean and scented freshness, of its perfect corners and its smooth and shining sides. So you would carry it home to the wood-shed against the sometime of its usefulness and your play. If you forgot it—pine made kindling; kindling, a roaring fire in the kitchen; and crullers were a fair reward.

"I think," you said, sitting more decorously on the sawhorse, with crossed legs, in the fashion of other men—"I think I'll have you build my house for me when I grow up."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said the Sawdust Man. "And what kind of a house will it be, do you think, now?"

"Well, I've been looking at a picture of Mount Vernon—where Washington lived, you know. I think a house like that will be all right."

"Ah, I see. Will you—will you build it in Ourtown, do you think?"

"I don't think so. There aren't any statesmen around here, you see."

"Then I take it that you—expect to be—a Senator or something?" murmured the Sawdust Man, as he squinted along a board.

"Well—it isn't quite settled, you know. Something like Daniel Webster, I guess. It's been on my mind for some time. Sometimes I think I will, and then again I think I won't. But since the rally last night I've about made up my mind for good."

"Daniel Webster was a great hand at speakin'," asserted the Sawdust Man.

"I often make up speeches," you said.

"Do you, now?"

"Yes; when nobody's around."

"Could you give a sample like—do you think?" asked the Sawdust Man.

"Well—"

"Just one," he urged. "You mustn't mind me."

"Well," you said, "you mustn't laugh if I make mistakes."

"Oh, they all make mistakes—all the statesmen," said the Sawdust Man. "Suppose you stand right there on that soap-box."

You stood carefully, with one hand



YOU LISTENED TO THE BANDS

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

thrust into your vest. The Sawdust Man settled himself attentively on the sawhorse while you cleared your throat. It was a little embarrassing, but—

"Fellow-citizens," you said.

"Good!" ejaculated the Sawdust Man, nodding his head.

"Fellow-citizens, I am glad to see so many faces before me this evening."

"Good!" cried the Sawdust Man again, his face beaming. "That's the way Webster began once—or Clay; I've forgotten which."

"You mustn't interrupt, you know, Mr. Luggins."

"Oh, they always do, Senator. 'Cheers'—'Great applause,' you know. I was only tryin' to make it seem more natural like."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Luggins. They do make a good deal of noise. But I thought that would come later, when I—"

"When you—"

"Yes, when I—"

"When you rise to a specially fine flight," suggested the Sawdust Man.

"Yes, that's it," you said. "Suppose I just begin all over again."

The Sawdust Man settled himself more firmly on the sawhorse and folded his arms.

"Fellow-citizens, I am glad to see so many faces—intelligent faces—before me this evening. I know Ourltown very well. Why, gentlemen, I once caught fish right here in your river when I was knee-high to a grasshopper. (They always say something like that, you know, Mr. Luggins, to make everybody feel good.)"

"That's right, Senator. Give 'em taffy. That's the way to get 'em."

"Why, my friends—"

"Hooray! Hooray for our next Senator!"

"Gentlemen, I thank you. If you elect me to this high place in the nation—"

"Hear, hear!" cried Luggins.

"—I shall endeavor, gentlemen, to do my duty. I stand for the protection of home industries—"

Here the Sawdust Man could not be restrained.

"Protection forever! Down with free trade!" he exclaimed.

"Gentlemen, I thank you. I say so too. Down with free trade! Up—up—up, gentlemen—"

"Hooray!"

"—up with the banner—the glittering b-banner of our country's prosperity!"

"Bully!" roared the Sawdust Man. "Webster never—"

"Gentlemen, again I thank you. The hour is late. There are other distinguished speakers to follow me. But ere I close—ere I close—I wish to call your attention to that noble flag—"

The Sawdust Man leaped to his feet.

"—that noble flag, my friends—the Stars and Stripes—"

"Hooray!"

"—the flag of this great and glorious United States—"

"Three cheers!"

"—whose broad stars and bright stripes, gentlemen—will never be dimmed—by the rain—the rain—of *Publicratic tears!*"

The shop rang with applause. The Sawdust Man seized your hand.

"There is no doubt of it," he cried, ecstatically. "There isn't a lawyer in Ourltown could 'a' done better. You're a born statesman."

"Do you think so, Mr. Luggins?"

"Think so! Why, boy, it's 'most like Webster—that there part about the flag!"

"Where I said—"

"Where you said about the Publicratic tears, you know. That's great."

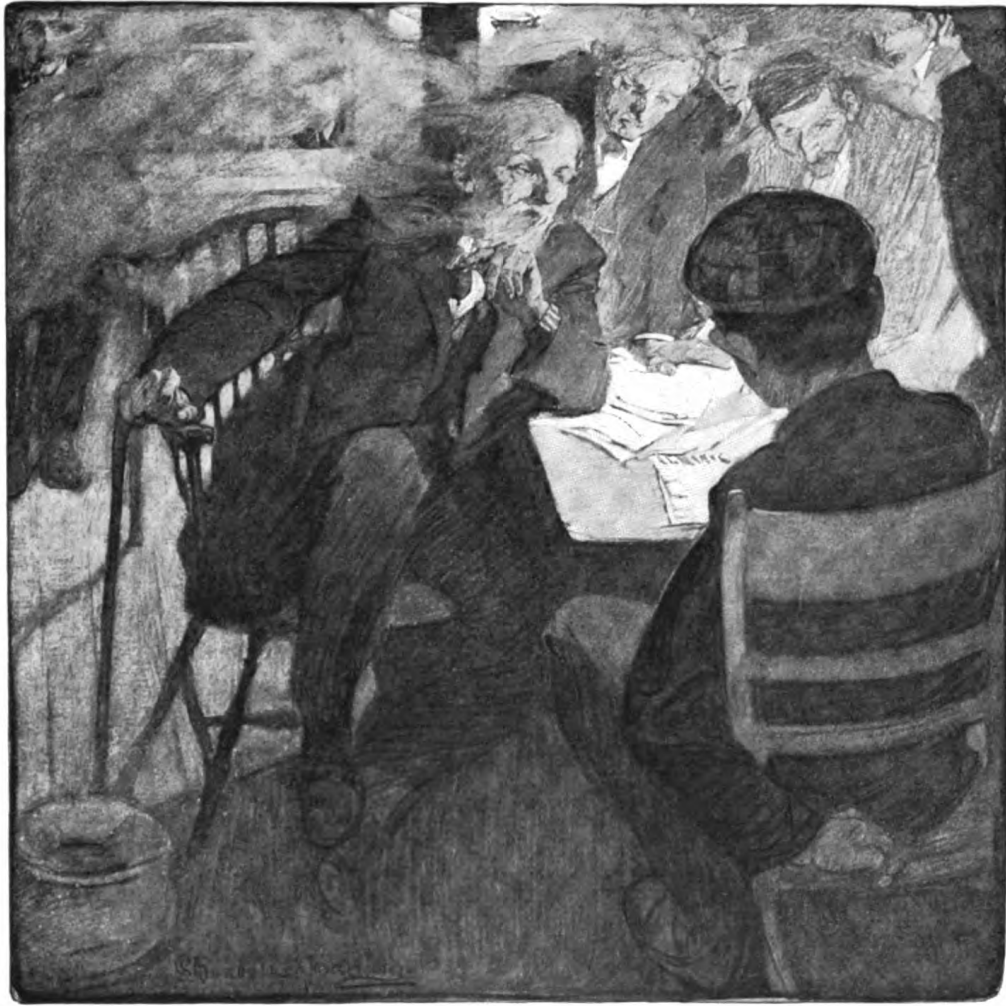
"I thought that all out myself when I was bringing in the wood."

"It's wonderful," said the Sawdust Man. "Just wonderful. Now don't you give up. You just keep right on. You'll be a Senator some day—see if you ain't. And I'll vote for you, too—twice, if necessary."

"Well," you said, "if I *am* a Senator, Mr. Luggins, I'll see that you get a good place at Washington."

"Oh, I wouldn't be much good down there," said the Sawdust Man—a little sadly, you thought. "No. I wouldn't know what to do in the Capitol—unless I could fix things. Maybe they'd have a new board to put in now and then. I could do that."

"Then you really liked that part where I said about the tears, Mr. Luggins?"



"IT'S YORK STATE COUNTS!"

The carpenter waved his saw. "It was just great, I tell you. Just great, sir."

"I've got a lot of things in my head like that, Mr. Luggins."

"You don't say."

"Yes. I think them all out when I'm doing the chores. Of course I wouldn't tell them to any one but you. You don't poke fun—or laugh—or anything."

"Of course I don't," said the Sawdust Man. "I've been there myself. Why, when I was a boy, I thought some of being a statesman."

"Did you, Mr. Luggins?"

"Oh yes!"

"Then how did you happen to change your mind, Mr. Luggins?"

"Well," said the Sawdust Man, reflectively, "you see, I was always so

busy being a carpenter, I never had time to run the gover'ment."

"But you might be coroner, like Abe Peters, or a justice of the peace," you suggested.

"Well—no," said the Sawdust Man. "I couldn't be bothered with pesky little jobs like that. I'm ambitious, I am. 'It's Congress or nothin',' says I, when I was your age. And I've kept my word. I've been nothin' ever since."

The carpenter chuckled.

"And you—you really think it was all right, Mr. Luggins—that part where I—"

"Where you said—"

"Yes—about the tears, you know?"

"Boy," said the Sawdust Man, solemnly, "Daniel Webster himself couldn't 'a' done no better."

So you scampered home on the shoulders of your constituents.

The campaign was over. The polls were closed. Down-town in the office of the *Ourtown Weekly Gazette* the lamps were lighted, the tables freshly spread with paper, and an almanac marked at the vote four years before. The air was blue with tobacco smoke. Publicrats and Reformatives puffed together, argued, bantered, laughed, expectorated, wagered their very beards—and waited. Those who said nothing smiled mysteriously, wisdom brooding in their eyes. Old campaigners they, too sage for levity.

"Well, Uncle, how's it going, hey? Reformatives going to win?"

A full-blown cloud arose from Uncle's lips. He cleared the deeper region of his throat—"Ahem!"—squinted his eyes. You pricked up your ears, edged nearer, to catch those pearls.

"We-ll, I dun'no'. Maybe. Maybe not. Can't tell."

You fell back awesomely.

Candidates—nervous, abstracted men, or strangely lively—dropped in. You watched them as they paced the floor. How would *you* feel—some day? A would-be coroner muttered dubiously, shaking his head.

"It's New York counts," said a strident voice.

"Hey?" asked the would-be coroner. New York? What was New York to him?

The squire, Squire Jerum—a hardy perennial blooming in every ticket these twenty years—swung his legs jauntily from a table-side, and told of elections in bygone days.

The office hummed, perspired in the heat of kerosene and citizenship. The opening, slamming door let in chill breaths of the November night and the premature blasts of horns. Boys peered through the sweating window, envied your seat among the mighty, grinned derisively, stuck their red tongues against the panes. Words, half lost in laughter, crammed your ears:

"Not a ghost of a . . ." "Oh, come off! . . ." "Well, wait . . . you'll see . . . by thunder! . . ." "Old Bay State and Pennsylvania rolling up. . . ." "It's York State counts! Tell me how York State goes and I'll . . ."

The door burst open. A breathless messenger. Faces turned. The crowd hemmed in the shirt-sleeved editor, stepped on his toes as he broke the envelope, leaned heavily on his very shoulders as he read aloud:

"New York: Heavy vote polled in . . ."

"Hey, Jerum, listen to that."

"Oh, *that* doesn't count."

"Doesn't, hey? Well—"

"Sh!"

"Silence!"

"New York: Chairman Blinks of the Reformatory National Committee says . . ."

"Say, Beggs,"—this time the squire was roaring,—"listen to that, hey?"

"Chairman Blinks! Who cares a ——— for Chairman Blinks? It's votes as counts, I tell you. Wait till you hear from York . . ."

You wet your parched lips, strove to be calm like Uncle—so crossed your legs, cleared your young throat, frowned thoughtfully—but your heart was thumping. The tobacco smoke smarted your eyes.

"Don't wiggle so," said Father.

"I'm *not* wiggling."

"Well, sit still."

"I *am* sitting still. But, Father?"

"Yes."

"Are we going to beat?"

"Wait and see."

"The Old B-Bay State's all right, isn't she, Father? And Pennsylvania. *They* won't go back on us, will they, Father?"

"IIm!"

"It's York State we've got to look out about—isn't it, Father?"

"Yes—but *stop wiggling!*"

A queer face peered into Father's—an eager face, pale, with dark eyes—and the voice was tremulous:

"Anything—anything yet—have they heard—about coroner? No? Thought I'd—just ask—didn't know—sort o' wondered—"

The door swung like a pendulum. Piecemeal the news was coming: claims—counter-claims—idle prophecies—Western hopes—Down East decimals—that blank traditional Publicratic silence in the solid South. A mud-bespattered farmer—

"Where from?"

"Spinks Corners."

The country districts were coming in.

"F-father!"

"'Sh!"

"But, Father!"

"Listen."

"New York: Seven counties in Maine give 35,000 . . ."

The squire ripped off his coat—"By gum!"—lighted a fresh cigar, joined editor, telegrams, and almanac at the desk.

"Oh, well, Squire, Maine always does. Wait till you hear from York—"

"Silence!"

"New York: Fifteen wards of New York city—"

"There, Squire. Now you'll hear something."

"Shut up!"

"Louder!"

"—fifteen wards give 56,487 . . ."

"Hey, Squire! What 'd I tell you? It's York State counts, by thunder! Take your old Maine. She's too *dry* for our—"

"Too dry-y!" drawled the squire, above the din. "Too dry-y, Beggs! Why, *that* oughtn't to bother you Publicrats. I say that oughtn't to bother you Publicrats, Beggs. Blamestest critters ever I see. Never knew one yet, by thunder, that couldn't get *drowned* on dry land—if he wanted to!"

There was a yell. Beggs's shoulders bent beneath the buffets of no light-laid hands. Under the uproar—

"Wait till you hear from York State—"

But the squire was deaf, and chuckling. "Bad!" he muttered, as he scanned the telegrams.

Father shook his head. A figure teetered on the margin of the throng.

"What's the vote on—"

The voice was throttled in the din. The clock said midnight. The crowd breathed faster. Faces sobered. There was a white one bobbing on the rim.

"Heard anything— I say there— what's the vote—"

"What say?"

"—the vote on coroner?"

"Oh, damn the coroner!"

The face went under. The teetering figure settled on its heels and disappeared.

"By golly! that's bad!" muttered the squire. "Four years ago the same counties gave . . ."



E. J. Higgins

YOU WENT HOME TOGETHER—DEFEATED, SILENT

"Father!"

"'Sh!"

"But, Father!"

"Go and sit down."

"I say, Squire. How about York State *now*? Hey?" It was the voice of Beggs. The squire was silent. He pulled his slouch-hat over his brow. There was a yell, a murmuring.

Quivering, on aching toes, you clutched at a heaving back in front, caught vagrant words—the voice of the editor, rising above the din—" . . . at this hour . . . safe to say . . . elected . . ."

" . . . elected, by thunder!"

"Aha! . . . York State *now*! Hey,

Jerum? . . . York State now. What 'd I tell you? *Hey?*"

The horns made Bedlam of the village street. A bonfire lighted it. Distorted faces, dancing limbs, glowed as of demons in that beacon flame.

"Oh, Father,—*didn't* we beat?"

"Come, boy. Let's go home."

He turned up the collar of his coat, and strode out into the firelit night. You trudged beside him—your jacket collar about your ears, hands in your pockets, your teeth clenched desperately. So you went home together—father and son—defeated, silent, through the midnight revelry.

Over the banisters a white-clad figure leaned—

"Oh-h-h! What a shame!"

Without a word you hung your cap upon its peg. Ay, what a shame! The country was going to the dogs. Already you saw them snarling over its bones. You saw fat revellers tilting their plug

hats rakishly, rubbing their greedy hands, rolling their swollen eyes, laughing, gloating over bags of gold.

From the library shelf Daniel Webster glowered upon you. You never knew just why—certain it was you had no quarrel with him,—but when you saw that owl-like frown of his, the pent-up feeling of your crushed young soul gushed forth. You rolled a paper wad after the manner of your kind. Savagely you ground it hard and fine between your teeth—then hurled it straight into Daniel's face.

"Take *that!*"

It struck him fairly on his domelike brow—and stuck.

"Aha—*Smarty!*"

All the bitterness of that fair lost cause of yours was in your cry, and as you turned to bed your lip curled scornfully.

"Wait. Just wait, old Publicrats! Old *Publicrats!*"

The Shower

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

HOUR after hour relentlessly the sun
 Shrivelled the leaves and parched the meadow grass:
 The sky was yellow and like molten brass
 The heat poured down until the day was done.
 Red the round moon arose, and one by one
 Blossomed the stars and in the river's glass
 Beheld their beauty, but the breeze, alas!
 Refused to break the web the spider spun.

But with the dawn a little cloud drew near,
 Lending a host forth on the azure plain.
 A distant rumble, then a forest cheer.
 And then a gust that whirled the weather-vane;
 And then, at last,—O melody most dear!
 The soft alliteration of the rain.

The Standard of Pronunciation in English

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, LL.D., L.H.D.

Professor of English, Yale University

SECOND PAPER

IT is not the conflict which goes on between what he calls the common and what he considers the proper usage which alone vexes the soul of the orthoepist. With variations already existing and others steadily coming to exist he finds himself in constant perplexity. This condition of things is, with us, inevitable. In a language which has more than forty sounds to be represented, and with but a few more than twenty characters to represent them, pronunciation is always liable to partake of a certain degree of lawlessness. This is true in particular of the vowel system. There caprice and fashion have the opportunity to do their perfect work. The changes which take place in consequence are rarely the result of any principle or of any recognizable orthoepic influence. They seem little more than the blind results of chance.

As this particular field is practically limitless, all that can be done here is to give a slight glimpse of its nature by pointing out one or two instances of the conflict which at times has gone on between the vowel pronunciation found in literature and that adopted by polite society. In such cases literature, as a general rule, gets distinctly the worst of it. Two interesting examples are *wound* and *wind*. From the outset lexicographers have protested against giving to the *ou* of the former word the sound of *oo* as heard, for illustration, in *swoon*. They have pointed out that in our classic poetry the word invariably rhymes with such words as *sound*, *found*, and *ground*. Their protests have been of but little avail. They continue, indeed, to authorize the old historic pronunciation and

to denounce the fashionable; but they have to admit that the spoken usage has been too much for the literary. Even more decided has been the triumph of *wīnd* over *wīnd*. The latter pronunciation is, or at least was, the only one known to English rhyme. Were it now heard in conversation, the listener would be struck with surprise, and in some instances, it is to be feared, would be troubled by lack of comprehension. Yet against this perversion of pronunciation, as they regarded it, which gives the short sound to the vowel *i* in this word, the orthoepists of the eighteenth century fought persistently and sturdily. It was a corruption which filled the soul of Swift with peculiar disgust. The person employing it in his presence was apt to bring down upon himself the great dean's most contemptuous sarcasm. "I have a great *mīnd* to *find* why you pronounce it *wīnd*," he would say to the offender. Neither his ridicule nor the learned objections of others had the slightest effect upon the fortunes of the word.

On the other hand, literature has scored a distinct triumph in the pronunciation of *gold*. This in poetry always rhymes with such words as *old*, *fold*, *behold*. So it does now in conversation. But in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth the fashionable and withal the more frequent pronunciation was *goold*. It was a practice which brought grief to the heart of Walker. He looked upon it as a disgrace to the language that indolence and vulgarity had thus been enabled to corrupt it into the sound it then had, though he seemed to think it too firmly entrenched ever to disappear.

There was nothing peculiar about the state of mind he exhibited. It is what we all display, with more or less reason, when we hear a pronunciation which is offensive to us. To him who has been brought up to sound a vowel in any particular way, any other way is pretty sure to seem either the mark of absurd affectation or intolerable vulgarity. These are the terms which we apply to pronunciations which vary from that prevailing in the charmed circle to which we of course belong. Yet it is hopeless for us to expect that, even outside of the changes produced by the caprice of fashion, variations will not constantly occur. There are always influences at work which tend to produce diversity. They act not only upon individual words, but upon whole classes. They are operating also at all periods and in all places. Of two of these it is desirable to take some notice.

The first concerns the shifting of the accent. With us the tendency is regularly in the direction of placing it as far from the end as possible. The practice is occasionally carried to such an extreme that it almost requires a training in vocal gymnastics to utter the word without giving the impression that part of it has been swallowed by the speaker. Excesses of this sort are apt in the long run to cure themselves; for pronunciation, like everything else, tends to follow the line of least resistance. When the accent is thrown back to the fourth syllable from the end, with no secondary accent to aid utterance—as, for instance, in the case of *indisputable* and *inexplicable*—we may be confident that men of independence, who find the word difficult to pronounce, will take it upon them to pronounce it to suit themselves. It is then merely a matter of chance whether the method they have chosen to adopt has the fortune to be sanctioned by some one of the numerous pronouncing dictionaries. In the case of the two words just cited, *indisputable* has, if anything, the greater weight of published authority in placing the accent on the third syllable; while in the case of the more difficult word, *inexplicable*, there is no authority at all for such a course, outside of the practice of private individuals.

The contest, however, rages most bit-

terly over the words in which it is a question whether the accent should rest upon the penultimate syllable or the antepenultimate. The peace of families has been disturbed, and neighbor has risen up against neighbor, in consequence of the difference of views held as to the proper pronunciation of such words as *contemplate*, *demonstrate*, *extirpate*, *inundate*, *plethoric*, and others too numerous to mention. Upon them the accent swings backward and forward from penult to antepenult, and the reverse, according to difference of time or place or person. In every generation the controversy crops up. Disagreement existed in the sixteenth century, as it did in the nineteenth; it is likely to exist in the twenty-fifth. Men will continue to show by irrefragable proofs, as they have shown, just where the accent ought to lie in all such words. They will be duly shocked in the future, as they have been in the past, by the imbecility which fails to recognize the justice of their contention, or the perversity which refuses to conform to the practice they enjoin. In the Elizabethan period Shakespeare said indifferently *dem'onstrate* or *demon'strate*. In the nineteenth Rogers was made indignant by a usage corresponding to the first one of the two here indicated. "The now fashionable pronunciation of several words," the old poet complained, "is to me at least offensive. *Con'template* is bad enough; but *bal'cony* makes me sick." At the present time it would produce a similar nauseating effect upon many to hear the accent fall upon the second syllable of this last word, as was once the usual practice.

In general, it may be said that in our tongue victory in most cases is likely to rest with such as place the accent upon the third syllable from the end. Those who maintain the cause of the penultimate have fought manfully, indignantly, reproachfully, against the encroachments of the antepenultimate party. But theirs has been usually a losing battle. Still, though they have often failed, they can inscribe on their banners some notable successes. All efforts, for illustration, to have the accent fall on the first syllable of *inquiry*, *opponent*, *museum*,—and these efforts have been frequent and long continued,—have so far invariably re-

sulted in disaster. No authority of repute recognizes *in'quiry*, *op'ponent*, *mu'seum*, and such pronunciations always beget a feeling of pity or pain in the hearts of those who deem themselves orthoepically pure. Furthermore, in every stream of tendency there are occasional eddies. So here, now and then, the accent moves forward towards the end of the word instead of backward towards its beginning. *Confessor* and *horizon* may be given as instances. In both of these the accent once generally rested upon the first syllable. But more remarkable than either is *July*. Every student of our early poetry, especially of our dramatic poetry, becomes aware that this word was usually, if not invariably, pronounced *Ju'ly*. So it continued to be down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, and to some extent later. Bailey and Johnson both place the accent upon the first syllable. In so doing they were in accord with the general practice of the orthoepists of the time. Indeed, the only early authorization I have chanced to meet of the present pronunciation is in Pardon's revision of Dyche's dictionary, which came out in 1750.

The second agency producing constant changes in pronunciation is the attempt, going on increasingly with the extension of education, to accommodate the spoken to the written language. In early times knowledge of the speech was gained almost exclusively through the ear; at present it is learned largely through the eye. He who in reading meets a word with which he is not familiar inevitably tries to pronounce it as near as possible to the way in which it is spelled. This of itself has a tendency to produce variation. The phonetic sense of the English-speaking race has been rendered so defective by the confused orthography of the tongue that to different men the same combination of letters will convey different sounds. Yet this agency has been influential in modifying the pronunciation of several words. It has been particularly effective in causing letters once silent to be sounded. The detailed history of the changes wrought by it in the case of the initial *h* would require a separate article for its full treatment. But it extends to final letters and even to the vowels in the middle of the word.

For instance, it was not until the nineteenth century that the *t* of *currant* was generally pronounced; and nearly all eighteenth-century orthoepists pronounce *yes* as if it were spelled *yis*. Indeed, Walker took the pains to assure us that while it was a mark of incorrectness and vulgarity to give to *yet* the sound of *yit*, the best and most established usage gave to *yes* the sound of *yis*.

The working of this agency can be best shown, however, by specific illustration of the way in which a letter chances to remain for a long while silent, and then comes to be taken up in pronunciation. Readers of Chaucer do not need to be told that such words as *assault*, *fault*, and *default* came into the language from the Old French in the forms *assaute*, *faute*, and *defaute*. So they were spelled; so they were pronounced. But in process of time men discovered that their remote Latin original contained an *l*. Accordingly it was inserted into these words. But while their form was thus changed, the original pronunciation continued. But the letter was not to endure forever the indignity of having its existence ignored. It appealed constantly to the eye; and the eye in time insisted upon the recognition of it by the voice. Take the case of *fault*. By the beginning of the seventeenth century the *l* had been almost universally adopted in the spelling; but it was not until the last part of the eighteenth century that its claim, though sometimes previously admitted, was fully established in the pronunciation. In the "Deserted Village," published in 1770, we are told of the schoolmaster,

Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught.
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

To us *aught* and *fault* make an imperfect rhyme; but to Goldsmith and to many, if not to most, of his contemporaries no better one could be asked.

With such influences at work, with facts like these staring us in the face, it is no wonder that users of language as well as orthoepists should be constantly hesitating as to the propriety of their own pronunciation. They find themselves at sea, tossed about by winds from every quarter, and with little apparent prospect of reaching any secure

orthoepical haven. The standard of authority is what they are clamoring for; they are ready to submit to it the moment it has established its right to rule. But where are they to look for this infallible guide? The question has constantly perplexed orthoepists. It seems never to have occurred to any of the compilers of dictionaries, and to but few of those who consult them, that the simple solution of the whole difficulty is that in the matter of pronunciation there is no standard of authority at all. Nor, as things now are, can there be. Pronunciation must and will vary widely among persons of equal intelligence and cultivation. A dictionary which sets out to establish on a solid base an authoritative standard is bound to take into account the practice of the whole body of educated men the world over who are entitled to consideration. How is that to be ascertained? The mere statement of the fact shows its physical impossibility. It is a task beyond the power of any one person or any number of persons to accomplish.

Even this is not the worst. If everybody worth consulting could be consulted, we should still be left in precisely the same state of uncertainty in which we were before. Dr. Johnson saw at once the difficulty in the way when Sheridan's proposal of a pronouncing dictionary was brought to his attention in 1761. "Sir," said he, "what entitles Sheridan to fix the pronunciation of English? He has in the first place the disadvantage of being an Irishman; and if he says he will fix it after the example of the best company, why, they differ among themselves. I remember an instance; when I published the Plan for my Dictionary, Lord Chesterfield told me that the word *great* should be pronounced so as to rhyme to *state*; and Sir William Yonge sent me word that it should be pronounced so as to rhyme to *seat*, and that none but an Irishman would pronounce it *grait*. Now here were two men of the highest rank, the one the best speaker in the House of Lords, the other the best speaker in the House of Commons, differing entirely." It is typical of the uncertainty attending the whole matter—by some it will be held typical of the fortunes of the distressful country—that in the middle of the century Sir William Yonge should declare

that only an Irishman would pronounce *great* so as to rhyme to *state*; while towards the end of the same century Walker is found declaring with equal positiveness that practically none but Irishmen pronounce it so as to rhyme to *seat*.

Still, this belief in the existence of a standard authority is one that will die hard even with the educated class. With the semieducated it will never die at all. The most venerable of the myths concerning it is that it is found flourishing somewhere in London and its environs. This is a superstition which the inhabitants of that city are naturally disposed to believe in themselves and to encourage in others. They are apt to reward with praise those who accept and proclaim this view, and to visit with censure, if not with contumely, those who dissent from it. One reason for the popularity of Worcester's dictionary in England was due to the fact that he loudly professed to conform the pronunciation authorized in it to the usage of London. No one stopped to ask how he had managed to acquire it. The usage of London, indeed, might reasonably be taken as a guide for lack of a better, if any one would or could be good enough to tell us what the usage of London really is. So far this has never been done. The dictionaries which profess to record it record it differently. In 1869 the late Alexander James Ellis brought out the second part of his great work on the Pronunciation of Chaucer and Shakespeare. In the course of the discussion it came in his way to consider this very question. In referring to the authorities usually followed by his fellow countrymen—necessarily including those of his own city—he informed us that Smart's of 1846 and Worcester's of 1847 were the pronouncing dictionaries then most in vogue in England. The very mention of the latter as one of the two works of this character highest in favor with Englishmen reduces to an absurdity the usage of London as a final authority. When the inhabitant of that city wished to satisfy his mind about the exact quality of that pure and perfect pronunciation, to the possession of which he is supposed to have been born, he proceeded half the time to consult the pages of an American lexicographer.

How, in turn, did this American lexi-

cographer arrive at the knowledge of that usage which he was careful to proclaim as the standard? He was born in New Hampshire in 1784; he was graduated at Yale College in 1811; he afterward taught school in Salem, Massachusetts, and in 1819 removed to Cambridge in the same State, and there spent the rest of his life. In 1831 he went to Europe and was abroad for a few months. This seems the only noticeable instance where he was away from New England for any length of time. During his brief absence from his own country he visited Scotland, France, Holland, and Germany, as well as England. Accordingly, his stay in London must have been very short at the best. Precisely who it was there who supplied him with the unadulterated article of pronunciation in use in that city, or whether he picked it up by his own unaided efforts, the account given of his life neglects to inform us. Certainly if he ever secured it by personal study on the spot—and that is the only course of procedure that would entitle him to be spoken of as an authority—it must have been during the few weeks that he was there. At all events, however attained, he imported it. Then, after purifying it in the atmosphere of Cambridge and Boston, he exported it to England. It was in this way that the Londoner frequently got his pure London pronunciation from a citizen of this country who was never outside of New England for more than a few months of his life.

This account of the origin of the London usage furnished by Worcester has been given as if it were the result of genuine investigation pursued by him on the spot. As a matter of fact, nothing of the kind took place. It was in the following way he arrived at it. He studied in his own library the pronouncing dictionary of everybody who had taken the pains to compile one, whether he were Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, or American. Wherever they differed, he recorded their variations. Out of these he selected the particular pronunciations which suited best his own taste or for any reason recommended themselves to his judgment. To them he gave his approval. Almost inevitably they would be the ones he was in the habit of using himself and of hearing generally used by those

with whom he associated. Out of this conglomerate the usage of London, so far as Worcester can be said to represent it, was manufactured in America; and the article thus manufactured, if Ellis can be trusted, was largely accepted in England.

The truth is that the pronunciation of every dictionary expresses the preferences and prejudices of the particular person or persons who have been concerned in its compilation. At best it represents the taste of a select coterie to whose members the accidents of birth and training and circumstance have made familiar certain ways of pronouncing words. There is, consequently, never any need of paying unquestioning obedience to any of its decisions. It is an authority of more or less value; it is never a final authority. On this matter, having been concerned to some extent in the preparation of dictionaries, I speak from the point of view of personal experience. I have protested to no purpose against the authorization of certain pronunciations. I have succeeded in getting some sanctioned which had not previously been recognized as allowable. It is hardly necessary to add that the knowledge of these I shall take precious good care to keep to myself. But where did I get any authority, either in the way of protest or advocacy, over thousands and thousands of other English speakers, to decide how any particular word should be pronounced? From no quarter could it come, for in none did it exist. The simple explanation of the matter is that it was my fortune to be in a position where my personal preferences met with a certain degree of consideration.

In this matter the proper attitude for every educated man to take is that once exemplified by Dr. Bacon, for a long while the pastor of Center Church, New Haven. He was assailed for his pronunciation of a certain word. It was not according to Webster, he was told. The clergyman was personally acquainted with the man held up to him as a guide, and very evidently had an opinion of his own as to the respect due to him as an authority. That, indeed, may be thought to be countenanced in the excellent dictionary which bears the lexicographer's name; for it has been carefully weeded of the

larger share of the results upon which its original compiler particularly prided himself. At all events, the Doctor showed no disposition to submit to the correction. "What right has Webster," growled he, "to dictate my pronunciation? He is one of my parishioners, and he ought to get his pronunciation from me, and not I from him."

There is nothing peculiar in this attitude on the part of those who have paid close attention to the subject. No scholar, for instance, will question for a moment the knowledge of this whole matter possessed by the late Mr. Ellis, who has already been quoted. His eminence as an orthoepist would be admitted by all; his superiority would be conceded by most. To the right he had to speak with authority not a single one of the lexicographers who have been mentioned can make the least pretence. Yet this is what he says on this very point: "It has not unfrequently happened," he wrote, "that the present writer has been appealed to respecting the pronunciation of a word. He generally replies that he is accustomed to pronounce it in such and such a way, and has often to add that he has heard others pronounce it differently, but he has no means of deciding which pronunciation ought to be adopted, or even of saying which is the more customary."

Here we have put in small compass the exact state of the case by the man who, while he was living, was usually reckoned among the first, if not the very first, of English orthoepists.

This, however, is a doctrine not loved of the multitude. Each of us is inclined to cherish his Webster or his Worcester or any other lexicographer he happens to select, and woe unto the person who does not submit to the authority he acknowledges. There is no objection, indeed, to any man's conforming his own practice to that of some particular guide. On the contrary, it is both convenient and comfortable. But there is decided objection to the disposition he is apt to display of insisting that the pronunciation which his authority teaches is the only one that can be properly said to exist, or, to put it a little differently, that can be said to exist properly. Supremely intolerant and supremely self-

complacent is the man who has been brought up on only one dictionary. Especially is this the case if he has happened to teach to others the pronunciation it gives, for so long a time that the employment of any different one seems to him of the nature of a blow at the very foundations of our speech. It is fair to admit, however, that this class of persons, once very numerous, has now come to be relegated more and more to the remotest recesses of the rural districts. The rapid multiplication of guides and manuals and lexicons during the last twenty years enables the one who provides himself with them all to secure for his own private use almost any pronunciation he prefers. In the multitude of dictionaries there is safety; for it is then in our power to pit one lexicographer against another, and to assume a supercilious attitude towards the one who fails to authorize the pronunciation which we recommend by our own practice.

In truth, there is within limits scarcely any orthoepic atrocity which cannot now plead justification from some authority. Even the New England provincialism *naytional*—so spelled by Lowell in the Biglow Papers—can be found sanctioned by one, though only one, of our most widely circulated dictionaries. In thus sounding the initial syllable it has yielded to a tendency which has at times swept along in its current orthoepists when dealing with certain other words. We can see it strikingly exemplified in the dispute which has gone on, since the middle of the eighteenth century at least, in regard to the word *knowledge*. To this day men can be found who indignantly insist upon pronouncing its first syllable like the verb *know*. The objection to so doing and to *naytional* is that such a course violates one of the very few orthoepic laws which continue with much tribulation to keep up a sort of struggle for existence in our tongue. This is that a derivative from a word whose vowel is long shortens the vowel of the primitive. The same rule applies also to compounds. Thus, for example, from *beast* we get *bēstial*; from *cone*, *cōnical*; from *metre*, *mētrical*; from *sphere*, *sphērical*; from *zeal*, *zēalous*; from *sheep*, *shēpherd*; from *vine*, *vīneyard*. Accordingly from *nation* we should

expect *nāshunal*, just as we have *nāatural* from *nature*. But in English orthography and orthoepy rules exist mainly for the purpose of furnishing opportunities for the creation of exceptions. It was with that view the authorizers of *naytional*—or rather the authorizer, for one man alone was the real culprit—probably sanctioned this particular pronunciation.

I am far, however, from wishing to be understood as objecting to pronouncing manuals and dictionaries. So long as we continue to write one language and to speak another they are a necessity of the situation. Nor need it be denied that there is a certain degree of peril in advocating the doctrine here advanced, especially for that by no means limited number of individuals who have acquired or unconsciously adopted pronunciations which are under the ban of cultivated society. It may also be attended with a certain degree of discouragement to such as aim to impart the best usage to those for whose education they feel personal responsibility. There can be no question that the adoption of the views here maintained would tend to chill enthusiasm. One has to believe firmly that social salvation or perdition lies in the way of pronouncing a particular word, to make him really earnest in the necessary and sometimes disagreeable task of correcting others. If all are to be saved, no matter how they pronounce, the missionary spirit has lost its strongest impelling motive. It is really, however, against the monstrous claims put forth for the sanctity of particular persons who set out to instruct us in orthoepy that the argument in this paper has been directed. Yet any such line of reasoning is always liable to be wrested from its legitimate object into a disavowal of the necessity of heeding any instruction at all.

But, it may be asked, how can there be any instruction worth heeding if the position here taken is correct? We are told that no particular work of the many existing can be accepted as authoritative. Can, then, the agreement of all be entitled to this epithet? If so, what is the nature of the logical process by which opinions individually worthless become by their combination an infallible guide? Objections of this sort

have been raised against the view here expressed. They rest, however, upon a misconception. The individual work is usually entitled to high respect. So far from being worthless, it represents the best results reached by certain persons who have devoted time and thought and special study to the subject. The conclusions reached and promulgated in it must necessarily carry weight under any circumstances, and under some circumstances they carry great weight. Accordingly, he who submits his own practice to that announced as correct by some particular guide is following a perfectly legitimate and sensible course.

This is the general rule. But it must be kept in mind that right here occurs an important limitation which most are too much inclined to disregard. The pronouncing dictionary which a man uses exists for his own guidance; it does not enable him to criticise the practice of those who dissent from its teachings. It will furnish a standard, but not the standard of authority. It is nothing more than one of several standards, and so far as the representation of the best usage is concerned, will be surely no worse than some, and probably no better than others. He who desires to express positive opinions not merely upon what can be done, but upon what cannot be done, must be prepared to undergo the further burden of familiarizing himself with the pronunciations authorized by all the numerous guides which exist. Against their agreement it is ordinarily unwise to contend. It is only the man whose superiority of knowledge is universally conceded that can venture to challenge the correctness of the verdict rendered by all orthoepists, coming as they do from every region of the English-speaking world and representing widely scattered and essentially different bodies of cultivated men. To those who have not reached the position of safety just indicated the advice given by Dr. Parr conveys the needed warning. He found fault with a gentleman for putting the accent on the penult of *Alexandria*. The latter defended himself by quoting the authority of Bentley, who in this particular had conformed to the classical practice. "Bentley and I," remarked the old scholar, "may call it

Alexandria; but you had better pronounce it Alexandria."

Still, there is nothing permanent even about the general agreement of orthoepists. It may be, and in some particulars is fairly sure to be, disturbed by every newcomer who enters upon the field of lexicography. This brings us back to the point from which this part of the discussion started. Not a single one of our pronouncing dictionaries is a final authority, nor even the concurrent voice of all of them put together. With our orthography any such condition of things is an impossibility. There can never exist that infallible guide for whose appearance we are all longing until the spelling of every English word carries with it its own pronunciation. Even then variation of accent must continue to show itself, though it will be reduced to the lowest possible limits. But how infinitely remote is such a prospect no one needs to be told. Even were the conditions all favorable, long and rough is the road that must be travelled before any such result could be reached in a language like ours, which enjoys and rejoices in the distinction of being the most barbarously spelled of any cultivated tongue in Christendom. We are weltering in an orthographic chaos in which a multitude of signs are represented by the same sound, and a multitude of sounds by the same sign. Our race as a race has in consequence lost the phonetic sense. What can we hope for the orthoepy of a tongue in which, for illustration, the short sound of *e*, found in *let*, is represented by *ea* in *head*, by *eo* in *leopard*, by *ay* in *says*, by *ai* in *said*, by *ei* in *heifer*, and by *a* in *many*? Or of the correspondingly long sound given by us to the same vowel, which is represented by *e* in *mete* (to measure), by *ea* in *meat* (an article of food), or by *ee* in the verb to *meet*; and furthermore by *i* in *machine*, by *ie* in *believe*, by *ei* in *receive*, by *eo* in *people*, and by *æ* in *ægis*? Or take the sound denoted by the digraph *sh*, seen in *ship*. It is represented by *ce* in *ocean*, by *ci* in *suspicion*, by *ti* in *nation*, by *xi* in *anxious*, by *sci* in *conscience*,

and by *s* followed by *u* in *sure*. There is no object in heaping up further harrowing details, which, indeed, could be multiplied almost indefinitely. They have been introduced merely to show how hopeless is the prospect of attaining under such conditions a uniform standard of pronunciation which all will recognize at once, and to which all will unquestioningly bow.

The conditions, accordingly, are unfavorable on the side of the language itself; they are full as unfavorable on that of the users of the language. Most of us love our present orthography—love it for its uncouthness, its barbarousness, its unfitness to do the very work for which orthography is presumed to exist at all. We cling with passionate devotion to its worst anomalies. We not merely shudder at the prospect of changing a spelling which defies all attempts at proper pronunciation, but at one which in addition disguises completely the derivation, about which in other instances we profess to be profoundly solicitous. Even the pettiest alterations in the interest of a mere mechanical uniformity meet with the sturdiest and most unintelligent resistance. On this whole subject, indeed, there is no ignorance so profound and comprehensive as that which envelops the minds of many men of letters, if we can judge of the degree of their knowledge by the character of their utterances. It requires a far more enlightened opinion than prevails yet among the large majority of these before we can look for the success of any effort to cause our tongue to approach even remotely to the phonetic excellence of Italian or Spanish or German. Yet until that time comes no small share of our lives will be spent in the profitable and exciting occupation of consulting dictionaries, in the equally profitable and exciting discussion of the pronunciation of particular words, and in airing our opinions and delivering our decisions upon points about which one thoroughly educated man is as good an authority as another and nobody is an authority at all.

Pasque Florida

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

THE steady flicker of lightning in the southwest continued; the wind freshened, blowing in cooler streaks across acres of rattling rushes and dead marsh-grass. A dull light grew through the scudding clouds, then faded as the midday sun went out in the smother, leaving an ominous red smear overhead.

Gun in hand, Haltren stood up among the reeds and inspected the landscape. Already the fish-crows and egrets were flying inland, the pelicans had left the sand-bar, the eagles were gone from beach and dune. High in the thickening sky wild ducks passed over Flyover Point and dropped into the sheltered marshes among the cypress.

As Haltren stood undecided, watching the ruddy play of lightning, which came no nearer than the horizon, a squall struck the lagoon. Then, amid the immense solitude of marsh and water, a deep sound grew,—the roar of the wind in the wilderness. The solemn pæan swelled and died away as thunder dies, leaving the air tremulous.

"I'd better get out of this," said Haltren to himself. He felt for the breech of his gun, unloaded both barrels, and slowly pocketed the cartridges.

Eastward, between the vast salt river and the ocean, the dunes were smoking like wind-lashed breakers; a heron, laboring heavily, flapped inland, broad pinions buffeting the gale.

"Something's due to happen," said Haltren, reflectively, closing the breech of his gun. He had hauled his boat up an alligator-slide; now he shoved it off the same way, and pulling up his hip-boots, waded out, laid his gun in the stern, threw cartridge-sack and a dozen dead ducks after it, and embarked among the raft of wind-tossed wooden decoys.

There were twoscore decoys bobbing and tugging at their anchor-cords outside the point. Before he had fished up

a dozen on the blade of his oar a heavier squall struck the lagoon, blowing the boat out into the river. He had managed to paddle back and had secured another brace of decoys, when a violent gale caught him broadside, almost capsizing him.

"If I don't get those decoys now I never shall!" he muttered, doggedly jabbing about with extended oar. But he never got them; for at that moment a tropical hurricane, still in its infancy, began to develop, and when, blinded with spray, he managed to jam the oars into the oar-locks, his boat was half a mile out and still driving.

For a week the wind had piled the lagoons and lakes south of the Matanzas full of water, and now the waves sprang up, bursting into menacing shapes, knocking the boat about viciously. Haltren turned his unquiet eyes toward a streak of green water ahead.

"I don't suppose this catspaw is really trying to drive me out of Coquina Inlet!" he said, peevishly; "I don't suppose I'm being blown out to sea."

It was a stormy end for a day's pleasure,—yet curiously appropriate, too, for it was the fourth anniversary of his wedding-day; and the storm that followed had blown him out into the waste corners of the world.

Perhaps something of this idea came into his head; he laughed a disagreeable laugh and fell to rowing.

The red lightning still darted along the southern horizon, no nearer; the wilderness of water, of palm forests, of jungle, of dune, was bathed in a sickly light; overhead oceans of clouds tore through a sombre sky.

After a while he understood that he was making no headway; then he saw that the storm was shaping his course. He dug his oars into the thick gray waves; the wind tore the cap from his head, caught the boat and wrestled with it.

Somehow or other he must get the boat ashore before he came abreast of the inlet; otherwise—

He turned his head and stared at the whitecaps tumbling along the deadly raceway; and he almost dropped his oars in astonishment to see a gasoline-launch battling for safety just north of the storm-swept channel. What was a launch doing in this forsaken end of the earth? And the next instant developed the answer. Out at sea, beyond the outer bar, a yacht, wallowing like a white whale, was staggering toward the open ocean.

He saw all this in a flash—saw the gray-green maelstrom between the dunes, the launch struggling across the inlet, the yacht plunging seaward. Then in the endless palm forests the roar deepened. Flash! Bang! lightning and thunder were simultaneous.

"That's better," said Haltren, hanging to his oars; "there's a fighting chance now."

The rain came, beating the waves down, seemingly, for a moment, beating out the wind itself. In the partial silence the sharp explosions of the gasoline-engine echoed like volleys of pistol-shots; and Haltren half rose in his pitching boat, and shouted: "Launch ahoy! Run under the lee shore. There's a hurricane coming! You haven't a second to lose!"

He heard somebody aboard the launch say, distinctly, "There's a Florida cracker alongside who says a hurricane is about due." The shrill roar of the rain drowned the voice. Haltren bent to his oars again. Then a young man in dripping white flannels looked out of the wheel-house and hailed him. "We've grounded on the meadows twice. If you know the channel you'd better come aboard and take the wheel."

Haltren, already north of the inlet and within the zone of safety, rested on his oars a second and looked back, listening. Very far away he heard the deep whisper of death.

On board the launch the young man at the wheel heard it too; and he hailed Haltren in a shaky voice: "I wouldn't ask you to come back, but there are women aboard. Can't you help us?"

"All right," said Haltren.

A horrible white glare broke out through the haze; the solid vertical torrent of rain swayed, then slanted eastward.

A wave threw him alongside the launch; he scrambled over the low rail and ran forward, deafened by the din. A woman in oilskins hung to the companion-rail; he saw her white face as he passed. Haggard, staggering, he entered the wheel-house, where the young man in dripping flannels seized his arm, calling him by name. Haltren pushed him aside.

"Give me that wheel, Darrow," he said, hoarsely. "Ring full speed ahead! Now stand clear—"

Like an explosion the white tornado burst, burying deck and wheel-house in foam; a bellowing fury of tumbling waters enveloped the launch. Haltren hung to the wheel one second, two, five, ten; and at last through the howling chaos his stunned ears caught the faint staccato spat! puff! spat! of the exhaust. Thirty seconds more—if the engines could stand it—if they only could stand it!

They stood it for thirty-three seconds and went to smash. A terrific squall, partly deflected from the forest, hurled the launch into the swamp, now all boiling in shallow foam; and there she stuck in the good, thick mud, heeled over and all awash like a stranded razorback after a freshet.

Twenty minutes later the sun came out; the waters of the lagoon turned sky blue; a delicate breeze from the southeast stirred the palmetto fronds.

Presently, a crimson cardinal-bird began singing in the sunshine.

Haltren, standing in the wrecked wheel-house, raised his dazed eyes as Darrow entered and looked around.

"So that was a white tornado! I've heard of them—but—good God!" He turned a bloodless visage to Haltren, who, dripping, bareheaded, and silent, stood, with eyes closed, leaning heavily against the wheel.

"Are you hurt?"

Haltren shook his head. Darrow regarded him stupidly.

"How did you happen to be in this part of the world?"

Haltren opened his eyes. "Oh, I'm

likely to be anywhere," he said, vaguely, passing a shaking hand across his eyes. There was a moment's silence; then he said,

"Darrow, is my wife aboard this boat?"

"Yes," said Darrow, under his breath. "Isn't that the limit?"

Through the silence the cardinal sang steadily.

"Isn't that the limit?" repeated Darrow. "We came on the yacht—that was Brent's yacht, the *Dione*, you saw at sea. You know the people aboard. Brent, Mrs. Castle, your wife, and I left the others and took the launch to explore the lagoons. . . . And here we are. Isn't it funny?" he added, with a nerveless laugh.

Haltren stood there slowly passing his hand over his face.

"It is funnier than you know, Darrow," he said. "Kathleen and I—this is our wedding-day."

"Well, that is the limit," muttered Darrow, as Haltren turned a stunned face to the sunshine where the little crimson cardinal sang with might and main.

"Come below," he added. "You are going to speak to her, of course?"

"If she cared to have me—"

"Speak to her anyway. Haltren, I"—he hesitated—"I never knew why you and Kathleen separated. I only know what everybody knows. You and she are four years older now; and if there's a ghost of a chance— Do you understand?"

Haltren nodded.

"Then we'll go below," began Darrow. But Major Brent appeared at that moment, apoplectic eyes popping from his purple face as he waddled forward to survey the dismantled launch.

Without noticing either Haltren or Darrow, he tested the slippery angle of the deck, almost slid off into the lagoon, clutched the rail with both pudgy hands, and glared at the water.

"I suppose," he said, peevishly, "that there are alligators in that water. I know there are!"

He turned his inflamed eyes on Haltren, but made no sign of recognition.

"Major," said Darrow, sharply, "you remember Dick Haltren—"

"Eh?" snapped the Major. "Where the deuce did you come from, Haltren?"

"He was the man who hailed us. He took the wheel," said Darrow, meaningly.

"Nice mess you made of it between you," retorted the Major, scowling his acknowledgments at Haltren.

Darrow, disgusted, turned on his heel; Haltren laughed. The sound of his own laugh amused him, and he laughed again.

"I don't see the humor," said the Major. "The *Dione* is blown half-way to the Bermudas by this time." He added, with a tragic gesture of his fat arms, "Are you aware that Mrs. Jack Onderdonk is aboard!"

The possible fate of Manhattan's queen regent so horrified Major Brent that his congested features assumed the expression of an alarmed tadpole.

But Haltren, the unaccustomed taste of mirth in his throat once more, stood there, dripping, dishevelled, and laughing. For four years he had missed the life he had been bred to; he had missed even what he despised in it, and his life at moments had become a hell of isolation. Time dulled the edges of his loneliness; solitude, if it hurts, sometimes cures too. But he was not yet cured of longing for that self-forbidden city in the North. He desired it—he desired the arid wilderness of its treeless streets, its incessant sounds, its restless energy; he desired its pleasures, its frivolous days and nights, its satiated security, its ennui. Its life had been his life, its people his people, and he longed for it with a desire that racked him.

"What the devil are you laughing at, Haltren?" asked the Major, tartly.

"Was I laughing?" said the young man. "Well—now I will say good-by, Major Brent. Your yacht will steam in before night and send a boat for you; and I shall have my lagoons to myself again. . . . I have been here a long time. . . . I don't know why I laughed just now. There was, indeed, no reason." He turned and looked at the cabin skylights. "It's hard to realize that you and Darrow and—others—are here, and that there's a whole yacht-load of fellow creatures—and Mrs. Van Onderdonk—wobbling about the Atlantic near by. Fashionable people have never before come here—even intelligent people rarely penetrate this wilderness. . . . I—I have a plantation a few miles below—oranges

and things, you know." He hesitated, almost wistfully. "I don't suppose you and your guests would care to stop there for a few hours, if your yacht is late."

"No," said the Major, "we don't care to."

"Perhaps Haltren will stay aboard the wreck with us until the *Dione* comes in," suggested Darrow.

"I dare say you have a camp hereabouts," said the Major, staring at Haltren; "no doubt you'd be more comfortable there."

"Thanks," said Haltren, pleasantly; "I have my camp a mile below." He offered his hand to Darrow, who, too angry to speak, nodded violently toward the cabin.

"How can I?" asked Haltren. "Good-by. And I'll say good-by to you, Major—"

"Good-by," muttered the Major, attempting to clasp his fat little hands behind his back.

Haltren, who had no idea of offering his hand, stood still a moment, glancing at the cabin skylights; then, with a final nod to Darrow, he deliberately slid overboard and waded away, knee-deep, toward the palm-fringed shore.

Darrow could not contain himself. "Major Brent," he said, "I suppose you don't realize that Haltren saved the lives of every soul aboard this launch."

The Major's inflamed eyes popped out.

"Eh? What's that?"

"More than that," said Darrow, "he came back from safety to risk his life. As it was he lost his boat and his gun—"

"Damnation!" broke out the Major; "you don't expect me to ask him to stay and meet the wife he deserted four years ago!"

And he waddled off to the engine-room, where the engineer and his assistant were tinkering at the wrecked engine.

Darrow went down into the sloppy cabin, where, on a couch, Mrs. Castle lay, ill from the shock of the recent catastrophe; and beside her stood an attractive girl stirring sweet spirits of ammonia in a tumbler.

Her eyes were fixed on the open port-hole. Through that port-hole the lagoon was visible; so was Haltren, wading shoreward, a solitary figure against the fringed rampart of the wilderness.

"Is Mrs. Castle better?" asked Darrow.

"I think so; I think she is asleep," said the girl, calmly.

There was a pause; then Darrow took the tumbler and stirred the contents.

"Do you know who it was that got us out of that pickle?"

"Yes," she said; "my husband."

"I suppose you could hear what we said on deck."

There was no answer.

"Could you, Kathleen?"

"Yes."

Darrow stared into the tumbler, tasted the medicine, and frowned.

"Isn't there—isn't there a chance—a ghost of a chance?" he asked.

"I think not," she answered—"I am sure not. I shall never see him again."

"I meant for myself," said Darrow, deliberately, looking her full in the face.

She crimsoned to her temples, then her eyes flashed violet fire.

"Not the slightest," she said.

"Thanks," said Darrow, flippantly; "I only wanted to know."

"You know now, don't you?" she asked, a trifle excited, yet realizing instinctively that somehow she had been tricked. And yet, until that moment, she had believed Darrow to be her slave. He had been and was still; but she was no longer certain, and her uncertainty confused her.

"Do you mean to say that you have any human feeling left for that vagabond?" demanded Darrow. So earnest was he that his tanned face grew tense and white.

"I'll tell you," she said, breathlessly, "that from this moment I have no human feeling left for you! And I never had! I know it now; never! never! I had rather be the divorced wife of Jack Haltren than the wife of any man alive!"

The angry beauty of her young face was his reward; he turned away and climbed the companion. And in the shattered wheel-house he faced his own trouble, muttering: "I've done my best; I've tried to show the pluck he showed. He's got his chance now!" And he leaned heavily on the wheel, covering his eyes with his hands: for he was fiercely in love, and he had destroyed for a friend's sake all that he had ever hoped for.

But there was more to be done; he aroused himself presently and wandered around to the engine-room, where the Major was prowling about, fussing and fuming and bullying his engineer.

"Major," said Darrow, guilelessly, "do you suppose Haltren's appearance has upset his wife?"

"Eh?" said the Major. "No, I don't! I refuse to believe that a woman of Mrs. Haltren's sense and personal dignity could be upset by such a man! By gad! sir, if I thought it—for one instant, sir—for one second—I'd reason with her. I'd presume so far as to express my personal opinion of this fellow Haltren!"

"Perhaps I'd better speak to her," began Darrow.

"No, sir! Why the devil should you assume that liberty?" demanded Major Brent. "Allow me, sir; allow me! Mrs. Haltren is my guest!"

The Major's long-latent jealousy of Darrow was now fully ablaze; purple, pop-eyed, and puffing, he toddled down the companion on his errand of consolation. Darrow watched him go. "That settles him!" he said. Then he called the engineer over and bade him rig up and launch the portable canoe.

"Put one paddle in it, Johnson, and say to Mrs. Haltren that she had better paddle north, because, a mile above, there is a camp belonging to a man whom Major Brent and I do not wish to have her meet."

The grimy engineer hauled out the packet which, when put together, was warranted to become a full-fledged canoe.

"Lord! how she'll hate us all, even poor Johnson," murmured Darrow. "I don't know much about Kathleen Haltren, but if she doesn't paddle south I'll eat cotton waste with oil dressing for dinner!"

At that moment the Major reappeared, toddling excitedly toward the stern.

"What on earth is the trouble?" asked Darrow. "Is there a pizen sarpint aboard?"

"Trouble!" stammered the Major. "Who said there was any trouble? Don't be an ass, sir! Don't even look like an ass, sir! Damnation!"

And he trotted furiously into the engine-room.

Darrow climbed to the wheel-house once more, fished out a pair of binoculars,

and fixed them on the inlet and the strip of Atlantic beyond.

"If the *Dione* isn't in by three o'clock, Haltren will have his chance," he murmured.

He was still inspecting the ocean and his watch alternately when Mrs. Haltren came on deck.

"Did you send me the canoe?" she asked, with cool unconcern.

"It's for anybody," he said, morosely. "Somebody ought to take a snap shot of the scene of our disaster. If you don't want the canoe, I'll take it."

She had her camera in her hand; it was possible he had noticed it, although he appeared to be very busy with his binoculars.

He was also rude enough to turn his back. She hesitated, looked up the lagoon and down the lagoon. She could only see half a mile south, because Flyover Point blocked the view.

"If Mrs. Castle is nervous you will be near the cabin?" she asked, coldly.

"I'll be here," he said.

"And you may say to Major Brent," she added, "that he need not send me further orders by his engineer, and that I shall paddle wherever caprice invites me."

A few moments later a portable canoe glided out from under the stern of the launch. In it, lazily wielding the polished paddle, sat young Mrs. Haltren, bare-headed, barearmed, singing as sweetly as the little cardinal, who paused in sheer surprise at the loveliness of song and singer. Like a homing pigeon the canoe circled to take its bearings once, then glided away due south.

Blue was the sky and water; her eyes were bluer; white as the sands her bare arms glimmered. Was it a sunbeam caught entangled in her burnished hair, or a stray strand, that burned far on the water.

Darrow dropped his eyes; and when again he looked, the canoe had vanished behind the rushes of Flyover Point, and there was nothing moving on the water far as the eye could see.

About three o'clock that afternoon, the pigeon-toed Seminole Indian who followed Haltren as a silent, dangerous dog follows its master, laid down the heavy

pink cedar log which he had brought to the fire, and stood perfectly silent, nose up, slitted eyes almost closed.

Haltren's glance was a question. "Paddl'um boat," said the Indian, sullenly.

After a pause Haltren said, "I don't hear it, Tiger."

"Hunh!" grunted the Seminole. "Paddl'um damn slow. Bime-by you hear."

And byme-by Haltren heard.

"Somebody is landing," he said.

The Indian folded his arms and stood bolt upright for a moment; then, "Hunh!" he muttered, disgusted. "Heap squaw. Tiger will go."

Haltren did not hear him; up the palmetto-choked trail from the landing strolled a girl, paddle poised over one shoulder, bright hair blowing. He rose to his feet; she saw him standing in the haze of the fire and made him a pretty gesture of recognition.

"I thought I'd call to pay my respects," she said. "How do you do? May I sit on this soap-box?"

Smiling, she laid the paddle on the ground and held out one hand as he stepped forward.

They shook hands very civilly.

"That was a brave thing you did," she said. "Mes compliments, monsieur."

And that was all said about the wreck.

"It's not unlike an Adirondack camp," she suggested, looking around at the open-faced, palm-thatched shanty with its usual hangings of blankets and wet clothing, and its smoky tin-pan bric-à-brac.

Her blue eyes swept all in rapid review,—the guns leaning against the tree; the bunch of dead bluebill ducks hanging beyond; the improvised table and bench outside; the enormous mottled rattlesnake skin tacked lengthways on a live-oak.

"Are there many of those about?" she inquired.

"Very few"—he waited to control the voice which did not sound much like his own—"very few rattlers yet. They come out later."

"That's amiable of them," she said, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

There was a pause.

"I hope you are well," he ventured.

"Perfectly—and thank you. I hope you are well, Jack."

"Thank you, Kathleen."

She picked up a chip of rose-colored cedar and sniffed it, daintily.

"Like a lead-pencil, isn't it? Put that big log on the fire. The odor of burning cedar must be delicious."

He lifted the great log and laid it across the coals.

"Suppose we lunch?" she proposed, looking straight at the simmering coffee-pot.

"Would you really care to?" Then he raised his voice: "Tiger! Tiger! Where the dickens are you?" But Tiger, half a mile away, squatted sulkily on the lagoon's edge, fishing, and muttering to himself that there were too many white people in the forest for him.

"He won't come," said Haltren. "You know the Seminoles hate the whites, and consider themselves still unconquered. There is scarcely an instance on record of a Seminole attaching himself to one of us."

"But your tame Tiger appears to follow you."

"He's an exception."

"Perhaps you are an exception, too."

He looked up with a haggard smile, then bent over the fire and poked the ashes with a pointed palmetto stem. There were half a dozen sweet potatoes there, and a baked duck and an ash-cake.

"Goodness!" she said, "if you knew how hungry I am you wouldn't be so deliberate. Where are the cups and spoons? Which is Tiger's? Well, you may use his."

The log table was set and the duck ready before Haltren could hunt up the jug of mineral water which Tiger had buried somewhere to keep cool.

When he came back with it from the shore he found her sitting at table with an exaggerated air of patience.

They both laughed a little; he took his seat opposite; she poured the coffee, and he dismembered the duck.

"You ought to be ashamed of that duck," she said. "The law is on now."

"I know it," he replied, "but necessity knows no law. I'm up here looking for wild orange stock, and I live on what I can get. Even the sacred unbranded razorback is fish for our net—"

with a fair chance of a shooting scrape between us and a prowling cracker. If you will stay to dinner you may have roast wild boar.

"That alone is almost worth staying for, isn't it?" she asked, innocently.

There was a trifle more color in his sunburnt face.

She ate very little, though protesting that her hunger shamed her; she sipped her coffee, blue eyes sometimes fixed on the tall palms and oaks overhead, sometimes on him.

"What was that great winged shadow that passed across the table?" she exclaimed.

"A vulture; they are never far away."

"Ugh!" she shuddered; "always waiting for something to die! How can a man live here, knowing that?"

"I don't propose to die outdoors," said Haltren, laughing.

Again the huge shadow swept between them; she shrank back with a little gesture of repugnance. Perhaps she was thinking of her nearness to death in the inlet.

"Are there alligators here, too?" she asked.

"Yes; they run away from you."

"And moccasin snakes?"

"Some. They don't trouble a man who keeps his eyes open."

"A nice country you live in," she said, disdainfully.

"It is one kind of country. There is good shooting."

"Anything else?"

"Sunshine all the year round. I have a house covered with scented things and buried in orange-trees. It is very beautiful. A little lonely at times—one can't have Fifth Avenue and pick one's own grape-fruit from the veranda too."

A silence fell between them; through the late afternoon stillness they heard the splash! splash! of leaping mullet in the lagoon. Suddenly a crimson-throated humming-bird whirled past, hung vibrating before a flowering creeper, then darted away.

"Spring is drifting northward," he said. "To-morrow will be Easter day—Pasque Florida."

She rose, saying carelessly, "I was not thinking of to-morrow; I was thinking of to-day," and walking across the

cleared circle, she picked up her paddle. He followed her, and she looked around gayly, swinging the paddle to her shoulder.

"You said you were thinking of to-day," he stammered. "It—it is our anniversary."

She raised her eyebrows. "I am astonished that you remembered. . . . I think that I ought to go. The *Dione* will be in before long—"

"We can hear her whistle when she steams in," he said.

"Are you actually inviting me to stay?" she laughed, seating herself on the cracker-box once more.

They became very grave as he sat down on the ground at her feet, and, a silence threatening, she hastily filled it with a description of the yacht and Major Brent's guests. He listened, watching her intently. And, after a while, having no more to say, she pretended to hear sounds resembling a distant yacht's whistle.

"It's the red-winged blackbirds in the reeds," he said. "Now will you let me say something—about the past?"

"It has buried itself," she said, under her breath.

"To-morrow is Easter," he went on, slowly. "Can there be resurrection for dead days as there is for Easter flowers? Winter is gone; Pasque Florida will dawn on a world of blossoms. May I speak, Kathleen?"

"It is I who should speak," she said. "I meant to. It is this: forgive me for all. I am sorry."

"I have nothing to forgive," he said. "I was a—a failure. I—I do not understand women."

"Nor I men. They are not what I understand. I don't mean the mob I've been bred to dance with—I understand them. But a real man—" she laughed, drearily,—“I expected a god for a husband."

"I am sorry," he said; "I am horribly sorry. I have learned many things in four years. Kathleen, I—I don't know what to do."

"There is nothing to do, is there?"

"Your freedom—"

"I am free."

"I am afraid you will need more freedom than you have, some day."

She looked him full in the eyes. "Do you desire it?"

A faint sound fell upon the stillness of the forest; they listened; it came again from the distant sea.

"I think it is the yacht," she said.

They rose together; he took her paddle, and they walked down the jungle path to the landing. Her canoe and his spare boat lay there, floating close together.

"It will be an hour before a boat from the yacht reaches the wrecked launch," he said. "Will you wait in my boat?"

She bent her head and laid her hand in his, stepping lightly into the bow.

"Cast off and row me a little way," she said, leaning back in the stern. "Isn't this lagoon wonderful? See the color in water and sky. How green the forest is,—green as a young woodland in April. And the reeds are green and gold, and the west is all gold. Look at that great white bird—with wings like an angel's! What is that heavenly odor from the forest? Oh," she sighed, elbows on knees, "this is too delicious to be real."

A moment later she began, irrelevantly: "Ethics! Ethics! who can teach them? One must know, and heed no teaching. All preconceived ideas may be wrong; I am quite sure I was wrong—sometimes."

And again irrelevantly, "I was horribly intolerant once."

"Once, you asked me a question," he said. "We separated because I refused to answer you."

She closed her eyes and the color flooded her face.

"I shall never ask it again," she said.

But he went on: "I refused to reply. I was an ass: I had theories, too. They're gone, quite gone. I will answer you now, if you wish."

Her face burned. "No! No, don't—don't answer me; don't, I beg of you. I—I know now that even the gods—" She covered her face with her hands. The boat drifted rapidly on; it was flood-tide.

"Yes, even the gods," he said. "There is the answer. Now you know."

Overhead the sky grew pink; wedge after wedge of water-fowl swept through the calm evening air, and their aerial whimpering rush sounded faintly over the water.

"Kathleen."

She made no movement.

Far away a dull shock set the air vibrating. The *Dione* was saluting her castaways. The swift Southern night, robed in rose and violet, already veiled the forest; the darkling water deepened into purple.

"Jack."

He rose and crept forward to the stern where she was sitting. Her hands hung idly; her head was bent.

Into the purple dusk they drifted, he at her feet, close against her knees. Once she laid her hands on his shoulders, peering at him with wet eyes.

And, with his lips pressed to her imprisoned hands, she slipped down into the boat beside him, crouching there, her face against his.

So, under the Southern stars, they drifted home together. The *Dione* fired guns and sent up rockets, which they neither heard nor saw; Major Brent toddled about the deck and his guests talked scandal; but what did they care!

Darrow, standing alone on the wrecked launch, stared at the stars and waited for the search-boat to return.

It was dawn when the truth broke upon Major Brent. It broke so suddenly that he fairly yelped as the *Dione* poked her white beak seaward.

It was dawn, too, when a pigeon-toed Seminole Indian stood upon the veranda of a house which was covered with blossoms of Pasque Florida.

Silently he stood, inspecting the closed door; then warily stooped and picked up something lying on the veranda at his feet. It was a gold comb.

"Heap squaw," he said, deliberately. "Tiger will go."

But he never did.

Soul of Egypt

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

I HEARD royal Egypt calling; and her voice was like the falling
Of the Nile-dew dripping, dripping, from her sacred Lotus-cup;
I felt Egypt softly breathing; and her breath was like the wreathing
Of amaranth crowns that vanished years for heroes treasured up.

Ancient Egypt gave me greeting; and that grace was like the meeting
Of destined souls in Paradise that meet with destined things;
Egypt told me all her story; and the telling made a glory
Like the White Crown on the foreheads of her dead, divinest kings.

I saw Egypt's Hidden Places; and the sight was as a face is
That we seek, and seek, and only find the morning after death;
I beheld her dead gods' splendor—but the spell I may not render—
For she bore away the things I saw with the passing of her breath!

I shall hear her calling, calling, with her sweet voice like the falling
Of the Nile-dew dripping, dripping, from her sacred Lotus-cup;
I shall hear her breathing, breathing, when the death-dews are the wreathing
That the pallid, passing, piteous years for me are hoarding up.

I shall hear her crying, crying, when my world from me is dying—
Love and Mother! I shall hear crying—my name upon her lips!
I shall know her royal, royal, for dark death shall leave me loyal
To the love I bear her, and shall bear, beyond this life's eclipse.

I shall find her, wrapped in glory, as I found her once in story;
She will lift her veil again for me, as once I saw it lift;
O the rapture of that waking—to behold her beauty breaking—
As once in dreams it broke for me—a rainbow through a rift!

Past the summons and the sleeping that the slow years have in keeping
She waits for me, with wing-bound brows, as bud for blossom waits;
I shall lay my long life's burden, like a pilgrim's votive guerdon,
On her altar of the ages, in the garner of her gates.

I shall hear my Egypt calling, when this life is past recalling;
Queen and Priestess, with the magic and the mystery in her eyes!
I shall tread her holy places! I shall see her Secret Faces!
O Soul of Egypt! steer my star to anchor in your skies!

Italian Fantasies

PART II

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

OF all the excursions I made from Naples — renowned headquarters for excursions — none led me through more elemental highways than that which started from the Aquarium, at a fee of two lire. Doubtless the Aquarium of Naples exists for men of science, but men of art may well imagine it has been designed as a noble poem in color. Such chromatic splendors, such wondrous greens and browns and reds, surely not the color scale of earth, for over all a mystic translucence, a cool suffusion, every hue suffering “a sea-change into something rich and strange!” And the form of all these sea-creatures and sea-flowers, so graceful, so grotesque, so manifold! “Nature’s plastic hand,” as Dante hath it, works deftly in water. It leaps to the eye that art has invented scarcely anything, that the art of design in particular is a vast plagiarism. Here be your carpets and your wall-patterns, your frosted glass and your pottery. What Persian rug excels yon lamprey’s skin? My mind goes back to a great craftsman’s studio, stacked with brilliant beetles and dragon-flies—Nature’s feats of bravura—to eke out his inventions. Even the dress-maker, I remember, is the greatest client of the butterfly-net in her quest for delicious color-blendings. Yet with how few root-ideas Nature has worked; the infinitude of her combinations is purely an affair of arrangement, complicated with secondary qualities of size and color.

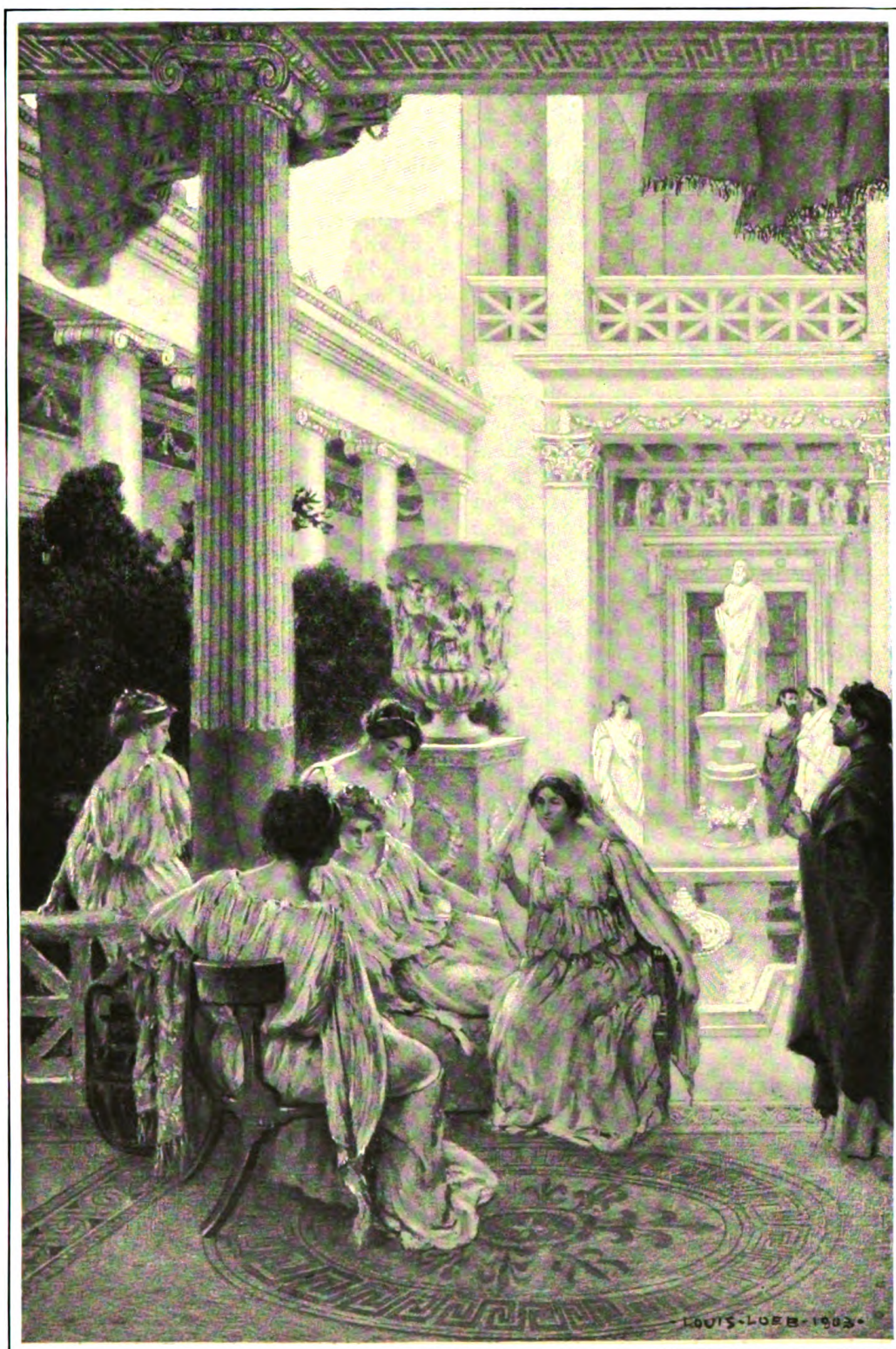
“Are not animals machines?” said Descartes. But I ask, Are not machines animals?

A vision surges up of Venice at night — out of the darkness of the Grand Canal comes throbbing a creature of the Naples Aquarium—all scattered blobs of flame, cohering through a spidery framework. Through the still, dark water it glides, under the still, starry sky, with

San Giorgio for solemn background, and only from the voices of Venetians singing as they float past—an impassioned sad memory, a trilled and fluted song—could one divine behind the fiery sea-dragon the mere steam-launch. Between the laws that fashioned steamboats and those that fashioned the animate world there is no essential difference. The steamboat is not even inanimate, for at the back of it burrows man like a nautilus in its shell, and his living will has had to fight with the same shaping forces as those which mould the entities of the water.

Shelley sings of “Death and his brother Sleep,” but gazing at this mystic, marine underworld of the Naples Aquarium, I would sing of Life and his brother Sleep. For here are shown the strange beginnings of things, half sleep, half waking: organisms rooted at one point like flowers, yet groping out with tendrils towards life and consciousness—the not missing link between animal and vegetable life. What feeling comes to trouble this mystic doze, stir this comatose consciousness? The jellyfish that seems a mere embodied pulse—a single note replacing the quadruple chord of life—is yet a complex organism, compared with some that flit and flutter, half invisibly in this green universe of theirs: threads, insubstantialities, smoke spirals, shadowy filaments on the threshold of existence, ghostly fibres, flashing films, visible only by the beating of their white corpuscles. ’Tis reading the Book of Genesis, verse by verse.

I saw the sea-serpent at Naples, though not in the Aquarium. Its colossal bulk was humped sinuously along the Bay. ’Twas the Vesuvius range, stretching mistily. Mariners have perchance constructed the monster from such hazy glimpses of distant reefs. Still, no



SALPION'S VASE

"In what Palace did it pass its first Years?"

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dragon has wrought more havoc than this mountain, which smokes imperturbably while the generations rise and fall. Beautiful the smoke, too, when it grows golden in the setting sun, and the monstrous mass turns a marvellous purple. We wonder men should still build on Vesuvius,—betwixt the devil and the deep sea,—yet the chances of eruption are no greater than the chances of epidemic in less salubrious places, as the plague-churches of Italy testify.

Pompeii is buried some twenty feet deep. The Middle Ages walked over these entombed streets and temples and suspected nothing. But all towns are built on their dead past, for earth's crust renews itself as incessantly as our own skin. We walk over our ancestors. Mentally, too, strange ancestral strata lie in our deeps—even as the remains of an alimentary canal run through our spine and a primitive eye lies in the middle of our brain—that pineal gland in which Descartes located the soul. Sometimes we stumble over an old prejudice or a primitive emotion, prick ourselves with an arrow of ancestral conscience, and tremble with an ancient fear. Mayhap in slumber we descend to these regions, exploring below our consciousness and delving in the Catacombs of antiquity.

The destruction of Pompeii was effected, however, not by Vesuvius, but by the antiquarian. He it was to whom Pompeii fell as a spoil, he who turned Pompeii from a piece of life to a piece of learning, by transporting most of its treasures to a museum. The word is surely short for mausoleum. For objects in a museum are dead, their relations with life ended. Objects partake of the lives of their possessors, and when cut off are as dead as finger-nails. A vase dominating the court of a Pompeian house and a vase in the Naples Museum are as a creature to its skeleton. What a stimulation in the one or two houses left with their living reality: their frescoes and their furniture, their kitchens and middens. 'Tis statues that suffer most from their arrangement in ghostly rows. A statue is an æsthetic climax, the crown of a summit, the close of a vista. See that sunlit statue of Meleager, in the grounds of the Villa Medici, at the end of a green avenue, with pillar and architrave for

background, and red and white roses climbing around it, and imagine how its glory would be shorn in a gallery. The French have remembered to put the Venus di Milo at the end of a long Louvre corridor, which she fills with her far-seen radiance. These collections of Capolavori—these Apollos and Jupiters, and Venuses and Muses, dumped as close as cemetery monuments—are indeed petrified. The fancy must resurrect them into their living relations with halls and courtyards, temples and piazzas, shrines and loggias.

All roads lead to the Museum. Thither go our old clothes, our old coins, our old creeds, and we wonder that men should ever have worn steel armor or cast-iron dogmas. Gazing at the Pompeian man, that "cunning cast in clay," whose clutch at his money-bags survives his bodily investiture—who does not feel as one from another planet surveying an earth-pygmy?

No object in the Naples Museum fascinates the philosophic mind more than Salpion's vase. Who was Salpion? I know not, though his once living hand signed his work, in bold sprawling letters,

ΣΑΛΠΙΩΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ

An Athenian made you, then, I muse, gazing upon its beautiful marble impassivity, and studying the alto-relievo of Mercury with his dancing train giving over the infant Bacchus to a seated nymph of Nysa. He who conceived you made you for sacrifices to Bacchus; lived among those white temples which the Greeks built for the adoration of their gods, but which remain for our adoration. He mounted that hill agleam with the marble pillars of immortal shrines; he passed the Areopagus, and the altar "to the unknown God"; he entered the Propylæa and gazed through the Columns of the Acropolis upon the blue Aegean. He sat in that marmoreal amphitheatre and saw the mimes in sock and buskin take the proscenium to the sound of lyres and flutes. Perchance 'twas while seeing the Mercury fable treated in a Choric dance in the sanded orchestra that he composed this grouping. Perhaps he but copied it from some play lost to us, for the Greek theatre with its long declamations had more analogy with sculpture

than with our agitated drama of to-day. The legend itself is in Lucian and Apollonius. But Salpion is not the beginning of this vase's story. For the artist himself belonged to the Renaissance, the scholars say; not our Renaissance, but a neo-Attic. Salpion did but deftly reproduce the archaic traditions of the first great period of Greek sculpture. Even in those days men's thoughts turned yearningly to a nobler past, and the young *prix de Rome* who should find inspiration in Salpion would be but imitating an imitation. Nor is Athenian all the history this fair Attic shape has held. Much more we know, yet much is dim. In what palace or private atrium did it pass its first years? How did it travel to Italy? Was it exported thither by a Greek merchant to adorn the house of some rich provincial, or—more probably—the country-seat of a noble Roman? For the ruins of Formiæ were the place of its discovery, and mayhap Cicero himself—the baths of whose villa some think to trace in the grounds of the Villa Caposele—was its whilom proprietor.

But—once recovered from the wrack of the antique world—it falls into indignity, more grievous than its long inhumation through the rise and fall of the mediæval world. It drifts, across fields of asphodel, to the neighboring Gaeta—the Gibraltar of Italy, itself an ancient town-republic of as many mutations and glories,—and there, stuck in the harbor mud, performs the function of a post to which boats are fastened. Stalwart fishermen, wearing gold earrings, push off from it with swarthy hands; bronzed women, with silver bodkins pinning in their back hair with long coils of many-colored linen, throw their ropes over its pedestal. Year after year it lies in its ooze while the sun rises and sets in glory on the promontory of Gaeta: it reeks of tar and the smell of fishing-nets; brine encrusts its high reliefs. The clatter of the port drowns the hollow cry of memory that comes when it is struck by an oar: there is the noise of shipping bales; the crews of forthfaring argosies heave anchor with their ancient chant; the sails of the galleons flap; the windlasses creak. Perchance a galley-slave, fretted by his chain, draws up with grappled boat-hook, and his blood flows into Salpion's vase.

And then a tide of happier fortune washes the vase from its harbor mud and deposits it in the Cathedral of Gaeta. The altar of Bacchus returns to sacerdotal uses: only now it is a font, and brown Italian babies are soused in it, while nurses in gilt coronets with trailing orange ribbons stand by, radiant.

And now Salpion's vase has reached the Museum, that cynosure of wandering tourists. It belongs not truly to the world of glass cases: it has not yet reached museum-point. It is of the Exhibition: not of the Museum proper, which should be a collection of antiquities. Other adventures await it, dignified or sordid. For museums themselves die and are broken up. Proteus had to change his shape; Salpion's vase has no need of external transformations.

O the passing, the mutations, the lapse, the decay and fall, and the tears of things! Yet Salpion's vase remains as beautiful for baptism as for Pagan ritual; symbol of art which persists, stable and sure as the sky, while thoughts and faiths pass and reform, like clouds on the blue.

And out of this flux man has dared to make a legend of changelessness, when at most he may one day determine the law of the flux.

Everything changes but change. Yet man's heart demands perfections—I had almost said petrifications—perfect laws, perfect truths, dogmas beyond obsolescence, flawless leaders, unsullied saints, knights without fear or reproach; throws over its idols for the least speck of clay, and loses all sense of sanctity in a truth whose absoluteness for all time and place is surrendered.

Yet is there something touching and significant in this clinging of man's to Platonic ideals: the ruder and simpler he, the more indefectible his blessed vision, the more shining his imaged grail. And so in this shifting world of eternal flux his greatest emotions and cravings have gathered round that ideal of eternal persistence that is named God.

There are two torrents that amaze me—the one is Niagara, and the other the outpouring of reverent prayer falling perpetually in the Roman Catholic Church. What with masses, and the exposition of the Host, there is no day

nor moment of the day in which the praises of God are not being sung somewhere: in noble churches, in dim crypts and underground chapels, in cells and oratories. I have been in a great cathedral, sole congregant, and, lo! the tall wax candles were lit, the carven stalls were full of robed choristers, the organ rolled out its sonorous phrases, the priests chanted, marching and bowing, the censer swung its incense, the bell tinkled. Niagara is indifferent to spectators, and so the ever-falling stream of prayer. As steadfastly and unremittingly as God sustains the universe, so steadfastly and unremittingly is He acknowledged, the human antiphony answering the divine strophe. There be those who cannot bear that Niagara should fall and thunder in mere sublimity, but only to such will this falling thunder of prayer seem waste.

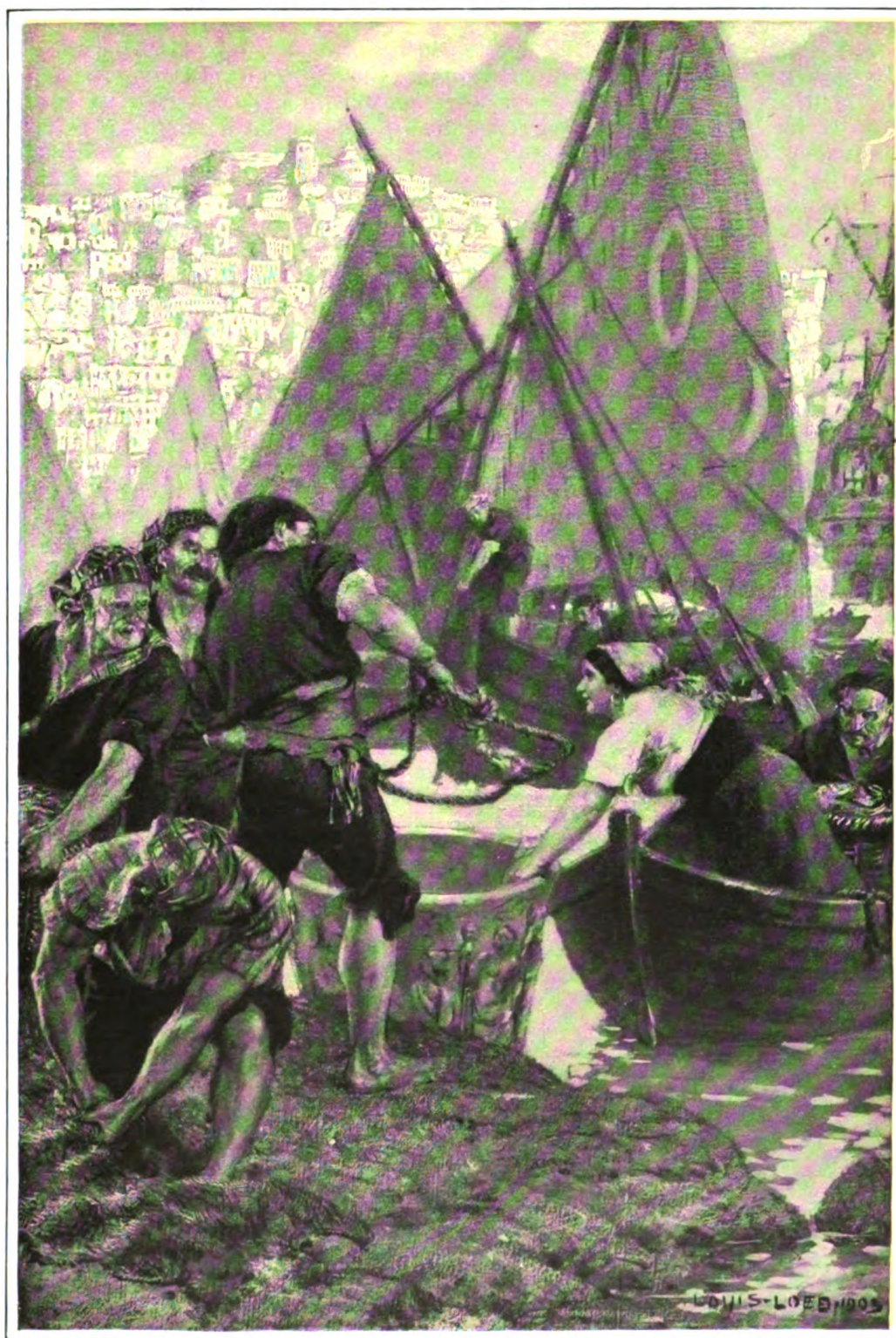
It is as the Bambino that Christ chiefly *lives* in Art, and at this extreme, too, we miss his true inwardness. Yet the tenderness of the conception of the Christ-habe makes atonement. What can be more touching than Gentile da Fabriano's enchanting altar-piece of the Adoration of the Magi, in which—even as the glamorous procession of the Three Kings resteeeps the earth in the freshness and dew of morning—the dominance of holy innocence seems to bathe the tired world in a wistful tenderness that links the naïve ox and ass with the human soul and all the great chain of divine life.

The Christ-child, held in his mother's arms, lays his hand upon the kneeling Magi's head, yet not as with conscious divinity: 'tis merely the errant touch of baby fingers groping out towards the feel of things. No lesson could be more emollient to rude ages, none could better serve to break the pride and harshness of the lords of the earth. Yet this delicious and yearning vision of a sanctified and unified cosmos remains a dream; futile as a Christmas Carol that breaks sweetly on the ear and dies away, leaving the cry of the world's pain undispossessed.

And despite the Christ-child and the Christ crucified, nowhere does the triumph of life run higher than in this sunny land of religious gloom. Consider the Baglioni, those swashbuckling tyrants of Perugia. Consider the Medici, those overpowering patricians of the sign of

the pill—a bitter pill, indeed, to their rivals. Not their chapel in Santa Croce, full though it be of the pomp of marble and majolica; not their San Marco monastery with their doctor-saints—St. Cosmo and St. Damian; not their Medici Palace, despite that joyous Benozzo fresco with its gay glamour of landscape and processions; not the Pitti with its incalculable treasures; not the Villa Medici, nor even the Venus herself,—so reeks with the pride of life as all that appertains to their tombs. When I gaze upon the monuments of these magnificent dead in the Old Sacristy of Florence, with the multiple allusions to the family and its saints—in marble and terra-cotta, in stucco and bronze, in fresco and frieze, in high relief and low relief,—I feel a mere grave-worm. And when I crawl into the Capella dei Principi, where stand the granite Sarcophagi of the Grand Dukes, there glances at me from every square inch of the grandiose walls and the pompous crests and rich mosaics a glacial radiation of the pride of life—nay, the *hubris* of life. That hushed spaciousness is yet like an elaborate funeral mass perpetually performed by an orchestra opulently overpaid. And yet, in the New Sacristy, I find consolation. For, inasmuch as the genius of Michael Angelo was harnessed to the funeral car of his patrons, I perceive that here at last they are truly buried. They are buried beneath the majestic sculptures of Day and Night, Evening and Dawn, and 'tis Michael Angelo that lives here, not they. Peace to their gilded dust.

Yet if this funereal spot in Florence is so vivid with the genius of Michael Angelo, the spot in Rome which his genius essayed to vivify is almost funereal. Europe has perhaps no more melancholy chamber than that art-shrine in which the pleasure-pilgrims of the world crick their necks or catch bits of frescoed ceiling in hand-mirrors. 'Tis not merely the bad light—for even in the best morning light the Sixtine Chapel is fuscous—nor the sombre effect of the discolored and chaotic "Last Judgment" with its bluish streakishness and dark background—nor the dull painted hangings, nor the overcrowding of the ceiling with its Titanic episodes and figures,



SALPION'S VASE

"Stalwart Fishermen push off from it with swarthy Hands"

nor even the Signorellis and Botticellis round the walls, though all contribute to the stuffy sublimity.

The oppressiveness is partially due to the fact that the architectural ceiling that Michael Angelo painted—as artificial as the hangings—has faded rather more than the frescoes themselves, so that the figures seem to droop higgledy-piggledy upon the spectator's head instead of standing out statuesque in their panels and spandrels. What gay lightness in the Pinturicchio ceiling in the Borgia apartments! Even the heavy and gilded ceiling of the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice, sombre enough in all conscience, by preserving architectural plausibility, and resting on painted pillars, escapes seeming to fall upon one's head. Yet at best a ceiling is a poor place for any save the most simple design. Michael Angelo, or rather his papal employer, went against the principle of decoration. A room with such massive masterpieces on its ceiling could not be but top-heavy. Moreover, the art feeling can only be received in comfort. If we are to be transported outside our bodies, we must not be distressfully reminded of them by the straining of neck muscles. Michael Angelo himself undertook the dizzying task of vault-painting with vast reluctance, and complained in a sonnet that he had grown a goitre, and that his belly had been driven close beneath his chin. He achieved a miracle of art—in the wrong place.

Whether his "Last Judgment" contains a compliment to the magnificent Medici I cannot decipher, though in the Pisan frescoes they may be seen presiding over the building of the Tower of Babel, and in Botticelli's "Adoration" the Three Kings bear their visages; but the Colonnas, the complacent Colonnas, had themselves painted as soaring heavenwards at the last trump, each with his heraldic symbol of a small column rising from his shoulder—a literal pillar of Church and State.

This noble family has still its kingdom on earth, and a chillingly magnificent Roman palace still bears its name. I recall great halls guarded by rows of pillars of colored marble, like uniformed soldiers, and double rows of great glass chandeliers pendent from the sides of the

richly frescoed ceiling, and white marble floors with plaques of mosaic, and statues with gilded pedestals, and bronzes on console-tables, themselves supported by a rococo chaos of golden legs, and gilt mirrors with ovals of gorgeous flowers and Cupids painted on the glass, and anterooms with cabinets of rich dark wood with ivory inlays, and gardens of oranges and cypresses, fountains and roses. Only, gashed into the marble steps that lead from one marble hall to another lies a great cannon-ball—symbol of forces that intrude on Magnificence.

Private pomp is surely a questionable thing. Mediæval life centred round the Cathedral, the Castle, the Palace. And the People touched the life at each and all. The Cathedral gave them their religion, their laws came from the Palace, their protection from the Castle. Dominating a feudal population, the Towers of Law and War uplifted and unified the People. The lowliest were of this greatness. To-day palaces flaunt themselves, divorced from moral meaning, magnificence without significance. The world is full of private autocrats, without duties or dangers: an unhappy consequence of the fall of feudalism, ere a system as human was ready to replace it. And to-day the Cathedral is our one feudal relic, reconciling magnificence with morality: the light streaming through the rose-window halos the gray head of the market-woman, and her prayer equals that of the Magnificent One himself. It is significant that no villa—whoever the architect—can attain the poetic quality of the simplest village church. The palace of Moses is nowhere mentioned, but we read many minute instructions concerning the Tabernacle and the Temple. In truth, Art Treasures are essentially public: the furniture of Cathedrals, Libraries, Law-courts, Market-places, and Parks. The owners of collections do indeed often allow the public to visit them at inconvenient times, but that anybody should have exclusive rights is an absurdity. If Art were a form of property like any other, the owner could destroy it, and the righteous indignation of the world at the destruction of a Botticelli or a Velasquez would mark the boundaries of private property. Land comes under the same canon. Nothing, perhaps, should



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

SALPION'S VASE

"Now it is a Font in the Cathedral"

be owned which might not be destroyed at will. In literature and music—which are more spirits than bodies—monopolies are unnecessary. And the legal limitation of copyright which forcibly wrests epics, operas, and novels from the heirs might be extended to pictures and statues.

And yet the Magnificent Ones have their uses. They stimulate art, for which the community has no taste, and ultimately by bequest or purchase the community does come to own whatever is perdurably good. Thus again all roads lead to the Museum.

Laus Mortis

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

NAY, why should I fear Death,
Who gives us life, and in exchange takes breath?

He is like cordial Spring
That lifts above the soil each buried thing;

Like Autumn, kind and brief—
The frost that chills the branches frees the leaf;

Like Winter's stormy hours
That spread their fleece of snow to save the flowers;

The lordliest of all things!—
Life lends us only feet, Death gives us wings.

Fearing no covert thrust,
Let me walk onward, armed in valiant trust—

Dreading no unseen knife,
Across Death's threshold step from life to life!

O all ye frightened folk,
Whether ye wear a crown or bear a yoke,

Laid in one equal bed,
When once your coverlet of grass is spread,

What daybreak need you fear?—
The Love will rule you there that guides you here.

Where Life, the sower, stands,
Scattering the ages from his swinging hands,

Thou waitest, Reaper lone,
Until the multitudinous grain hath grown.

Scythebearer, when thy blade
Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid.

God's husbandman thou art,
In His unwithering sheaves O bind my heart!

The Renunciation of Petrus

BY SEWELL FORD

I

PETRUS, tramping over the frozen meadow road in the clear, chill twilight, was in good humor. He even growled away at the chorus of an old drinking-song. This he stopped when he reached the little shanty that crouched forlornly at the foot of a solitary tall sycamore whose white trunk rose out of the Risers like a great gaunt ghost. To sing abroad is one thing; to sing at home is quite another.

Passing through the dark main room of the shanty, he went into the shed that served as a kitchen. There was a fire in the stove, and a candle on the table. Also there was Louisa. With no word of greeting, with hardly a look of recognition, Petrus sat down by the stove. An iron teakettle hummed through its nose the old familiar song of comfort. Something bubbled in a pot. A yellow and white cat purred and rubbed against the legs of Petrus, inviting friendly notice. Here were all the humble essentials for domestic happiness, yet somehow the thing was lacking.

Presently Louisa began hobbling about the room. She put a couple of thick, time-stained crockery plates on the bare table, and threw beside them some iron spoons. Two heavy, service-worn cups and a loaf of dark, soggy bread came next. Into a tin teapot she emptied the remaining contents of a small paper bag, and added hot water. From the iron pot she poured into a yellow bowl some of that which had bubbled. It could have been called either soup or stew. Cabbage had been its foundation.

"Koom," said Louisa, and sat down.

She was not pretty. She was not neat. She was short and squatty of figure. Her straw-colored hair was gray-streaked. In spots it was yellowish-green; the sun does that. Her hands were grimy, and rheumatism had twisted the fingers. Her eyes were of that faint blue which old

overalls take on after they have been much washed.

Petrus—well, you would not have called Petrus handsome, either. He was bigger, and not so much bent as Louisa; also, his clothes were greasier and his hands more grimy. His matted hair was grizzled and his tawny beard was bleached at the sides. His face, where you could see the skin, had a look like a wax candle that has yellowed in the sunlight.

Petrus pulled his chair to the table and the meal proceeded, not exactly in silence—for they were using spoons—but without words. When he had finished his soup and tea, Petrus filled a black pipe that had a long reed stem and moved back by the stove. Louisa still sat at the table, wearing the air of sullen glumness that comes of long fixed habit.

They had been sitting thus for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when there came a knock on the door.

"Koom in!" growled Petrus, without stirring.

The door opened and there appeared to these two a visitor. He was a young man, and tall,—so tall that, even with his hat off, his head barely cleared the ceiling of the low-studded room. He was slim and fair-haired and round-shouldered. He had the pink and white complexion of a girl; soft, fair hair; dark, serious eyes; the high white brow of a thinker; the nose of an aristocrat; and he was in clerical garb.

"Good evening," he said, pleasantly, in response to the unrecognized stares of Petrus and Louisa. He waited a moment for them to make some reply, but as none was made he continued: "I am the rector of the little chapel down the road. I am going to deliver a lecture there to-night—give a talk, you know, on art—about pictures and that sort of thing. It is a free lecture. Wouldn't you like to come? Really, I should like very much to have you come. I'm trying

to drum up an audience, you see," and he laughed a little.

Both Petrus and Louisa gave evidence of feeling that they ought to say something. Louisa began rolling her hands in her brown-checked apron. Petrus squirmed about in his chair. Yet neither spoke.

The tall, fair-haired young rector seemed to catch the infection of embarrassment. There ensued a most awkward pause.

"I say," he began once more, and then in a louder tone repeated what he had said before.

Louisa only rolled her hands the tighter, and the chair creaked more complainingly under Petrus. The young rector backed toward the door, felt behind him for the latch, found it, and then made a last effort.

"You'll come, I'm sure," he said to Petrus, "and you'll bring your good wife. I begin to talk in about half an hour. I shall expect you. Good evening," and, with more or less relief on both sides of the closed door, he went away.

II

This was the sort of work in which, for three hopeless months, the Rev. Harry St. Clair had been indulging. Meanwhile the Riser folks had regarded him with mild amazement. They had seen home missionary workers before, men of varying shades of religious belief, from Methodists to Jesuits, but never such a gentle-mannered chap as the Rev. Harry St. Clair. Chiefly they wondered how long he would last. Up to that time the record for the longest stay had been held by the Jesuit, who had persisted during seven months before giving up.

For the Riser folks were not churchgoers. Yet they had sore need of that which the church can give. They were idle and thriftless. They were lacking in manners and knowledge of sanitary laws. Evil ways they had a plenty. They drank strong liquors, they gambled, their speech was peppered with the profanity of many tongues, and on occasion they cut one another with knives. Some races, you know, do not mix well. On the Risers the races were thoroughly, if not well, mixed. There were stolid Platts-

Deuschers, such as Petrus and Louisa; dark, squatty little peasants from Calabria and the sulphur-mines of Sicily; French from the lower reaches of the Loire; Poles, Hungarians, Norwegians, and the like; all of whom had drifted out from the slums of the great city whose lights, when the clouds hung low, could be seen reflected on the easterly sky.

Fresh from university and divinity school, the Reverend Harry had discovered them and chosen the Risers for his field. It was an odd choice. His father, the Bishop, had advised against it. He offered a comfortable berth as assistant rector in a fashionable suburb, and suggested that the Reverend Harry was hardly suited for home missionary work.

"But you began that way, father."

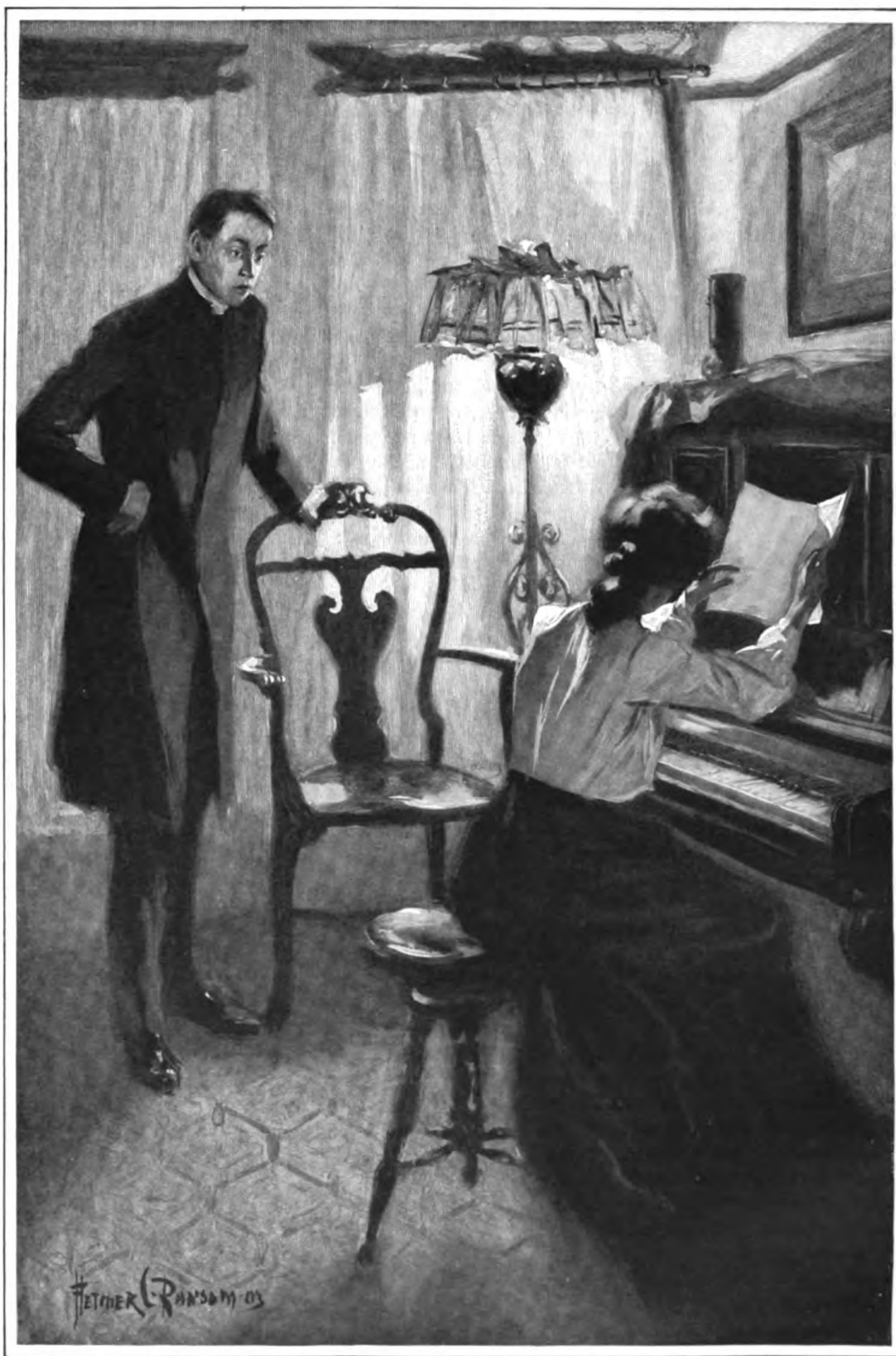
The Bishop reminded his son that when one has worked his way through college with his hands he has acquired knowledge of humanity in the rough—knowledge which the modern university man does not get.

"I understand," said the Reverend Harry. "You think I know more of books than of men. Very well; I wish to learn about men now."

His father, the Bishop, said no more. He bought the abandoned little chapel on the Risers and told the Reverend Harry to go ahead.

It was not, however, to his father, the Bishop, that the Reverend Harry told all his hopes and plans. It was to Bella Thorpe. And Bella, as usual, teased him atrociously. For Bella would not take seriously the very serious Reverend Harry and his very serious doings. But Bella seldom took any one or any thing seriously. Utterly and persistently frivolous was Bella. You might know that by the brown mischief-locks curling about her white temples, or by the restless boot-toes that seemed forever ready for undignified romping or endless dancing.

Yet it was always Bella to whom the Reverend Harry went with his confidences. Perhaps it was because he was thoroughly used to her teasing and feared it less than sober criticism. Had she not teased him since she was twelve? She had begun it when he had attained



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

UTTERLY AND PERSISTENTLY FRIVOLOUS WAS BELLA

to his first long trousers, and during every stage of his development from a gawky schoolboy of fourteen to an inexperienced rector of four-and-twenty she had never failed to find him amusing. Still, it might be worth while merely to have Bella find one amusing. It depended, of course, on one's point of view. So the Reverend Harry entrusted to her unsympathetic ears the details of his many discouragements among the Riser folks.

"They're just a horrid lot of stupid foreigners," declared Bella. "I believe they need soap and water more than they do religion. Why don't you try it? You might wrap every bar of soap in a tract, you know."

The Reverend Harry sighed. "I must do something to arouse their interest in things which will lift them out of their sodden ways. They will not come to my church services. I have been thinking of trying a series of Monday evening lectures."

"Oh, I shouldn't think they could resist lectures — something on Chaldean history or the dramas of Ibsen. Lecture to them by all means, Harry; then wash them and save their souls."

Bella clasped her hands in mock enthusiasm and rolled her eyes. But they were nice hands to look upon, with dimples suggested at the knuckles, and the eyes were nice eyes, too. So the Reverend Harry did not mind the mocking. Besides, before he went away, Bella was sure to tell him he was a dear old fellow, and to ask him to forget all her nonsense. She always did.

III

And the lecture was given. His subject was "The Ruskin Idea." To be sure, the Riser folks were most wofully lacking in all knowledge of art. As for Ruskin, he might have been a Chinese idol or a Western Congressman, for all they knew. But the Reverend Harry had persuaded himself that this would make no difference. The subject was one which appealed strongly to him. The great salt meadows out of which the Risers lift their few inches like embryonic plateaus were really wonderful in artistic possibilities. Had he not watched all through the autumn the changing glories of the

flat expanses, the great sweeps of green sedges and cattails ripening into rich browns and fading to silver grays against the warm background furnished by the swamp-oaks and water-maples? He could forget the wretched shanties and the ragged squatters, the bleak barrenness of the untilled Risers, and see only the masses of color and the deep perspective of the narrow waterways where throbbed the feeble pulse of the distant ocean. Why could he not make them see it all? He would.

With all the persuasive vigor of youth he made the attempt. Simply as he might, forcibly as he could, he applied the Ruskin idea to the Risers. His hearers, of whom some two dozen had gathered in the little chapel, blinked curiously at him from the pews. "What was it all about, anyway?" they asked themselves.

But the Reverend Harry had no telepathic insight into the minds of his audience. He was busied in doing his best to make them see, as he had seen, the beauties that nature spread so lavishly about them. To add a note of human interest, to show them of what firm moral fibre was this great Englishman of whom he was talking, he told them the story of Ruskin's renunciation; how, when he had discovered that his beautiful young wife had fallen in love with Millais, his artist friend, he had given her up freely and without reserve. The Reverend Harry dwelt on the self-sacrifice of that heroic soul, on the strength of character which made it possible. Strongly, dramatically, he drew the scene in which Ruskin handed over the wife who had been the apple of his eye to the man who was the friend of his bosom.

The Riser folks understood. They knew a story when they heard it, especially a story containing such an incident as that. So great had been the young rector's enthusiasm that even his inexplicable talk of flowers and colors and distances had almost roused them from apathy. This narrative of renunciation completed the conquest of their sluggish emotions. They were deeply stirred. One could see that by the gaping mouths and staring eyes. It was several moments after he finished speaking before any one moved. Then they shuffled out into the night by

twos and threes, to tramp silently home with the air of persons who have made discoveries too solemn for words.

Even Petrus was impressed. He sat by the kitchen stove long after the guttering candle had ceased to flicker in the empty basin. He puffed away at his long-stemmed pipe and thought of the many strange things which the young minister had said. Chiefly there stuck in his mind the story of Ruskin's sacrifice. Two or three times did Petrus tiptoe clumsily to the door to look into the other room, where, on a low cot in the corner, Louisa snored a tremolo pæan to rest. Each time he would gaze earnestly at the cot, and then scratch his head as though puzzled. At last, after returning to his chair by the stove from one of these trips, he suddenly struck his knee resoundingly and muttered one exulting, confident word.

"Jan!" he exclaimed. Then he went to his own cot and joined his snores with those of Louisa.

Early in the morning Petrus sought Jan. A weaver of baskets and a countryman to Petrus was this Jan. He had a round, beardless face, eyes as vacant of expression as those of a cow, and a mouth which wore a simple, meaningless smile. In fact, Jan's mental equipment for the battle of life was even less than that of his neighbors, so, without the handicap of their vices and indolence, he had failed as miserably as they. Thus he had drifted out on the Risers with others whom the pitiless city had thrust forth as belonging to the unfit. Out of odds and ends, planks, poles, box-sides, strips of tin roofing, railroad ties—the building materials approved by Riser architects—he had put together a patchwork shack which was almost weather-proof. Also, he had learned to gather the red and yellow osiers, and he had mastered the knack of weaving them into rough baskets.

To the abode of Jan came Petrus, full of his purpose. Long did Petrus talk, and with much guttural eloquence, Jan listening with seeming intentness, yet always wearing that unmeaning smile. When at length Petrus reached his climax and put the question for which he had been preparing the way, Jan only looked puzzled and helpless. Petrus

urged something strongly and demanded an answer. So Jan nodded a startled assent and was shaken by the hand. Then he smiled fatuously.

IV

In his mild, undemonstrative way the Reverend Harry was elated. At last he had made an impression on the Riser folks. He had aroused their interest in better things. He no longer felt himself to be a failure. He would go on with his work.

Something of this he expressed to Bella Thorpe as they started out in the crisp morning air for her long-promised inspection of the Risers. There was enthusiasm in his words. He held his chin up.

"I almost believe, Harry, that you could do it." For an instant the mischief and mockery of Bella's eyes gave place to a glance of admiration. The Reverend Harry saw it and blushed. The look was put away. "How lovely it would be," she went on, "to have nothing but Turner lithographs in all these shanties. And you could found a new theology—salvation through art! Perhaps you would be canonized and have your likeness done in stained glass for a memorial window. But it would have to be a long window, wouldn't it? And you would— Why, what have we here?"

Coming down the road towards them was a curious little procession. It was headed by an odd figure which on nearer approach was seen to be a woman. She was somewhat vividly decked in an ancient grass-green silk skirt, a purple waist, and a striped shawl of many colors. Under one arm she carried a rolled quilt, and on her head she balanced a large bundle tied up in a sheet. The Reverend Harry, after close inspection, recognized her as Louisa, the wife of Petrus. Behind her trotted a yellow and white cat. Closing this strange procession, and smoking his long pipe, trudged Petrus himself.

"Some of your parishioners—and fellow disciples of Ruskin, perhaps?" suggested Bella.

"I—I think so," hesitated the Reverend Harry. "At least, the man came to my lecture last night."

Impressively the little procession

swung up the road until it was within hailing distance.

"Guten morgen," grunted Petrus, genially.

"Good morning," replied the Reverend Harry. "Is the good wife off for a visit?" and he indicated the vividly garbed Louisa.

"Nein, nein! Mein frau she go to live by mein lieber freund Jan."

The Reverend Harry gasped in scandalized astonishment and glanced with alarm at Bella.

"I gif her to Jan for goot; yah, for goot, like dot man you sbeaks aboutd, —nicht wahr?"

Despite the mixture of tongues, there could be no misunderstanding as to the full obliquity of his meaning. The pink in the Reverend Harry's cheeks first spread to his forehead and behind his ears, then faded entirely as the situation unfolded before his startled mind.

"Do you mean— Is it possible that—that you have given your wife to—to another man?" The Reverend Harry was catching desperately at a straw of hope. There might be some mistake.

"Yah. Jan he say he take her for goot;" and Petrus grinned with proud satisfaction.

"But—why—you must not, my good man. This—this is terrible! I—I had no idea— Oh, oh! It is shameful, shameful!"

The Reverend Harry was deeply agitated. He wrung his hands. He wiped his brow. He paced nervously back and forth in the road before the perplexed Petrus. As for Louisa, she had halted, and stood waiting with calm, stolid resignation. And Bella—well, Bella's face was hidden in her muff and she had half turned away, so it was not altogether clear just what Bella was doing.

"My good woman," and the Reverend Harry turned imploringly to the passive Louisa, "I hope you have not consented—that you will not consent—to this—this outrageous bargain?"

"I no care," answered Louisa, without emotion.

"Oh, oh!" groaned the Reverend Harry. "This is terrible! Bella, I trust you have not heard, that you have not understood?"

But Bella had. She said so.

"But what can I do, Bella? It is shocking."

"It is certainly unconventional, Harry." She looked at the puzzled Petrus next at Louisa. Then the pathos of that ridiculously garbed old figure, waiting submissively in her holiday finery upon the will of others, came home to her. Giving her muff to the Reverend Harry, Bella prepared to take an active hand in the affair.

"Come here, please," she said to Louisa. "You too, Petrus." They came. "Let me lift off your bundle. There! Now let's talk it all over. Petrus, this good woman is your wife, isn't she?" The abashed Petrus nodded. "And you have been married a long time, haven't you?" Again Petrus nodded. "It was in the old country, wasn't it? Yes? And you were both young then, of course. She was pretty, too, wasn't she, Petrus? Don't you remember?"

Petrus looked at his gentle inquisitor, bright-eyed, fresh-cheeked; he looked at the passive Louisa, faded, wrinkled, bent; and then he turned slowly and gazed off over the brown salt meadows, off to the east where was the ocean beyond which lay the Fatherland. And Petrus remembered. Just what it was, of course, only Petrus knows, but we may guess that in the picture which he summoned up from the almost forgotten past was a girl with long yellow braids, a girl plump and straight of figure, a girl with roses in her cheeks and a laugh in her eyes.

"Yah," said Petrus, "dot iss so."

"And she loved you very much, didn't she, Petrus? And you loved her; I know you did. And you were good and kind to each other, and there was happiness. And did no children come, Petrus?"

Petrus nodded.

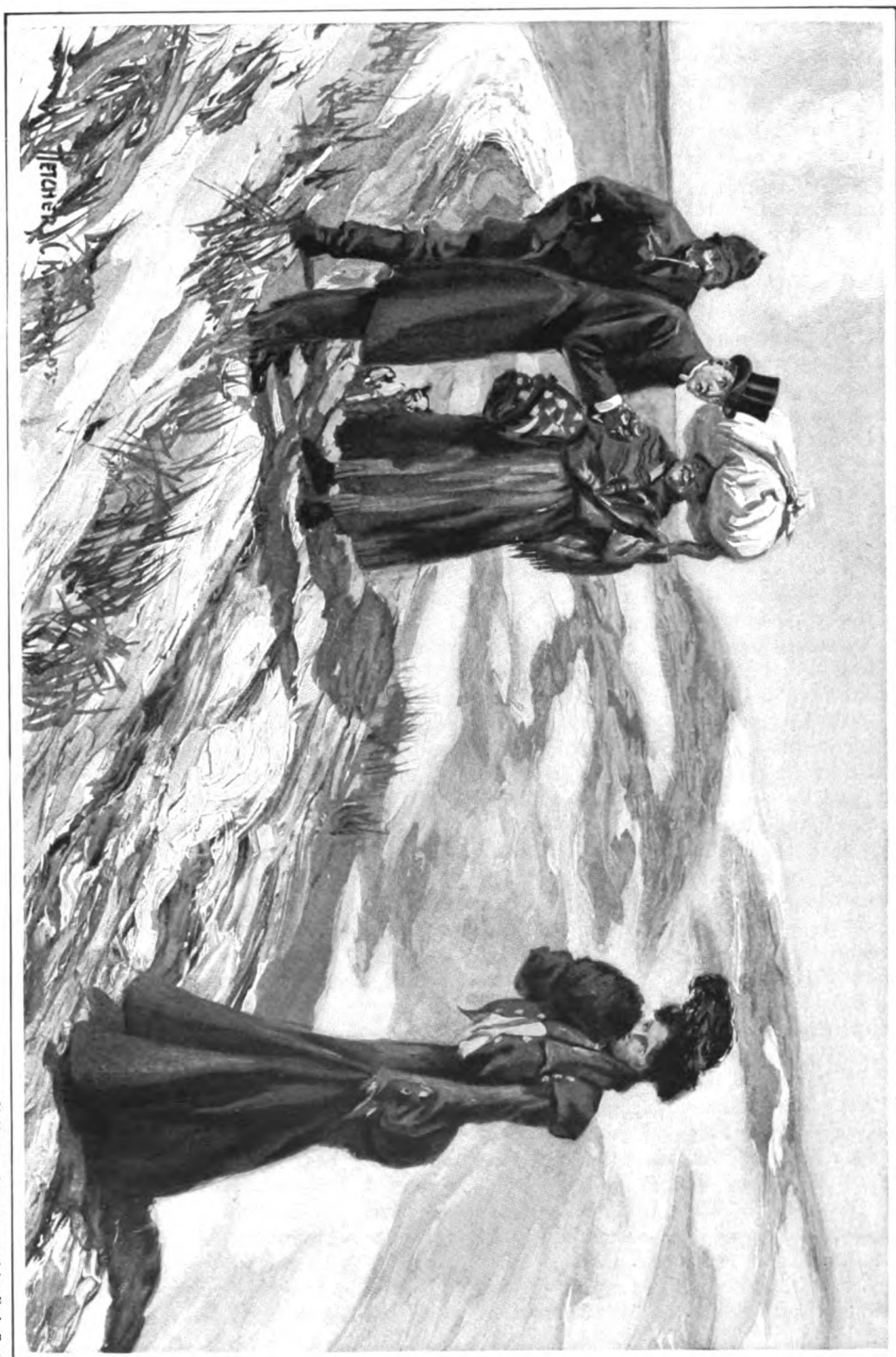
"How many?"

"Drei—Hans, und Kurtchen, und little Louisa."

"And where are they now, Petrus?"

"Gone, all gone. Kurtchen first, in the old home; little Louisa on the big ship—"

"Und little Hans—little—Hans—last." This from Louisa, who forthwith began sobbing into the vivid folds of her shawl. Petrus glanced at her for the first time, and with a troubled look.



"BELLA, I TRUST YOU HAVE NOT HEARD?"

Halftone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"He was a goot boy," said Petrus, huskily.

The frivolous Bella put an arm around the purple waist of Louisa and drew to her shoulder the old head with its faded hair. Then, whispering soothingly in Louisa's ear, she patted the shawl-draped shoulders.

Tardily but manfully came the Reverend Harry to do his part. "Petrus," he said, holding out his hand, "we make mistakes sometimes, don't we?" His tone had not that impersonal quality which he was so apt to use. It had the genuine timbre which is always present when man speaks honestly to man. "Yes, we make mistakes. I'm sorry for mine, and I'm sure you are for yours. Isn't it so, Petrus?"

"Yah," said Petrus, heartily, and took the offered hand. Then, with no more words, he gathered up the bundles which Louisa had put down. "Koom, Louisa," said Petrus, and there was a tenderness in the gruff words. "Koom; I guess we go by our home again."

So ended the renunciation of Petrus.

But for the Reverend Harry the greater ordeal remained. Standing in the wreck of his shattered hopes, his head bowed with the shame of failure, he watched the retreating figures of Petrus, Louisa, and the cat as they made their way back to the little shanty under the lone sycamore. Bella was watching them too.

"It was the most radical case of Ruskinism that ever developed, wasn't it, Harry?" she said. He put up an appealing hand. "But you managed the whole thing beautifully, Harry. I never gave you credit for so much tact."

"I?" protested the Reverend Harry.

"Of course you. You spoke just at the right time and said just the right thing. I never could have handled that stupid old Petrus alone."

"But I—" The Reverend Harry stopped and faced her. Impulsively he took her hands, muff and all, and looked at her with new understanding in his serious eyes. "It's kind and sweet of you, Bella, but let us be honest. I was on the wrong track again, and got hopelessly tangled up. It was you who helped me out of the snarl. Oh, if only I could always have you near to set me right!"

"Well, sir, why haven't you asked me, then?"

"Why—would you—would you, Bella?"

"Oh, you great goose!"

It was not so much what she said; the words were but empty sounds. It was the way she looked when she said it that satisfied and made glad the heart of the Reverend Harry. Whereupon, there in the unconcealing semisolitude of the frozen meadow highway he yielded to a sudden but not wholly novel impulse, and before Bella could do more than utter one protesting squeal she had been kissed. The manœuvre was highly unclerical, but, save for a slight inaccuracy, probably due to inexperience—the tip of her nose having received a portion of the indignity—it was quite successfully executed.

"Really," she exclaimed, fending him off with her muff, "I didn't think you had the courage, Harry. But even if you did, you needn't flatter yourself that you have proposed. I had to do most of that myself."

The Reverend Harry behaved as if it was all supremely wonderful and surprising. Bella had known for years that it was to be. She had even anticipated his quitting the ministry and accepting a professorship in his old college, which he did.

Of Ruskin the Riser folk hear no more, for the little chapel is now in charge of good-natured Father Tonnelli, who knows little of art but much of human nature, and can scold fluently in five languages.

As for Petrus and Louisa, their continued domestic serenity and the occasional opulence of their larder are both matters of wonder throughout the Risers. The one can be directly traced to the workings of the Ruskin idea; the other is of less abstruse origin, and can be accounted for by the frequent arrivals of sundry barrels and boxes delivered by express. It is said that these provisions are sent by the tall, fair-haired young minister who once told the Riser folks such a queer story in the chapel, and who disappeared so abruptly the next day.

"She had a goot heart, that young lady," Louisa often declares as she clatters cheerfully about the kitchen.

"Yah," is the unvaried response of Petrus; "he vas a funny young mans, but goot, very goot."

The Effects of Low Temperatures upon Organic Life

BY ALLAN MACFADYEN, M.D., M.B., Ch.M.

Director of Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine, London

THE natural tendency of the human mind is to take short views of life and of things, and to postulate that as it was yesterday so it is to-day and will be to-morrow. There are an apparent stability and an established order in the course of events which invest them with the quality of permanence—save when disturbed by some sudden physical catastrophe. The mind is limited in certain directions, and particularly as regards the conceptions it is able to form of space and time. The first lesson that a study of natural phenomena teaches is that such conceptions have no significance in relation to the infinite scale on which Nature carries out her operations. The formation of the earth may, in point of time, be trivial in the general scheme of cosmical evolution, whilst it has been found necessary to widen the original conception of the solar system by a thousand millions of miles. And even under these transcendent conditions there is nothing steadfast, but everywhere change and mutation. The earth, at one time a glowing mass of molten matter, has, in the process of cooling, reached a stage at which life is possible on its surface. The cooling process as it continues will, at a remote period of time, render the earth uninhabitable, as it was at the beginning.

The fact that life did not exist upon the earth in the past, the possibility of its present existence as well as the prospect of its ultimate extinction, are to be traced to the action of certain physical conditions. The various forms of life are dependent for their existence upon the physical environment in which they are placed. The processes of life likewise rest on a physical basis, and their continuance is due to the energy derived

from the physical forces of nature. A primary object of biological inquiry is and always must be the study of the nature and properties of the physical basis of life, as well as of the influence exerted by internal and external factors on life generally. There are in this respect two generalizations which may be safely applied as regards the physical conditions of life. The living substance must contain a certain quantity of water and it must receive a given amount of heat. The average amount of water present in an organism constitutes over fifty per cent. of its body weight. The body of a full-grown man is made up of forty-three per cent. of solid matters and fifty-seven per cent. of water, or an excess of about twenty-two pounds of fluid over solid matter. The consistence of the living substance may be said to be fluid, and in the absence of water its functions cease. The life of plants and animals depends on the chemical activities of their tissues, whereby the elements of the food are transformed into sources of substance and of energy. The chemical exchanges that are constantly occurring between an organism and the outside world can only take place in a fluid medium. Water is, therefore, one of the primary conditions of life, and the vital activities are at once lessened in the absence of a proper amount.

In addition to water, organic life requires a certain amount of heat. The temperature conditions show great variations as regards individual species, but in each instance there are certain limits of temperature within which only it is possible to sustain life. The presence of the right amount of heat acts as a stimulus to all living objects, and insures that fluidity of the tissues which has just been

described as essential to the vital processes. The influence of temperature can be readily illustrated by observation of the unicellular organisms of which the *amœba* or *proteus-animalcule* is a typical example. The *amœba*, when looked at with the aid of a microscope, presents itself as a naked mass of protoplasm in a state of constant unrest and movement. If, however, the *amœba* be submitted to a cooling process, its activity lessens, and as the temperature falls, a point is eventually reached at which the loss of movement is complete and the cell passes into a condition of complete rigidity. The *amœba*, on being warmed, resumes its movements,—an evidence that the condition was not one of death, as might well have been supposed. The same effect is produced if the temperature is raised above the normal level.

The lowliest forms of life possess no heat-regulating mechanism, and are absolutely dependent on the temperature of their environment. The plant cell is, in this respect, much more tolerant than the animal cell, as its growth has been observed in some instances as low as zero, and in other instances as high as 72° C. All possible variations occur between these extremes, and the various forms of life are congregated in large, or it may be small, groups round definite degrees of temperature. There is a mean temperature at which each species of organism can best live, as well as a degree of heat and of cold above or below which its activities cease. The variations, as a matter of fact, are so great that a temperature which promotes the life of one cell may be fatal to another. The heat of the human body, for example, would prove destructive to a large number of humbler organisms. The conditions of temperature cannot be reduced to a common standard—the scale is not fixed; it is a sliding one. The most interesting problem to solve from a theoretical point of view would be not the heat requirements of individual species, but the determination of the highest and the lowest temperature at which it is possible for life to exist on the surface of the earth. The upper limit of active life has been fixed in the case of the vegetable cell. There are certain species of bacteria which are able to grow and multiply

at 72° C. They form practically a group by themselves, and are aptly termed thermophilic organisms. The lower limit of active life is only reached at the freezing-point, as even at this low temperature bacterial growth has been observed. Vital activity ceases above and below these extremes of heat and cold.

The question, however, still remains to be answered, does this cessation of the ordinary activities of life imply the absence of life? is the quiescence one of death, or of slumber? The ordinary criteria of life do not help the answer of this question, as they are of a superficial character. The usual habit is to speak of things as being alive when they exhibit signs of active growth and movement. The essential vital principle may, however, exist without such attributes. A seed may be dormant for years, showing no signs of activity or of exchange with the outside world, but when planted it begins to germinate and to exhibit the accustomed signs of life. The test of experiment has therefore to be applied to distinguish between a living and a dead seed. The spores of the tetanus bacillus may likewise remain dormant in soil for a long period, till, finding access to the animal body, they germinate and produce the fatal symptoms of lockjaw. The supreme test of the existence of life is not the presence of obvious activity, but the capacity of initiating this activity. It is only the proved absence of this potential power that justifies the conclusion that organic life has ceased.

The observation is an old one that a freezing process does not destroy life. A fish or a frog may be frozen solid, and on rethawing become quite lively again. The outer temperature may in such cases, it is true, be at or under the freezing-point, but there is no proof that the inner temperature of the fish or frog was really as low as that of the surrounding medium. In the instances in which the animals were actually frozen hard rethawing did not appear to restore life. The general opinion naturally formed was that the reduction of the watery constituents of an animal cell or tissue to a solid condition produced not merely a temporary but a permanent suspension of organic life. Pictet, on the other hand, states that he has succeeded in

lowering the temperature of complex organisms, such as fishes, frogs, and insects, many degrees below the freezing-point without death ensuing, whilst bacteria were able to withstand the arctic cold of liquid air. The results of Pictet are contrary to the received opinion, as it would appear from his results that organisms can be frozen to a solid condition without losing their life.

The matter is one of such wide biological interest as regards the constitution and properties of living organic matter, as well as regards the problem of life, that further experiments appeared to be called for.

Horace Brown found that seeds exposed to the temperature of liquid air for 110 hours did not lose their germinative power, and the results were equally negative in the experiments of Thiselton Dyer after submitting seeds for six hours to the temperature of liquid hydrogen. The seed, however, presents essential differences from the vegetable plant. The former has means of resistance and reserves of material which the latter does not possess. This highly developed power of resistance to physical agents is likewise met with in the case of vegetable spores—when exposed to cold, heat, or desiccation. It therefore became of interest to study the influence of low temperatures, not on the forms with the most, but on those with the least, natural resistance, viz., the vegetative cells. The experiments about to be referred to were made by the present writer and extended over a considerable period of time. The forms selected for the test were certain species of bacteria. The bacteria constitute in number a family far exceeding that of the human species, and of which we may produce at will, in a test-tube, within a few hours, a population equal to that of London. These lowly and microscopic forms of life belong to the vegetable kingdom, and each individual is represented by a simple cell. The bacteria are ubiquitous in the soil, air, and water, and their study is commonly termed bacteriology. A large variety of these organisms can be readily cultivated in the laboratory, and they formed ideal test objects for the experiments in view, on account of the various controls that could be carried out with reference to

any possible modifications in their functions or vitality.

The ideal test reagent likewise appeared to be liquid air, as with its aid it was possible to reduce the temperature to about 190° C. below freezing-point. The results obtained under these severe conditions proved of a remarkable character. A typical series of bacteria was employed possessing varying degrees of resistance to external agents. The bacteria were first simultaneously exposed to the temperature of liquid air (about -190° C.) for twenty hours. In no instance could any impairment of the vitality of the organisms be detected as regards their growth or functional activities. This was strikingly illustrated in the case of the phosphorescent organisms tested. The bacterial cells in question emit light, which is apparently produced by a chemical process of intracellular oxidation, and the luminosity ceases with the cessation of their activity. These organisms, therefore, furnished a very happy test of the influence of low temperatures on vital phenomena. The organisms when cooled down in liquid air became non-luminous, but on rethawing the luminosity returned with unimpaired vigor as the cells renewed their activity. The sudden cessation and rapid renewal of the luminous properties of the cells, despite the extreme changes of temperature, were remarkable and striking. In further experiments a fresh series of organisms was subjected to the temperature of liquid air for seven days. The results were again *nil*. On rethawing, the organisms renewed their life processes with unimpaired vigor. We had not, therefore, succeeded in reaching the limits of vitality.

Professor Dewar kindly afforded the opportunity of submitting the organisms to a still more severe test, viz., an exposure to the temperature of liquid hydrogen—about -250° C. The same series of organisms were employed and immersed at this temperature for ten hours; and again with no appreciable effect on the vitality of the micro-organisms. The temperature of liquid hydrogen is about one-quarter that of liquid air, just as that of liquid air is about one-quarter that of the average mean temperature. In subjecting bacteria,

therefore, to the temperature of liquid hydrogen, we place them under conditions which in severity of temperature are as far removed from those of liquid air as are those of liquid air from that of the average summer temperature.

This temperature is only 21° above that of the absolute zero, a temperature at which, on our present theoretical conceptions, molecular movement ceases, and the entire range of chemical activities with which we are acquainted cease, or, it may be, assume an entirely new rôle. The fact, then, that life can continue to exist under such conditions affords new ground for reflection as to whether, after all, life is dependent for its continuance on chemical reactions. The remarkable results obtained, at any rate, must lead us to reconsider many of the main issues of the problem.

The experiments could not be regarded as complete without an attempt being made to answer the question, will organic life succumb eventually under the prolonged action of such low temperatures? The organisms were accordingly immersed directly in liquid air and kept at a temperature of about -190° C. for a period of six months. The vitality of the organisms even under these conditions remained unimpaired. Indeed, there appeared no reason why the experiment might not have been prolonged for a much longer period than six months without appreciable effect on the vitality of the organisms in question. One of the main effects of such a prolonged exposure to the temperature of liquid air would be, if one may so express it, a chemical anæsthesia of the cells in question as regards their internal and external economy. The ordinary manifestations of life cease at zero, but at the temperature of liquid air and with such prolonged exposure it is feasible to assume that the intracellular activities on which these depend likewise cease, inasmuch as the two cardinal conditions of active cell life are withdrawn, viz., heat and moisture.

It is difficult to form a conception of living matter under this novel condition, which is neither life nor death, or to select a term which will adequately describe it. It represents living matter in a new and hitherto unobtained "third" condition, and constitutes perhaps the

most perfect realization of the state of suspended animation.

It could hardly have been surmised that the discovery of liquid air would find such immediate application in biological research, and supply the ideal method of testing the influence of low temperatures on organic life. Nor does this exhaust the possible applications of freezing methods to biological inquiry. The experiments recently made by the writer and his colleagues have shown that the physical properties of bacterial cells become greatly altered at low temperatures. The typhoid bacillus, for example, becomes so brittle at the temperature of liquid air that its mechanical trituration is a comparatively easy matter. The cell juices of the typhoid organism have been obtained in this manner, and their direct study rendered possible. The advantages in a study of a number of disease germs are great, as the method enables one to investigate, with an accuracy hitherto impossible, the devitalized toxins of the bacterial cell. The ultimate problems of life are cellular problems. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the freezing and cold grinding methods have opened out one of the most promising fields of research with regard to the intimate physiology of the cell.

A considerable amount of speculative interest attaches to the results that have so far been obtained. Reference has been made to the fact that at some remote period of time the existence of life on the surface of the earth was a physical impossibility. The origin of life remains the inscrutable problem which, if it continue to baffle, will ever continue to attract human intelligence. How did the primitive germ of life come to inhabit its new dwelling-place. All the theories and all the deductions that have hitherto been put forward may be summarized in one interrogative sentence: Did life *arise* or did it *arrive* on the surface of the earth? If life was of purely terrestrial origin, the theory of its spontaneous generation would furnish the easiest solution, but unfortunately experimental inquiry has negated such an attractive explanation.

There remains the possible evolution of organic out of inorganic matter. The green plant is a denizen of the soil and

of the air, and is constantly raising dead matter into the cycle of life, acting as a bridge between the inorganic and the organic world. The beginnings of life might therefore possibly be sought for amongst the inorganic constituents of the earth.

This theory, although it is beyond reproach from an evolutionary point of view, is lacking in any trustworthy experimental basis, whilst recent inquiry upon organic life tends rather to widen than to narrow the gap that exists between living and dead matter. The alternative hypothesis is that life was transferred to the earth, as it might be to any other world, as soon as the suitable physical conditions arose. The earth, according to this hypothesis, was "infected" with the germs of life. The extraterrestrial theory of the origin of life has been particularly favored by the physicists, and notably by Professor Helmholtz and Lord Kelvin. We know

that cosmic dust from distant worlds is constantly falling upon the surface of the earth, and that meteorites are continually colliding with its atmosphere. As Helmholtz remarks: "Who knows whether these bodies which everywhere swarm through space do not scatter germs of life wherever there is a new world capable of giving a dwelling-place to organic bodies?"

It has been proved that bacterial cells can grow and multiply at the abnormally high temperature of 72° C.; that they can be exposed unscathed to a temperature as low as -190° C. for six months, and that they have even survived a temperature which is only 22° above the absolute zero. These results profoundly modify our conceptions as to the temperature conditions under which it is possible for organic life to exist. The results might even be cited in favor of the cosmic theory of the origin of life on the earth.

The Blue Blossom

BY GRACE S. H. TYTUS

In life's garden,
Runs the story,
Grows a wondrous deep blue blossom with its petals half unfurled,—
Where no mortal may behold it,
Soft the dews of sleep enfold it,
And its perfume fills the world.

Is it pardon?
Is it glory?
Is it love, or even longing that its fragrance brings to birth?
While for every heart that's broken,
Every word of parting spoken,
One blue petal, with a tear-drop clinging to it, falls to earth.

A Beat t' Harbor

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

RAGGED HARBOR wondered what the Lord God Almighty intended.

It was a great gale—a wild, wet gale from the nor'east, gray by day and driving black by night: noisy all the while with breaking water and the swish and moan of winds rushing in from the sea. On the night of the third day a madcap gust clanged the church bell three times; whereupon the children of the inner harbor awoke and whimpered, and some men left their beds in fear, wondering if the Lord God Almighty had summoned them to prayer by a sign. It was a great gale—a black, roaring wind from the nor'east; but on the fifth night of it Thomas Crew, a punt fisherman of Finger Cove, which lies beyond Mad Mull, still sat rocking before the kitchen fire, staring at the coals and the knotty floor and the shadows in the corners, waiting for what might happen in the room above, where the women folk would not let him go. By and by he fell into a play with words, as his habit was; and he fashioned this, while he rocked and stared and waited: "Now the wind is the hand o' the Lard, without pity an' wonderful for strength; it holds the punts from the harbor tickle an' gives the bodies o' strong men t' the lop o' the grounds. Ay, the wind is the hand o' the Lard, strange as the ways o' the Lard; tender it is as the hand o' the mother o' sons; it lifts the hair from the brow of a child, an' strokes the cheek of a wee babe with a cool touch. Lay Thy hand upon me. O Lard, as upon the head of a sick child! Hold Thou me not back from the shelter o' harbor, lest the waters o' the sea get me!" Thus, and on, while the gale, in the worst of its mood, lashed the cottage with spray from the breakers under the window and tore away to the wilderness.

"Listen, Skipper Tommy, zur!" said Aunt Esther, appearing of a sudden in the kitchen door.

Thomas heard a new sound—a cry not

of the gale; a wail, for which he had long waited.

"'Tis a son, zur!"

"An' the child shall be called Daniel," Skipper Thomas told the red coals in the stove.

"Hut!" Aunt Esther snorted. "'Twill be noa such old-fashioned name for that wee babe. I'm thinkin' the name o' *that* child will be Claud."

"An' the child," Thomas whispered to the coals, "shall be called Daniel; for Daniel was the bravest man in the world."

So Dannie Crew was born and given a name.

I

Tick-tock! tick-tock! tick-tock! went the clock; and Dannie Crew listened to the clock. Skipper Thomas sat at one side of the kitchen fire, sunk in an arm-chair, his stockinged feet stretched out; his glance rested dreamily on the red coals in the stove. Dannie sat at the other side, stiffly upright in a straight-backed chair, his feet on the upper rung and his hands gripped in his lap; he was staring round-eyed at the red coals in the stove. Tick-tock! tick-tock! Dannie wished that the noises of the night could not obscure the serene tick-tock! tick-tock! of the clock. It was the night of another gale—a doleful spring wind, dry and gusty, following rain; it drove tattered black clouds over a sky wherein the gray light of evening still strangely lingered; it fled moaning from the sea to the wilderness. Tick-tock! tick-tock! Dannie had rather listen to the clock. The sea was breaking under the window: a low hiss, rising sharply to an angry swish; a thud, a sigh—and a space of silence. Tick-tock! tick-tock! went the clock; and Dannie listened to it. The sea was driving into the long hole in Split Rock; when the wind lulled, the noise of gurgle and coughing sounded above the crash of the waters under the window. But tick-tock! went the clock;

and Dannie listened to the clock. Tick-tock! and the roar and crackling of the fire and the click, click, click! of his mother's knitting-needles—these were known and friendly voices; so Dannie listened to them. Tick-tock! click, click, click! and the snoring blaze! But the far-off moan and the hissing under the window and the choking cough could not altogether be shut out from the quiet tick-tock! of the little clock. Every blast of the gale that flung spray against the window gave Dannie Crew a new fright.

"'Tis time t' goa t' bed, lad," said his mother.

Dannie looked swiftly about the room—but not at the clock; rather, at last, he looked through the window to the night.

"The light is yellow in the kitchen," he whispered, "an' the window-panes is black. Iss, mum, 'tis time."

"'Tis a queer way t' say it," said the mother; but Skipper Thomas smiled as though he understood.

"The things o' the night," said Dannie, staring at the black window, "is abroad in the night. 'Tis time for folk t' stow their little lads in bed."

"Dannie, b'y," Skipper Thomas asked, his voice melting with affection, "has you been harkin' t' the gale?"

"Ay, zur," Dannie replied. "'Tis a wild gale. God's wonderful mad the night."

"Ay?"

"He've let the wind loose t' cotch wicked men!"

Skipper Thomas laughed outright—smile swiftly passing to chuckle and long guffaw. Indeed, he delighted in his son!

"Ay?" he said, bending twinkling eyes upon the boy.

"An' the schooners flee from the gale like rabbits from the black pack behind."

"Ay, the winds is loose upon the sea."

"An' the skippers," was Dannie's response, "is afear'd in their hearts."

Skipper Thomas could contain himself no longer. He threw his arms wide open to the lad.

"Dannie!" he cried.

Little Dannie slipped from his chair and ran to his father's knee: he put his breast against the broader breast; he wound his arms round his father's neck and locked his hands; he laid his cheek against the bushy brown beard.

"Fawther!" he whispered.

Skipper Thomas held the lad close; and Dannie was very happy, for he was not afraid of the wind and the night any more. Tick-tock! went the clock. Tick-tock! tick-tock! Dannie heard nothing but the clock. And, well, there they sat—the son in the father's arms; and for a long time they watched the red coals in the stove, the one dreaming of gales weathered, the other of gales to come.

At last the twinkle returned to Skipper Thomas's eyes. He disengaged Dannie's hands and sat him back at arm's-length.

"Tell me," he said, with a wink, "does you hear the sea in the hoale at Split Rock?"

"Oh ay, zur!"

Dannie's eyes flashed. A flush of delight crept into his cheeks. He knew *that* game.

"An' what's it like?"

"'Tis like Granfer Luff when he coughs blood, zur."

"Does you hear the wind in the woods?"

"'Tis like the howl of a dog in the night."

"Hut!" cried Skipper Thomas, pretending deep disgust. "'Tis a wonderful mixture, that! Tell me, now, what have the howl of a dog t' do with Granfer Luff's cough?"

Dannie flushed. "'Tis true, zur," he said, quietly. "'Twere not well said. Leave us start over again."

"Does you hear the sea in the hoale at Split Rock?"

"'Tis like Granfer Luff when he coughs blood."

"An' the wind in the woods?"

"'Tis his sigh and groan in the night, zur," Dannie flashed.

"Oh ay, that's fine!" Skipper Thomas exclaimed. "An' does you hear the breakers under the window?"

"Ay, zur," Dannie answered, his eyes brightening as the reply took form. "'Tis the thud o' clods on his coffin—the thud o' clods that fall—from spades—t'—t'—graves." Now sure of the words, he repeated, in a voice fallen to a whisper: "'Tis the thud o' clods on his coffin—the thud o' clods that fall from the spades o' men t' the hollow grave."

"'Tis fine!" the father cried.

"'Tis not bad at all," Dannie agreed, with a wag of the head.

"'Tis *wonderful* fine," Skipper Thomas repeated, softly, "for a wee child like you. You'll be knowin' so much about words as your fawther when you is so old as he."

"Oh ay, zur—moare, zur," said Dannie.

In the silence, a furious blast of the gale shook the house and went screaming past; and as it went it whipped the black window-panes with spray from the breakers. For Dannie Crew, the noises of the night had now a clearer meaning—the pains of the sick and the groans of the dying; so he shivered, for he was afraid.

"I'll play noa moare, zur," he whispered.

Round went the hand of the clock—a circle of the dial; and Dannie Crew still lay quiet in his father's arms.

"'Tis late," the Skipper whispered in his ear. "Is you afeared t' goa t' bed alone the night?"

"Noa!" Dannie cried, angrily. "I isn't afeared." He threw his father's arms off and wriggled to his feet. "Leave me have your slicker, zur, an' I'll sleep this night on Flat Rock—outside, in the dark, where the spray falls."

"Hut, hut! Come now—"

"I isn't afeared," Dannie boasted. "I isn't afeared o' the hands o' the sea," the voice falling. "I isn't afeared o' the spirits that ride the winds o' night," with a wide-eyed glance about. Then, in a poor whimper, "I isn't afeared o' anything," he said.

The click, click, click! of the knitting-needles stopped. Dannie's mother drew in her chin and looked over her great round spectacles.

"What's this?" she demanded.

"'Tis nothin', mum," Skipper Thomas made haste to say.

Janet Crew smiled to see the angry light in the blue eyes of her son, the red blood in his cheeks, his head thrown proudly back, his sturdy body drawn straight and tall—the splendid flash and flush and quiver of indignation.

"Come kiss me, b'y!" said she.

The kiss given, Dannie returned to his father, scowling. "I isn't afeared," he pouted, scornfully.

Skipper Thomas caught the boy in his arms again. "Yes, you is," he whispered. "I knows you is. I feels you quiver all over. You'd not dare sleep on Flat Rock this night. But an you truly wants to, I'll leave you take my slicker. 'Sh-h-h-h!" still lowering his voice. "I'll slip you out o' the front door when you gets under weigh for bed. She'll know nothin' about it. An' will you sleep there the night, b'y?"

Dannie buried his face in the brown whiskers.

"Come, lad," Skipper Thomas pleaded, "tell your ol' fawther that you'd sleep on Flat Rock an he'd let you!"

There was no word from Dannie.

"Tell un you're not afeared o' the night an' the sea, woan't you, lad?"

Dannie was still silent.

"Woan't you?"

Skipper Thomas waited for the answer. Tick-tock! tick-tock! tick-tock! went the clock. Click, click, click, click! went the knitting-needles. The fire roared. Without, the sea coughed and spluttered in the hole at Split Rock; the wind fled moaning to the wilderness; the breakers hissed and swished and thundered under the window. Dannie Crew listened to the quiet tick-tock! tick-tock! of the little clock while he lay trembling on his father's breast.

"I'm thinkin' I'll goa t' bed now," he whispered at last, "for I'm fair tired an' sleepy."

Skipper Thomas led him away to bed.

When Skipper Thomas had stowed away his little lad, he came down to the fire again, with never a word; and he sighed many times, while he watched the glowing coals turn gray; for, now that he saw the end of the road, which, indeed, he himself had found hard on the march, he repented that he had led his son into that path. Up-stairs, Dannie was talking to himself—still giving form to strange thoughts of the wind and of the sea, though he should long, long ago have been sound asleep; they could hear him in the kitchen. Skipper Thomas tiptoed up to Dannie's room and peered in.

"Isn't you asleep yet?" he whispered.

"Noa, zur," Dannie answered, excitedly, from the darkness. "I'm thinkin' wonderful things this night."

Skipper Thomas lay down on the bed. It was dark. Dannie snuggled close to him, and felt about for his hand.

"'Tis fine," said he, "t' think o' many words."

Skipper Thomas wondered how best to give the warning that was in his mind.

"The Bible's chock-full o' them," Dannie went on. "'Tis wonderful how the parson reads un out."

"Oh ay, wonderful," Skipper Thomas agreed.

"An' 'tis queer, zur," said Dannie, now puzzled, "that oan'y you an' me knows about the fun o' playin' with words."

"Oan'y you an' me," Skipper Thomas repeated, absently.

"O' all the world," said Dannie.

"O' all the whole world, lad. But I'm thinkin'," Skipper Thomas went on, now sure of what he must say, "that 'tis not wise t' think too much about words. 'Tis like, now, that 'tis a sin t' do so."

Dannie's hand closed tightly upon his father's fingers. The man flinched from the meaning of that clasp.

"Oh ay," he said, nevertheless, "I'm thinkin' 'tis a sin t' fancy things. The good Lard made words for talkin' with—not for makin' fancies. I'm thinkin' that fancies make cowards o' men. 'Tis the way the Lard punishes the sin."

"Does you think I'm a coward, fawther?" Dannie asked, tremulously.

"Maybe not yet, lad."

"Nor will be, sure, zur!"

"The wind," Skipper Thomas went on, "is but the wind; it lies in wait for noa man. The sea is but water; it has noa hands t' stretch out. Nor wind, nor sea, nor fog, nor night hate men. But they'll catch you, sure, b'y, an you is afeared o' them."

"I isn't afeared."

"Not yet."

"I'll l'arn t' sail, zur," Dannie said, quickly, "an' they'll not be able t' catch me then."

"'Twould be better t' stop thinkin' so much about words. Then you'll not fear un."

"I isn't able, zur."

"An' you'll not try?"

"I'd rather be clever at sailin', zur," Dannie said, after a silence. "Will it not do?"

"Oh, well!" Skipper Thomas sighed.

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II

Oh, well! Dannie Crew grew up a fine, brown lad—straight, sturdy, agile; merry in sunshine, wistful at twilight, ever grave and furtive when the gray winds were abroad. The maids who made eyes at him from the shade of their hands on the flakes marked the saucy poise of his head, the gleam and curl of his yellow hair, the depth and changing light of his eye; and they said, each to her fluttering heart, that he was a fine lad indeed, for he was both strong and bonnie. But he had only a nod and a jolly wink for them—no swift, warm glance, no low word in passing, no caress on the dusky roads; nothing but a nod and a wink and a ticklish shaft of rhyme. There are things more to be desired in idle hours than the flash in the eyes of maids and the touch of moist lips; there is the Space and Silence of the great Heads, lifted high, where the sunlight lies thick upon the moss and the warm wind goes scampering over the sea to the far-off mist—silence and blue space and the Book in hand, whence sounding words, whence inspiration. By the magic of sunshine and blue day, lads may flit away on silver wings, to wander, as they will, in the places of quiet delight which lie beyond the curtain of mist. But, O little Dreamer of the Wistful Heart, the dream is of the moment. The silver wings are given and taken away; the quiet gardens and the palace vanish, as at the waving of a wand. Crack! goes the whip. An' 'tis, Up, men, an' t' the day's march! Crack! goes the whip; and the way is close-hedged upon either hand. Far, far beyond the blue mist, whither, it may be, your road leads, lie the Rocks o' Wrecked Ships—in a sea all black and white, under low gray skies, where the wind tears in upon the breakers from the frothy open.

III

Lukie's punt was painted green,
The finest boat that ever was seen;
Lukie's punt had cotton sails,
A juniper rudder, an' galvanized nails!

That was Dannie Crew's first song. They sang it from Ragged Harbor to Twillingate and to the Cape Norman Light—ay, carried it north to Cape Chudleigh in the schooners of the summer fleet;

and they sing it yet. Came then (with many another) the "Song of the Pirate Mate":

Sure, the Skipper went ashore,
Fol de rol, fol de rol!
When we made the Labrador,
Fol de rol!
An' the mate he said, "Stand by!
Us 'll leave un there t' die."
An' the Skipper never sailed her any moare.
An' the Skipper never sailed her any moare,
heigh-oh!
An' the Skipper never sailed her any moare!

To this day they roar it in the fore-castles when the anchor's down and the wind blows in the night without. Then, too, when a full gale drove the *Starlight* and *Star Bright*, twin schooners, ashore at Gray Rocks, with all hands lost—men took the mangled bodies from the breakers when the sea went down—a new song was made. Dannie Crew called it "The Loss o' All"; and in part it ran:

When the schooner struck the rock
She was splintered by the shock;
An' the breakers didn't ask for leave or token,
But they hove un, man an' kid,
Slap agin' the cliff, they did,
An' kep' heavin' till the bones of all was broken!

Thus, and on—songs merry and sad: all fitted to the old West Country tunes, which had long survived the generation that brought them over. Dannie was happy when he was making songs.

They were at the fishing—far off-shore—in the punt.

"Dannie, lad," said Skipper Thomas, "what you thinkin' about?"

"I were oan'y wishin', zur," Dannie answered.

"Was you, now? An' what might it be about?"

Dannie looked away to the blue loom of Indian Island and the windless spaces out to sea.

"Jus' wishin'," said he.

"Tell your fawther, lad, woan't you?"

"Jus' wishin'," said Dannie, as his eyes moved absently over the rocks and breakers of Break-Heart Point, "that folk would buy songs."

Skipper Thomas guffawed.

"An they done that," the lad went on,

with a broad smile, "I'd do nothin' at all but make un. But," he added, wistfully, "'tis fish the traders wants—not songs. So I were wishin', too, zur, that I might spend the days makin' boots. Look, you! an men would oan'y cotch fish for *me*, I'd make boots for *them*. Why not? Sure, soon I'd be so clever at makin' boots that I'd be able t' make grand ones. Then," again wistfully, "I could stay ashore."

"'Tis not the way o' the world, b'y."

"I wisht it was."

"But a man must cotch his own fish an' make his own boots."

"I wisht he didn't."

"But he have."

"Ay, 'less he goa sailin' in the traders; an' I'm thinkin' that's what I'll do, zur, when I'm well growed. I'm wantin', zur," said Dannie, the light of high ambition in his eyes, "t' be a great man—great as they is. I'm wantin' men t' say, 'There goas Daniel Crew!' An you'll let me, zur, I'll be the skipper of a schooner—the master of a hundred-tonner!"

The aspiration thrilled Skipper Thomas with fatherly pride. When he looked back from the farthest sea his face was flushed and his eyes were shining.

"Let you, laddie!" he cried. "Sure, I'll help you all I'm able. But 'tis a wonderful hard undertakin', this; they isn't many tradin' skippers—"

"Oh ay," Dannie interrupted, his chest swelling, "but I'm a clever hand at sailin', an' I'll be one."

It was now the end of day; so they stowed the catch, reeled the lines, hauled up the grapnel, unfurled the sails; and they caught the evening breeze back to the harbor tickle. The dusk had gathered, then—the flush fled from the western sky; the punts were slipping in from the shadows with a gentle wind. From far off, from some place deep in the night they had left, drifting in from the quiet sea, came the chorus of a song that Dannie knew—came drifting from some place far off.

"Hist, fawther!"

Skipper Thomas lifted the scull oar from the water, lest the swirl and drip obscure the wandering harmony.

"'Tis *my* song," Dannie sobbed. "'Tis a song o' *mine*!"

For a long time they listened to that song as it came drifting in over the water—staring all the while out into the deepening shadows.

"Dannie, lad," said the father, softly, "what you thinkin' about?"

"Jus' wishin'," said the boy.

Well, as you may know, in the course of years Dan Crew was made a skipper. Cook's boy to cook, to hand, to mate, to skipper; in the course of years it came to pass. In the fall of the year, Luke Dart, o' Boot Harbor, gave him the *Early Bird*, then on the stocks, and bound north, in the spring, to trade in the ports of Labrador. Dan Crew, now with a tawny beard, spent that winter at home; and he was proud enough—as you may know.

"I'm Skipper Dan Crew!"

Many's the time he said that to himself.

IV

The *Early Bird* met a month of dirty weather—foggy gales from the nor'east, with a restless, spummy sea; days of sweeping rain, black nights: stress for the ship, toil and fret for the skipper. When she put into Boot Harbor at the end of it, Luke Dart thanked God and ordered her hull painted. Skipper Dan was thin, blear-eyed, quiet-spoken. He took punt for Ragged Harbor with three days' leave; but Tommy Tutt, the clerk, made straight for Luke Dart's little office in the rear of the shop, and he closed the door after him.

"Skipper Luke, zur," he snapped, with a frown and an angry nod, "I'm come t' tell *you* that I'll sail noa moare along o' Skipper Dan Crew."

"What's this, Tutt, b'y?" said Skipper Luke, meeting frown with frown. "She's a wonderful fine craft, that *Early Bird*."

"'Tis not that, zur. Give me a flour-sieve with Bill Lisson t' skipper it an' I'll goa look for the north pole; but I'll goa noa moare from Boot Harbor past Mother Burke along o' Skipper Dan Crew."

Skipper Luke sat back in his chair. "Isn't he able t' handle she?" he asked.

"Lord, zur!" Tutt burst out. "*Handle* she, is it? Why, zur, he's a dry-nurse t' that there schooner. Lord, zur!" in another burst, "they's nar a man on the

coast, I'm thinkin', can handle a schooner with Dan Crew. Sure, she haven't a trick he don't know (an' she can be saucy enough when she've the mind); nor is they a sea that can slap her or a gust that can dip her when Skipper Dan's t' the wheel. If 'tis t' make harbor, he'll carry on sail with any crack-brained skipper o' the fleet. 'Reef?' says he t' me. 'Not with this gale chasin' us! I'm wantin' t' make harbor.' But I'm thinkin' 'twould be better an he didn't look so much t' the wind an' the sea. Lord, zur, he calls the wind the Black Pack; an' says he once, zur, 'Tis cold in the sea's arms.'" Tutt looked over his shoulder to make sure that the door was closed. "I'm thinkin'," he added, "that he's—"

"Go on, b'y," said Skipper Luke.

"'Tis nothin' agin' his seamanship that I'd say."

The men looked into each other's eyes.

"I knows what you means," said the skipper.

"Sure, zur," Tutt went on, "he's one o' they skippers that tries t' sail their vessels single-handed. 'Tis one thing t' be a hand (an' a good hand he was); but 'tis another thing t' be a skipper. He'll trust nobody. 'Tis prance an' dance fore an' aft with un from dawn t' dark. In a beat t' harbor, 'tis, 'Tutt, b'y, lay a hand t' the wheel while I goes for'ard, an' jam her down lively when I sings hard allee! Then, sure, he's noa sooner for'ard than 'tis, 'Mannie, b'y, you got her too close t' Sunken Reef. Sing hard allee when I gets back t' the wheel.' So back he comes, zur, on the run, with sweat on his forehead, an' his eyes hangin' out. 'Tutt,' says he, 'Gi' me that wheel!'"

"Oh ay," said the skipper, with a smile.

"In a gale, zur," Tutt continued, his excitement growing, "he do be a most wonderful sight—in the most or'nary switch o' wind that ever blowed. Sure, 'tis: 'My God! Tutt, we'll loss her! They's moare wind in them clouds back there.' Or 'tis: 'My God! Tutt, some o' them big seas will cotch us. They's growin' bigger an' bigger. We got t' get out o' this.' 'Tis, 'What 'll us do, Tutt?' all day long; an' when I tells un what t' do," Tutt concluded, with a quick frown, "he does just what suits un best."

Skipper Luke laughed. He was an old

man; he had known many skippers—ay, many, many skippers.

"Oh ay, laugh, zur!" cried the clerk. "I've met skippers like Dan Crew afore this, an' I knows what they can do; but if you'd lost your sleep o' nights like me you wouldn't laugh. 'Tis not gales, zur, that's troublin' me; 'tis the sleep o' nights. Does you mind them Yankee barometers you give me t' sell, zur? Well, I sold un all but one, an' that one I hung on the cabin bulkhead for meself. 'Twas a foolish thing t' do; for Skipper Dan kept comin' back in the night t' ask me how she stood.

"Sure, Dan," says I, 'you got the ship's glass for'ard.'

"Oh ay," says he, 'but he might goa wrong.'

"'Tis my belief, zur, that if Dan Crew had a gross o' glasses he'd look at un every one, an' goa mad if they didn't agree. Whatever, back he'd come in the night, zur, an' sing out down the companion t' know how the Yankee was doin'. 'Skipper Dan, zur,' says I, 'tis risin' nicely,' or, 'Skipper Dan, zur, 'tis holdin' its own,' or, 'Skipper Dan, zur, sure it looks like a bit of a blow.' An' then I'd get back in me bunk an' damn that Yankee glass most scandalous.

"My God! Tutt," I'd hear un say, if the glass was fallin', 'they's a wonderful gale brewin' this night! The fo'c's'le glass is droppin' like lead.'

"They was always a gale brewin' with Skipper Dan; an', sure, afore we got t' Lancy-Loop I was fair sick an' tired hearin' about it. So I up an' heaves my glass over the side. That night (we was lyin' in Shallow Harbor, an' a quiet night) he comes back, as usual.

"They's an awful gale brewin', b'y," says he. 'We'll have wonderful dirty weather on the run t' Yellow Cove the morrow.' Then 'twas, 'Tutt, b'y, how's that Yankee glass?'

"Well, Dan," says I, 'tis low enough.'

"I couldn't see un, for 'twas deep dark; but I listened t' hear how he'd take it, an' I heared un cotch his breath.

"What's that?" says he.

"'Tis low enough," says I. "'Twas never so low afore.'

"Low enough?" says he.

"Ay," says I, 'low enough, for I hove un overboard.'

"My God!" he whimpers, 'I've but one glass left!'

"Then he went for'ard. I don't know what he done; but the crew told me in the mornin' that he groaned a wonderful lot in his sleep that night. Now, zur," Tutt concluded, "I'm not sot on big gales, an' I'm not sot on moun-tain-eous seas, an' I'm not sot on the neighborhood o' sunken rocks any moare'n Skipper Dan is; but I *am* sot on gettin' me full allowance o' sleep, an' I'm damned if I'll lie awake o' nights thinkin' o' gales afore they comes, or look for rocks where they isn't charted. Skipper Luke, zur, I isn't that kind of a man; an' so I won't sail along o' Skipper Dan Crew noa moare."

"Tis like, now," the skipper drawled, "that you'd not be afeared t' sail along o' Skipper Dan if the trade in Yankee barometers was cut off."

"Afeared!" screamed Tutt.

"Ay, you wouldn't be—"

"Lord! zur," Tutt gasped, "after *that* I'll sail along o' nobody else!"

Nor would he.

Late that night Skipper Thomas, the punt fisherman, and Skipper Dan, the master of the *Early Bird*, sat before the kitchen fire in the cottage at Finger Cove, out of Ragged Harbor; and they dreamed heavily, as they used to do, while they watched the wood blaze and burn to red coals in the stove—while they listened to the crackling of the fire and to the click, click, click, click! of Janet Crew's busy knitting-needles and to the old tick-tock! tick-tock! tick-tock! of the little clock. It was a quiet night: the wind had fallen away; the sea was whispering under the window.

"You fetched she back, Dannie, lad, didn't you?" Skipper Thomas said, looking up.

"Oh ay, fawther," Dannie answered, "I fetched she back all safe."

Thomas wagged his head and smiled. "Ah, Dannie," said he, "the skipper fetched his schooner back. 'Tis a fine thing t' do!"

"Ay, zur," said Dannie, leaning over to pat the old man's knee, "every man o' the crew an' every splinter o' the ship."

"'Twas a wonderful clever thing t' do—through all them gales."

"Hark t' that, mother!" Dannie cried.

"Skipper Thomas Crew, o' Finger Cove, says your son is a wonderful clever skipper."

Janet let her knitting fall to her lap. She, too, smiled as she looked the stalwart Dannie over.

"My son," said she, "is a clever skipper."

"A wonderful clever skipper, mum, says Skipper Thomas Crew."

"My son," Janet repeated, lingering upon each word, that she might the better express her pride, "is a wonderful clever skipper. My son is a—wonderful—clever—skipper!"

"Dannie, lad!"

"Ay, zur?"

Skipper Thomas laid his hand on Dannie's knee. He was not smiling now.

"You're likin' it well enough, isn't you, lad?" he asked.

"Oh, fine, zur!"

"He's likin' it fine!" Thomas whispered to the coals.

"Oh ay, fine, zur—just *fine*!" said Dannie.

But Skipper Thomas knew that for a lie when Dannie had gone to bed: for he heard the floor creak overhead, and he knew the meaning of that; and he heard the window groan, and he knew the meaning of that. Long after Janet had put her knitting aside, long after Dannie should have been sound asleep in the little bed above—late, late in the night, when the last of the coals in the stove were turning gray, Skipper Thomas heard a soft step overhead and the lifting of the window.

"What's that?" Janet whispered.

"'Tis Dannie," Skipper Thomas groaned.

"Dannie!" said she.

"Dannie—'tis Dannie!" Thomas whimpered. "Lard, Lard," he cried, "must I curse Thee for my son's sake afore I dies?"

"Do he be sick, think you?"

"He've got up t' look at the weather, mum."

"But he've not to goa sailin' the morrow, have he?"

"'Tis the weather o' the two days hence, woman, when he've t' goa back t' Boot Harbor in the punt. Dannie's bond-slave to his fancy. Lard God," the old man groaned, putting his hands to his face,

"my wee lad's dreadin' the weather o' two days hence!"

Skipper Thomas knew the meaning of that.

V

Hold Thou me not back from the shelter o' harbor, O Lard, lest the waters o' the sea get me!

It was a beat to harbor through spumy seas—to and fro on a staggering zigzag toward a deeper shadow in a low, far-off coast, lying black and wet in the fog: a flight from the frothy night behind to the still water and silence of harbor. The flare had gone out of the sky—the west was leaden and misty; night was fast driving the dusk in upon the wilderness. The wind was rising; it swept out from shore in long gusts—a wind let loose and gone mad: now tearing the crests from the waves and flinging them broadcast; again, slipping like a whisper into the dark o' the sea. Zigzag, to and fro, through drift-ice and breaking waves, heeling to the wind and smothered by the seas, went the *Early Bird*; she was laboring manfully to make the shelter of harbor.

Skipper Dan was at the wheel. Tom Tutt staggered aft and put his mouth close to the skipper's ear.

"She can't make it!" he roared. "But an you heave her to, she'll ride out this blow."

The schooner fell over under a long blast of the gale. When she righted, Skipper Dan fixed Tutt with bloodshot, flaring eyes—a vacant stare. His eyes were sunk deep in the sockets; his teeth were set, the skin of his cheeks drawn tight, the color gone from his face.

"Eh?" he roared.

"Heave her to, man!" Tutt cried. "She'll ride this blow out."

"The wind's risin'," Dan returned.

Tutt stamped his foot. "Ay, risin'," he screamed. "'Tis time t' take the sail off her."

"Risin' fast," the skipper cried. "'Tis time t' make harbor. I'm wantin' t' get out o' this."

"She'll never beat in."

Skipper Dan lifted one hand from the wheel. He pointed to that place where the harbor lay—the deeper shadow in a dark line of coast, far off in the mist.

"Harbor!" he shouted.

"But, man, she can't make it!"

A great sea broke over the bows and came curling down the decks. The schooner quivered, lurched, rose to the crest of the next wave.

"My God! man," screamed Tutt, "she'll stand noa moare!"

Skipper Dan looked again to the harbor tickle—a scared glance, cast swiftly from the open sea to the place where shelter was.

"I'll hold on with the sail I got," he muttered, his teeth hard set, "for I'm wantin' t' make harbor."

Came a furious gust; it heeled the schooner till her rail was buried in frothy water, which flashed hissing past—jammed her down, down, down; held her there, near on her beam-ends. She righted in a lull.

"For God's sake, reef her, Dan!" cried Tutt.

Skipper Dan spun the wheel to meet a combing sea head on. The schooner smothered her bows.

"I'll hold on with the sail I got," he gasped, "for I'm—in haste—t' make—harbor."

"You'll loss her—you'll loss her!"

They were about to take the other tack. Tutt ran forward to lend a hand with the jib-sheets. The seas broke over her fore and aft while she hung in stays—smothered her, near swamped her; but she came to at last, and ran off, with the water pouring over her lee rail.

"Oh, God!" Skipper Dan groaned. "I'm wantin' sore t' make harbor!" The wind swept his cry off to sea, where there was no ear to hear. He looked up to the driving sky; and he said: "I isn't able t' stand much moare o' this, Lard. The wind an' the waves rage, an' I is troubled; the sea sets a trap with the night, an' I is afraid. The wind rises, gust upon gust, until my heart stands still; the waves o' the sea increase, wave after wave, an' noa man knoweth their purpose."

It was touch and go with the *Early Bird*. The gale was swirling yet more wildly in the dusk of round about. The coast was a thin shadow in the mist—a black streak, low lying, and fringed with frothy white. The night had crept close to the shoal off the harbor mouth, which may not be threaded in the dark. It was touch and go; so Tutt came aft again.

"Lard! Dan," he begged, "woan't you reef her down now?"

Skipper Dan shook his head.

"She'll turn over, man! Woan't you leave us reef the for's'l?"

Dan hesitated.

"Stand by t' cut the for's'l halyards!" he shouted to two of the crew. "But doan't you cut afore I gives the word."

Again the schooner went over, and hung trembling on her beam-ends. But the skipper would not sacrifice the sail to the peril of the moment.

"Cut away!" screamed Tutt.

"Noa, noa!" Dan roared.

Since Dan was a lad—since that night, long ago, when, snuggled close to his father in the dark, he looked forward to the life he must lead—he had measured the strength and cunning of things he feared.

"Hell!" the clerk cried, in his throat, staring the while at the mounting water. "We're lost!"

But the schooner righted.

"I'll hold on," Dan muttered, "for I'm wantin' t' make harbor."

To and fro on the zigzag went the *Early Bird*, laboring into the offshore wind—heeling, reeling, smothered in foam: a race against the night, with the sea pulling at her. In the end—when the dark was thick—she slipped through the tickle to the harbor; and they dropped anchor in the lee of the great hills, where the water rippled, and no more than a flutter and moan of the gale without broke the peace of the place.

"Harbor!" Dannie Crew whispered as the chain ran rattling through the hawse-pipe; he lifted his hands to the black sky, and, "Lard God!" he cried, "the anchor's down! 'Tis harbor—'tis harbor!"

And, oh ay, Skipper Dannie was gay enough when the fire crackled in the fore-castle bogie—when the fire crackled and the kettle sang and the cook rattled his pots and pans! Oh ay, Dannie Crew was merry enough when the coals began to glow and the yellow light of the fore-castle lamp chased the shadows up the ladder to the night! Ay, while the fire roared and the lamp was alight and the ship lay in the shelter of the hills, Dan Crew was jolly enough. It was he who clapped old Sam Budgel on the back

until his very bones rattled, he who rallied Tom Tutt on beatin' t' win'ard, he who told the tale of the "Third Great Haul o' Seals," who sang the "Song o' the Pirate Mate." For the wind and the spumy waves and the trap the sea had set with the night—and the fear of the clutch of death—were as though far off.

"Skipper, zur," said old Sam Budgel at last, with a sour twitch of the lips, "you're makin' a wonderful lot o' noise."

The crew grinned.

"Oh ay," Skipper Dan laughed, "for I'm in wonderful fine fettle the night."

The blow on the back had put the old man in an ill temper. Wider grew the grin of the crew—more expectant; for at such times the words of Sam Budgel cut deep, and are to be remembered.

"'Tis because he've brought the *Early Bird* to harbor, I 'low," said he, appealing to the crew.

"I'm fair happy t' be out o' the gale, Sam," Dan admitted, quietly.

"An' you've saved your life, you thinks?"

"Ay," was the answer, gravely spoken. "I've saved my body from the waves o' the sea, my soul from the hands o' death."

The grin faded from the faces of the crew.

"Hut!" Sam sneered.

The crew leaned forward to listen. The old man's sneer was ominous of some hard word to come.

"Say what you've t' say, Sam," said the skipper, "an' have done."

"'Tis but one gale," with a shrug.

There was silence in the forecabin. Skipper Dan stared at the old man, then came close to him and laid a hand on his shoulder. There was dead silence then.

"Say that again, Sam," said the skipper, hoarsely. "I—I—doan't know—yet—what you means. 'Tis but *one* gale, says you?"

"Ay; but one."

"'Tis a wonderful thought. But *one* gale weathered?"

"Ay; but one. You're safe from *it*; but 'tis not the last you'll have t' weather. You're in harbor now, lad, but you'll have t' put t' sea the morrow. 'Tis not the last gale that 'll blow. They's all the fall gales o' this year, an' all the spring gales o' the next, an' all the fall

gales t' follow; they's the spring gales o' the year after, an' the fall gales o' that season—ay, the fall an' spring gales o' all the years—"

"Stop!" Dan cried.

"The fall an' spring gales o' all the years—"

For the moment Dan was unmanned. "Doan't say *noa* moare, Sam!" he pleaded; then, "I've weathered but one moare gale, says you?"

"But one gale o' the gales o' many years."

"I'm in harbor for but the night?"

"For but the night. When you is so old as me, lad, you'll know they's *noa* such thing as harbor."

"I didn't know it afore," Dan whispered, looking away, "but I knows it now. I wisht I didn't."

"They's *noa* such thing as harbor!"

"Ay; they's *noa* such thing as harbor. I thought they was, but now I knows they isn't. They's *noa* such thing as harbor! I wisht—oh, I wisht—they was!"

Skipper Dan went on deck. For a long time they listened in silence to the fall of his restless feet overhead.

"He've lost *his* anchor, sure enough," said Tom Tutt.

VI

In the first fall gale of that year the *Early Bird* was caught off a lee shore near the Rocks o' Wrecked Ships. It is a rock-bound cove—in stormy weather all black and white, under low gray skies, a wide place, open to the seas, high-cliffed; and the sea breaks upon heaps of jagged black rock, or leaps at the cliff, flinging spray into the mist that clings to the spruce-trees above. The wind came from the open—from the far, vast wastes of the northeast, which are forever strange and dark. It swept in-shore; there was no escape from the Rocks o' Wrecked Ships. It was a great wind, not a fussy summer gale, black in a moment but soon breaking into sunshine and blue calm (a wind to be humored and outwitted); it was a wind of gathered force, thick with frost, driving heavily, strong beyond the strength of schooners. The sea had lain restless under variable gales for five days. Then came the grim wind, now of fixed and sullen purpose to sweep those seas of ships; it gathered the waves

together and drove them fuming in upon the Rocks o' Wrecked Ships. Offshore, between the breakers and the wider open, the little *Early Bird* lay tossing, with anchors out to port and starboard. There was nothing to be done; the issue lay with the wind and the anchor chains.

The men in the forecastle counted their sins.

"Growin' warse!" Tom Tutt roared to the skipper.

They were forward by the windlass, with an eye on the chains; the skipper had stood there the night through. It was near dawn of the second day. The dark still lay thick in the west. Dead to leeward the black rocks were taking form in the mist and spume. The seas, as they ran past to that place, clutched the ship and tugged at her mightily.

Skipper Dan nodded.

"She'll tear her nose out!" Tutt shouted, his left hand to his mouth.

The skipper got to windward to reply. He shook his head, shook it again, and put his mouth close to Tutt's ear. "Job Manuel—master builder!" he said.

The clerk's next words were caught up by the wind and flung against the cliffs to leeward. A wave broke over the bows. Tutt was taken unaware and near swept away. He made his handhold good again.

"Who forged the chains?" he gasped.

Skipper Dan stared into Tutt's eyes, then, of a sudden, straight out to sea; his glance did not return.

"Who forged un?" Tutt cried.

"Who did?" Dan muttered, blankly.

Tutt could no longer bear the mad confusion of wind and breaking waves, of spume and the flying dawn. He staggered back to the forecastle. On the ladder he paused to watch the sea breaking over the Rocks o' Wrecked Ships. Then he heard the answer to his question. It came with the wind.

"Who forged the chains?" Skipper Dan was crying. "Upon the first link and upon the last, upon the seventh and the seventieth, hang the lives o' seven men. Whose arm swung the hammer? Had the work o' the day a high place in the heart o' that man? Who forged the chains? In the red forges o' the south they were made—in a place far off an' hidden; an' the hands an' the hearts o' the smiths o' that coast are not known

t' the men o' the north. . . . O God! who forged the chains?"

A whim of the wind swept the rest away. Tom Tutt shook his fist at the breakers and black rocks.

"'Tis the Port o' Hell!" he screamed.

He went below and told the crew that the skipper was stark mad.

The port anchor chain parted at dusk—at a time when the last of the sullen evening light lingered over the inland wilderness: the black coast was fast melting with the darkening sky beyond; the breakers were turned to soft white clouds, hanging in the shadows under the cliff. The *Early Bird* began to drag on a straight course for the Rocks o' Wrecked Ships. It was: "Hands on deck! She's adrift!" and: "Stand by t' slip starboard anchor! We'll beach her!" The crew tumbled up—blinded by the sudden darkness, breathless in the driving wind; they stumbled forward to the windlass. Skipper Dan was a man—ready, sure, masterful, a new ring to his voice, a new light in his eye. There was a word or two of precise direction—no question now, no whine of fear; then the skipper ran aft to the wheel. "Haul away!" came out of the dusk at the stern. The starboard anchor was slipped. Up went the main-jib. The schooner rounded and ran away before the wind, bound for that point in the cliff where the trees grew low, skilfully helped over the rough way to her wreck. The crew were gathered by the foremast, where, in awe, each watched the breakers grow large.

"Hark!" Tom Tutt exclaimed. "Sure, Skipper Dan's singin'!"

They listened to the words the wind swept past; bending their heads, they listened.

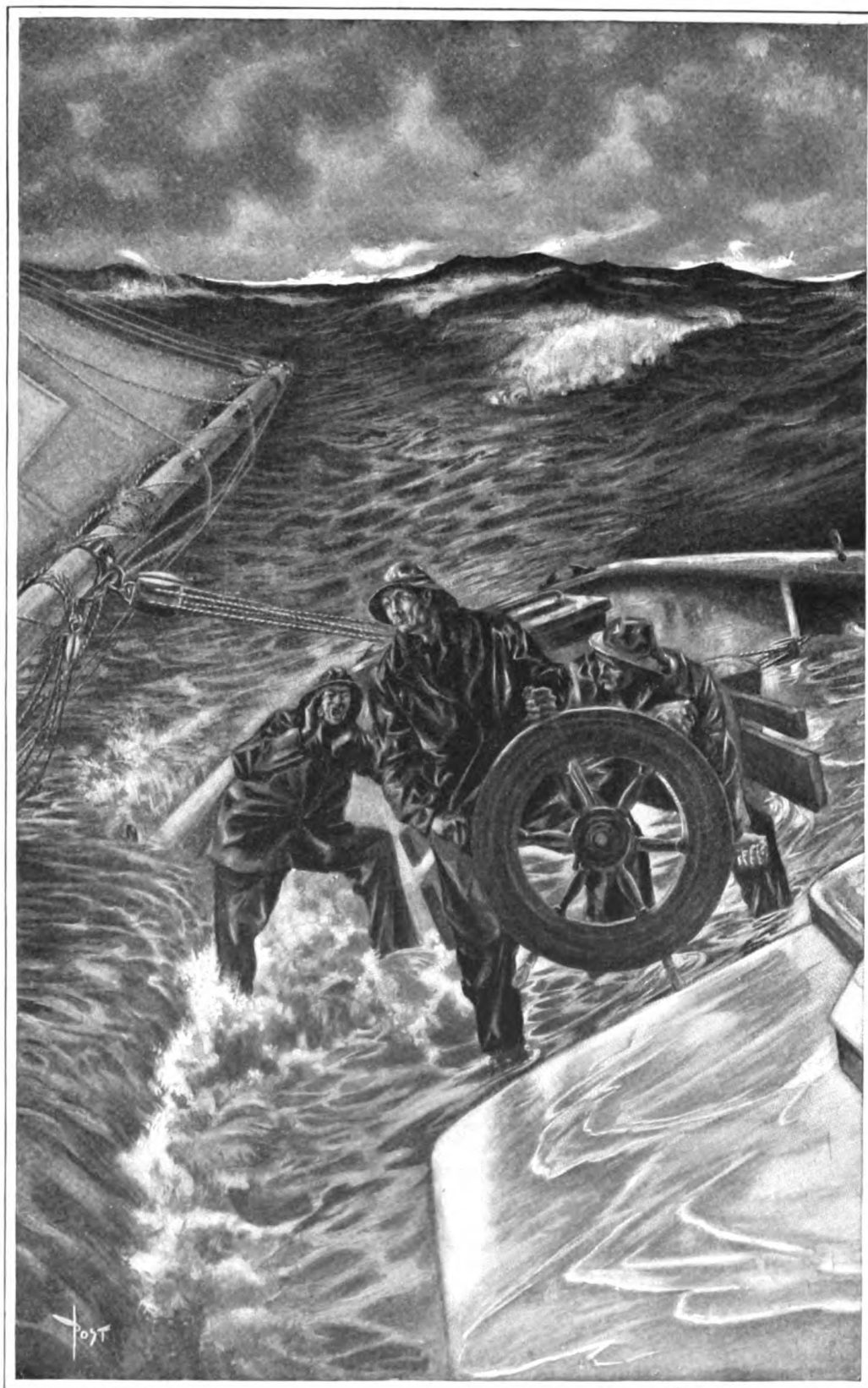
"'Tis about a heart that faints!" said Tutt, turning in wonder.

"Ay," old Sam added, "an' a word o' some wonderful fine harbor he's bound to."

"Mad!" the clerk cried. "The skipper's stark mad!"

"'Great hills,' says he," Sam went on, "'give it shelter from the winds forever; nor do men any moare put out t' sea.'"

The voice crying in the dark was obscured by the thunder of the surf—the hiss and crash and thud.



"REEF HER, DAN!"

"'The soul o' man,' says he," the old man interpreted, "'seeketh its rest,' says he, 'as the skipper of a little ship the lee of a hill in a gale.'"

The *Early Bird* was now near shore, flying straight for that break in the cliff where the trees grew lower than the truck of the foremast: she would strike there, if Skipper Dan kept true to his duty.

"Hold Thou me not now back from the long shelter o' that place, O Lard," was the last word they heard from the man at the wheel, "lest the waters o' great shame cover me!"

That was all; prayer and outcry and the long scream of the wind were lost in the tumult of great seas breaking to froth on the rocks under the cliff: a confusion of noises, rising harshly from the seething shadows ahead, dazing the senses—cough and roar and shuddering thud.

Skipper Dan was still at the wheel, helping the schooner over the waves; it needed a keen eye and a quiet hand to the end. When at last he gave her to the breaker it was with unfaltering skill; and he knew—it was in a flash of suddy water, leaping high, and a thick black mass looming overhead—that she would strike as he had planned. She was caught, lifted, flung broadside at the cliff, dropped on the jagged rocks beneath. Then she careened, and lay pounding, with her maintopmast threshing the trees that grew low on the face of the cliff—a way of escape that had been foreseen and provided.

The wave following broke over the rail, fell on the deck, and swept it clean; but the men of the crew had swung into the main-rigging, and were even then climbing like mad for the trees on the cliff, to which they escaped, Tom Tutt the last, with a hand from old Sam Budgel, as the mast fell back and the schooner went to pieces.

"My God!" Tutt screamed, peering into the white hell below, "where's Skipper Dan?"

My God! where's Skipper Dan? In harbor? It's a blind beat into the wind—oh ay, a heeling, reeling beat t' harbor, through frothy seas and the flying dusk: a ship tossing in the gray confusion. Toil and strife and the haunting fear! The hands do the work of the day; but the heart turns from the sullen rage of round about to the placid place in the mist beyond. I'm wantin' t' make harbor! Through the black tickle to the harbor. Lord God, the anchor's down! 'Tis harbor—'tis harbor! Sheltered waters—morning mists aglow—tinkling bells on the hills—blue noon and the drowsy shade—sinking sun and the glory of the cloud of gold—hymns wandering in the twilight shadows—night and the sleep o' night! My God! where's Skipper Dan? In harbor!

VII

In the cottage at Finger Cove, which lies beyond Mad Mull, on the road from Ragged Harbor to Sunday's Arm, Thomas Crew, an old punt fisherman, sat rocking before the kitchen fire; and his head hung over his breast, and he was staring at the red coals in the stove. It was late in the fall of the year: a wild, wet gale from the nor'east was blowing; it flung spray against the black window-panes, and ran howling past to the wilderness. In a lull of the gale, tick-tock! tick-tock! tick-tock! went the little clock; but the busy click, click, click! of the knitting-needles had ceased. Aunt Janet Crew's hands were folded in her lap; she, too, was staring at the red coals in the stove.

"He died brave," Skipper Thomas whispered. "They *says* he did!"

"Ay," she answered. "He was a brave lad—was our Dannie."

"'Twas kind o' the Lard t' take un—that way. They's something wrong with the world," the old man added, running his hand through his hair, "but I isn't sure just what."

Tick-tock! went the clock. Tick-tock! tick-tock. . .

An American-Indian Composer

BY NATALIE CURTIS

"WHAT has the Pahana* come for, how long is she going to stay, and what are in all those boxes?" My hostess was peppered with questions by the group of curious Hopi Indians who had gathered to witness my arrival in their village after a two days' drive across that Arizona wilderness of beauty known as the "Painted Desert."

What was in those boxes? Ah, thereby hung the tale! They held the cause and purpose of my visit to the Indian reservation—a phonograph. Many have said truly that the songs of the negro and the American Indian contain a wealth of musical material for the composer. But I sought the Indian songs solely that I might reverently record and preserve what I could of an art that is now fast passing away beneath the influence of the Moody and Sankey hymn tunes and patriotic songs taught the Indians in the government schools.

Before coming West, I had the vague idea that all Indian music was a monotonous, barbaric chanting without form, with no beginning and no end. I shared too the ignorance regarding the Indian that makes us class all tribes together as a race of savage people in the same primitive grade of development. Not until I saw with my own eyes the vast differences even in tribes who are close neighbors could I realize the absolute truth of the authoritative statement that there are as great differences between the tribes of North-American Indians as there are between Norwegians and Spaniards among Europeans.

Certainly no people could be more unlike than the peace-loving Hopis and their warlike neighbors the Navajos. And yet their reservations lie side by side in the deserts and table-lands of northeastern Arizona. The Hopis are commonly known as "Moquis," a word of their

* The Hopi word for American.

own language, signifying "dead." It is thought that it was derisively applied to them by the Navajos, for they call themselves the Hopis, which means the "quiet" or "good people." It was to escape the ravages of the Ute and Apache that the agricultural Hopis fled to the very summit of the rocky plateaus that rise 600 feet abrupt and sheer from the level sands. On inaccessible craggy heights they built their villages, seven in number, of which Oraibi is the largest and most characteristic.

Every one has seen pictures of the Moqui villages. The square stone houses are built close together around open courts, in which are sunk the "kivas," or underground council-chambers, of the different clans. It is here that the sacred ceremonies and secret rites are performed, and here the Hopi men assemble to talk over grave matters or to indulge in friendly intercourse. The kiva of each clan is to its members what the club is to the white man.

The scarcity of water can hardly be conceived by those who have not been there. Every drop used in Oraibi has to be brought for a distance of two miles, one-half of which is up the steep trail, and carried all that long way in heavy earthen jars on the backs of toiling women.

And so the Hopi prays for rain. His ceremonial dances are all for rain; it is the great need, the great want, the one cry. I had heard since I had come West much of these village-dwelling Indians, and I expected to see in them a higher grade of culture than that of the nomad Navajos or the Indians of southern Arizona. But I was not prepared to find a people with such definite art-forms, such elaborate and detailed ceremonials, such crystallized traditions, beliefs, and customs.

Their music astounded me. I felt that I had come in search of gold and had

found diamonds. The Hopis' every act of life seems to be a ceremonial rite, containing a symbol, a poetic significance known only to those outsiders who have dwelt long in Hopi land and are deep-versed in Hopi lore. "We have songs for everything," my little Hopi neighbor exclaimed, when I caught her singing as she combed her baby's hair. "We have songs for dancing, songs for planting, songs for grinding the corn, for putting the babies to sleep, even for combing the baby's hair." She laughed as she continued the refrain which my visit had interrupted.

These songs for different purposes are different in character. They are all definite in form, with forceful, graceful, or poetic words. The *Katcina* dance songs consist of an introduction on vowel syllables, then the song itself, also interspersed with vowel refrains, and lastly a sort of coda, again on vowel syllables.

And the Hopis *sing*. Theirs is no crooning over a camp-fire, no monotonous chanting, no nasal droning. The men have fine, clear voices, and the women sing softly with a "breathy" tone, the quality of which sounds often just a little sharp in pitch. The gentle lullabies, the pretty, graceful basket-songs of the women, and the melodies to which they grind their corn are as different from the rugged, rhythmic *Katcina* songs as are the cliffs of the mesa from the blossoms in the fields below.

There are three great elements in music—rhythm, melody, and harmony. The rhythmic quality of the Hopi *Katcina* songs is, in its intensity and variety of syncopation, unlike anything I ever heard. And it must be heard to be realized, for to me the Hopi sense of rhythm seems far to surpass ours. In Japanese music also I had found a wonderful variety of rhythm. Here again the rhythmic forms seem more complex and interesting than ours. But the Japanese have no harmony, and their melodies are monotonous, so that they rely chiefly on their ever-changing rhythm for variety of musical effect. Not so the Hopi. Though he too lacks harmony, his melodies are rich and full of beauty. And so Japan, with its written language and advanced civilization, is still behind our American village In-

dian in the art of music. Indeed, it is a question whether in their free use of unusual intervals the Hopis do not surpass in melodic variety not only the Japanese, but the European as well. Rhythm and melody are essential in any music, no matter how crude; but harmony, being a later development, is naturally absent in primitive forms of music. For this reason, though we may compare them, we cannot place Japanese or Hopi music on the same plane with our own. Our system of polyphony and harmony, with its instrumentation, its combination of choral and instrumental effects, and its wealth of tone-color, is a world of which the Hopi, who sings always in unison, does not dream. He has but one really musical instrument, the flute, and marks the rhythm of his songs with the rattle, the drum, and the crude scraping of wooden sticks.

Ruskin says that a people writes its character in its art, and I was interested to observe how Hopi music reflects Hopi life. The music of the European is the language of the soul. In it thoughts and feelings find expression transcending the power of words. But Hopi music is decorative rather than expressive. I use the word in the sense in which it is technically applied to drawing. Indeed, in his art generally the Hopi shows this characteristic, that instead of reproducing an object he symbolizes it only. This is speaking broadly, and my meaning is best illustrated in the form of Hopi art-work most familiar to Americans,—pottery and basketry. In the designs on jug and woven plaque there is no attempt to produce an exact image of an object. The Hopis do not make a picture of cloud, water, bird, flower, or feather in the way that we would. They make a sign which stands for that thing. For instance, a wavy line, a symbol so common among Indians, is not intended to depict water; it simply *means* water. If we laugh at this method of delineation, it is because we do not understand it. So, in Hopi poetry, a single word may stand for an idea that would take a sentence to express fully. Thus even those who speak the language may not understand the poetry, because they do not know the thought suggested by the word.

In Hopi music there is no attempt to represent in sound the meaning of the words. The songs are songs above all else. Whether in a given song the Hopi sing of rain or thunder, or whether he sing simple vowel refrains of "o-ho," "a-ha," and the like, the listener would never know from the quality of the music that one part of the song had more significance than the other. In fact, a word is often drawn out in true decorative style over bar after bar of music. For instance, the word "Yoe," meaning rain, may be prolonged as follows, *Yo-o-o-o-o-ho-ho-e*, thus forming a melodic phrase by itself. Such music is as unemotional as the conventionalized cloud forms and feather symbols on baskets and pottery. Yet, like all true art, the Hopi music reflects the people's life. It is essential to all their ceremonials, sacred and other, and accompanies their every act. But of the music of emotion, of the longings of the spirit, of joy, grief, or love, the Hopi has no idea. This may be because he is still living on what we may call the external plane.

That intensity of mental and spiritual experience that makes the inner life, with its moral struggles, its emotions, and aspirations, is unknown to the Hopi. So no matter how rich their music in form, rhythm, and melody, it will ever be barbaric in quality so long as it speaks not of the soul. Yet it was a revelation to me; for our music, though it expresses much, has by no means exhausted all the forms of expression. I had not been in Oraibi twenty-four hours before my mental picture of the scope of music faded like desert mirage, revealing a new and far-off horizon stretching boundless as the desert itself—a new world of art.

My workshop, as I called it, was one of the "government houses" at the foot of the mesa. The government builds the foundations, and furnishes materials for walls and roof, thus seeking to induce the Indians to leave their homes on the mesa for dwellings nearer the water-supply. In one of these houses I had my phonograph, and here the Indians collected daily with true Hopi curiosity to peek in at the windows, to stare at the "Pahana," and to join in the fun and excitement of singing into the machine.

Indeed, I had but to be seen issuing from the house where I lived, to be followed by a stream of Hopis—women with babies on their backs, men on their way to the fields, children just off to school. The Indians opened my door and entered my little house as unceremoniously as they did each other's. I always welcomed them, and offered them the customary empty boxes to sit on. There were never enough to go around, and half my visitors sat on the floor. But this was Hopi style; boxes are an innovation of civilization.

One morning, early, before any other Indians had come, the door opened noiselessly, and a graceful Hopi youth entered the room, and stood with folded arms quietly watching me. It was Koianimptiwa, known to the white people as "Thompson"—a name which had been given to him at the government Indian school. He spoke English and wore American clothing, and was thus considered a "civilized" Indian. After watching me quietly a while, my visitor announced, simply, "I want to sing," and pointed to the phonograph.

"I am delighted," I answered. "What will you sing?"

"I want to sing *my song*," said he.

"Your song?" I asked. "Why, what do you mean?"

"My own song," he answered. "I make a song—yesterday; nobody heard my song yet. I like to sing it in that"—pointing again to the phonograph—"before anybody hear it."

"Why, Koianimptiwa," I exclaimed, thoroughly surprised and very much interested, "can you make songs—can you make the words and the music too?"

"Yes," he answered, with a quick smile, "I make songs; I make new song yesterday for next Katsina dance."

I gazed at Koianimptiwa and saw him in a new light. I had often watched him hauling wood, but now I wondered that I had never before thought of him as a poet.

His slanting eyes had a dreamy charm, his face was thoughtful almost to gravity; the easy good nature and ready joke of the Hopi seemed foreign to him. His cheeks were hollow, his shoulders high, and his whole appearance delicate and spiritual. He was, as I said, dressed in American clothing, but for all that he

was a picturesque figure as he took his seat upon an upturned box before the phonograph. His thick hair was parted in the middle and hung on either side. It was not long enough to tie up behind in true Hopi fashion, for Koianimptiwa worked at road-making, and the government employs only those Indians who are willing to cut their hair. But he was still beautiful in spite of the government's decree, for his black locks, instead of being sheared off short, like those of so many Indians, hung below his ears in a glossy sweep, making an oval frame for his thin face. He was a study in black and white for an artist. His high, broad shoulders, lithe frame, and slim, sinewy muscles were sharply outlined beneath a tight-fitting black jersey. He wore duck overalls and a broad black felt hat, which fastened under his chin with a cord. He resembled more a study by Velasquez than our common idea of an American Indian. His face had a particularly earnest look to-day. The singing of his new song was a matter of moment to him. I knew that, like all Katcina songs, the rhythm would be one of the distinguishing features, and I also knew that I never could catch it unless I could record in my phonograph the sound of the rattle which marks the rhythm. So before Koianimptiwa began I placed in his hand the *éia*, as they call it, and told him to shake it just as he would if he were dancing.

The singing was indeed a solemn event to Koianimptiwa, and we both awaited with keen interest the result on the phonograph. It was a great success. Koianimptiwa flashed a smile as we listened, and I was delighted, for I had been struck with the beauty of the song, and felt that with its associations it would always be one of my most prized records.

"Will you make that sing for the other Indians and not say nothing? I like to hear if they like my song," said the young poet.

This was easily done. By noon the room was full of Hopis. I placed the song upon the machine. Koianimptiwa stood with impassive face.

"Do you know that song?" I asked of an old man who sat near me on the floor. "Can you tell me what it is?"

He thought a minute; then said, "It is a Katcina song."

Yes, all Katcina songs have the same general character—the genus is easily recognizable.

"Can you sing it for me?" I asked. "Is there anybody here that knows it?"

The old man thought; a look of embarrassment came over his face; then he answered, truthfully, "It seems I do not know that song."

All the Indians became quite thoughtful. I could see that they were puzzled.

"Do you like it?" I asked. "Is it a good Katcina song?"

"It is a fine song," the old man exclaimed. "Lolomai, pas lolomai!" (splendid, splendid), and the others echoed, "Lolomai!"

Koianimptiwa and I exchanged a glance of satisfaction; then he stole from the room.

What is a Katcina song? This had been one of my first questions in regard to Hopi music. The Katcina is a mythical being, a semi-deity, a creature between the gods and man, who intercedes with the gods in man's behalf. The Katcinas bring to the gods the Hopi's prayers. They are strange beings with extraordinary heads, some with beaks, some with colored faces, all monstrous and all decorated with tufts of feathers. The Indians themselves impersonate Katcinas, and dance "Katcina dances" in supplication for rain. When the chief proclaims a dance he orders new songs to be made, choosing the composers from the village poets.

A few days after making his song Koianimptiwa consented to give me the words thereof. Slowly he dictated, while I strove to record in written symbols the strange melody of the Hopi speech, for the language has the vowel music of the Samoan, and yet the soft guttural strength of the Greek.

Koianimptiwa folded his arms and leaned upon the table with fixed, intent face. The most difficult part of his task was now before him, that of putting into the white man's tongue his Hopi poem.

"My song," he began, "is about the butterflies flying over the corn-fields and over the beans. They are blue and they are yellow; their faces are bright; and I cannot explain in English how that is.

A Portion of Koianimptiwa's Song

FIRST AND SECOND VERSES WITH REFRAIN

Allegro: with marked rhythm. (MM $\text{♩} = 176$.)

Rattle. $\text{♩} = 176$

Voice. $\text{♩} = 176$

Ah - ha ha - ah i - hi hi - i, ah - ha ha - ah i - hi hi - i

($\text{♩} = 108$.) *in time* ($\text{♩} = 176$.)

* $\text{♩} = 108$

1. Se - kya vo - li - mu - u - u - uh Hö - mi - si ma - na - tuh yu - u - u - u -
2. Sa - kwa vo - li - mu - u - u - uh Mo - ri - si ma - na - tuh yu - u - u - u -

u - i Ta - la - si yam - muh yu Pit - zang - wa - a ti - ma - kiang Tö - ve -
u - i Ta - la - si yam - muh yu Pit - zang - wa - a ti - ma - kiang Tö - ve -

nang - uh yi - ma - ni..... ah - ha.. i - hi.... } O - ho o - o -
nang - uh yi - ma - ni..... ah - ha.. i - hi.... }

o... o..... o - ho - é..... é.... hé... yé.. é - é - é - lo -

i o - o - o.... ah é - yé - hé.. loi o..... o - ah é.....

.... yé.. hé - yé loi..... hi ai - ya - ha - ya ya - ow lo - lo - si.....

* Bracketed bars to be taken nearly twice as slowly as the original time: $\text{♩} = 108$.

One butterfly is running after the other like the hunt, and there are many. But I cannot say that just in English, either. The second part is about the bees. They are flying over the corn and over the beans and singing. And I must explain: it is not the big corn and the big beans; my song is about the corn and beans when they are little. Then comes the thunder in the cloud, and that is hanging over the corn-field. Then comes the rain; and I cannot tell you just how that is in English. It first comes afar off, a little bit—drops, —then lots of them falling very fast. That is what the song means, but I cannot say it right." He passed his hand over his forehead. "This is very hard for me," he sighed; then added, "That is the end; that is all."

I was filled with the poetry of the song, and I looked at my Indian guest with something like awe. I longed to know how the creative impulse had stirred his poet

fancy to activity. I longed to know the workings of the Indian mind when roused by the call of genius.

"Will you tell me one thing more, Koianimptiwa?" I said. "I would like to know just how you made your song. Did you go away where it was quiet and think about it for a long time, or did it come to you suddenly when you were not thinking about it? Tell me how it was!"

"It was like this," he answered. "Yesterday I go all day with my burro to load wood, and while I load my wood I make my song."

"Did you make the words first and

then the music, or how was it?" I asked. The Indian looked puzzled, as though not understanding the question. Then he said, simply: "I do not make first words, then music. I make a *song*. My song has words and music."

"And did you make it all at once?" I said, "or did you make a little bit, and then think about something else, and then make a little more?"

He pointed to the east. "The yellow light," he said (for so the Hopis call the dawn),—"the yellow light just coming when I start with my burro, and then I begin my song. The sun was there"—he pointed slantingly above his head—"when I had finished."

"You finished it, then, about two hours before midday?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, with a quick smile, "about two hours before midday."

He rose to go. "To-morrow I go to the kiva to teach the men my song." He paused in the doorway, looking off to the

sandy wastes, which his fancy had seen already in blossom, with blue butterflies flying over them and wild bees singing above them all day long.

The sun was setting, and the evening light fell on the grave, dreamy face. Through the open door I saw a group of Hopis, who passed us with their burros to begin the steep ascent to the mesa top. They were returning from their fields, singing as they came. Had they, too, been making songs as they planted their corn? The voices drifted faint and fainter down the trail; the sun dipped low and lower; the mountains were pink

KOIANIMPTIWA'S SONG

(Translation)

Yellow butterflies
With pollen-painted faces
Chase one another in brilliant throng
Over the blossoming virgin corn.

Blue butterflies
With pollen-painted faces
Chase one another in brilliant streams
Over the blossoming virgin beans.

Over the blossoming virgin corn
The wild bees hum:
Over the blossoming virgin beans
The wild bees hum.

Over your field of growing corn
All day shall come the thunder-cloud:
Over your field of growing corn
All day shall come the rushing rain.

NOTE.—"Pollen-painted faces." The Hopis paint their faces for a ceremonial dance. So here the idea is that the butterflies, for their flight, paint their faces with pollen.

"Blossoming virgin corn." The Hopis call the corn-plant "virgin" until it bears fruit. Then they call the ears its children.

and lavender against the sky. Slowly came the stars. I wondered not that Koianimptiwa was a poet.

"Koianimptiwa, will you teach me your song, just as you taught it to the men in the kivas?" We were driving across the desert, for I had begun my homeward journey, and Koianimptiwa's mules were to bring me to the camping-place where I should find friends and shelter.

The sand stretched dazzlingly before us. It seemed to breathe and palpitate like a living thing as the hot air quivered over it in layers of light. Only the desert, Koianimptiwa, and I—solitude and desert silence save for the jolting of the cart and the fresh young voice that rang out across the wastes. Again and again the Indian youth sang his song, and again and again I strove to imitate, but the subtle, shifting rhythm baffled me, and I cried at last,

"Ah, Koianimptiwa, I am stupid, and your song seems very difficult to me!"

"Yes," he answered, gently, and with something of commiseration in his tone. "It is too hard for you."

"It is not easy for Pahanas to learn the Hopi songs," I said: "is it as difficult for the Hopis to learn the American music in the schools? Do the teachers have to sing the hymns and march tunes many times?"

"No," my companion answered. "Some things we try to learn in the school are hard, like arithmetic, but the singing is all easy."

Indeed, I had myself noticed that not

Hopis only, but Indians of many tribes, have but to hear a melody once or twice to know it perfectly. Never have I found such extraordinary musical aptitude. So quickly indeed do the Indians absorb our music that I fear the coming generation will never hear the song that drifted down the trail to me at even-fall,—the poet will have vanished from the pueblo.

Morning grew noon—the sun burned, then the shadows lengthened, and still Koianimptiwa sang. He sang song after song, and again and again he sang his own, shaking an imaginary *éia* in the air, or marking the rhythm with a shrill cut of his long whip. It seemed as though the very spirit of the desert spoke through his voice.

By evening I had learned the song. The sands had grown purple, and the sun had dropped below the mountains as we neared the camp. I took Koianimptiwa's hand in parting. "I have learned your song," I said, "and I am going to take it to my home in the East. I shall sing it for my people, the Pahanas, who live near the great, great water. I want them to know that the Indian songs are beautiful. They have never heard any Hopi music; you have never seen the great waters near which my people live. The Pahanas will listen to your song, and it will be as new, as strange, as wonderful to them as the big salt ocean would be to you. And when they have listened and wondered, I will say to them: 'This is Koianimptiwa's song. May it bring rain to his fields!'"

NOTE.—For assistance in the translation of this song, and for much information regarding the Hopi Indians, I am indebted to the Rev. H. R. Voth, the eminent Hopi authority.



The Requit

BY ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK

THE room was different from the others of the house, but it was like the woman to whom it had once belonged. It was like her in the neutrality of its coloring, in the ampleness of its proportions, and in the serenity of its outlook. It held no suggestions: it was there before you, entirely without pretension, scanty in its adornments, its furnishings ponderous. It was large and light and cold. The fire on the hearth was out. It had not been lit since the woman died; in her soul the fire of life had never kindled.

As she looked down from her frame of guilt above the mantel, so she had looked out on life,—level-gazed, impassive, unchanged by conditions, unaffected by circumstances, a capable, unemotional, trustworthy woman. She had been the body, as it were, of her husband's home. But the other woman, the small mourning figure before the fireplace, had been its spirit, the soul of the risen structure. . . . And now the structure had fallen. The man was dead.

The woman before the hearth had come away from the cherished surroundings of the other part of the house because they had become intolerable to her. When she had been first established there, as the man's wife, she had hesitated to make any change, lest he, through long association with the material things about him, should feel, in their removal, a sense of loss. But their gaunt unloveliness appalled her. With the stifled feeling of a weak man in a fog, she moved among them, longing for the beauty with which she had always surrounded herself; until, unable to longer endure it, she had wrought such a change in her own apartment that the man had insisted that the work of transformation should be carried on throughout the house.

The pleasure they had had together in this work of refitting and beautifying made the woman's throat ache as she recalled

it. Only two rooms had not been touched: the woman's and the girl's,—the woman's, because it was so like her that to make any alteration whatever in it would have been as impossible as to have sought to remould the woman herself; the girl's, because it must be kept ready, unchanged, for her coming.

But the girl had never come back to it.

And now, in the library, the room they had best loved, their sanctuary, he lay at rest. For hours she had refused to leave him. Then, seized with an acuteness of agony, she had stood beside him, affrighted, as the memories of their life together bore heavily down upon her, and had fled to the other woman's room for shelter.

But the cold and unfamiliar surroundings, the closed door, and her protesting inner voices could not keep out the flood of recollections that threatened to bear her down. Before the sweeping current she felt her reason to be but a tiny, shifting island that must soon become inundated. Her terror at the thought was extreme, and she sought determinedly to beat back the waves.

"I know how you would have met it," she whispered, shivering, and meeting the calm eyes of the picture. "You would have been as rational and calm with death as you were with life. You would have been unagitated in your sorrow. You would have mourned only the considerate husband, the good man, while I . . . I mourn . . ."

The sudden muteness of her lips and the piteousness of her lifted gaze expressed the immensity of her loss. Like a shuttlecock her thoughts flew, until the regularity of their machinelike movement wearied her: back and forth, from the first time they had seen each other, from their first year together, from their later happiness, but always back again, to the silence of the library and the quiet figure there.

He had been life and the meaning of life to her. Until he came she had groped, without touching them, for the things she had been taught that life held. Her faith in them had faded. And then, suddenly, the whole of their sweetness was hers. Beneath it she had unfolded and bloomed wide like a rose. In the gray sky of her life there sprang a wonderful bow of promise, which day by day merged into fulfilment.

There had been but one rift, . . . the girl, who would welcome no usurper of her mother's place. She had gone away on her own bridal trip a week before her father's had begun, and she had never returned.

They could not tell her that the place the woman had found in the man's heart had never belonged to her mother; it was the woman's alone; she was no usurper.

"Poor little girl!" the woman had said to herself, "she does not know that whom we understand is ours forever. . . . Her mother had never understood him. He belongs to me, who do."

Then she devised plans of reconciliation between the man and his daughter, and carried them carefully to all but consummation, but in the end the girl's unchangeableness always stood in the way. Nothing availed against it. That her prejudice was not personal they both understood, for they had never seen each other. It was the old ineradicable loyalty of the child to its parent, rebelling at the presence of another where the mother had reigned. And they felt themselves helpless before it. Between the father and daughter there was an infrequent exchange of letters, . . . a last pathetic effort to keep taut the strained tie that bound them. But in the seven years they had not seen each other.

Then there came a message from the girl announcing the serious injury to her husband in an accident. It was the mere statement; her pride had kept her from making a request. But the man went to her at once. And the woman, left alone, spent days and nights rebelling at the impotency of her sympathy and her desire to be of help and comfort.

"Sorrow did not soften her heart to me," she cried, as she sat by the girl's mother's hearth; "she still shut me out.

She shuts me out even now. Because she thinks I have robbed you. If . . . if you know anything of earthly affairs, you know that I have not. Even in my heart I have never denied you what was yours, nor coveted the things which belonged to you. And now . . ." she lifted fearless eyes, "I am not afraid. If you are somewhere in God's heaven with him, still is he mine. That something which is fashioned from the very spirit of life was never yours. It is ours,—his and mine. Death, nor you, can take it away. I am not afraid." Her white lips shaped a smile, wan and sad, yet triumphant, but it lasted for only a moment, and when it was gone the pinched face looked more drawn than before, the sorrow of the eyes more profound.

The sound of wheels made the woman start. It might be the girl arriving, even then. She glanced at the clock on the desk, but it had stopped long ago. For the other woman . . . and for him—for him—there was no time; it had faded away into eternity.

She crept away to her own apartment, lest the girl should wish to come at once to the room which had been her mother's, and should resent her presence there. As she passed to her chair before the fire she glanced through the open door into the man's dressing-room. The papers on his table were just as he had left them; on his dresser there was a pair of her gloves. She had left them there the day before his sudden death, when they had come in from a drive together.

With suspended breath she passed into the room and drew the door to sharply. As she turned away, her face in a mirror arrested her. Such a short time ago he had marvelled that she had parted with so little of her youth, but there was none in the face that confronted her. Its lines were hard and deep. Time makes no such lines and scars as grief.

She sat down, with quiet locked hands, and waited for some message of the girl's arrival, if the carriage that had just stopped before the door had brought her. Presently the man's cousin Emily, who had taken temporary management of affairs for her, came in.

"Harriet has come," she said.

The woman's eyes asked their eager question.



SHE CREPT AWAY TO HER OWN APARTMENT

"I think I should not go down," the other woman answered, very gently. "She has gone in to Cousin Robert. His death seems to have brought to her a fresh sense of her mother's loss."

"Yes," said she; and then with a great wistfulness: "You will tell me at once, Emily, if there is the least sign of a readiness to see me. We need each other so!"

"Do not expect too much, dear. Her mother's people never changed in their dislikes and their prejudices. And she

is very like them. Her sense of resentment is as strong as it is mistaken."

There was a little silence between them. The heart of the man's cousin ached over the small, stricken figure, so quiet in its repression.

"Is she alone?" the woman asked.

"Yes; her husband is still in the hospital. He does not improve as they hoped. They think . . ."

"They know that he will never be well. It would be infinitely better for him, poor soul, if he could go soon. He will always



THEN THE TWO CAME OUT TOGETHER

be a suffering, helpless invalid. The surgeons told her father. She does not know yet, I think."

With added sorrow Emily Tresdell went below. When she came up again, an hour later, acute agitation contracted her broad, wholesome face, and her blue eyes were filled with tears. She crossed directly to where the woman still sat, waiting.

"Read this message. . . . It has just come."

"No! please not. I wish you to answer all the telegrams and letters for me, Emily. I am not, somehow, quite able yet to bear them."

"But it is not about Cousin Robert. . . . It is about Harriet's husband. . . . He is dead."

For a moment the woman gazed at her, awestruck. Then slowly a little cry escaped her. It was a strange sound in a house of mourning; it was so nearly like a whisper of thanksgiving.

"Now—at last—I can go to her," she said, and she passed quickly down the stairs to the room where the girl still wept beside her father. She went in and knelt beside her, stretching out a hand to her. With the other she covered the now still fingers of the man she loved.

Emily Tresdell, who had followed her, half afraid, and wondering, turned away at the foot of the stairs. From the room across the hall she heard the low voice. The soft anguished sobs of the girl interrupted it now and then, but after a while only the low voice sounded faintly from the chamber of death.

Then the two came out together, the girl drooping to the woman, and holding fast to her hand. They passed up the long stairs together to the room that had been the girl's, . . . the room she had come back to at last. They entered it together, and were there for a long time alone.

Then the woman came out softly and glided through the semidarkness of the hall toward the library. A ray of late sunlight fell through a window, and by it Emily Tresdell saw the face of the woman.

The look upon it was like the revelation of a soul, like the lighting of tapers on a cold altar, like the sudden radiance of some dim sacristy.

"I want you to know, Robert," she whispered, as she turned the handle of the door and went in to her husband. "Oh, dear one! I want you to know!"

The Message

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

THE lily whispered: "From the sod
I leap into the light;
Thou churlish clod, to doubt thy God,
Nor know the noon from night.

"Look where I lay, but yesterday,
O thou of feeble faith,—
So thou shalt climb, and soar sublime
From the swift pause of death."

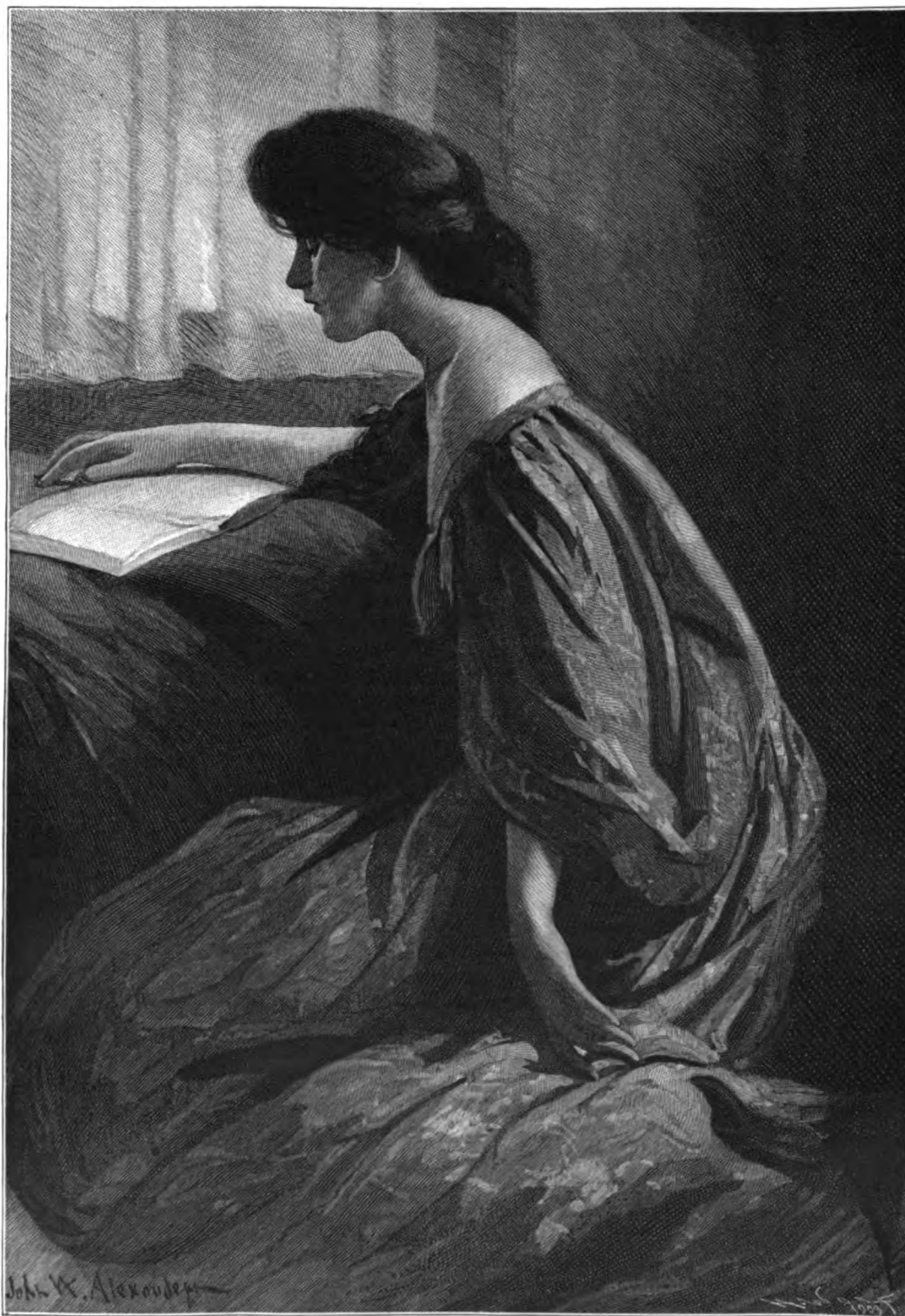
"The Quiet Hour"

MR. ALEXANDER is a compound of the new art and the old, of France mated with Japan, of the naturalist and the decorator; he is a balance of influences widely separated. Whether as portrait-painter or maker of pictures, his work conveys the feeling of being the new contemporary thing. While it carries suggestions of French taste and training, with hints of artificiality and pose, there are also a sense of line and a fondness for the sculpturesque figure. Like Rossetti, he loves to batter down tradition and to create new conventions for others to follow, but he lacks Rossetti's religious feeling and poetic passion.

Though a naturalist in his male portraits, he does not record facts with the eye of the camera, but reveals that imaginative vision which has been called "an intrigue of beauty and interest." His canvases are worked over with painstaking care, not as the detailist works to delineate buttons and boot-straps, but for harmonies of tender color and the charm of reflected light. He loves gradations of olive tints and the subtleties of gray tones.

With his portraits we need not further concern ourselves, but in a work like "The Quiet Hour" we have an expression of his uncommissioned mood, in which he is free to develop his personal taste and peculiarities to the utmost. Here we feel his haunting desire for rhythmical, evasive lines, and the search for a difficult pose to express the imaginative longing and languorous romance of the hour. He gives a mystical import to his figures. They are but symbols through which we are asked to look at something beyond. The wistful brooding revery tells of things distant, misty and obscure, and sets the mind wandering in unaccustomed paths.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"THE QUIET HOUR," BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Transmigrants

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

IT was the Life beyond all life,
It was the World all worlds beyond;
And there was neither doubt nor strife,
And there was neither bar nor bond.
For other Light than of the sun
Arose, the liliated fields to bless;
And mortal day-and-night was done,
And mortal grief and heaviness.
But two,—from earth transmigrant bound,—
The Soul of Her, the Soul of Him,—
Some broken links of Memory found,
As down they stooped to Lethe's brim.

"So thou wast not my bounden foe,
But shouldst have been, on earth, my mate;
How many times thou gav'st the blow
That sent me through the Hidden Gate!"
"And thou?—thou wast not, then, my foe,
But shouldst have been, on earth, my mate!
How, other times, thou gav'st the blow
That sent me through the Hidden Gate!"

"Once, Vestal, thou didst make the sign
That on my lips stark silence set—"
"Samnite, that dying look of thine
My soul could nevermore forget!
But thou, amidst the chariots' rush
In the great Siege didst strike me down—"
"Pucelle, thy cry no years could hush,
No clang of after-wars could drown!
Once, on the gleaming steppe I died,
Thine exile in the frosty zone—"
"The wind, that round my casement sighed,
Forever brought thy passing moan!
Once breathed on me a slanderous breath.
Within an oubliette was I pent—"
"I looked upon thy face in death.
And knew thee surely innocent!
But yesteryear,—ay, yesterday,
My life, a wreck upon thy sea,
Wide open to all ruin lay—"
"Spirit, that wrong drove sleep from me!
Thou, too!—the hour is scarcely past.
When, like a reed, thou brokst my heart,
And like a reed away didst cast—"
"For that, mine lodged this lethal dart!"

"So, thou wast not my bounden foe,
 But shouldst have been, on earth, my mate:
 No more I strike the killing blow,
 No more thy hand shall be my fate!"
 "Ay, thou wast not my bounden foe—
 Thou shouldst have been, on earth, my mate;
 But we no more to earth shall go,
 And Knowledge dawns on us too late!"

This, in the Life beyond all life,
 This, in the World all worlds beyond. . . .
 Then, Memory grew a sheathèd Knife,
 And there was neither bar nor bond!

Editor's Easy Chair.

AT the moment of this writing, everybody is hurrying into the country, eager to escape the horrors of summer in the city; at the moment when it becomes that reading we hope for, everybody will be hurrying into the city, eager to escape the horrors of summer in the country. At either moment the experiences of Florindo and Lindora should have a certain interest.

I

Florindo and Lindora are a married pair, still comparatively happy after forty years of wedded life, who have spent the part or the whole of each hot season out of town, sometimes in the hills, sometimes by the sea, sometimes in Europe. Their acquaintance with either form of sojourn, if not exhaustive, is so comprehensive that it might be cited as encyclopædic.

The first season or so they did not think of shutting up their house in the city, or doing more than taking, the latter part of August, a trip to Niagara, or Saratoga, or Cape May, or Lake George, or some of those simple, old-fashioned resorts whose mere mention brings a sense of pre-existence, with a thrill of fond regret, to the age which can no longer be described as middle, and is perhaps flattered by the epithet of three-quartering. No doubt, people go to those places yet, but Florindo and Lindora have not been to any of them

for so many summers that they can hardly realize them as still open: for them they were closed in the earliest of the eighteen-seventies.

After that, say the third summer of their marriage, it appeared to Lindora essential to take board somewhere for the whole summer, at such an easy distance that Florindo could run up, or down, or out, every Saturday afternoon, and stay Sunday with her and the children; for there had now begun to be children, who could not teethe in town, and for whom the abundance of pure milk, small fruits, and fresh vegetables promised with the shade and safety of the farm, was really requisite. She kept the house in town still open, as before, or rather half-open, for she left only the cook in it to care for her husband, and do the family wash, sent to and fro by express, while she took the second girl with her as maid. In the first days of September, when the most enterprising of the fresh vegetables were beginning to appear on the table, and the mosquitoes were going, and the smell of old potatoes in the cellar and rats in the walls was airing out, and she was getting used to the peculiar undulations of her bed, she took the little teethers back to town with her; and when she found her husband in the comfortable dimensions of their own house, with melons and berries and tender steak, and rich cream (such as never comes on pure milk), and hot and cold

baths, and no flies, she could not help feeling that he had been very selfish. Now she understood, at least, why he never failed on Monday morning to wake in time for the stage to carry him to the station, and she said, No more farm-board for her, if she knew it.

In those idyllic days, while they were making their way, and counting the cost of every step as if it were the proverbial first step, the next step for Lindora was a large boarding-house for the summer. She tried it first in the country, and she tried it next at the seaside, with the same number of feet of piazza in both cases, and with no distinct difference except in the price. It was always dearer at the seaside, but if it had been better she should not have thought it so dear. Yet, as it was dearer, she could not help thinking it was better; and there was the beach for the teethers to dig in, and there was an effect of superior fashion in the gossipers on the piazza, one to every three of the three hundred feet of the piazza, rocking and talking, and guessing at the yachts in the offing, and then bathing and coming out to lie on the sand and dry their hair.

At the farm she had paid seven dollars a week for herself, and half-price for the children; at the country boarding-house she had paid ten for herself, and again half-price for the children; at the seaside boarding-house the rate for her was fourteen dollars, and nine for the children and the maid. Everybody on the piazza said it was very cheap, but to Lindora it was so dear that she decided for Florindo that they could not go on keeping the house open and the cook in it just for him, as the expressage on the wash took away all the saving in that. If she allowed him to sleep in the house, he could pick up his meals for much less than they now cost. They must not burn their candle at both ends; he must put out his end. There was reason in this, because now Florindo was sometimes kept so late at business that he could not get the last train Saturday night for the beach, and he missed the Sunday with his family on which she counted so much. Thinking these things over during the ensuing winter, she began to divine, toward spring, that the only thing for the teethers, and the

true way for Florindo, was for her to get away from the city to a good distance, where there would be a real change of air, and that a moderate hotel in the White Mountains or the Adirondacks was the only hopeful guess at their problem. If Florindo could not come for Sunday when they were off only an hour or two, it would be no worse for them to be seven or eight hours off. Florindo agreed the more easily because he had now joined a club, where he got his meals as comfortably as at home, and quite as economically, counting in the cook. He could get a room also at the club, and if they shut the house altogether, and had it wired by the burglar-insurance company, they would be cutting off a frightful drain.

It was therefore in the interest of clearly ascertained economy that Lindora took her brood with her to a White Mountain hotel, where she made a merit of getting board for seventeen dollars and a half a week, when so many were paying twenty and twenty-five. Florindo came up twice during the summer, and stayed a fortnight each time, and fished, and said that it had been a complete rest. On the way back to town Lindora stopped for October in one of those nice spring and fall places, where you put in the half-season which is so unwholesome in the city after a long summer in the country, and afterwards she always did this. Fortunately, Florindo was prospering, and he could afford the increased cost of this method of saving. The system was practised with great success for four or five years, and then, suddenly, it failed.

Lindora was tired of always going to the same place, sick and tired; and as far as she could see, all those mountain places were the same places. She could get no good of the air, if she bored herself; the nice people did not go to hotels so much now, anyway, and the children were dreadful, no fit associates for the teethers, who had long ceased to teethe, but needed a summer outing as much as ever. A series of seasons followed, when the married pair did not know where to go, in the person of the partner who represented them, and they had each spring a controversy vividly resembling a quarrel, but which was really not a quarrel,

because the Dear knew that if it were not for the children Lindora would only be too glad never to leave their own house winter or summer, but just to stick there, year out and year in. Then, at least, she could look a little after Florindo, who had lived so much at the club that he had fairly forgotten he *had* a wife and children. The trouble was all with Florindo, anyway; he cared more for his business than his family, much; if he did not, he could have managed somehow to spend the summers with them. Other men did it, and ran down once a month, or once a fortnight, to put things in shape, and then came back.

Sleeping on a midnight view of her hard case, Lindora woke one morning with an inspiration; it might not be too much to call it a revelation. She wondered at herself, she was ashamed of herself, for not having thought of it before. Europe of course was the only solution. Once in Europe, you need not worry about where to go, for you could go anywhere. Europe was everywhere, and you had your choice of the Swiss mountains, where every breath made another person of you, or the Italian lakes with their glorious scenery, or the English lakes with their literary associations, or Scheveningen and all Holland, or Etretat, or Ostend, or any of those thousands of German baths where you could get over whatever you had, and the children could pick up languages with tutors, and the life was so amusing. Going to Europe was excuse enough in itself for Florindo to leave his business, and if he could not be gone more than one summer, he could place her and the children out there till their health and education were completed, and they could all return home when it was time for the girls to think of coming out, and the boys of going to college.

Florindo, as she expected, had not a reasonable word to say against a scheme that must commend itself to any reasonable man. In fact, he scarcely opposed it. He said he had begun to feel a little run down, and he had just been going to propose Europe himself as the true solution. She gladly gave him credit for the idea, and said he had the most inventive mind she ever heard of. She agreed without a murmur to the par-

ticular German baths which the doctor said would be best for him, because she just knew that the waters would be good for all of them; and when he had taken his cure the family made his after-cure with him, and they had the greatest fun, after the after-cure, in travelling about Germany. They got as far down as the Italian lakes, in the early autumn, and by the time Florindo had to go back, the rest were comfortably settled in Paris for the winter.

II

As a solution Europe was perfect, but it was not perpetual. After three years the bottom seemed to fall out, as Florindo phrased it, and the family came home to face the old fearful problem of where to spend the summer. Lindora knew where not to spend it, but her wisdom ended there, and when a friend who was going to Europe offered them her furnished cottage at a merely nominal rent, Lindora took it because she could not think of anything else. They all found it so charming that after that summer she never would think again of hotels, or any manner of boarding. They hired cottages, at rents not so nominal as at first, but not so very extravagant, if you had not to keep the city rent going too; and it finally seemed best to buy a cottage, and stop the leak of the rent, however small it was. Lindora did not count the interest on the purchase-money, or the taxes, or the repairs, or the winter caretaking.

She was now living, and is still living, as most of her contemporaries and social equals are living, not quite free of care, but free of tiresome associations, cramped rooms, bad beds and bad food, with an environment which you can perfectly control if you are willing to pay the price. The situation is ideal to those without, and if not ideal to those within, it is nevertheless the best way of spending the hot season known to competitive civilization. What is most interesting to the student of that civilization is the surprisingly short time in which it has been evolved. Half a century ago, it was known only to some of the richest people. A few very old and opulent families in New York had country places on the Hudson; in Boston the same class had summer houses at Nahant, or in

Pepperell. The wealthy planters of the South came North to the hotels of Saratoga, Lake George, and Niagara, whither the vast majority of the fashionable Northern people also resorted. In the West it was the custom to leave home for a summer trip, up the lakes or down the St. Lawrence. But this was the custom only for the very sophisticated, and even now in the West people do not summer outside of their winter homes to at all the same extent as in the East.

The experience of Florindo and Lindora is easily parallelable in that of innumerable other married pairs of American race, who were the primitive joke of the paragrapher and the caricaturist when the day of farm-boarding began. Though the sun of that day has long set for Florindo and Lindora, it seems to be still at the zenith for most young couples beginning life on their forgotten terms, and the joke holds in its pristine freshness with the lowlier satirists, who hunt the city boarder in the country and the seaside boarding-houses. The Florindos and the Lindoras of a little greater age and better fortune abound in the summer hotels at the beaches and in the mountains, though at the more worldly watering-places the cottagers have killed off the hotels, as the graphic parlance has it. The hotels nowhere, perhaps, flourish in their old vigor; except for a brief six weeks, when they are fairly full, they languish along the rivers, among the hills, and even by the shores of the mournful and misty Atlantic.

The summer cottage, in fine, is what Florindo and Lindora have typically come to in so many cases that it may be regarded as the typical experience of the easily circumstanced American of the East, if not of the West. The slightest relaxation of the pressure of narrow domestic things seems to indicate it, and the reader would probably be astonished to find what great numbers of people, who are comparatively poor, have summer cottages, though the cottage in most cases is perhaps as much below the dignity of a real cottage as the sumptuous villas of Newport are above it. Summer cottages with the great average of those who have them began in the slightest and simplest of shanties, progressing toward those simulacra of

houses aptly called shells, and gradually arriving at picturesque structures, prettily decorated, with all the modern conveniences, in which one may spend two-thirds of the year, and more of one's income than one has a quiet conscience in.

It would not be so bad, if one could live in them simply, as Lindora proposed doing when she made Florindo buy hers for her, but the graces of life cannot be had for nothing, or anything like nothing, and when you have a charming cottage, and have overcome all the disabilities of the country so as to be living on city terms in it, you have the wish to have people see you doing it. This ambition leads to endless and rather aimless hospitality, so that some Lindoras have been known, after keeping a private hotel in their cottages for a series of summers, to shut them or let them, and go abroad for a much-needed rest, leaving their Florindos to their clubs as in the days of their youth, or even allowing them to live in their own houses with their cooks.

III

Nothing in this world, it seems, is quite what we want it to be; we ourselves are not all that we could wish; and whatever shape our summering takes, the crumpled rose-leaf is there to disturb our repose. The only people who have no crumpled rose-leaves under them are those who have no repose, but stay striving on amidst the heat of the city, while the prey of the crumpled rose-leaf is suffering among the hills or by the sea. Those home-keeping Sybarites, composing seven-eighths of our urban populations, immune from the anguish of the rose-leaf, form themselves the pang of its victims in certain extreme cases; the thought of them poisons the pure air, and hums about the sleepless rest-seeker in the resorts where there are no mosquitoes. There are Florindos, there are Lindoras, so sensitively conscientized that in the most picturesque, the most prettily appointed and thoroughly inconvenienced cottages, they cannot forget their fellow mortals in the summer hotels, in the boarding-houses by sea or shore, in the farms where they have small fruits, fresh vegetables, and abundance of milk and eggs; yes, they even remember

those distant relations who toil and swelter in the offices, the shops, the streets, the sewers; and they are not without an unavailing shame for their own good fortune.

But is it really their good fortune? They would not exchange it for the better fortune of the home-keepers, and yet it seems worse than that of people less voluntarily circumstanced. There is nothing left for Florindo and Lindora to try, except spending the summer on a yacht, which they see many other Florindos and Lindoras doing. Even these gay voyagers, or gay anchorers (for they seem most of the time to be moored in safe harbors), do not appear altogether to like their lot, or to be so constantly contented with it but that they are always coming off in boats to dine at the neighboring hotels. Doubtless a yacht has a crumpled rose-leaf under it, and possibly the keelless hull of the house-boat feels the irk of a folded petal somewhere.

Florindo and Lindora are not spoiled, she is sure of that in her own case, for she has never been unreasonably exacting of circumstance. She has always tried to be more comfortable than she found herself, but that is the condition of progress, and it is from the perpetual endeavor for the amelioration of circumstance that civilization springs. The fault may be with Florindo, in some way that she cannot see, but it is certainly not with her, and if it is not with him, then it is with the summer, which is a season so unreasonable that it will not allow itself to be satisfactorily disposed of. In town it is intolerable; in the mountains it is sultry by day, and all but freezing by night; at the seaside it is cold and wet, or dry and cold; there are flies and mosquitoes everywhere but in Europe, and with the bottom once out of Europe, you cannot go there without dropping through. In Lindora's experience the summer has had the deceitful effect of owning its riddle read at each new conjecture, but having exhausted all her practical guesses, she finds the summer still the mute, inexorable sphinx, for which neither farm-board, boarding-houses, hotels, European sojourn, nor cottaging is the true answer.

Sometimes Florindo or Lindora is out of all patience with the summer, and in a despair which she is careful to share with Florindo, as far as she can make him a partner of it. But as it is his business to provide the means of each new condition, and hers to prove it impossible, he is not apt to give way so fully as she. He tells her that their trouble is that they have always endeavored to escape an ordeal which if frankly borne, might not have been so bad, and he has tried to make her believe that some of the best times he has had in summer have been when he was too busy to think about it. She retorts that she is busy too, from morning till night, without finding the least relief from the summer ordeal, or forgetting it a single moment.

The other day he came home from the club with a beaming face, and told her that he had just heard of a place where the summer was properly disposed of, and she said that they would go there at once, she did not care where it was.

"Well, I don't know," he answered. "There would have to be two opinions, I believe."

"Why?" she demanded, sharply. "Where is it?"

"In the other world. Fanshawe, the Swedenborgian, was telling me about it. In one of the celestial heavens—there seem to be seven of them—it appears that all the four seasons are absorbed into one, as all the different ages are absorbed into a sort of second youth. This sole season is neither hot nor cold, but has the quality of a perpetual spring-time. How would you like that?"

Lindora was too vexed with him to make any answer, and he was sorry. He too felt the trouble of the summer more than he would allow, and he would willingly have got away from it if he could. Lindora's impatience with it amused him, but it is doubtful if in the moment of his greatest amusement with her impatience he had any glimpse of that law of the universal life by which no human creature is permitted to escape a due share of the responsibilities and burdens of the common lot, or realized that to seek escape from them is a species of immorality which is unfailingly punished like any other sin, in and from itself.

Editor's Study.

I

"THE extent of a palace," says Joubert, "is measured from east to west, or from north to south; but that of a literary work, from the earth to heaven; so that there may sometimes be found as much range and power of the mind in a few pages—in an ode, for example—as in a whole epic poem. It is better to be exquisite than to be ample."

Almost it might seem that a writer has a kind of advantage from his very limitations, if these are horizontal only—such advantage as have the deaf and blind. We recall a conversation with Helen Keller in which she spoke of her life, considered with reference to opportunity, as a contracted room, but reaching to heaven—vertically infinite. The closure within narrow limits forbids distraction or diversion. The degree of imaginative power is tested in such a situation, as in the case of Hawthorne, and indeed, with very few exceptions, of all American writers before our civil war. Sometimes it has happened that the first literary work of English and other European writers has been done under like provincial limitations—the product of individual genius working under severe restrictions as to material, but with vertically unlimited range of spiritual power in the use of it, disclosing the height and depth of its meaning. The result, as compared with more discursive work, shows greater tension and is apt to fix itself as a more distinctive trait in a people's literature. Either the writer in such straits takes the material at his hand, the humanity that comes directly under his observation, like a painter depicting its familiar features, and also with deep insight disclosing its humors, passions, and amiable follies, or, like Bunyan, he ignores the actual for the sake of types, and leaps at once to the dramatic spiritual allegory. Whichever course he takes, he, in the measure of his imaginative power, develops the tension and the distinctive trait.

But a cursory glance at English literature shows that for the most part it has been made by men of the world. Every-

body of note in England has, from time immemorial, been drawn to London—the centre of art and letters, as well as of fashion, and, more than any other city, a world in itself. The English authors have not only known their London, but nearly all of them have travelled abroad. The "journey into Italy" is especially associated with these writers, from Chaucer to Mrs. Humphry Ward—so that it has become a familiar phrase, linked with a familiar habit.

It seems to us quite likely that even Shakespeare took this journey. Mr. Rolfe concedes the possibility of his having done so in those years of his life after he went to London, and of which we know absolutely nothing, suggesting particularly the opportunity afforded for such a journey when the London theatres were closed in 1593. He also draws attention to the minute accuracy of his Italian plays, distinguishing them from all others whose scenes are laid outside of England.

All these world-contacts gave lateral extension to the writer's opportunity. Absolute provincialism there could be none save for the very poor—the provincialism of the garret—really none save for the dull; for, however poor the author might be, the rare and exquisite sensibility of genius became for him the mirror of the world, in which there was a world worth beholding to be reflected, even though he was denied the advantage of travel and leisure. The man of feeling might always be in an important sense a man of the world. No spot could for him be so primitive but that it was "primal nature with an added artistry." There was no present scene which was not also rich with associations of a storied past.

Contrast this Europe with the America of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. What a sense of the difference is conveyed to us in Boughton's painting, "The Return of the Mayflower!" The isolation of the pilgrims left behind is acutely but not amply measured by the distance from home and kindred. The institutional barrenness is even more

quickly relieved than that of the stony soil. But the inspirations to literature are indeed remote. In Europe there had been the extraordinary stimulus to intellectual activity following the discovery of a new world. The enthusiasm of the renaissance which in England had its most brilliant literary reflection in the time of Elizabeth still persisted, punctuated by successive maritime adventures. But the colonists themselves had but a momentary share in the brave venture of colonization; the wave of English enthusiasm which bore them to a strange land left them there, and, whatever their share in the initial inspiration, it was soon transformed into the courage necessary to meet unusual difficulties.

Therefore it is that the beginnings of American literature are within the memories of men now living. But because of the isolation, the meagre foundation of this edifice in history and tradition, like a root out of dry ground, this literature is distinctively American. All its traits, not less than its humor, are those of the American people, and suggest the peculiar destiny which has given them their character, color, and spirit. We understand that this distinction excludes many most excellent authors—all indeed whose writings would have been essentially the same had they themselves not been Americans. We are not denying these their proper place in our literature; but, excluding them, there still remains a body of great American authors whose greatness is the more apparent because of their limitations, and whose traits are for the same reason distinctively American.

This distinction is not due to the fact that the material handled or the atmosphere of the work is American. As in the case of Irving, the writer is easily detached from his material, which itself is not veritably American, in his Kaaterskill legends or his Knickerbocker history, though when his subject is Bracedge Hall he is one with it, as the good horseman is one with his horse. The treatment of aboriginal Americans—a very unreal treatment—did not constitute Cooper a distinctively American writer. The distinction here is in the fibre rather than in the form, as when, in another field, we compare Lincoln with

Washington, Webster with Gladstone, Beecher with Bright.

In the nature of things this distinction is more apparent in fiction than in history or criticism. We cannot accord it to Poe; we cannot deny it to Hawthorne or Mark Twain. It is not apparent when we read Lowell's literary diversions or his poetry, but we cannot fail to recognize it when we catch him wholly in his native humor, as in his Biglow Papers, and in some of his prose character sketches. It is not necessarily foreign to the essay or to the poem. No one could imagine Emerson's manner as other than American, and there would be the same impossibility in the case of Walt Whitman or of Will Carleton—strange as the juxtaposition of these names must seem. Emerson is inexplicable apart from his native New England and the deep reactionary currents of its thought. He had, too, a kind of pride in native limitations, regarding foreign travel as a confession of mendicancy.

II

Our idiom—the something that is wholly our own—is not merely an idiosyncrasy, and our pride in it is not mere caprice; it is a part of our patriotism, of our national sensibility, a factor of our destiny as a people. The figure we cut in comparative literature, in so far as it is an original figure, is a very homely one, but it has that indefinable but inviolable dignity which belongs to all things native—a kind of autochthonous aristocracy. Our grasshopper ornament is as dear to us as it was to the oldest of the Athenians. Perhaps we cherish the distinctive American traits in our literature all the more because it is their inevitable tendency to be lost in a wider perspective, to become things of the past—the antics of our national repository.

In the largest perspective there can be but one literature of the English-speaking race, with no separate limbo to be styled American. In literature, as in commerce, all barriers between peoples speaking the same language and having the same destiny in the world's affairs are destined to vanish. The finest future product of American fiction could not, in any proper sense, be called "the great American novel."

We have nothing to say here of the political results of a closer Anglo-Saxon community of thought and sentiment; our concern is with the tendencies of American life and literature, due to the community of blood and language which has been operative from the beginning of our history and which now promises to yield its best fruits. The isolation of the American author—the kind of isolation which at once limited and distinguished so much of our literature even in the last generation—is a thing of the past. It is true that progress does not destroy individuality, but rather gives it full opportunity for expression, so that at the height of the Victorian era, for example, the number of instances of distinct individual literary eminence was greater than in less advanced periods. In the progress of our own literature the same fact has been illustrated, especially where there has been a notable group of contemporary authors; this kind of individuality is quite independent of any native peculiarity of environment, though such peculiarity may to some extent be preserved along with the most cosmopolitan habit, as the Shakespeare of London betrayed in his writings his Warwickshire nativity.

We cannot confidently predict that every eminent American writer of the future will show by some earmark his Americanism; we certainly have had most excellent writers in the past who have shown no such mark. Always there will be exceptional cases of isolation where the writer must deal with restricted material close at hand and his thought be tinged with its color. But the material itself changes in form and color with the general progress of culture, and the possibility of isolation grows less and less. Dialects vanish, characteristic traits dislimn, a more uniform fashion prevails. There could not be a Miss Mary Wilkins in our literature a generation hence, any more than in American life there could be such a figure as Abraham Lincoln. Progress brings much, but it takes away much that we regret. The perfection of classic form does not quite reconcile us to the loss of home-like features.

The modern classic form is something infinitely more complex, as to its content,

than the ancient. It is the ultimate fruit of all culture. Few statesmen dare to be as tolerant and cosmopolitan as the great writer of to-day must be. Gladstone, because he appreciated values not distinctively English, incurred the vehement dislike of a large body of his countrymen. American politics has always been more provincial than American literature. The general advance in culture is evident first of all and at its best in literature. Economy as to material and simplicity as to style and construction have always characterized classic productions; but economy and simplicity are comparative terms, consisting with wealth as well as with poverty. The writer who knows much of the world by actual observation and who has a wide acquaintance with the literature of the world, if he has had also deep vital experience in the struggles of the individual spirit, must have an important advantage in his appeal to readers of to-day, so many of whom have travelled widely, read and thought extensively, and felt profoundly. As extreme isolation dehumanizes, so the multiplicity of contacts should deepen as well as widen human sensibility—intellectual and spiritual. Our language has been enriched by its foreign affluents, and its capacities are most fully developed by writers who have cosmopolitan culture and sympathy. The power of a great imagination is not dissipated by the most extensive lateral opportunity.

Joubert, in the passage quoted at the beginning of this Study, had not in mind precisely the limitations which we have considered in connection with early American literature. Rather he was deprecating the voluminous literature of his time. His plea was not for poverty or restriction of material, but for its better use. "Dealers," he adds, "respect big books, but readers prefer small ones. . . . The best writers write little, because they need to reduce to beauty their abundance and wealth." Perhaps he would have been nearer to the truth if he had said that, however many books a great author may write—for surely the best authors of our time have written many—each one of these, through the economy of the writer's art, would seem to have "infinite riches in a little room."

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Hunting for an Apartment

A MONOLOGUE

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

HERE, Dicky, I'm all ready but my veil, and I'm going to let you tie it on for me.—Well, you needn't look so frightened, it won't hurt you. It's quite time you learned how, for in just one month and six days—O-o-o-h, Dicky! You'll rub all the powder off—now don't be foolish any more. I wonder when you'll get real sensible? I'll just hate you when you do—so! Now tie my veil; we haven't any time to lose. . . . No, not another one.

Now, just take the ends—no, don't pull it. Wait—wait till I get it in the middle. Goodness! It's all come off. There, now—try again. Roll the ends—oh, no, not as though you were twisting a rope. Now tie it, easy—not so loose; it feels floppy. Tighter! U-u-h-h-h! Untie it quick—I didn't know you were so stupid. . . . Well, I have—Well, just once more. . . . I'll tie it myself.—Now, I'm ready. . . .

Take Jerry? Oh no; see, he's asleep. . . . Leave him alone. . . . He's so big. . . . Well, I just want you to know, Mr. Dick, I'm not going to be bossed and made to do things I don't want to, and the sooner you understand it the better, and I'm not going to take Jerry, and— . . . [Whistles.] Oh, come on, Jerry—come on, old doggy!

Have you got the paper with those advertisements I marked? Then you've lost it. . . . Yes—yes—I did. . . . Dicky, I certainly gave it to you. . . . I don't know where you put it. . . . No, I did. . . . No, I didn't. . . . You did. . . . I'll look just to oblige you, but of course I know—Well, did you ever! Here it is on the table. I wonder how it got there—just where I left it—but I remember perfectly well giving it. Never mind, we've got it—that's the important thing.

I have about engaged that girl I spoke of. . . . No, I didn't ask her for her reference. . . . No, I didn't exactly forget it, but I think it's insulting, anyway. However, she's perfectly honest. . . . Well, if you must know, I asked her and she said she was. . . . Very well, but if she doesn't know, who does? Now, answer me that, Mr. Lawyer. . . . Yes, she's colored. Those colored girls don't seem to eat anything, and the Irish ones have awful appetites, so I would rather trust to one stealing something occasionally,

than to have a girl eating a lot all the time. You'd find in the end the colored one was the cheaper.

Oh, is this the first on the list? This is lovely. I know I shall like to live here—those cunning little carved heads over the windows. And such nice people in the house, too. . . . What do I mean? Look at those curtains on the second floor—real lace. I guess I know what kind of people live behind those curtains. Now, I'm going to do all the talking, and don't you say one word. . . . I generally do? That is polite. We are going to pretend we're married—it won't be half as embarrassing. And if you say any more rude things like that, I won't even have to intimate it. . . . Never mind, never mind. . . . You can't very well kiss



I know I shall like to live here

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What a very thin hall! It would make a lovely bowling-alley.

me here in the street. . . . Let's go in. . . . No, it's not a hint, stupid. [They enter.]

I like those palms. . . . Why, no, they're not— They are— Well, I'll feel. No, they're not real. Still, if we like the rooms, I wouldn't let that make us decide against the place.

We are looking for an apartment, my husband—why, my—just my husband and I. What have you? . . . Only one vacant? . . . Yes, of course we only want one, but I always like to see two or more, because if you haven't several to choose from, how do you know which one you want? . . . Ground-floor? . . . Have you an elevator? . . . I'm glad of that—I must have an elevator. . . . What difference does it make, if we're on the first floor, Dicky? I don't care if we don't use it—I like an elevator—I just like to know it's there if I did want to use it—so! . . . Yes, we will look at—Jerry is always under my feet, Dicky, he's so big—I said not to bring him.

Oh my! what a very thin hall! It would make a lovely bowling-alley. . . . Yes, I suppose so—the hall doesn't really matter much. As you say, you only use it to get somewhere else. . . . Yes—yes. . . . What lovely big closets! . . . What—they're bedrooms! My goodness, I—why, . . . Yes, that's true, you really only need a bedroom to sleep in, and of course you don't need light when you are asleep, and it's dark everywhere at night, anyway.

This is the dining-room? . . . I thought so, because it's too small to put a table in. . . . Oh, they make them all that way? . . . It is pretty dark. . . . Yes, that is true—yes, I suppose so— He says, Dicky, no one uses the dining-room except to eat in, and you always can find your mouth even if you can't see.

I know this is the parlor—by that mirror over the mantel-shelf. But isn't it rather peculiar having the parlor windows looking out in the back? . . . Oh, the architect wanted to have this house different from other apartments? I see. I like things a little odd, myself. But, dear me, do those people over there always have their clothes on the line? I shouldn't like that. . . . You would speak to them about it? . . . Oh, that would be all right, then. Thank you. Who lives on the next floor? Is that so? . . . How lovely to live in the same house with a real playwright! I've never seen one, but I've heard they are so quiet and refined. I said to D—to—to my husband—husband—It's so absurd, but I can't quite get used to saying "my husband," though we have been married a great many years. Well, I said as we came in I knew the right sort of people lived—why, don't, Dicky—behind those curtains. They are right over our heads, aren't they? . . . They entertain every Sunday afternoon? . . . How delightfully bohemian— Good heavens, what's that? Oh, my, I heard something smash. Why, they'll

come through the ceiling. . . . What—they're just having one of their entertainments? . . . They are singing—listen!—"There will be a hot old time." I don't think that sounds very literary. . . . Yes, I've heard geniuses are always eccentric. . . . You say it's only on Sunday? That isn't so bad. . . . Yes, it is cheerful.

Well, now, where is Jerry going to sleep? How old is he? Why, how old is he, Dicky? . . . No, I don't know exactly either—about a year, I should think. . . . Don't allow children? . . . Oh, oh—you don't understand. We're only—we aren't—we haven't—Jerry's the dog! What's the rent of this apartment? Strange you should have to go to find out.

Well, you might have said something, Dicky. I never was so embarrassed in my life. . . . I know I said I wanted to do all the talking, but it came to such a dreadful—Hush! here's the man.

Well? . . . The apartment is already rented! Then why did you show it?—Dicky, he's looking very strangely at us—do you think it was about Jerry?—It's as well, for my hus—husband and I have just decided we would not care to take the place anyway. I don't like the way the wall-papers are arranged. If you could take this one and put it in the parlor, and put the parlor in the dining-room, and— Oh, of course, I know you couldn't do it—that's why I said it.—Good afternoon.

. . . . We wouldn't have been any better off if I had let you talk, Dicky. Now, you just trust to me—I know how to manage. I am sorry about that place, though—the lovely entrance and the palms, those cunning stone heads over the windows, and the elevator—. . . . Well, never mind; suppose I *did* want to ride up in that elevator, wouldn't I be glad it was there? . . . I can't help it; whenever I see a place without an elevator it makes me feel—well, funny, sort of.

This is the next place? . . . Red brick—I hate red brick, and that gray-stone house next to it makes it look cheap. Goodness, what a stuffy little entrance! and a mat with "Welcome" on it.—I don't think this is very pleasant, waiting so long to get in. If we had to do this every time— We will look at the apartment you advertised to rent. We have really almost decided on another place—they were very anxious to have us. My hus—husband and I are quite satisfied where we are, in fact, but— What floor is your apartment on? . . . The sixth floor? Then of course you haven't an elevator? . . . I might have known it—isn't that just the way? Now at that other place the nicest elevator, with one of those long seats, with a lovely red-plush cushion all fastened down with those little red buttons, on the first floor, and here no elevator and the flat on the roof! Of course we sha'n't

take it, but I suppose we may as well look at it. It gets me so out of breath, Dicky, climbing stairs. . . . Excuse me, my belt is not tight—it isn't the fashion any more.

Would there be any one over our heads to entertain? . . . I forgot—the top floor. Well, then, we could annoy the people below us. How little the rooms are! . . . Yes, they are light. . . . That's true—it doesn't take so much carpet and things to furnish these small rooms, and it makes a difference when one is buying everything at once— Of course, I mean—we have been married a number of years, and we are sort of looking for a flat for a kind of friend of mine who is thinking of being married, and—and—well, we thought we might furnish it for her.

The rooms certainly *are* very small. . . . Folding things? . . . Oh, yes, I suppose so. . . . Have they, really? A folding dining-table, and it makes a wardrobe when it shuts up? But how annoying it would be if you were giving a dinner and it should start in to be a wardrobe and throw your gowns all over your guests!—and, on the other hand, suppose while it was a wardrobe it should start in to be a dining-table and spill soup all over your clothes! I know all about those folding things—they get so in the habit of folding they can't stop it. A friend of mine lived in the country—though I never could imagine why on earth she did: they had plenty of money and there was no earthly reason— Well, anyway, she got one of those ironing-board step-ladder arrange-



They are singing—listen!

ments. When they got up on the ladder to put up a picture or curtain— Dicky, do you remember those pretty curtains? . . . Why, yes, you do—those white ones with the dot and ruffles. . . . I can't understand your forgetting about those curtains—they were so pretty. I believe I'll write Margaret and ask her where— Oh yes! Well, they would just get up to fix the curtains, when it would start to be an ironing-board and drop them right down. And sometimes when the girl was ironing it would begin to be a ladder, and the flat-irons would fly all over the place. And then they got afraid of it and put it up in the attic, and every stormy night it would have a sort of spasm and begin turning itself into a step-board and ironing-ladder—I mean— Well, it really has nothing to do with this apartment anyway.

Where are we going to put Jerry—Jerry's the dog; we can't fold him. . . . Yes, he is big, but he can't help it. . . . The people down-stairs keep their dog under the refrigerator? Oh, no, we never could do that with Jerry—he wouldn't stand it a minute.

We think so much of Jerry, he came to us in such an odd way. My hus—husband—I mean Mr. Phelps—was detained down-town very late one night—it was business—and he did not leave his office till about two o'clock at night— Why, Dicky, why shouldn't I tell?—Just as he got to the Elevated station he met some friends and they insisted on giving him Jerry. It did seem so strange to give any one such a large dog at that time of night—or morning,

rather. Well, Jerry being so big, he couldn't be taken on the Elevated, so Mr. Phelps tried to drag him back of a surface car, but Jerry *wouldn't* drag, and his poor feet began to get all worn off. Then Mr. Phelps stood on the front platform and tried to drive Jerry—but it was no use, he *wouldn't* drive. So Mr. Phelps had to walk all the way up to 145th Street with Jerry; and when he got up to his apartment, and his mother—Mr. Phelps's mother—heard Jerry bark and saw how big he was, she wouldn't let him come in. And Mr. Phelps had to walk up and down the street with him for the rest of the night, and in the morning took him to a livery-stable— It was a livery-stable, wasn't it, Dicky—or was it the butcher?—So you can see why we think so much of Jerry!

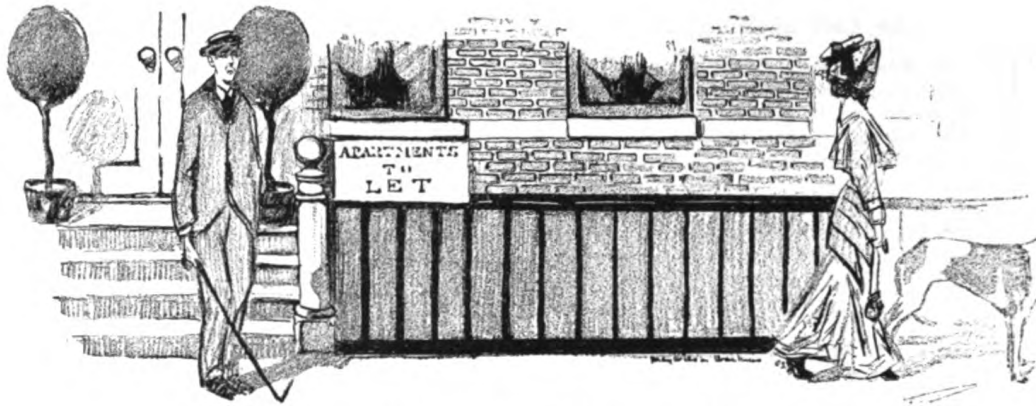
Now, I like this apartment for many reasons. Of course it is high up, and the rooms are small, and there is no steam, and no elevator, but, as you have explained, all these things have their advantages. What is the rent? . . . Is that all? My! I wouldn't live in a place that didn't charge more than that. . . . Yes, I know, but the price—goodness! it's dreadful. . . . You think they could make it a little more? . . . No, even so we couldn't decide at once—I would want a day or so to think it over. . . . I sha'n't see Mr. Phelps to-night, or to-morrow night either. I—I—we—we— I don't see him every night— I may as well own up, we are just pretending to be married.—Will you inquire if they could raise the rent? Thanks. Cheap, Dicky—that's just it. Don't use the word. I hate it.

. . . Of course, dear, I know we're going to be poor. I like it—I'm glad of it—but if we do have to live in such a horrid little—I mean cozy little place, I should feel better if we paid a little more rent. . . . I'm not surprised that you don't understand—men never do. . . . Hush; here he comes—you wait for me on the floor below—I'll bargain with him and make him come up in his price. Run along—there's a dear.

. . . What did you say? The apartment is already rented? Then what do you mean by showing it to us? . . . None but married—respect—I don't know what you mean, but you are a perfectly dreadful man—Jerry, quick, come.



We are just pretending to be married



I don't care; it wasn't my fault

Oh, here you are, Dicky. I decided it wouldn't do at all—I would rather die than live in this house now. . . . No, I've just changed my mind, that's all. Let's hurry out of here.

So this is number three. . . . I don't like that doctor's sign on the first floor. It makes me feel as though the place wasn't healthy. Then, again, it would be handy in case Jerry was sick. I just hate these feet-scraping arrangements at the door—they are so old-fashioned. I suppose we may as well go in, but I know I sha'n't like it. Goodness! palms again—I'm tired to death of them.

Have you an apartment to rent? . . . You have? . . . Are you perfectly sure it is not already rented? . . . We will look at it. . . . Yes, it is a nice entrance, but you can't live in an entrance. . . . You have an elevator? . . . I'm beginning to think they are not sanitary—they collect dirt. What floor is the apartment? . . . The second? Then it really is no advantage having an elevator anyway—only one flight. . . . Do you object to Jerry? Jerry's the dog. . . . You have a playground for dogs and a man to shampoo them? . . . Why, yes, I suppose it is nice, but it's a peculiar arrangement. What a wide hall! . . . All the rooms light and good size? That does seem strange. . . . What about the people overhead, do they entertain? . . . Wha—what—

just an old man with paralysis? I never heard of an old man having paralysis alone in an apartment. . . . Why, no, I suppose there is no reason why he shouldn't, but—Is he very quiet about it—does he pound on the floor, or sing "There will be a hot old time"? . . . Electric lights and you don't have to pay for them? Well, Dicky, I don't see but we will have to take this place—I can't find any objection to it. What is the rent? . . . I should think that was reasonable.

I may as well explain at once—we had so much trouble at the other places—that we are not even pretending we are married. But we are going— . . . You are not sure about the rent? Well, go and see, please.

It does seem too good to be true, for I'm so tired out I can't look at another place. . . . Well, I can't help it. I'm just worn out and— Here he comes. . . .

Well? . . . What! The apartment is rented? I thought it was when I came in! I shouldn't take it anyway, under any circumstances. I don't like the idea about the dog's playground. Good afternoon.

. . . I don't care; it wasn't my fault; and it wouldn't have been any different if you had done the talking. I'm all tired out—and I didn't know it was such an awful trouble and fuss to get married—and I just hate you—so!—and I'm just going home to my mother and stay there. So! Come, Jerry!

The Angel of Silence

BY KATHARINE L. FERRIS

AT eventime when the skies are red
And the sun drops into the sea,
The children's bodies go to bed
And their little souls are free.

In twos and threes they come trooping
down,
Like flocks of shepherdless sheep,
Out of the portals of Wake-a-Day town
To the twilit Valley of Sleep.

And there the Angel of Silence stands—
To bear them away and away
Beyond the bounds of the Usual Lands
Far from the country of Day.

And once past the cave where the Night-
Mares wait
And the witch-fires of fancy gleam,
The Angel of Silence throws open the gate
To the Land of the Beautiful Dream.

The Earl of Dunoon

"I MUST admit," he said, in a pained tone, "that I may be the Earl of Dunoon."

We had got to be quite friendly in the course of the run eastward from San Francisco; and that evening we had been talking away steadily, quite to ourselves in the smoking-lobby, for more than two hours. His knowledge of the world, and of men and things generally, had so interested me in him that at last I plumped out the plain question: "Would you mind telling me who you are?"

His answer to my question, and still more the tone in which he made it, gave me so clearly to understand that I had made a break that I did not see my way to an immediate reply. He did not wait for one. After a moment of silence he continued: "If you care to hear it, I'll tell you the whole story. It is worrying me badly just now, and talking about it a bit will ease my mind. But as there's a good deal of it, and as it's very perplexing in places, we'd better light fresh cigars."

So we lighted fresh cigars, and he went ahead.

"My grandfather, the Earl, you know, had a large family—eighteen in all, including three sets of twins. My father, unluckily, belonged to the last set. Being accustomed to twins by that time, an unfortunate carelessness left in uncertainty whether my father or his twin brother actually came first into the world—and that was the way that my present troubles began. They were complicated by my grandmother. That lady had pronounced views as to the unfairness of the law of primogeniture. She brought a very large fortune into the family—the estates attaching to the Earldom are insignificant—and by her will she left the whole of that fortune to the male heir next in succession to the inheritor of the title. She said that that would make things even and fair.

"The younger sons were scattered over the world in the usual way. My father came to America. His twin brother went to Australia. As children they always did the same thing at the same time. As men they kept up the habit. They were married on the same day. Then their wives fell into line and continued the tradition—until January, 1863. I was born on the 9th of that month in Cheyenne; but my first cousin was born on the 10th in Sydney. My mother and my aunt were quite put out about it, although my father and my uncle did all that could be done to make them feel that they were not to be blamed.

"Suddenly, a couple of years ago, all the senior members of our family died: my grandfather, the Earl, of gout; his son, the heir apparent, of influenza; his son, the heir presumptive, of measles; my father and his twin brother, of cerebro-spinal meningitis, on the same day; and three of my unmarried uncles, of gun-shot wounds, in South Africa. The remaining children of my grandfather

being girls, these several deaths resulted in bringing the two lines of succession—to the poverty-stricken Earldom and to the great fortune bequeathed by my grandmother—to my first cousin and myself.

"Then the priority of birth of my cousin or of myself—there being no way to determine the priority of birth of our respective fathers—became a matter of vital importance. It seemed simple, as the dates of our births were a day apart—until our family solicitor, a most cautious man, raised the question of precedence of birth in actual time, irrespective of the arbitrary laws of longitude. The exact moment of birth of my cousin and of myself then came up for consideration. In each case the moment seemed to be fixed with an absolute precision. My father, who was at the head of the meteorological bureau in Cheyenne, was accustomed to set his watch, a chronometer, daily by time telegraphed from Washington. He was known to be habitually accurate; and his habitual accuracy was evidenced by his entry of my birth in our family Bible as occurring on January 9 at 3h. 17m. 34 4-5s. P.M. My uncle, of course, was of an equally accurate habit; and in his family Bible my cousin's birth was entered as occurring on January 10 at precisely 10 o'clock in the morning—to which he added the note that the town clock of Sydney was striking that hour at the moment when my cousin was born.

"Now you may not have been forced, as I have been forced, to consider the matter of time as governed by longitude; and I therefore will explain that in actual time, irrespective of longitude, the recorded births of my cousin and myself corresponded to the very fraction of a second. That vindicated the claim of my mother and of my aunt that they always did the same things at the same time, just as their husbands did. But it did more than that. It threw the succession to the title and to the estate into hopeless confusion by placing on an exact parity the rights of my cousin and myself to inherit either the Earldom or our grandmother's fortune.

"The matter was dealt with by the English courts without result. Then it was turned over to a commission, appointed by the House of Lords, consisting of the Astronomer Royal of England, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, and a captain of the London police—the third member being added to the commission because his absolute ignorance of the subject to be considered would make him absolutely impartial as a referee.

"The one point to be determined—after careful investigation had led the commission to decide that my father's time entry was correct—was whether the town clock of Sydney, on January 10, 1863, was right or wrong. The Astronomers Royal agreed, more than a year ago, that the clock was right. But the police captain—who said that while he knew nothing about astronomy he did know a great deal about the general

inaccuracy of town clocks—steadfastly has refused to sign their report. In one way, of course, his refusal is immaterial—since his agreement with the Astronomers Royal simply would leave the question of priority precisely where it was at the start.

“Our one hope of a settlement is that the captain's views about the inaccuracy of town clocks in the end may prevail. It is possible that that happy ending of the matter already has come to pass. Just before I left San Francisco I received a telegram from London to this effect: ‘Commission has agreed on final report.’ When I get to Cheyenne, to-morrow morning, I expect to find awaiting me another telegram that will set the whole painful matter at rest.”

I expressed the sincere interest that I really felt in this curious story, and we separated for the night to our quarters in adjoining cars. Cheyenne was our breakfast stop. I hurried out from the train and looked for the Earl eagerly among the alighting passengers. I did not see him, and applied to the Pullman conductor for information. The conductor, after thinking for a moment, informed me that the person for whom I was inquiring had left the train, about midnight at Laramie. The conductor was unable—as I am—to tell more.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

Lil Brown Feet

O VEH de san'-hill, undeh de pine,
Lil brown feet am roamin';
Tangled en tohn in de brachehhy vine—
Cooled in de mill race foamin'.
Off wheh de wil'est ob blossoms grow
Chasin' det tiny hummeh;
Neveh a keeh or tr'uble dey know—
Free es de win's ob summeh.

Lil brown feet, lil brown toes,
Oveh de sweet wil' mint dey goes;
Oveh de hillside, undeh de tree,
Dem lil brown feet so happy en free.

Up fum de lowlan's, up fum de swamp,
Es de ol' sun am loweh,
Lil brown feet so weahy fum romp
Pattin' sloweh en sloweh.
But soon dem lil feet roll up in bed
Dess lak a lil brown bundle,
De moon man see, when he rise so red,
Lil brown feet in de trundle.

Lil brown feet! two ob a kind.
Who am de owneh? Nebbeh yo' mind;
Sum day dey'll follow de paff ob de plough,
'Stead ob de paff dey's followin' now.

VICTOR A. HERMANN.



The Correct Thing

“Why, my dear fellow, I'm surprised to see you wearing that striped coat. Plaid is the correct thing this season!”



A Canine Aviary

"Why do you keep poor Rover in a cage?"
 "He's a bird-dog, you know!"

What She Called It

MARGARET is still a few months under three years of age, but she is old enough to be observant and to put two and two together. For a good part of her short life her father has been away from home, and she has more familiarity, therefore, with letters and letter-writing, probably, than most little girls. She had never been permitted to use ink, but had often watched the older ones writing with it and using the blotter. The other day she was writing as usual with a pencil, or making the marks on the paper which she calls writing, when she saw a blotter lying on the desk out of her reach. Of course she wanted it, but she did not know the name of it. She thought about it a little, and then said, "Daddy, give me that, please."

"Give you what?" asked her father.

She pointed a fat finger at the blotter and replied, "Give me that ink napkin."

Down to the Crossroads Store

BY HENRY EDWARD ROOD

YOU can talk about yer Congressmen,
 An' Senators and such,
 Debatin' daown t' Washin'tun
 In a way to beat the Dutch;
 Wavin' their arms wild in the air,
 And stampin' on th' floor—
 But the place where things gits *settled*
 is

Daown to the Crossroads store.

We gather there 'most every night
 When all the work is through,
 An' sorter glance the kentry o'er,
 Takin' a bird's-eye view
 Of politics, diplomacy,
 Religion, crops; and soar
 To patriotic heights—you bet!—
 Daown to the Crossroads store.

When Russia gits a leetle fresh,
 Or England throws a bluff,
 Or Germany shoots off some more
 Retaliation stuff;

Or Turkey holds her fingers to
 Her snubby, turn-up nose,
 Wigglin' 'em in the direction
 Yor Uncle Samyel goes—
 We ca'mly takes the matter up,
 Prepared fer peace 'r war;
 Don't keer much which, when we gits riled
 Daown to the Crossroads store.

Sometimes our argymints grow hot,
 An' Deekin Brown rips out
 A good old cuss-word, like "Gol darn
 Whut Italy's abaout!"
 Then Granpop White jumps from his cheer
 An' grabs an ole axe-helve.
 "By gum!" he squeaks, "that's whut we
 done
 'Way back in Eighteen-twelve!"

You can believe the eagle screams,
 An' cannons crash an' roar,
 When we're settlin' mighty questions
 Daown to the Crossroads store.



Illustration for "The Wedding Guest"

See page 673

"DON'T TOUCH ME NOW"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Industrial Education in the South

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

SOME aspects of cotton-mill life in the Southern States are depressing enough, but the picture as a whole is by no means so dismal as it is often painted. Its unfavorable features had their origin partly in conditions long antecedent to the development of cotton manufacture in these States, and in some part they are due to the extraordinary rapidity of that development. Naturally the promoters of the industry were at first mainly concerned with its financial success; but for some years not a few of them have with equal seriousness been grappling with the moral issues involved.

Thirty years ago the capital invested in all the mills from Virginia to Texas would not have aggregated three million dollars; to-day it approaches 150 million. The increase has been greatest in the last half of the period, and the immense labor supply has been drawn, not from foreign immigrants nor the large number of negroes at hand, thousands of them without occupation, but from a particular element of the native white population, the most backward, the most unfortunate, of the white citizenship of the South. In part they have been up-country people, venturing forth uncertainly from the poverty, ignorance, and isolation of their mountain cabins; in part the tenant farmers of the cotton belt or the wire-grass, men who each year made the land they rented poorer and themselves no richer, willing to exchange their hap-

azard labor of the field and a measure of independence for the steady work and steady wages of the factory. The transference of so large a body of people, largely illiterate, from the most primitive of rural surroundings to the peculiar environment of the cotton-mill could not but bring to them perils, physical and moral, and to their employers difficulties, and doubtless temptations, not always justly appreciated by observers from the outside. In any suddenly effected social or economic change it is inevitably the weakest who must suffer from its disadvantages, and in this particular case the weight of injury has fallen upon childhood. It is difficult, when once the eye is arrested by this fact, to extend the view beyond it, and to perceive that in reality mill life is a step in the slow ascent of a backward class towards civilization and culture.

The newer mill plants, as a rule, have the best attainable equipment, reducing the operative's labor to a minimum, abundant light and air, good sanitary conditions, and fairly comfortable houses for their employees. Many of them maintain schools of considerable efficiency at the expense of the corporation, some amusements are provided, and the general welfare of the operatives is carefully looked after. Usually there is an admirable spirit of good-will and confidence existing between management and people. So much commendation cannot always be

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THE LITTLE ARMY KNOWN AS "DINNER-TOTERS"

given. At some of the older plants the housing is poor, the sanitation bad, the moral conditions deplorable. Everywhere wages are reasonably good, at least when compared with those paid in some other employments, and the work affords training not only in a special industry, but in the habit of occupation,—both of value to laborers unskilled in the one and largely undisciplined to the other. The hours of labor in some States are limited to sixty-six a week; in some they have reached as high as seventy-two. Recent laws have fixed the age at which children may be employed at twelve years, except in Georgia and Mississippi, where the matter is still left to the discretion of the parents and the humanity of the mill-owner. So far as educational advantages are concerned, all these States have free county schools, running, as a rule, four or five months in the year; the public schools of the larger towns and cities have of course a term of nine months, but in mill communities located either in town or country it is generally the case that most of the chil-

dren who should be in school are at work in the mills, taking care of younger children at home, or running the streets in idleness. In some localities women's clubs, church societies, or private charity forestalls in a measure the evils of later years by giving to the little ones the saving influences of the kindergarten; and the city of Augusta has set a shining example by making the kindergarten in her mill district a part of the public-school system, paying the expenses of one of her ablest teachers also while studying manual training and social-settlement work in the North with reference to the peculiar needs of this same district.

When it comes to the consideration of the mill operative's part in this matter of progress, the study becomes more complex. Factory people are by no means homogeneous, but differ as widely as do those in other walks of life. In general, however, they fall into three grades. Lowest of these is that shiftless, immoral class who seem to be a survival from the nomadic age of the race. They rove from

State to State, from mill to mill, from one street of the mill village to another, serving no useful purpose beyond the day's labor under the eye of the factory boss,—often a positive moral evil, and employed at all only because of the scarcity of better labor. Much removed from these is that body of thrifty, self-respecting, and intelligent, if sometimes uneducated, workers who in the course of time buy homes outside the mill grounds, make possible the work of the local churches, and educating their children, see them enter employments higher than their own in the social estimate. Between these two extremes lies the great middle class, which constitutes both the opportunity and the responsibility of the enlightened mill-owner and the unselfish settlement worker. Few if any of this class will ever rise superior to their personal disabilities without the direct aid of men and women higher than themselves in the social scale. It is not merely that many of them are illiterate; to this must be added an ignorance of the

simplest domestic arts, of the ordinary laws of health, and of the world at large that is almost beyond belief. Often a woman of this class cannot cut a garment or sweep a floor; her husband has never conceived of any other social organism than that of which his factory boss is the head; and they and their children are diseased in body and stunted in mind even less from their labor in the mill than because of wretchedly cooked food, uncleanness, and the unlimited use of snuff and tobacco almost from infancy. As an offset to all this one often finds among them a shrewd humor, willingness to learn, loyalty to employers, and unimpeachable honesty. Often, too, there are mechanical aptitudes, which one may almost regard as an inheritance from the time when the manufactured products of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia exceeded in value and variety those of all New England, before the spread of slavery had stifled manufacturing enterprise and bound up the fortunes of the South with those of a single institution.



NEATNESS AND CLEANLINESS ARE TAUGHT

The mechanical aptitudes just noted, together with the general indifference to education among these people, suggest one direction which the forces intended for their help might profitably take. Since their homes are so comfortless, why not instruct them in the ordinary domestic arts which lie at the foundation of all wholesome and peaceful living? Since their children are so little attracted by the routine of book study, why not awaken their intelligence first by the training of hand and eye, and give the knowledge obtained from books some useful connection with the interests of daily life? These questions have been occasionally asked, but the practical response to them has been rare and inadequate. The child of the Southern cotton-mill—as well as the poor child outside it, whether white or black—remains untaught in that which he needs most and to which, if rightly presented, he would give readiest response. The one effort, therefore, to supply this lack, which has taken fully organized form, is worthy of particular attention both in its methods and in its present and possible results. Two years ago the city of Columbus, Georgia, opened its Primary Industrial School for the factory children, the only one of its kind in the South, and the first in the United States to be organized as a part of a public-school system independent of the uses of a training-school for teachers.

The school had its inception partly in the public sentiment for the betterment of the factory children created by the excellent work of the Free Kindergarten Association maintained by a number of ladies in the town, partly in the enterprising spirit of Mr. Carleton B. Gibson, superintendent of the public schools. The immediate aim of the institution was to reach by means of a night school mill operatives of any age who would be willing to attend, and in its day sessions the little army of children known as "dinner-toters," to whom the public schools were unavailing because for several hours in the day—from about ten till two o'clock—these children had to help prepare and carry to the mills the midday meal for the other members of the family. By establishing a school which should have an early morning session and another late in the afternoon, these boys and girls

could be provided for. Also, in a school like this the experiment of industrial education could be tested to a better advantage than in the ordinary schools. The means for housing the school and for its equipment for three years were furnished by Mr. George Foster Peabody. The principal was called to his present position from the summer school of the Chicago University, where he was aiding with the manual training. He brought with him two assistants, one a trained kindergartner, the other a public-school teacher of experience. It may be said here that of the 105 pupils registering the first three months for the day school, and ranging in age from six to sixteen years, not one could read even in the simplest primer; and the members of the night school, the oldest being sixty-five years of age, were in but little better case.

The only house available in the mill district for the new enterprise was a two-story wooden building, which long before had degenerated into a factory tenement-house, when this ceased to be a residence portion of the town. The 84 pupils who gathered there that September morning were at least not embarrassed by any unfamiliar grandeur of cleanliness and order, but had found at last an institution which met them on their domestic level of discomfort and uncomeliness.

The two hours of ordinary school-room work arranged for the forenoon were soon established, and for some months opportunity for the industrial work of the afternoon sessions was found in the necessary repairs and furnishing of the different parts of the house. The equipment for the manual-training room had come, and, with the aid of some pupils of the night school, floors were relaid or calked, roofs mended, and windows set with glass. Besides the plain shelving immediately necessary, the pupils have since constructed mouldings, the fittings of cabinets, artistic racks for the dining-room, bookcases, etc., until each room is a model of convenience as well as of simple beauty. When it was nearly time for the Christmas party, the boys measured, cut, and put down the matting for the one room in the house whose floor was to be covered, and the older girls had so far advanced in the sewing lessons as to be allowed to make the white muslin cur-



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

A CLASS IN DRAWING

tains which, inexpensive as they were, were to give such an unimagined daintiness to the spotless windows. Long before this the pupils had been allowed to unpack the trunks and boxes which arrived from time to time, and to dispose of their contents as their teacher, Mrs. Neligh, suggested. Nothing could have been more charming than the children's wonder at the books—whose number, not very striking, seemed to them beyond all computation—and their delight in the pictures, the ornaments, the delicate china, and the few choice bits of pottery. Again and

again a little girl would hug some article ecstatically to her breast, and it is safe to say that the marble Psyche and the sofa pillow with the pretty young lady's head on it are still kissed and fondled just as they were on the day of their first appearance. Thus from the beginning the children were led to feel a sense of possession in the house and all it contained. Nothing has been put under lock and key, nothing forbidden them. For their little feasts the choicest things in the china-closet have been freely used, and after two years not one piece has

been so much as chipped, nor the most insignificant article in all the equipment of the house, to these starved little natures so marvellous and so beautiful, been carried away. Nothing could better illustrate their honesty. If one feels compelled to add that pilfering from the dinner-baskets piled in the back yard on the return from the mills sometimes occurs, the offence seems no real discount on their good principles, and almost venial when one learns that each child has to secure his own dinner from the fragments left after the hunger of the toilers in the mill has been satisfied.

A most interesting result of the children's share in the furnishing and arrangement of the different parts of the house has been their perception of the fact—grasped very slowly—that in a properly appointed dwelling certain rooms are to be used for certain purposes, and not in any haphazard fashion that indolence or indifference might suggest. To

every newcomer it is at first inexplicable that Mr. and Mrs. Neligh should have a special room in which to receive their visitors, another to sleep in, and a kitchen that is not a place to eat in as well. Similarly, the discovery of the appropriate furnishing for different rooms, the proper fittings for bed, bureau, sideboard, etc., has never lost its charm. Following this perception has come, almost with no formal instruction, the idea that a difference in apartments suggests a difference in one's personal appearance when engaged in each. When people gather in the pretty room that has in it the books and piano and the beautiful marble lady, they must themselves look as well as they can. When one helps to cook, one must have clean hands and nails as the teacher has, must cover one's head with a white cap, and protect one's dress with a large apron. Since a bed is something to be so carefully supplied with two sheets and a white spread, since its pil-



EXERCISES IN THE SCHOOL YARD



A LESSON IN PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPING

lows must be so spotless and so exactly placed, then one should not sleep in the soiled garments worn through the day, but in a night-dress made and kept clean for the purpose.

It need not be inferred from this that the path of the teachers has been altogether an easy one. To the difficulties which might naturally have been anticipated have been added others which the suspicion and prejudice of an inferior social level are prone to create. When the first cooking lesson was announced there was an unexpected mutiny,—“We didn’t come here to do you-all’s cookin’!” The violence of the refusal grew out of the idea that certain forms of labor done for another are dishonoring. It was all right to hire one’s self in a cotton-mill, but for one white person to cook or to wash clothes for another was to sink to the level of an inferior race. So the first laundry lessons waited the time when the children’s own white caps and aprons

should become soiled, and only the teacher’s tact and good humor conducted the earliest demonstrations in cooking safely through from the mixing of ingredients to the serving of the finished product by Mrs. Neligh herself to the pupils seated around the dining-room table. Since then, lessons in these two branches have grown in popularity, and no privilege is more prized by the children than taking home with them some dish of their own composition, or serving the refreshments prepared by themselves when their parents come to the social evenings which have become such an important feature of the school.

Pottery and basket-making are also very popular. Clay for the former was obtained by the children during one of their field lessons from a neighboring hillside, was precipitated under Mr. Neligh’s direction, and the articles made from it baked in the kitchen kiln. The rows of knobby little jars used by the



A POPULAR LECTURE FOR THE PARENTS

pupils for washing their brushes during the painting lessons may not be very artistic, but they have served in addition to other good ends the very excellent one of sending these boys and girls back to the habits of their ancestors in making use of materials close at hand instead of thinking everything needed must be purchased ready-made at a store. The work in basketry has resulted in some really beautiful productions, and has been directly serviceable in strengthening weak muscles and in helping to correct the stooping postures almost universal. For, of all the pupils enrolled since the opening of the school—and owing to the peculiar habits of mill people the number has been double what it would have been in any other school—not one physically normal child has been found, and the correction of physical defects has been matter for constant care. Better habits of cleanliness, free-hand gymnastics, given every fine day in the shaded front yard have done much to improve the general health and spirits of the pupils.

A valuable adjunct to the school equipment have been the two gardens, both overrun with weeds and nutgrass when first acquired, but being gradually put into good shape, and already yielding a fine supply of vegetables. These the children take away with them,—a much-needed incentive to their parents to cultivate the garden-plots around their homes. Window-gardening is also taught; and the long piazzas of the building are bordered with the boxes which the boys constructed from some rough timber given by one of the mills, filled with properly prepared soil, and planted with vines and annuals. The children are to see these grow and blossom, for the school, like the mill, takes no summer vacation. Throughout the hot months the two-hour morning session is held, partly because there are always some pupils who want to come, but largely because the management is unwilling to lose any of the hold upon the community acquired at such pains.

Does one wonder that the school dare

risk no loss of influence? One must remember its constituency is made up of men and women to whom the mill is the one all-inclusive fact of life—its authority the one law; its signals of toil and release, and not the rising or setting of the sun, that which marks the coming and passing of the days; its wages the price of existence; its narrow aisles, vibrating ever with the roar and crash of machinery, the final destiny of every child born within their homes. Is it to be wondered at that to these toilers the mild authority of the school should seem of little consequence, its natural life of simple industry and innocent relaxation a trivial or far-off thing, its lovely appeal to eye and ear and heart almost meaningless? At least by a few that appeal has been heard, its meaning in a measure grasped and recognized as gracious. Touching have been the proofs that this is so. Families moving away to other mills, when the breaking of two dams sent them elsewhere for employment, return at the first opportunity because the children are "pinin' after" the school. A feeble old man comes from the other end of the town when his long day of toil is over and brings some small gift in token of his gratitude for what the teachers have done for his grandchildren. An old woman who in the first month of the school brings about the withdrawal of twenty-two pupils because, as she convinces their parents, "they've been thar better'n two weeks an' ain't learnt to read an' write," is induced at last to attend one of the evening meetings for parents, to inspect the rooms, and to see for herself the real work of the pupils. Shrewd and honest, she sees her mistake and confesses it, and coming again and again, the hungry cry of her heart bursts into utterance: "Oh, Mis' Neligh, I ain't never been inside a rich person's house, an' never seen no finery of no kind 'tel I seen it here. If the good Lord was able to do such a thing for a po' old woman like me that ain't never knowed nothin' but hard work all my life, I'd ask Him please to let me be born agin, an' git the chance of goin' to this here school an' growin' up diff'unt. An' if such a thing could happen, Mis' Neligh,"—tears flowing down her yellow cheeks,—

"I'd do my best to grow up as nigh like you as I could."

The next step, slow in its coming, but sure, will be the appearance in these people's homes of something of the order and grace of the school, which represents to them not a school at all as they think of schools, but the beautiful home which all their lives they have regarded as the peculiar prerogative of the rich. Some reproduction of its features one may even now see in a few of the lowly homes around it. White muslin curtains patterned after those at the school windows have here and there displaced those of coarse lace, tawdry and dust-begrimed; geranium slips brought home by the children are blossoming scarlet. Books are here also, not indeed by right of ownership, but borrowed from the school library,—little books with colored pictures and easy words in them, and over the pages the head of a grandfather, grizzled and unkempt, and a little child's are bent together, and by the light of the winter fire she is teaching him to read.

The school that has been described is not some extraordinary venture alien to the needs of the situation and impossible of imitation. At every other mill school, public or private, some of its features might be reproduced. The schools of all the more progressive mill plants are already better housed, several have more books in their libraries, and many are better situated for conserving their influence and making every effort count to the utmost. It is first the home life of this school, the exhibition of right domestic ideals, and second the awakening of intellectual energy and its application to the real needs of the pupils, which constitute the unique value of this Columbus school. In every mill community, whether of five hundred people or five thousand, the great need is a home which will be both an exemplification of wise and wholesome living and a centre of gracious helpfulness. It is the terribly centralizing power of the mill which needs to be counteracted; counteracted by magnifying the pleasures of family life, social intercourse, recreation, and a diversity of occupation. The time left for these things is not much, but the utilizing of what there is is correspondingly more important.

The Wedding Guest

BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

TRESSILIAN surveyed with interest the dress, features, and general manner of the man who, in a measure, had thrust his friendship upon him, and he decided that while credit might be given to the apparel, which was of a holiday nature, it must be denied otherwise. The features were too heavy, inclining to brutality, and the mouth, in particular, was coarse and sensuous. But his doublet and breeches were of purple velvet slashed with gay satin, and his hose was silken. A brilliant jewel shone in the cocked hat lying upon the table beside him, and the sword that swung from his belt had a hilt of gold.

"One of fortune who goeth to a festival," was the thought of Tressilian.

"Wish me luck, sir," said the man. "You knew it not before, but I tell you now that it is to be a merry night for me."

He lifted his glass of wine, gazed lovingly for a moment or two at the dark red bubbles on its surface, then drank it at a draught.

It seemed to Tressilian that his chance companion's joviality had begun already, but an easy bearing, a courteous acceptance of any situation, a manner that told of a good mind and some experience of the world, were among Tressilian's gifts, and he used them now. He lifted his own glass of wine, holding it level with the other's, and when the man drank he sipped a little and put the glass back on the table.

The stranger struck the board with his fist, not by way of anger, but to put emphasis upon his words.

"Sir," he said, "a momentous event in my life is approaching: two hours from this moment I shall take to myself a bride."

"Ah!" said Tressilian; "then I make to you my congratulations. You spoke truly when you prophesied that it would be a fair evening for you."

But it seemed to Tressilian, although he was inclined to no narrow ways of thinking, that if ever he was so near his own wedding the hour would not find him in a coffee-house freely drinking wine, and with equal freedom enlarging to strangers upon that which should be dearest to him. He glanced about the room, which was heavy and Dutch in its nature, including the host, who sat silently in a great oaken chair, smoking a pipe with a long curiously coiled stem tipped with a silver mouthpiece. Tressilian and the stranger were the only guests, although the dark was falling and a cold wind whipped a cold rain down the narrow street. But in the room the fire burned brightly and a generous warmth came from the heart of the red coals.

"It is a good night for one's bridal," said Tressilian, wishing to be agreeable. "The cold and the darkness and the rain without will only color more deeply the joyous tints of love and beauty within."

"You speak, sir, with sense and discrimination," said the stranger. "When I first put eyes upon you I knew—I have the same qualities myself—that you were a man of parts, of a natural wisdom, reinforced by a knowledge of the world."

"Then we are indeed well met," said Tressilian, gravely.

"My name," said the stranger, increasing his volubility with more wine, "is Philip Augustus Vanderheyden, and it is not unknown in this town."

His tone had a definite touch of pomposity, and Tressilian saw that he was expected to show himself impressed. But he said quietly:

"And mine is Arthur Tressilian. I am, and I take it you are too, a native of this town, but I have been away a long time in various and odd parts of the world, and upon my return I find changes; even the name is different: it was New Amsterdam then, it is New York now."

"Sir," said Vanderheyden, "the change of flag troubles us little."

"I inferred as much; I myself felt no alteration in the air I breathed until I was duly informed of it. Our host, who sits so much at ease in the corner, and who does not remember me, but whom I remember, has not changed by a hair. The last time I saw him, now some ten years ago, when I was a boy, he sat in the same chair and smoked the same pipe. As a lad, sir, I coveted a silver mouthpiece."

"Then, my dear Tressilian," said Vanderheyden, who was growing over-freely as well as effusive, repeated libations inciting him to the highest spirits, "you have come home most opportunely; one who has been so long absent wishes a warm welcome, and I take it that it would be a friendly act upon my part to invite you to my wedding to-night. And you, sir, would requite me in proper fashion by coming and smiling upon my bride and myself. It will call for no sacrifice on your part. The lady, I assure you, is of great beauty and of a dignity corresponding. If you have any ailment of the eyes, whether trifling or severe, it is sure to find a cure."

"I thank you, sir," said Tressilian, departing in no measure from his grave manner. Nevertheless he felt embarrassment. He did not wish the comradeship to extend beyond the coffee-house; even there it had not been of his seeking,—merely beyond his avoidance, without a quarrel. Vanderheyden was not of the kind that he would seek for friend. It was quite plain that he lacked all the finer and more delicate essences of human nature, being full fed and gross of mind and body. Tressilian felt pity for the lady, whatever she might be, condemned to mate with one who described her so freely to a stranger but two hours before the marriage altar. "I shall tear myself from him," he resolved, "or the lady will have to give him physical support before the clergyman. I will not be even remotely the cause of such a shameless procedure."

He rose as if to take his departure, but Vanderheyden again smote the table violently with his fist, and now it was in anger and not by way of emphasis.

"Sir," he said, "I take it ill of you

that you have not responded to my most courteous invitation."

Tressilian was in no mood to quarrel, in particular with one about to take to himself a bride; he would not spoil so festive an occasion with unseemly words or anything in the fashion of a blow, and he sat down again.

"That is done like a gentleman," said Vanderheyden, who was growing lighter of head. "I wish you to go with me, and insist that you do so. Then I shall compel you to acknowledge that I am a gallant of true taste. The lady, sir, hath eyes of divine blue, a most noble arm, and a fine ankle. The recital of her charms would be like the catalogue of Homer's ships."

Tressilian, as he gazed at the coarse and complacent bridegroom, felt a singular repulsion, and his feeling of pity for the unknown bride deepened. Truly she must have many charms and the patience of an angel if she would balance the faults of him who was about to become her lord. Even as he looked, Vanderheyden drank again, and so deeply that his eyes became dim, and he laughed like a foolish child.

"My dear Tressilian," he said, in voluble confidence, "I shall be a good husband; none better, I assure you; but I mean to assert myself. I will be master in my own house."

"To that I fancy a lady so fair and gentle as you describe would make no protest."

"There was some little objection on her part to the match, a trifling need of moral compulsion from her relatives. But, my good sir, can you see the shadow of an excuse why any girl should object to me as a spouse? It is true that I have been a bit of a rake in my time, but what man of the world is not? With a lady of sense I should think it a recommendation rather than a hindrance."

As he spoke his heavy jaw lowered, his narrow, dull eyes contracted yet further and shed a cruel light, his entire aspect becoming brutal and repellent to the last degree. It suddenly occurred to Tressilian that he should rather see a sister of his, if he had one, be taken by death than become the wife of such a man. But he avoided an answer to Vanderheyden's question.

"I trust, sir," he said, "that you will not think I am intrusive if I inquire the name of the lady who is so soon to become your wife."

"Clotilde Van Zeyl."

Tressilian pondered a moment, and then came a flash of pleasant memory. Clotilde Van Zeyl! He remembered a slim, long-legged girl of nine or ten, whom he had carried on his shoulders through the deep snow. She seemed to have in her the promise of a fine woman, and doubtless she was one now; even then she had a wit, and a charm, too, quite her own. It was an evil thing that little Clotilde, with her grace, her beauty, and her mind, should be sold to the heavy, coarse man who sat on the other side of the table.

"I take it that you will come?" said Vanderheyden.

"I fear, sir, that I cannot be a guest at your wedding. I am not properly clothed. These garments of mine would be much out of place upon so joyous an occasion."

Vanderheyden laughed foolishly.

"Behold my cloak, sir," he said, lifting a most gorgeous piece of apparel from the back of his chair. "It may be that you can wear this; a few shakes of the dice will determine it."

"Sir, I would not deprive you of your wedding-cloak; it has been said of me that I am lucky in games of chance, and I do not deny it."

"Should I lose, I can with ease obtain another. It seems to me, man, that you are reluctant to accept a fair invitation, reaching hither and thither in obscure corners for the shadow of an excuse. Should it go further, which I am loath to believe will happen, I shall consider it an affront to myself, and, above all, to the lady who is about to become Madame Vanderheyden."

Tressilian flushed slightly. Much drifting about a variable world had taught him how to bear and forbear, but his natural ease of temper was ruffled. Upon occasion he could be as stiff and unyielding as the best of them, and he did not like to be driven into an affair for which he had no taste and which did not concern him, and yet there was a flickering desire to see little Clotilde again. In her scarlet dress and with

her eager face she had been as bright as a flame, and he smiled again at the memory.

"You smile, sir," said Vanderheyden. "Am I to understand that you already regard my cloak as yours? He who boasts of his favor with fortune should be willing to put it to the proof."

Obviously his words were a taunt, and Tressilian took them as such. From a small leather pouch fastened under his belt he drew forth ten gold coins of goodly size and put them upon the table.

"If these do not fairly match the value of your cloak," he said, "I shall add to them."

"It is enough," replied Vanderheyden. "I see that you are a man of proper spirit."

His heavy eyes blazed up with a new flame, the love of gaming, and he rested both elbows upon the table, while he shook the dice with an uplifted and fat right hand.

They threw alternately until the decision was given, and as Tressilian had predicted, fortune was in his favor. Vanderheyden tossed the garment to him.

"It is yours," he said; "you have won it fairly."

But Tressilian felt repugnance.

"I cannot take your wedding-cloak," he said.

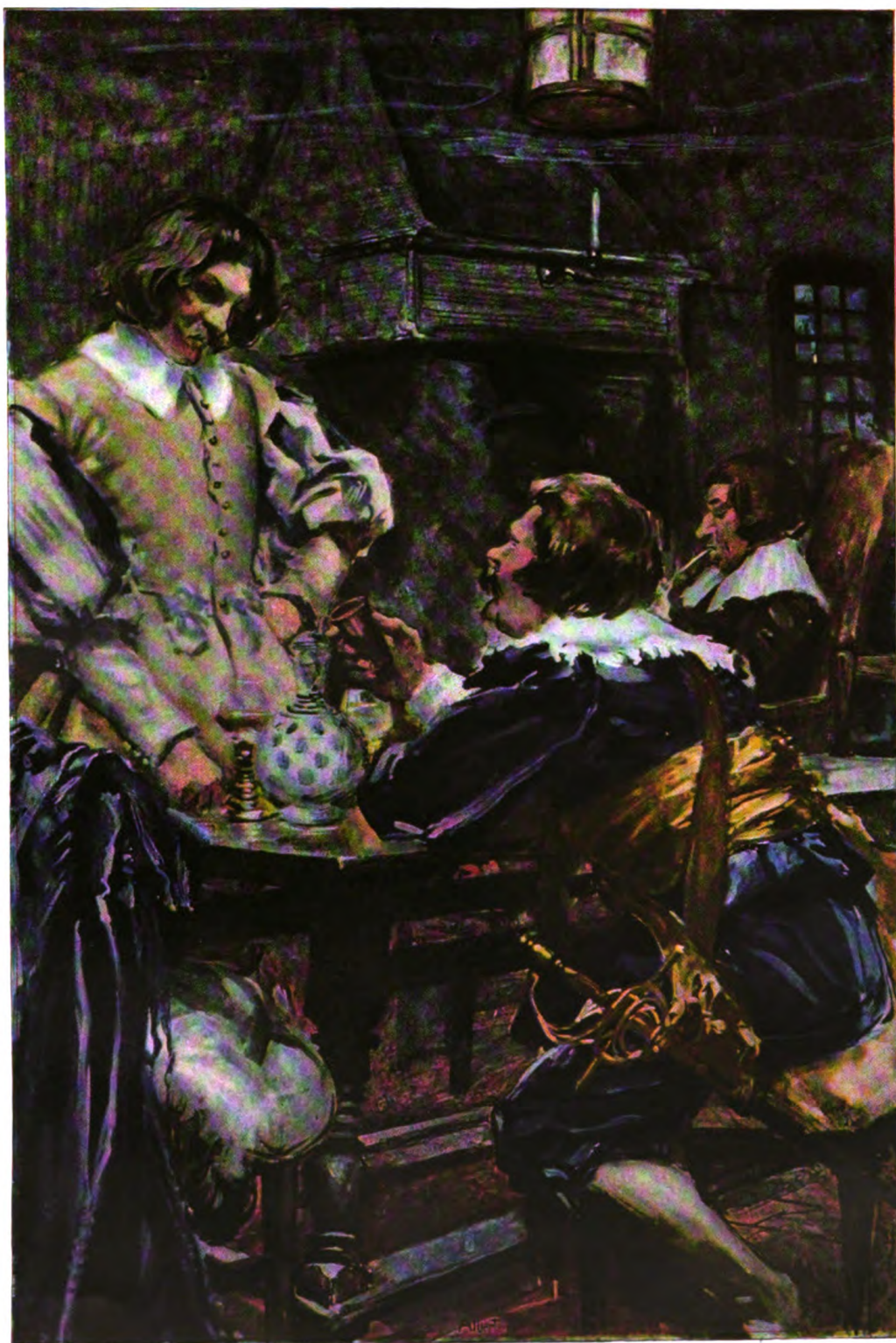
"Would you insult me, sir? I play fairly. When I win I expect to be paid, and when I lose I pay."

The red of Vanderheyden's face turned to purple, and he put his hand threateningly upon the hilt of his sword. Tressilian felt no fear of him, but in such a case, being averse to a quarrel, he saw there was nothing for it but to take the cloak.

"I see that it is mine," he said, and he put it across the back of his chair, where its purple and gold glowed richly in the firelight.

"I feel, sir, that I shall have a speedy revenge," said Vanderheyden, shaking the dice again. "My hat, which has a jewel in the feather, as you can see, against your cloak."

Again Tressilian felt embarrassment, but under the code he could not refuse to give Vanderheyden his chance to square himself with fortune. He looked about, seeking an excuse, however slight,



"MAKE YOUR CAST," HE SAID

to escape from this unpleasant pass, but they were yet alone in the coffee-house, save the landlord, who smoked placidly, and who watched with a satisfied eye the rings of smoke rise and break against the oaken ceiling. There was nothing upon which he could fairly hinge an interruption.

"Make your cast," he said.

Vanderheyden threw, and the score was bad.

"I begin ominously—for myself," he said.

But the fever of gaming was in his eyes and his manner. He hung over the dice, intent upon every throw, forgetful of all else, even of the marriage altar and the bride who awaited him, now scarcely an hour distant. Once Tressilian's hand by accident touched Vanderheyden's, and he felt a shudder of repulsion at the coarse, unpleasant contact. A thrill of pity, deeper and stronger than ever, for the little Clotilde, ran through him.

Vanderheyden lost the hat with the jewel in the feather, and, still insisting upon his revenge, sent his sword and his doublet after it. As he played and lost, a great ill-humor grew upon him, and he moistened it with brandy until he saw but dimly, and his hands when stretched for the dice often missed them.

"I refuse to play further, even at the risk of your anger," said Tressilian, when the doublet was passed to him. "It is not fitting, and you have, sir, an occasion to celebrate, upon which it is time that you should start."

"What is it?" said Vanderheyden. "I do not seem to remember."

He rubbed his brow with his thick hand and closed his eyes, as if he would draw back the memory that had slipped from him. The effort was vain, the eyes remained shut, and presently Tressilian was startled by his heavy breathing. Vanderheyden, overpowered, had fallen asleep. Tressilian quickly recovered the coolness and ease which lay at the base of his nature.

"I do not think it likely that I shall fall asleep on the eve of my wedding—if I ever have one," was his silent thought. "Now, what a pretty spectacle we have here!"

He rose and surveyed the man sprawled in his chair, his head resting upon

the back of it, his mouth wide open and giving forth muffled sounds. Such a creature was not worthy of a wife. Poor little Clotilde!

Tressilian lay the gorgeous cloak across his arm and looked at it, admiring its richness of color and texture; then he put on the doublet and draped the cloak over his shoulders, and, having a fine figure, turned to the Dutch mirror to see how they became him. The effect was admirable, as he and Vanderheyden were of a height, and the fit was perfect.

"I won them in fair contest," he said, nodding to the host, who never took his pipe from his mouth, but nodded back, so much as to say that he understood.

Tressilian had a certain love of color which belongs to an easy and joyous spirit, and having found the doublet and cloak to sit so well, he was fain to try the hat and the sword, too, and again the effect was harmonious and pleasing to a degree. In the mirror he showed both the figure and spirit of a gallant knight, and the contemplation of himself gave him pleasure. Then he bestowed one look of commiseration upon the recumbent and sleeping figure of the groom-elect.

"At least I am not the cause of this," was Tressilian's thought; "it was forced upon me."

His look lingered upon Vanderheyden, as if he had summoned all his faculties for deep thought. Then he raised one hand and made a gesture to the inert figure, as if bidding it a peaceful good night, after the graceful doing of which he walked to the door, opened it, and stepped into the outer air.

The cold rain had turned to a fine snow, whipped about and driven hither and thither by a wind that bit through Tressilian's new cloak and made him shiver.

A heavy Dutch carriage, half veiled in the drifting snow, was standing before the step, and the driver, leaning forward, said, respectfully, through the white mist,

"If we tarry longer, sir, we shall be late."

Tressilian, without a word, stepped into the carriage, and it drove swiftly away, bearing him northward. But he opened the window now and then and glanced

out, keeping a good watch upon his course, as long absence had not dimmed his familiarity with the city and its salient points. Nor did he feel apprehension. The question troubling his mind at that moment was whether he partook in any degree of the character of Vanderheyden when he put on his garments and sword; had he been convinced that it was so, he would have opened the carriage door at once and cast raiment and weapon alike into the street.

The night was yet stormy; the houses, so solid in the day, looked ghostly in the dusk and the driven snow. A night-watchman lifted his lantern as they passed and nodded to the driver. Once they heard the beat of waves, and Tressilian caught a glimpse of the long narrow sea that girts the eastern side of the city like the arm of a lover. When he opened the door of the carriage the snow swept in, and closing it again, he shivered slightly,—the act being purely physical, and in no sense of the nerves. Tressilian was of an easy temperament, never taking his position ill, and nature had given him great mental curiosity; he was always eager to know what would follow logically. So he drew his new plumage more closely to shut out the cold, and calmly awaited the effect of arrangement, as qualified by happy or unhappy chance.

The carriage stopped, and the driver, descending from his seat, announced with respect that they were at the church. Tressilian stepped out, and was forced to bend his head to keep the snow from driving into his eyes. Shading them with his hand, he saw a dark church with an open door, and a lantern shining dimly in the vestibule. Near him a half-dozen people were gathered, and a linkboy held aloft a torch, which sputtered badly, and gave forth so faint a light that Tressilian could see the face of no one.

"The bride awaits you, Mynheer Vanderheyden," said a voice in his ear. "She is already at the church, and there is comment on your tardiness."

"But I am here—an accident—unavoidable," replied Tressilian in tones half lost in the shriek of the wind about the walls of the church.

The spirit of the knight errant was in Tressilian, and at that moment he was animated by chivalry, pride, and the

underlying sense of mental curiosity that always led him on. He held himself proudly erect, and, with a gesture of inimitable grace, touching the hilt of his sword as if half in salute, walked boldly into the church, the little group forming a line on either side of the door.

The vestibule was dim, and not more than a dozen people were gathered there. Tressilian could see only their figures, not their faces, but a heavy man said in his ear,

"The lady is within; she awaits the bridal kiss."

He opened a door, and Tressilian, alone, stepped into a small inner room, closing the door behind him with his own hand.

The room, like the vestibule, was dim, but not too dim to hide from Tressilian the slender, drooping figure of a girl, in bridal white, who stood at a window, looking out at the falling snow and the gloom of the night. She started, turning when the door creaked, and into her eyes came such a look of horror and repulsion as Tressilian hoped never again to see on the face of any one. He had not thought until then what must be the feelings of a woman when, on her bridal night, the man whom she does not love comes to her.

And yet Vanderheyden had told but a part of the truth when he boasted of her beauty and her radiance. The little Clotilde was tall and slender, but with the ample graces of womanhood. Hair black as night encircled a face as fair as sunlight and all the whiter by the contrast, save where the delicate red bloomed in either cheek. Tressilian looked into eyes of a dark blue, a divine tint that he loved well, though they were now shadowed by unshed tears of pain.

Every fibre in Tressilian was stirred. He had a deep and tender feeling for woman, believing that the Supreme Being had been less kind to her than to man; hence, without irreverence, it was the duty of his sex to atone as far as might be for the difference. But here the case was of a nature most extreme, appealing to every noble impulse in him.

He saw the horror and repulsion growing in her eyes as he approached her, himself in the shadow, she in the light from the window. She shrank back

against the hard sill and put up both hands, as if she would protect herself.

"I did not know it would be so hard," she breathed, and he saw her figure moving in a nervous shudder.

Tressilian stopped quite still, his heart melted with pity; in her dread her beauty was heightened, and a desire to protect her, to shield her from any one whom she feared, overpowered him.

He moved a step nearer, and again she threw up her hands, cowering against the window-sill.

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "Don't touch me now!"

She looked away from him and at the night, with its sombre shadows and driving snow, and then, as if held by a cruel fascination, her eyes came back to him.

"Clotilde!" said Tressilian, softly.

She moved at his tone, and gazed at him with startled eyes.

"Clotilde!" repeated Tressilian, in a voice full of protection and tenderness, as he took off his hat and opened his cloak.

"Ah!" she cried, and fell back against the window.

"It is not Vanderheyden who comes," said Tressilian, "and he will not come. I am here in his place at this juncture; it does not matter how. The groom is absent from the wedding, but the guest is here; there is no need that anything should tarry."

She did not speak, her startled gaze still upon him.

And yet Tressilian thought that he saw in her eyes relief, the joy that comes of a momentary escape from danger, brief though the moment be.

"I repeat it—there is no need that anything should tarry. I come in the bridegroom's place. Do I fill it badly? At least I can love as well as he. My heart is as warm—maybe warmer. I shall leave those things to the intimate testimony of my wife, a testimony not to go beyond us two, and I shall know how to defend her."

With the lofty gesture that became him so well he touched the gold-hilted sword by his side, and stood before her a gallant knight, young, strong, and with tender eyes.

"Clotilde,—ah, you remember now,—the bridegroom whom you awaited does

not come to-night, but unless that which I wish happens, he will come to-morrow night, and there will be no escape. Clotilde, I have been in various lands and on the great seas, but there has been in my heart, as there is in the heart of every young man unwed, a picture of the bride whom I wished some day to be mine, and in this picture she was tall and slender. Her hair was gloriously black, but her face was gloriously fair, and her eyes, by way of contrast to her hair, were of blue, a dark, a tender shade that I have seen but once. It was in my heart, Clotilde, even then, that if ever I met this woman I should know her at one glance, and she would know me. Few words would pass between us two, only a gaze that should carry with it our love. Clotilde, am I right?"

A low and swelling sound, the note of solemn music, came from the church without.

"Clotilde, they await us; if we do not go, another will be in my place here to-morrow night. Ah, Clotilde, I spoke no idle words when I said that I would love my wife, that I would shield her and cherish her as bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh."

There was a gentle knock at the door.

"The clerk with the papers which they said *he* was to sign," exclaimed Clotilde, in terror.

Tressilian opened the door, took the papers and pen from the hand of a little man who stood there in the dim light, and signing them, thrust them into his own pocket, after which he shut the door in the clerk's face.

"Clotilde," he said, in fervent tones, "our affair begins well. I have complied with the forms of the law, and the law makes no objection. Listen! they still await us."

Louder swelled the volume of the music, solemn, majestic, and insistent.

"It is calling us, Clotilde."

Outside the darkness had thickened and the window-panes rattled under the driven snow. She shivered, and with a movement that went to the heart of Tressilian came a step nearer to him, as if here stood her champion. In her eyes shone a glorious radiance like sunlight flooding through the storm.

He put his arm around her waist, and

kissed her on lips which she did not turn away. The swell of the music, solemn, haunting, and still insistent, filled all the church, even the room in which these two stood, their pulses beating.

"Come, Clotilde, they shall wait no longer."

He drew her arm within his own, threw open the door, and walked down the dim aisle toward the altar. Some in the shadowed seats said that the groom bore himself with a strange, new dignity.

They knelt at the altar, and Tressilian felt the hand upon his arm tremble a little and then grow firm.

"Fear not, dearest one," he whispered; "it was decreed long ago that it should be."

The clergyman, little and old, scarcely of this world, repeated the marriage service in muffled words, and when he

came to the name of the groom he paused, as if he could not remember, as he had paused more than once before.

"Arthur Tressilian," said Tressilian, in low tones, and "Arthur Tressilian" the little old man said after him in tones equally low.

They rose, the two now one, and up the aisle they walked, while the music became loud and triumphant.

In the vestibule the people were gathered and the lights blazed up. There Tressilian paused, and, his bride on his arm, stepped into the heart of the glow. He heard the astonished "Ah!" from all, and then with that old indescribable gesture, a movement that was now full of defiance, he said aloud, for all to hear:

"Friends, I bid you Godspeed; I am about to take my wife home, and we wish no company to-night."

Merlin's Song of Launcelot and Gwenevere

BY ERNEST RHYS

[For Merlin could not rest in his grave, but went again like a black friar to Camelot, muttering, "Through thee and me is the flower of Kings and Knights destroyed!"—*Gwenevere's last words to Launcelot.*]

YOU were two lovers long ago;
Is all at ebb that used to flow?
My purple flood that bore along
A king, and one white flower of song:
So Merlin's dream
Ends with the ebbing of the stream.

Yes, you are changed and I am old;
The purple stream away has roll'd.
Can it return? And he, Haut King?
Oh no, he cannot, says each string:
So Merlin's dream
Ends with the ebbing of the stream.



THE GYPSY QUARTER OF SOFIA

Belgrade and Sofia

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THE sunset sky, against which I first saw Belgrade, was like a crimson and orange and purple moth, barred with colors as hard and clear as enamel. Belgrade stood heaped white on its hill, all its windows on fire with light; a long white mound set there in a semicircle above water and a great plain, with a point of land running down into the water.

Beyond the city, as you enter Servia, there are valleys in which the trees grow as thickly as grass; bulrushes tufted with white wool along the river-courses; great fields of melons, with their dry stalks; and often a kind of English scenery, a monotony of tilled plenty. You come upon cottages surrounded by a hedge of plaited wood; villages with square brown-roofed huts, the roofs edged with white, set in the midst of trees; a little town, into which several villages seem to have joined

themselves, with its white square church with a red dome. The soil is rich and varied, seeming to yield itself willingly to cultivation. Delicate trees, which I saw when they were yellow and fired with autumn, grow everywhere in irregular clusters. The green and brown plain spreads outwards, full of trees and meadows; long lines and thick squares of trees with meadows between, and a barrier of low hills all round. Servia is a land of contrasts; and beyond Stalatz, where the two Moravas meet, wooded gorges begin, gradually turning to barer and barer rock. The train cuts through the mountains and skirts the bottom of ravines, tracing its line parallel with the streams. Walls of gray granite go straight up into the hard, blue sky, which you can just see above their summits. Even here there is not the savagery of Bulgaria, which the land resembles a little. The great gorge be-

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ON THE WAY TO MARKET

tween Nisch and Zaribrod, which may be compared with the Dragoman Pass between Zaribrod and Sofia, is far finer; it is at once bolder and more shapely, cut more finely by nature, and colored more sensitively.

Belgrade reminded me at one time of Moscow, at another of some white Spanish city. The whole place is made by the crossing of straight lines: I never saw a curve. Few of the houses have more than two stories; the streets are broad, mountainously paved; and when I came into it at night there was a white nocturnal silence over everything. There were few lights, few people passing; but by the roadside I saw two gypsies crouching, their faces almost black, the woman's splendid in profile. There are trees in almost all the streets, avenues leading into the open country all round; and, at evening, just as the lights were lit, queer chattering birds like crows began bustling and talking overhead in a language that I have never heard before among birds. Oxen with huge branching horns move slowly through the streets, drawing long, narrow wooden carts; or lie down to rest, as the men do at midday, with their heads on the stones with which they are paving the streets. The town is like a great village ready

made; and one can imagine it being harnessed to those oxen and carted bodily away, and the flat, dreary country which lies all round relapsing into its original dry barrenness.

Yet the place is thriving, and has been so for some twenty years. It is full of merchants, who come to buy plums and eggs and coal; they rush into the restaurant of the Grand Hotel for lunch, eat hastily, and rush out again, much as men do in the City. There are new streets, uninterestingly new, among the older streets, not old enough to be interesting. In the older streets you see the admirable peasant things—sheepskins, furs, white serge coats and trousers—hanging at the windows and doorways of the shops in which they are made; in the newer streets the shops are filled with hideous cheap modern finery. There is one excellent book-shop, in which I saw French and English books—Verlaine's *Choix de Poésies*; Mallarmé's *Poésies*; the French version of Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*; Mrs. Meynell's *Ruskin*. There is a new theatre, which, when I was there, was lit up for *Magda*; close by is a dingy and half-empty café, in which a few women in music-hall dresses sing music-hall songs; and farther on a sad-faced Damen-Capelle playing string-

ters winding through it, cutting sharp patterns in the plain, and broadening out almost to the aspect of a lake. Below, to the left, are factories, roofs and chimneys rising out of the hill, and, below that, the wharf and the small steamers. After the sun has set, the river grows colder and paler, and the short grass of the plain turns to exactly the color and texture of the Infanta's green velvet dress in Velasquez's picture at Vienna. On the right the river sweeps broadly towards Zimony; you see its spires against a sky which reddens through trailing smoke. And in those moments' effect, in that severe harmony of light and smoke and water, a curious and doubtful charm grows up, out of the literal dreariness of things.

If it were not for the peasants and the gypsies, Belgrade would be a provincial capital and no more; but the Servian gypsies are remarkable even among gypsies, and the Servian peasants are sometimes like savage chiefs, sometimes like ancient Greeks, with their fine, dark, regular faces, black eyes and hair.



THE OLD FORT AT BELGRADE

straight slim figures, and wonderful clothes. Their clothes are for the most part white: long white sacklike coats, and white short sheepskin coats, with the soft fleece inside, the untanned hide embroidered in cunning lines and circles of black and red; large, loose, baggy white trousers pulled in at the ankle, heavily embroidered stockings and belts, waistcoats of embroidered leather, astrakhan caps formed into conical points, and shoes of white leather, made like sandals. The women are not often so handsome; the peasants wear embroidered leather coats like the men, and embroidered heavy skirts and stockings; but the townswomen wear short coats of black velvet and black satin, with hanging sleeves and gold edges; their hair is plaited around a tight red skull-cap, which shows through the hair, and, below, ribbons are drawn across like fillets, and these are hung with trinkets and fastened with great gold pins.

The "better class" dress hideously, as near the Paris fashions as they can, and may be seen walking in the streets accompanied by their maids in the admirable native costume. The peasant women carry long staves with several notches, which they put over their shoulders, and on which they sling cans and baskets. You will see three young girls thus loaded, each with a different-colored handkerchief over her head, each with her red embroidered skirt looped gracefully on either side, showing a white embroidered petticoat, embroidered stockings, and soft padded shoes. As I look out of the window of the hotel, I see four old women with yellow handkerchiefs and red skirts, one with a brilliant apron of red and yellow, who have laid down their burdens, and are sitting on the ground at the corner of the little square. Men are repaving the square in a slow, primitive fashion; the bullock-carts come and go with loads of stones, and stand outside the front door of the hotel as if they were in their own village.

But it is in the market that one is best able to study the peasants and the gypsies. The market is held on some open ground under the trees, not far from the theatre; and the whole ground is piled up with fruits and vegetables of all colors, of vast sizes, and in pro-

fuse abundance. Women and girls stand gravely beside their colored heaps, not seeming to care if they are bought or not, but chaffing eagerly over every sale. They stand there in twos and threes, bundled up in their multitudes of skirts and vests, with their hands folded over their stomachs, young and old hardly at first sight distinguishable; all with their great gilt buckles at the waist, their necklaces of glass beads, their kerchiefed heads often hung with coins and flowers and green leaves.

Fine savage old men in tatters wander about the outskirts of the market, all brown wrinkles; I saw one who seemed as if dressed in armor, for his leather jerkin had gone hard and black with age, and clasped him like a gorget. Some of the women have lovely and quite regular faces, and delicately cut mouths and noses, level black eyelids, and sullen eyes high up under them. But the gypsies! I had seen one old woman, an animal worn to subtlety, with the cunning of her race in all her wrinkles, trudging through the streets with a kind of hostile gravity. But here it was the children who fascinated me. There were three little girls with exactly the skin of Hindus, and exactly the same delicately shaped face and lustrous eyes and long dark eyelashes; and they followed me through the market, begging in strange tongues,—little catlike creatures full of humor, vivacity, and bright instinctive intelligence. As we came to one end of the market, they ran up to a young girl of about fifteen, who stood leaning against a pump. She was slender, with a thin, perfectly shaped face, the nose rather arched, the eyes large, black, lustrous, under her black eyelids; thick masses of black hair ran across her forehead, under the scarlet kerchief. She leaned there, haughty, magnetic, indifferent; a swift animal, like a strung bow, bringing all the East with her, and a shy wildness which is the gypsy's only.

SOFIA

The soil of Bulgaria is a dry and barren soil, colored for the most part a sickly pink, and mixed with rocks, rising into irregular hills, on which there is sometimes a scanty growth of small trees.

Sometimes the color of the soil turns to faded lavender; lavender rocks lie about in great splinters. It is a harsh, unnatural land, cursed with barrenness. Dry watercourses have moulded their beds at the bottom of scooped-out gorges; there are long flat spaces of dreary sand and stone; everywhere unlovely outlines, sombre colors, a desperate and lonely wildness. In one of the gorges, through which runs a tiny trickle of water, you will see sheep, black and white, by hundreds, which have come down from the uplands to drink, or some buffaloes coming rapidly down a steep path, or a company of gypsies who have made their camp there, and are lighting a fire in a hollow of the rocks. Beyond Sofia the land changes; there is a continual interchange of luxuriance and savagery, in the sharpest contrasts I have ever seen. The hills are cut abruptly into rough shapes, blotting out the sky; here and there you see a few buffaloes, a flock of sheep with their shepherd inside a circle of thorns, or a man casting seed out of a bag into brown furrows, or a man in a sheepskin coat riding down a steep road. There are hills covered deep with trees; then bare hills again, the vast rocks, dry earth, and cavernous ravines of the Dragoman Pass.

Sofia is like a town set down in the midst of a great desert. Wandering out on every side one comes first to a kind of village, and then to a desert; dusty endings not without a desolate charm. Hills rim the plain, in which the town with its trees lies like a somewhat dreary oasis. The plain is wide and barren, with a few trees and a few red-roofed cottages; beyond, the great hills, cut into soft, dark, rugged cliffs and

curves, spreading up nakedly out of the plain into the sky. From the higher ground you see the whole plain with the town in its midst. Low, flat houses, with only here and there a dome or turret, but intersected by many tall and straight trees, lie tightly pressed together; the walls are painted red, green, and white, and a wooden paling seems to run round the whole long and narrow



TWO MEN FROM THE MOUNTAINS

mass. As one takes the first step outside this paling, it is as if a gate had been closed suddenly behind one, shutting in the town. Telegraph-wires stretch across the plain, and the buffalo-carts come down from the hills, and the pack-horses trudge up towards them, and the peasants sit on the ground, resting by the way, and the black and white geese cackle among the sedge, and there is always dust blowing, and a rustling of wind among the weedy grasses.

There is something dry, hot, and fierce in this place, which is at once ordinary, sordid, and almost startling. It is a place at once violent and sullen, in

which everything is dusty and dingy and half used or half finished. Stones and building materials lie strewn in the streets, houses are being made, and houses are falling into ruins; everything is crude, sordid, with a crudity and sordidness which are half Western and half Eastern, and made out of the worst elements of both. The houses are for the most part such houses as one might see in any small town in any country, but at a corner of the main street there is a mosque, and around the mosque something like a village fair. Wooden booths are set up at each side of the street, wooden palings surround empty spaces, or open upon cafés in which trees grow, or upon one-story houses, or upon a little wooden theatre. Money-changers, with their glass cases of gold and silver coins and coin earrings and rings outside their shop windows, suggest already the sarafs of Constantinople. At upper windows above the shops you see men working sewing-machines; at the edge of the pavement little dark bootblacks, Kurds, sit with their wooden blocks before them. Men pass, selling water, grapes, and nuts; a woman passes, and then another, carrying a huge dark-green melon in her arms, solemnly, like a royal orb. Men stand about at the street corners in rags of all colors, sewn together in all fashions; there is something sordid and savage in these brutal faces, these huddled figures, this slouching gait, in this boisterous language with its jerks and splutters, in the barbarous clash of costumes, in all this idleness, suspicion, this mingling of elements that do not unite, this hostility of races, seen in the mere coming and going of the people; together with an odd sense of provinciality as you meet processions with bands, carrying colored flags, like friendly societies in England, and walking through the streets in step, singing solemn tunes like hymn-tunes.

On Sunday, Sofia takes on something preposterously like the aspect of an English Sunday. The shops are shut, the people put on their best clothes, and lounge in the streets, or sit on the rustic wooden benches in the park (the one restful place in Sofia, with its quaint acacias, its tiny fountain, its wholly natural and unspoilt aspect), or walk out to the Boris Gar-

dens, a mile beyond the town. As I fell into the steady and unending procession of people, one Sunday which was also a national fête, it seemed to me that the town had emptied itself, as a Spanish town empties itself on the day of a bull-fight. Men and women of all classes walked slowly and steadily along side by side, in a kind of orderly jumble. I watched the peasants, and found them less attractive than the peasants of Servia, both in themselves and in their costume. They are tall and strong, but they have something common, sullen, and slouching which is not in the Servians, and they do not dress so well, though they dress distinctively and with effect. The costume of the women is crude, with its black and orange, its reds and gold, its narrow black petticoat covered with a bright apron, its sequins about the neck, its red handkerchief wrapped round the head and twisted into the plaits of hair falling down the back. The men wear white serge trousers, not so baggy as in Servia, braided slightly in black, a white shirt embroidered in red or bound with black braid, a black or brown jacket coming to the waist, with a sort of flap falling over behind, and a brown or black round fur cap; a red sash wound about the waist, and often, outside, one of the sheepskin coats which I had seen in Servia. Side by side with the peasants there were Turks wearing the fez, indistinguishable people of indistinguishable nationalities, and very commonplace townsfolk, who presently took part in the most childish sports I have ever seen, or stood in excited rings watching them, or danced in circles, with clasped hands and hopping feet, like English soldiers in camp.

At night Sofia returns to itself, or to what is more dubious and unfamiliar in itself. Sounds of music and voices come from behind doors and curtained windows: doors swing open upon a glimpse of strangely dressed musicians on a platform, a woman standing singing, peasants sitting or moving about the room. In the main street there is an open-air café, with little tables under the trees, and lights swung across from tree to tree. Ten or twelve men sit on a raised and covered platform in one corner, dressed in white trousers and



IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE

dark-blue embroidered coats and white embroidered shirts; the leader plays on a flute, and the others on fiddles, a 'cello, a double-bass, a cornet, a big drum, cymbals, and some instruments which seem like children's toys. These, I discovered, were used for producing imitative effects when the orchestra did its best to reproduce the sounds of a railway train or a fire-engine: the noise and rattle always ended in something very like a hymn. It was the music of people not naturally musical, and without any restraining education in music.

I went away from the café discontentedly, and turning out of the main street, I heard a lugubrious sound, half cry and half shriek, with a muttering of dull and shrill instruments, coming from behind a wooden paling. I went in, and sat down at a table under the trees. Short, grimy posts, hardly higher than my head, standing like dirty dwarfs among the acacias, held up big oil-lamps made after the pattern of gas-lamps in the streets of London; and at the end of the courtyard there was an open window in a

trellised wall, through which a serving-man handed out beer and coffee to the waiters. Opposite to the entrance there was a covered platform, as in the other café. In front were four girls dressed in gaudy Turkish costume, seated on chairs, with one or two men and women in plain clothes at their side. Behind were the musicians, who plucked at stringed instruments with their fingers or with a kind of brass thimble, beat on a tambourine and a little drum, and blew into a long flute. The aspect of the stage reminded me of Spain, and recalled the "Chinitas" at Malaga; and the music and dancing had a distinct kinship with Spanish music and dancing.

What I saw and heard was partly Turkish and partly Hungarian; there was the *czardas*, and there was the *danse du ventre*. And there were also those interminable, piercing, disturbing Eastern songs which have so much in them of the *Malagueña*. The dance, done by a Greek in a kind of uniform covered with gold lace, and wearing a long ivory-handled sword, and by an Armenian girl in a

white vest and green trousers, was the most elaborate pantomime of the kind that I have ever seen. It is the same drama as the drama of Spanish dancing, but it is more explicit, and it is done as if it were something amusing. In that dance I realized the whole difference between the consciousness of the East and what seems to us most like the Eastern point of view among Western nations. A kind of mongrel East was visibly upon me, and I felt that it would be only one more step to Constantinople.

And yet that one step, I realized, would mean everything. What is so disquieting in Sofia is that it lies between two civilizations, and that it is a kind of ragheap for the refuse of both. The main street of Sofia is the most horrible street in Europe. You see first of all mere European frippery, tin pots and pans, scraps of leather, shoes and slippers hanging from nails in front of shops, gimcracks in china, knives; rows of second-hand books and pamphlets, mostly in Russian (I saw *Anna Karenina*, Tourguenieff's *Faust*, Gorki's *Tchekache*, a life of Shakespeare and of Benjamin Franklin), and along with them, strung upon upright boards by strings, cheap photographs of actresses—Cavalieri, or Cléo de Mérode,—and senti-

mental German photographs; then stalls of fruit, powdered thick with dust, dust-covered loaves of bread, which looked like great stones, crescents of sausages, colored greenish-red, trays and dishes of hot messes cooked over little ovens in the street; but, above all, meat: carcases stripped of the hide, with their tails still hanging, the horns and hide lying outside in the gutter; beasts hacked in two, from which joints are being cut,—everywhere yellow meat hanging from chains; all smells and all colors, as of the refuse of a slaughter-house. Men pass you on the pavement carrying the bodies of dead beasts upon their shoulders; you see a huddle of blood-stained hides in a cart standing beside the pavement; ducks and chickens squeak and flutter as they writhe head downwards under men's arms. And there is a continual coming and going of peasants in ragged and colored clothes, women and girls with negresslike faces, wearing Turkish trousers under a sort of apron, half-naked gypsy children darting hither and thither, merchants, casual Europeans in bowlers and overcoats; and, all the time, the rattle of the electric trams in the street, as they pass to and fro, with their mockery of progress, through this city of dust and rags.



The Grasshopper and the Ant

BY MARGARET DELAND

I
WHEN William Rives and Lydia Sampson quarrelled and broke their engagement, Old Chester said that they were lucky to fall out two weeks before their wedding-day, instead of two weeks after it. Of course, Old Chester said many other things: it said it had always known they could never get along; William, who had very little money, was careful and thrifty, as every young man ought to be; Lydia, who was fairly well off, was lavish and no house-keeper. "What could you expect?" demanded Old Chester. Old Chester never knew exactly what the trouble between them had been, for they kept their own counsel; but it had its suspicions:—it was something about William's father's will. By some legal quibble the Orphan's Court awarded to William a piece of property which everybody knew old Mr. Rives supposed he had left to his daughter Amanda. Lydia thought (at least Old Chester thought she thought) that William would, as a matter of course, at once turn the field over to his sister. But William did no such thing. And, after all, why should he? the field was his;—the Law allowed it; the court awarded it. Why should he present a field to Amanda? Old Chester said this thoughtfully, looking at William with a sort of respectful regret. Very likely Lydia's regret was not respectful. Lydia was always so outspoken! However, it was all surmise.

About the time that Amanda did not get the field the engagement was broken—and you can put two and two together if you like. As for Old Chester, it said that it pitied poor dear Lydia, and it was no wonder William left town after the rupture, because, naturally, he would be ashamed to show his face. But then it also said it pitied poor dear William, and it should think Lydia would be ashamed to show her

face;—for of course her obstinacy made the trouble—and a young female ought not to have opinions on such matters, said Old Chester; legal affairs should be left to the gentlemen. In fact, Old Chester said every possible thing for and against them both; but gradually, as years passed, conflicting opinions settled down to the "poor Lydia" belief.

This was, probably, for two reasons: first, because William had never seen fit to come back to Old Chester,—and that, quite apart from his conduct to his lady-love, was a reason for distrust. And secondly, Lydia had, somehow, become Old Chester's one really poor person—that is, in a genteel walk of life. After the crumbling of the Sampson fortune, Old Chester had to plan for Lydia, and take care of her, and give her its "plain sewing"; so, naturally, William was reprobated. Besides, she may have quarrelled and broken her engagement two weeks before the day set for her wedding, but all these years afterward she had been faithful to the memory of Love! Old Chester knew this, for the simple reason that Miss Lydia, during all these years, had kept in her sitting-room a picture of William Rives, adorned with a sprig of box; furthermore, it knew (Heaven knows how!) that she kissed this slender, tight-waisted picture every night before she went to bed. Of course Old Chester softened. Lydia may have broken her engagement and all that, but she kept his picture, and she kissed it every night! "But he ought to be ashamed of himself," said Old Chester,—“that is, if he is alive?” Then it added, reflectively, that he must be dead, for he had never returned to Old Chester. Yet, as time went on, people forgot even to disapprove of William; they had enough to do to take care of poor Lydia: “for she is certainly very poor—and very peculiar!” said Old Chester, sighing.

“Peculiar!” said Martha King; “I

call it something worse than peculiar to spend money that ought to go towards rent, on a present for Rachel King's Anna. She gave that child a picture-book;—I'm sure *I* can't afford to go round giving children picture-books! I told her so, flatly and frankly. And then, it was so trying, because, right on top of my scolding, she gave me a present! A gift-cup. I didn't want it;—I could have shaken her," Mrs. King ended, helplessly.

It was not only Martha whose patience was tried by Miss Lydia; the experience was common to all Old Chester. Even Dr. Lavendar had felt the human impulse to shake her. When he had, very delicately, asked, "as an old friend, the privilege of assisting her," it was exasperating to have a lamp-shade, made of six porcelain intaglios set in a tin frame, come to him the next day, with the "respectful compliments of L. S." But somehow, when, beaming at him from under her shabby bonnet, Miss Lydia had asked him if he liked that preposterous shade, he could not speak his mind,—at least to her. He spoke it mildly to Mrs. Barkley. "We must restrain her," he said; "she brought me \$2 for Zenana Missions yesterday."

"What did you do?" Mrs. Barkley said, sympathetically.

"I made her take it back. I pointed out that her first duty was to her landlord."

"Her landlord has some duties to her," Mrs. Barkley said, angrily. "The stairs are just crumbling to pieces; and that chimney is dreadful! She says that Davis said the flue would have to be rebuilt; and maybe the whole chimney. He couldn't be sure about that, but he thought it probable. He said it would cost \$100 to put all the things in repair,—floor and roof and everything. But he would do it for \$85, considering. He thinks the flue has broken down inside somehow; she might burn up some night! And then," said Mrs. Barkley, in a deep bass, "how would that Smith person feel?"

"He says," Dr. Lavendar explained, "that by the terms of the lease the tenant is to make repairs."

Mrs. Barkley snorted. "And how is poor Lydia to make repairs? She hasn't two cents to bless herself with. I told him so!"

Mrs. Barkley's face grew very red at the recollection of her interview with Mr. Smith; (he was one of the new Smiths, of course). "I don't mix philanthropy and business," he had said; "the lease says the tenant shall make repairs. And besides, I do not wish to be more attractive than I am. With that chimney, some other landlord may win her affections. Without it, she will never desert Mr. Micawber."

"If you will allow me to say so, sir," said Mrs. Barkley, "we do not in Old Chester consider it delicate to refer to the affections of an unmarried female." Upon which Mr. Smith laughed immoderately; (none of the new people had any manners).

"So there is no use asking him to do anything," Mrs. Barkley told Dr. Lavendar.

"The only thing I can think of," the old minister said, "is that we all join together and give her the price Davis named, as a present."

"Eighty-five dollars!" Mrs. Barkley exclaimed, startled; "that's a good deal of money—"

"Well, yes; it is. But something has got to be done."

"And to take up a collection for Lydia! it's—charity."

"It isn't taking up a collection," Dr. Lavendar protested, stoutly. "And it isn't charity. Miss Lydia's friends have a right to make her a present, if they feel like it."

Mrs. Barkley agreed, doubtfully.

"Mrs. Dale would contribute, I'm sure," said Dr. Lavendar. "And perhaps the Miss Ferrises."

"I wouldn't like to ask them."

"Don't ask 'em. Offer them the chance."

"No," Mrs. Barkley insisted; "they've no right. They are not really her friends. Lydia doesn't call them by their first names." But she went away very much encouraged, and full of this project of a present for poor Lydia,—who, happily, had no idea that she was "poor" Lydia. She was not poor to herself (except, of course, in purse; which is a small matter). She lived in a shabby and dilapidated cottage at the Smith gates, and every month squeezed out a few dollars rent to Mr. Smith; she was sorry for the

Smiths, for they were New people; but she always spoke kindly to them, for she never looked down on anybody. So, as far as position went, she was not "poor." She had no relations living, but she called all Old Chester of her generation by its first name; so, as to friendship, there was nothing "poor" about her. And most of all, she was not "poor," but very rich, in her capacity for interest.

Now, no one who has an interest is poor. And Miss Lydia had a hundred interests! A hundred? She had as many interests as there were people in the world, or joys or sorrows in Old Chester; so she was really very rich. . . . Of course, there are different degrees of this sort of wealth. There are folk who have to manufacture their interests; with deliberation they are philanthropic, or artistic, or intellectual, or even, if hard put to it, they are amused. Such persons may be said to be in fairly comfortable circumstances, although they live anxiously and rather meagrely, because they know well that when interest gives out they are practically without the means to support life. Below this manufacturing class come the really destitute; the poor creatures who do not care vitally for anything, and who are without the spiritual muscle to manufacture an interest. These pathetic folk are occasionally made self-supporting by a catastrophe,—grief or even merely some uncomfortable surgery in regard to their bank account may give them a poor kind of interest; but too often they exist miserably,—sometimes, with every wish gratified, helplessly poor. Above the manufacturing class comes the aristocracy to which Miss Lydia Sampson belonged, the class which is positively rolling in wealth! Every morning these favored creatures arise with a zest for living: you hear them singing before breakfast; at the table they are full of eager questions: Is it going to rain? No; it is a fair day; delightful!—for it might have rained. And the sun will bring up the crocuses. And this was the day a neighbor was to go to town; will she go? When will she come back? How pleasant that the day is pleasant! And it will be good for the sick people, too. And the moment the eager, simple mind turns to its fellows, sick or well, the field

of interest widens to the sky-line of souls. To sorrow in the sorrows of Tom and Dick and Harry and their wives, to rejoice in their joys,—what is better than that? And then, all one's own affairs are so vital: the record of the range of the thermometer, the question of turning or not turning an alpaca skirt, the working out of a game of solitaire—these things are absorbing experiences.

No wonder we who are poor, or even we who work hard at philanthropy, or art, or responsibility to manufacture our little interests,—no wonder we envy such sky-blue natures! Certainly there were persons in Old Chester who envied Miss Lydia; at least they envied her her unfailing joyousness; but they never envied her her empty purse. Which was like envying a rose its color, but despising the earth from which by some divine chemistry the color came.

Miss Lydia's eyes might smart from the smoke puffing out into her room, but she was able to laugh at the sight of her bleared visage in the narrow mirror over the mantel. Nor did the fact that the mirror was mottled and misty with age, the frame tarnished almost to blackness, cause her the slightest pang. What difference does it make in this world of life and death and joy and sorrow, if things are shabby? The fact is, the secret of happiness is the *sense of proportion*; eliminate, by means of that sense, trouble about the unimportant, and we would all be considerably happier than kings. Miss Lydia possessed this heaven-born sense, as well as the boundless wealth of interest (for to him that hath shall be given). "I don't want to brag," she used to say, "but I've got my health and my friends; so what on earth more do I want?" And one hesitated to point out a little thing like a shabby mirror, or even a smoky chimney. When the chimney smoked, Miss Lydia merely took her rocking-chair and her sewing out into a small room that served as a kitchen,—and then what difference did the smoking make?

And as it turned out, one shadowy April day, it was the best thing she could have done, because, when Dr. Lavendar dropped in to see her, she could make him a cup of tea at once, without having to leave him alone. She was a little bus-

ting figure, rather dusty and moth-eaten, with a black frizette always a little to one side, and eager gentle blue eyes.

"What's the news?" she said. She had given Dr. Lavendar an apple, and put on the kettle, and taken up her hemming.

"I never saw anybody so fond of sewing!" the old man ruminated, eating his apple. "I believe you'd sew in your grave?"

"I believe I would! Dear me! I am so sorry for the poor women who don't like to sew."

"Aren't you sorry for the poor men?" Dr. Lavendar said, looking about for a place to deposit his core. ("Oh, drop it on the floor; I'll sweep it up sometime," Miss Lydia told him; but he disposed of it by eating it.)

"Well, as for sewing," said Miss Lydia, "it's my greatest pleasure. Why, when I get settled down to sew, my mind roves over the whole earth! I don't want to brag, but I don't believe anybody enjoys herself more than I do when I'm sewing. If you won't tell, I'll tell you something, Dr. Lavendar?"

"I won't tell."

"Well, then: Sunday used to be an awful day to me. I couldn't sew, and so I couldn't think. And I really couldn't go to church *all* day. So I just bought some beautiful fine nainsook and cut out my shroud. And I work on that Sundays, because a shroud induces serious thoughts."

"I should think it might," said Dr. Lavendar.

"You don't think it's wrong, do you?" she asked, anxiously; and added, joyously, "I'm embroidering the whole front. I declare, I don't know what I'll do when I get it done!"

"Embroider the whole back."

"Well, yes. I can do that," Miss Lydia assented. "There! there's your tea."

Dr. Lavendar took his tea and stirred it thoughtfully. "Miss Lydia," he said, and looked hard at the tea, "what do you suppose? Mr. William Rives—" Dr. Lavendar stopped and drank some tea. "How many years ago was it that he—ah—went away from Old Chester? I don't exactly remember."

"It was thirty-one years ago," she said;

she put down her own cup of tea and stared at him. "What were you going to say about him, sir?"

"Well, only," said Dr. Lavendar, scraping the sugar from the bottom of his cup, "only that—"

"There! my goodness! I'll give you another lump," cried Miss Lydia; "don't wear my spoon out. What about him, sir?"

Dr. Lavendar explained that he had come back on the stage from Mercer the night before with a strange gentleman; "stout man," Dr. Lavendar said, "with a black wig. I was rooting about in my pocketbook for a stamp,—I wanted to mail a letter just as we were leaving Mercer; and this gentleman very politely offered me one. I took it. Then I looked at him, and there was something familiar about him. I asked him if we had not met before, and he told me who he was. He has changed a good deal."

Miss Lydia drank her tea excitedly. "Where is he going to stay? Has he come back rich?" She hoped so! William was so industrious, he deserved to be rich. She ran into the smoky front room and brought out his picture, regarding it with affectionate interest. "Did you know I was engaged to him, years ago, Dr. Lavendar? We thought it best to part. But—" She stopped and looked at the picture, and a little color spread painfully across her face. But in another moment she was chattering her bird-like questions.

"I declare," Dr. Lavendar said at last, "you are the youngest person of my acquaintance!"

Miss Lydia laughed. "I hope you don't think it's wrong to be young?" she said.

"Wrong?" said Dr. Lavendar; "it's wrong not to be young! I'd be ashamed not to be young. My body's old, but that's not my fault. I'm not to blame for an old body, but I would be to blame for an old soul. An old soul is a shameful thing. Mind, now, don't let me catch you getting old!"

And then he said good-by, and left her sitting by the stove.

She turned her skirt back over her knees to keep it from scorching, and held the picture in her left hand and warmed the palm of the right; then in her right hand and warmed the left. Then she put

it down on her knees and warmed both hands; and smiled.

II

When Mrs. Barkley heard the news of the wanderer's return, she hurried to Dr. Lavendar's study. "Do you suppose we need go on with the present?" she demanded, excitedly.

"Why not?" said Dr. Lavendar.

Mrs. Barkley looked conscious. "I only thought, perhaps—maybe—Mr. Rives—"

"William Rives's presence in Old Chester won't improve draughts, will it?" Dr. Lavendar said, crossly. And that was all she could get out of him.

Meantime, Old Chester began to kill the fatted calf. Mr. Rives liked fatted calves; and, furthermore, he had prudently arranged with Van Horne at the tavern for a cash credit for each meal at which he was not present. "For why," he had said, reasonably enough, "should I pay for what I don't get?"—so he went cheerfully wherever he was bidden. Old Chester approved of him as a guest, for, though talkative, he was respectful in his demeanor, and he did not, so Old Chester said, "put on airs." He was very stout, and he wore a black wig that curled all around the back of his neck; his eyes were somewhat dull, but occasionally they glanced out keenly over his fat cheeks. He had a very small mouth, and a slight, perpetual smile that gave his face a rather kindly look, and his voice was mild and soft.

He had come back rich (his shabby clothes to the contrary),—"and poor Lydia is so poor!" said Old Chester; "perhaps—" and then it paused and smiled; and added that "it would be strange, after all these years, *if*—" When somebody said something like this to Dr. Lavendar he grew very cross. "Preposterous!" he said. "I should feel it my duty to prevent anything so dreadful."

And there were romantic hearts in Old Chester who were displeased with him for this remark. Mrs. Drayton said it showed that he could not understand love; "though he can't be blamed for that, as he never married. Still," said Mrs. Drayton, "he ought to have married. I don't want to make any accusations, *but I always look with suspicion*

on an unmarried gentleman." Mrs. Barkley did not go as far as that, but she did say to herself that Dr. Lavendar was unromantic. "Dear me!" she confided to Jane Jay—"if anything *should* happen! Well, I'd be glad to do anything I could to bring it about."

And Mrs. Barkley, who had not only the courage but the audacity of her convictions, invited the parted lovers to tea, so they met for the first time at her house. Mrs. Barkley was the last person one would accuse of being romantic, and yet Dr. Lavendar saw fit to stop at her door that morning and say, "Matches are dangerous playthings, ma'am!" and Mrs. Barkley grew very red, and said that she couldn't imagine what he meant.

However, the party went off well enough. Miss Jane Jay, who made a conscious fourth, expected some quiverings and blushings; but that was because she was young—comparatively. If she had been older she would have known better. Age, with shamefaced relief, has learned the solvent quality of Time. It is this quality which makes possible the contemplation of certain embarrassing heavenly reunions,—where explanations of consolation must be made. . . . Thirty-one years of days, days full of personal concerns and interests, had blurred and softened and finally almost blotted out that one fierce day of angry parting; those thirty-one years of days had made this man and woman able to meet with a sort of calm good-natured interest in each other. Miss Lydia, her black frizette over one smiling eye, her hands encased in white cotton gloves, a new ribbon at the throat of her very old alpaca, called him "William," with the most commonplace friendliness. He began with "Miss Sampson," but ended before supper was over with her first name, and even, once, just as they were going home, with "Lydy";—at which she did start, and blink for an instant, and Jane Jay thought a faint color came into her cheek. However, he did not offer to walk home with her, but bowed politely at Mrs. Barkley's gate, and would have betaken himself to the tavern had not Mrs. Barkley, when he was half-way across the street, called after him. There was a flutter of uncertainty in her voice, for those words of

Dr. Lavendar's (which she did not understand) "stuck," she said to herself, "in her crop." Mr. Rives came back and paused in the moonlight, looking up at Mrs. Barkley standing in the doorway. "I should be pleased, sir," she said, "to have a few words with you."

"Certainly, ma'am," said Mr. Rives, in his soft voice; and followed her into the parlor.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Barkley.

William Rives sat down, thoughtfully. A tall lamp on the heavy claw-footed table emitted a feeble light through its ground-glass globe, and Mrs. Barkley stared at it a moment, as though for inspiration; then she said, in a deep bass: "Mr. Rives, I thought you might be interested in a certain little project. Some of us have thought that we would—would collect—a—a small sum—"

Mr. Rives bowed; his smiling lips suddenly shut tight.

"Perhaps you have not heard that our old friend Lydia Sampson is in reduced circumstances? and some of us thought that a small present of money—"

"Ah—" said Mr. Rives.

Mrs. Barkley felt the color come up into her face at that small, cold sound. "Lydia is very poor," she blurted out.

"Really?" murmured Mr. Rives, with embarrassment; and fell to stroking his beaver hat carefully. Then he added that he deeply regretted Mrs. Barkley's information.

"I knew you would," she said, in a relieved voice. "Lydia is a dear girl. So kind, and so uncomplaining! And—and faithful in her affections, William."

"Ah?" said Mr. Rives again; his smile never changed, but his eyes were keen.

"Yes," Mrs. Barkley said, boldly. "Why, William—I don't know that I ought to tell you;—but do you remember a sketch of yourself that you gave her in—in other days? William! she has kept it ever since. And she keeps a sprig of fresh box stuck in the frame."

"Really?" said Mr. Rives; and his face grew a little redder.

"That's all," Mrs. Barkley said, abruptly. "Now go. I just thought I'd mention it."

"Yes," said Mr. Rives; then added that it was a beautiful night, and politely bowed himself out.

"But he didn't say anything about giving anything," Mrs. Barkley told Dr. Lavendar the next day. And whatever romantic hopes she may have had withered under the blighting touch of his indifference.

III

Mrs. Barkley's hopes withered,—and then revived; for as she climbed the hill to the Stuffed-Animal House a day or two later, whom should she see wandering through the graveyard (of all places!) but Lydia and William! "Of course, I pretended not to see them," she told Harriet Hutchinson,—"but I believe they've begun to take notice!"

They had not seen her; the graveyard was on the crest of the hill, and the road lay below the bank and the stone wall, wherein were set two or three iron doors streaked and eaten with rust, each with its name and its big ring-bolt. There was a bleached fringe of dead grass along the top of the wall, but the bank above was growing green in the April sunshine. There were many trees in this older part of the cemetery; and even now, when the foliage was hardly more than a mist, the tombs and low mounds and old headstones were dappled with light shadows. Miss Lydia and William had met here, by some chance; and Mrs. Barkley, climbing the road before it dipped below the bank, had caught sight of them just where the slope broke into sunshine beyond the trees. Behind them, leaning sidewise over a sunken grave, was a slate headstone, its base deep in a thatch of last year's grass; there were carved cherubs on the corners, and the inscription was blurred with lichen. A still older tomb, a slab of granite on four pedestals, made a seat for Miss Lydia. She had been deciphering the crumbling inscription:—

Mr. Amos Sm . . . Sr.
Born 1734
Die . . . May 7th, 1802
Aged 68.

Base body, thou art faint and weak—
(How the sweet moments roll!)
A mortal paleness on thy cheek—
But glory in thy soul!

William, reading it, had remarked that he thought people lived longer nowadays. "Don't you?" he added, anxiously.

"We live long enough," Miss Lydia said. "I don't want to live too long."

"You can't live too long," he told her, with his sharp smile.

Miss Lydia laughed and looked down at the crumbling stone. "I think sixty-eight was just about long enough. I'm like Dr. Lavendar; he says he 'wants to get up from the banquet of life *still hungry*.' That's the way I feel. I don't want to lose my appetite for life by getting too much of it."

"I couldn't get too much," Mr. Rives said, nervously. "Let us proceed. This place is—is not cheerful. I like cheerfulness. You always seem cheerful, Lydy?"

"Course I am," she said, getting up. "Why shouldn't I be? I haven't a care in the world!"

"You don't say so!" said William Rives; "I was under the impression that your circumstances—"

"My circumstances?" said Miss Lydia. "Bless you, I haven't any! Father didn't leave much of anything. I had \$2000, but Cousin Robinson invested it, and lost it. He felt so badly, I was just distressed about him."

"He should have been prosecuted!" Mr. Rives said, angrily.

Miss Lydia shook her head in horrified protest, but she beamed at him from under her black frizette, grateful for his sympathy.

"I remember," he said, thoughtfully, "that you were always light-hearted. I recall your once telling me that you began to sing as soon as you got up in the morning."

"Oh yes," Miss Lydia said, simply, "I always sing the morning hymn; you know the morning hymn, William?"

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run—"

William nodded. "Vocal exercises (if not too loud) are always cheerful," he said.

Gossiping thus of simple things, they walked back to Lydia's house and sat down in her parlor. There William told her, with a sort of whimper, that his health was bad. "I sent for Willy King;—he is so young, he ought not to charge the full fee. I remember him as a very impudent boy," Mr. Rives said, growing red at some memory of William's

youth; "however, he seems a respectable young man."

"Oh, indeed he is," said Miss Lydia; "he is a dear, good boy; I hope he is doing you good?" she ended, with eager kindness.

"Yes, I think so," he said, anxiously. And then he gave his symptoms with a detail that made poor Miss Lydia get very red. "I *think* he is doing me good; but he recommends many expensive things. Perhaps because he is young. He wished me to hire a vehicle and drive every day! I suggested to him that I could go out in his buggy whenever he calls, instead of hiring a conveyance. He is a very young man to treat an important case," William ended, sighing. Then he asked Lydia about her health, with an exactness which she thought very kind.

"Yes, I'm always well; and so sorry for the poor people who are sick," she said.

"You are a good nurse, aren't you, Lydy?" he asked.

"I'm always glad when I can do anything for a sick person. I'm so sorry for 'em," Miss Lydia said, kindly.

"And you are economical, aren't you, Lydy?" Mr. Rives inquired, in his mild voice, "and not fond of dress?"

"Bless you!" said Lydia, "how can I be anything but economical? And as for being fond of dress—I'm fond of my old dresses, William."

"That is an excellent trait," said William Rives, solemnly. Then, catching sight of his own portrait,—the slim, anæmic young person in a stock and tight-waisted coat, with very small feet and very large hat,—he got up to look at it. "I—have changed a little?" he said, doubtfully.

"It's more becoming to be heavier," Miss Lydia said. And this remark gave him such obvious satisfaction that when he went away his perpetual smile had deepened into positive heartiness.

It was after this talk that he finally added his offering to the "Present" which just then was occupying Old Chester's attention. "And how much do you suppose I got out of him?" Mrs. Barkley asked Dr. Lavendar: "\$1 50!"

However, other friends were more liberal, and by the middle of May the \$85

(grown into the round sum of \$100) was ready for Miss Lydia. A little silk bag, with a scrap of paper twisted about its ribbon drawing-string, was thrust one evening by an unknown hand into Miss Lydia's door. In it were twenty five-dollar gold pieces. "From old friends," Dr. Lavendar had written on the scrap of paper.

"Sha'n't we say—'for repairs'?" Mrs. Barkley asked, doubtfully.

"No!" Dr. Lavendar declared; "I'd rather say 'to buy curl-papers!' Of course she'll use it for repairs; but we mustn't dictate."

Nobody saw Miss Lydia gasp when she opened the bag, and sat down, and then cry and laugh,—but probably every friendly heart in Old Chester was busy imagining the scene, for every friend had contributed. They had all done it in their different ways—and how character confesses itself in this matter of giving! . . . Mrs. Dale, who gave the largest sum, did it with calm, impersonal kindness. Martha King said that she had so many calls upon her charity that she couldn't give much, but was glad to do what she could. Miss Harriet Hutchinson said it was a first-rate idea, and she was obliged to Mrs. Barkley for letting her have a share. As for Mrs. Drayton, she said it was a great trial not to contribute, but she could not do so conscientiously. "*I make such things a matter of prayer,*" she said; "some do not. I do not judge them. I never judge any one. But I take all such matters to the Throne of Grace,—and as a result I feel that such things are injurious to a poor person, and so I must deny myself the pleasure of contributing."

William Rives said that he would be pleased to contribute,—and Mrs. Barkley had a moment of intense excitement when she read his check \$150. But her emotion only lasted until she put on her spectacles.

And yet, when Lydia, sitting at the kitchen table, wiped her eyes and counted her gold by the light of a candle in a hooded candlestick, she felt, somehow, William's hand in it! For, by this time, William's friendliness was beyond any question. He came to see her every other day, and he told her all his symp-

toms, and talked of his loneliness and forlornness until they were both moved to tears.

"Poor William!" she said, her eyes overflowing with sympathy. "Well, I'm glad you have plenty of money, anyhow. It would be hard to be poor and have bad health too."

"But I haven't plenty of money," William said, with agitation. "How did you get such an idea? I haven't!"

And then Miss Lydia was sorrier for him than ever. "Although," she said, cheerfully, "poverty is the last thing to worry about. Look at me. I don't want to brag, but I'm always contented, and I'll tell you why: *I don't want things.* Don't want things, and then you're not unhappy without 'em."

"Oh, Lydy, that's so true," Mr. Rives said, earnestly. "I'm so glad you feel that way." And he began to call every day.

"It's plain to be seen what's going to happen!" said Mrs. Barkley, excitedly; and whispered her hopes (in secret) to almost everybody in Old Chester,—except Dr. Lavendar. He became very ill-tempered the moment she approached the subject. But she was jocose, in a deep bass, to Miss Lydia herself; and Miss Lydia did not pretend to misunderstand. She reddened and laughed; but her eyes were not clear; there was a puzzled look at the back of them. Still, when she sat and looked at her gold the puzzle lightened, and her face, under her black frizette,—fallen sidewise in her excitement, over one ear,—softened almost to tears. "William is kind," she said to herself.

And, indeed, at that very moment, William was referring to her in most kindly terms. He was sitting in Mrs. Barkley's gloomy parlor, on the edge of the horsehair sofa, and Mrs. Barkley was regarding him with romantic interest. "I have been much saddened, ma'am," he was saying, "to observe the destitution of Miss Lydia Sampson."

Mrs. Barkley beamed. Was he going to do something, after all? She spoke in an amiable bass, twitching her heavy eyebrows. "Our little gift, which has gone to her to-night, will make her more comfortable. I could wish it had been larger," she ended; and looked sidewise at Mr. Rives, who bowed, and regretted



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE HELD THE PICTURE IN HER HAND

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that it was not larger. He then coughed behind his hand.

"Mrs. Barkley, I wish to approach a subject of some delicacy."

("He is going to do something!" she thought, excitedly; "or perhaps he means marriage?")

"Mrs. Barkley, in past years there were some passages of affection between Miss Sampson and myself." (Mrs. Barkley bowed; her heart began to glow with that warmth which stirs the oldest of us at the sight of a lover.)

"We were younger, in those days, ma'am," William said, in his soft voice.

"Oh no!" she protested, politely. "Why, you are very well preserved, I'm sure."

"Yes," said William, "I am. Yet I am not as young as I once was."

This drifting away from Miss Lydia disturbed Mrs. Barkley. She lowered her chin and glared at him over her spectacles, saying, in a rumbling bass, "Neither is Lydia;—and it's hard for her to be destitute in her old age."

"Just so," Mr. Rives said, eagerly; "exactly. She is not as young as she once was, which, for many reasons, is desirable. But I think she is healthy?"

"Why, yes," Mrs. Barkley admitted; "but I don't know that that makes it easier to be poor."

"But I infer that poverty has taught her economy?" William Rives said.

"Yes; but Poverty is a hard teacher."

"But thorough, thorough!" said Mr. Rives; "and some people will learn of no other!"

Mrs. Barkley was growing impatient; she gave up marriage, and thought of a pension.

"Yes," said William, "she is economical, and has good health, and is fond of old clothes, and is kind-hearted, and doesn't have any wants. Excellent traits. Excellent. I have looked very carefully at the items of expense in regard to a housekeeper or nurse."

Mrs. Barkley stared at him in bewilderment. Was he going to offer Lydia a position as housekeeper? She was fairly dizzy with this seesaw of possibilities; and she was perplexed, too; for, after all, badly as Lydia needed assistance, propriety must be considered, and certainly this housekeeper project was of doubtful

propriety. "Because, you know, you are neither of you very old," she explained.

Mr. Rives looked disturbed. "Yes, we are," he said, sharply. "Quite old enough. I would not wish a youthful wife; for—many reasons. There might be—results; which would interfere with my comfort. No, Lydia is no longer young; yet she is sufficiently robust to make me extremely comfortable." The light was breaking slowly on Mrs. Barkley. Her face flushed; she sat up very straight and tapped the table with her thimble. "The expense of an extra person is not very considerable, is it?" Mr. Rives said, doubtfully. "It was in regard to this that I wished to consult you."

"Not more than the wages of a housekeeper or a nurse," Mrs. Barkley said, in a restrained voice.

"Exactly!" cried Mr. Rives—"granted that her health is good."

Mrs. Barkley opened and closed her lips. Her impulse to show him the door battled with her common sense. After all, it would mean a home for Lydia; it would mean comfort, and ease, and absence from worry,—*plus*, of course, Mr. Rives. But if Lydia liked him, that wouldn't make any difference. And she must like him,—her faithfulness to the picture proved it,—and he was an agreeable person; amiable, too, Mrs. Barkley thought, for he always smiled when he spoke. "Would you live in Old Chester?" she managed to say, after a pause.

"Yes."

"You would build, I suppose?" Mrs. Barkley said, trying, in the confusion of her thoughts, to make time.

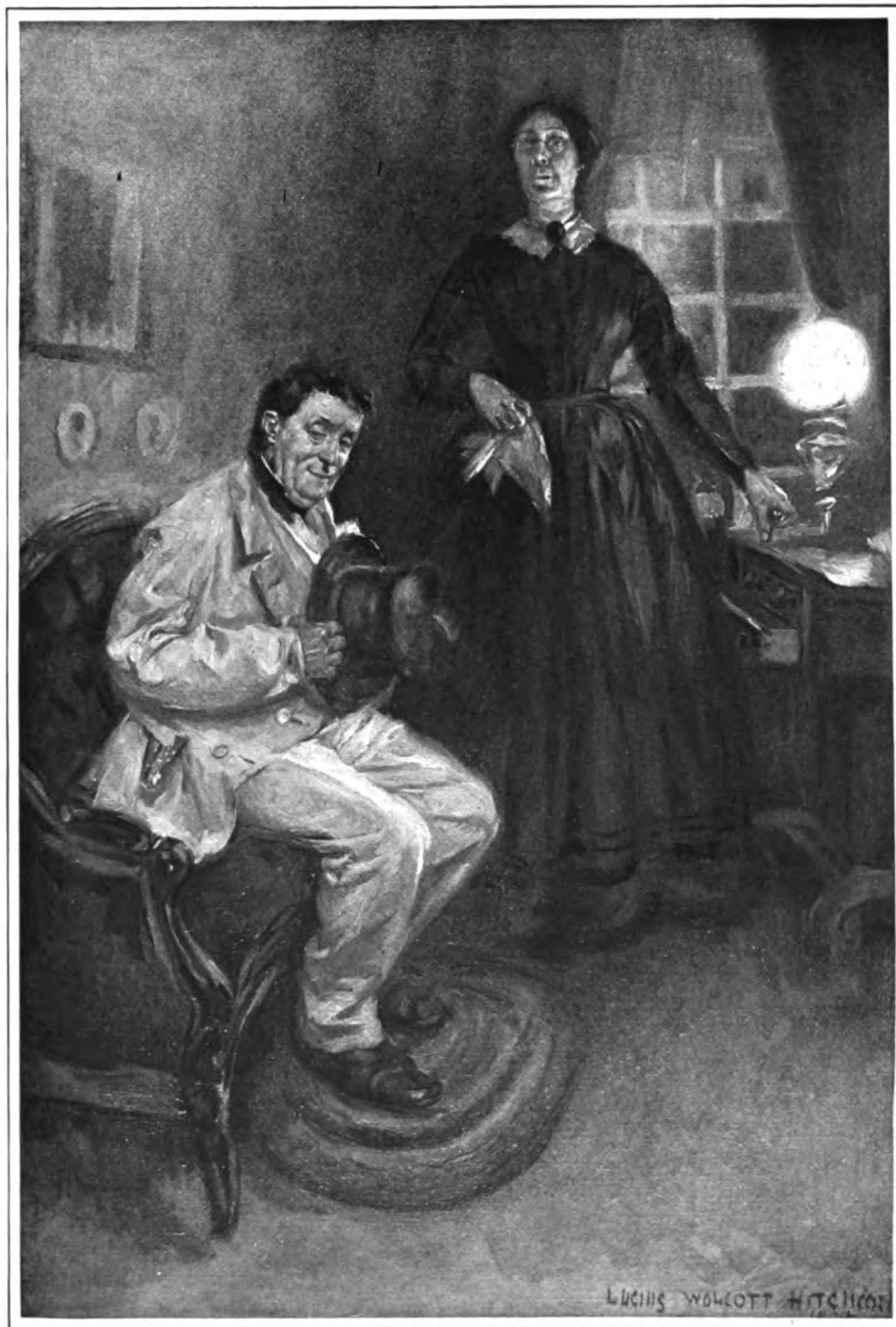
"No," Mr. Rives said; "we would reside in Lydia's present abode."

"*In Lydia's house?* You couldn't!—why, it would be impossible!"

Mrs. Barkley, her mouth open with astonishment, saw, suddenly, that this project was not comfort plus William; but William minus comfort. "You couldn't! The chimney in the parlor is dreadful; it smokes whenever the wind is from the west."

"But, as I understand, Lydia has been provided with the means of mending the chimney?" William said, anxiously.

At this the rein broke. Mrs. Barkley rose, tapping the table with alarming



MRS. BARKLEY TAPPED THE TABLE WITH ALARMING LOUDNESS

loudness, and glaring down at her guest. "William Rives, I have been a perfect fool. But you are worse; you are a mean person. I'd rather live with a murderer than a mean man!"

Mr. Rives was unmoved. His little, steely smile never wavered; he rose also, bowed, and said: "Possibly Miss Sampson does not agree with you. I will bid you good night, ma'am."

"I was a perfect fool," she said again, as the door closed softly behind him.

But William Rives was no fool. . . . He said to himself that it behooved him to see Miss Lydia before Mrs. Barkley had a chance to impart to her those impolite views regarding himself. And that was why, as she was still sitting at her kitchen table, twinkling with happiness over the kindness of her world, and piling her gold pieces in a little leaning tower, William knocked at the door.

Miss Lydia threw an apron over the small, glittering heap, and ran to let her caller in. When she saw who it was, she whipped off the apron to display her wealth; the tears stood in her eyes, and her happy heart burst into words: "How good people are! Just think:—\$100! Why, it takes my breath away—"

"It is a large sum of money," William said, solemnly, touching the gold with respectful fingers. "I would suggest a bank until you pay for the mending of your chimney. And you will get some interest if you defer payment for ninety days."

"Mending my chimney?" Miss Lydia said, thoughtfully. "Well,—that wouldn't take nearly all this."

William's face brightened. "You are right to be prudent, Lydia," he said. "I admire prudence in a female; but still, masons and carpenters—in fact, all persons of that sort—are thieves!" Then he coughed, delicately. "Lydia," he said, "I—I have been thinking—"

"Yes?" said Miss Lydia, calmly.

"We are so situated—each alone—that perhaps we might—we might, ah—marry—to our mutual advantage?"

"Marry?"

"Yes," William said, earnestly; "I should be pleased to marry, Lydy. I need a home. My health is not very good, and I need a home. You need a home, also."

"Indeed I don't!" she said; "I've got a home, thank you."

"I haven't," William said; and Lydia's blue eyes softened. "I am not very strong," he said ("though I see no reason why I should not live to old age); but I want a home. Won't you take me, Lydy?"

Miss Lydia frowned and sighed. "I am very well satisfied as I am," she said; "but perhaps that is a selfish way to look at it."

"Yes, it is," he told her, earnestly; "and you didn't use to be selfish, Lydia."

Miss Lydia sighed again. "I suppose I could make you comfortable, William."

"Do take me, Lydy," he entreated.

And somehow or other, before she quite knew it, she had consented.

As soon as the word was spoken, William arose with alacrity. "I don't like to be out in the night air," he said, "so I'll say good night, Lydy. And, Lydy—shall we, for the moment, keep this to ourselves?"

"Oh yes," said Miss Lydia, getting very red; "I'd rather for the present."

Then, smiling and friendly, she went out with him, bareheaded, to the gate. There William hesitated, swallowed once, rubbed his hands nervously, and then suddenly gave her a kiss.

Miss Lydia Sampson jumped. "Oh!" she said; and again, "Oh!"

And then she ran back into the house, her eyes wet and shining, her face flushed to her forehead. She sat down by the table and put her hands over her eyes; she laughed, in a sort of sob, and her breath came quickly.

"I hadn't thought of it,—*that way*," she whispered to herself. And somehow, as she sat there by her kitchen table, she began to think of it that way;—Miss Lydia was very young! She would try and make him happy; she would try and be more orderly; she would try to be good,—since her Heavenly Father had given back the old happiness!

And that night she did not bid the picture good night.

Mr. Rives was himself not without emotion. It was many years, he reflected, since his lips had touched those of a female, and the experience was agreeable. So agreeable that he wished to repeat it as soon as possible; and

furthermore, he felt anxious to know that Lydia had put the gold in a safe place. But when he called the next day, he was a little late, because, as he explained to Miss Lydia, he had had to wait for the mail. She met him with a new look in her innocent, eager eyes, and her face was shy and red. As she sat sewing, listening vaguely, she would glance at him now and then, as if, until now, she had not seen him since that day of parting, thirty-one years ago—the thirty-one years which had blotted out Amanda's field. The old happiness, like a tide long withdrawn, was creeping back, rising and rising, until it was overflowing in her eyes. This puffy gentleman, with his tight smiling mouth, was the William of her youth,—and she had never known it until last night! She had thought of him, during the last month or two, only as an old friend who needed the care which her kind heart prompted her to give; and lo! suddenly, he was the lover who would care for her!

"I was sorry, my dear Lydia, to be late," said Mr. Rives, in his soft voice; "I was detained by waiting for the mail."

Miss Lydia said, brightly, that it didn't matter.

"But it was worth waiting for," William assured her. "I have done a good piece of business. (Not that it will make me richer; as I have so many obligations to meet.) But it was a fortunate stroke."

"That is good," said Miss Lydia.

"A female in a distant city, where I own a poor little bit of real estate;—nothing of any value, Lydia; I am a poor man—"

"That's no difference," she told him, softly.

"—this female, a widow, and foolish (as widows always are)," William said, with a little giggle,—“asked me to sell her a house I owned. She wished, for some reason, to purchase in that locality. I named the market price. I did so by letter, a fortnight ago. I believe she thought it high; but that was her affair. She would have to sell certain securities to purchase it, she said. But as I wrote her—‘my dear madam, that's your business.’” Mr. Rives laughed a little. Miss Lydia looked up, smiling and interested. "Yes," said Mr. Rives—"I didn't urge

it. I never urge, because then I can't be blamed if things go wrong. But I held my price. That is always policy,—not to drop a dollar on price. So she's bought it. She made a payment yesterday to bind the sale. Not that I feel any richer, for I must immediately apply the money to the purchase of other things."

"That's nice," Miss Lydia said.

"I guess it is," William agreed; "I happen to know that a boiler factory is to be erected on the rear lot."

"But will she like that,—the poor widow?" Miss Lydia said, with a puzzled frown.

Mr. Rives laughed comfortably. "Ah, Lydia, my dear, in business we do not ask such questions before making a sale. I like it. In three months that bit of property will have shrunk to an eighth of its selling price to-day!" Mr. Rives's eyes twinkled with satisfaction.

"But — *William!*" said Miss Lydia. Suddenly she grew pale. "William," she said, "it seems to me you ought to have told the poor widow."

"Lydia, a lady cannot understand business," William said, with kindly condescension, but with a slight impatience. "Don't you see, if I had told her, she would not have made the purchase?"

Miss Lydia was silent, stroking the gathers of her cambric with a shaking needle. Then she said, in a low voice, "I suppose she wouldn't."

William nodded encouragingly. "You'll learn, Lydia. A married lady learns much of business methods through her husband. Though they don't profit by it, I notice; widows are always foolish. Not that—that you will be likely to be—to be foolish," he ended, hastily, frowning very much.

Lydia went on sewing, in silence. The color did not come back into her face, which caused William to ask her anxiously how she was.

"You are sure you are healthy, Lydia, aren't you?" he said.

Miss Lydia, without looking at him, said she was. When he had gone, she stopped sewing and glanced about her in a frightened way; then she put her hands over her eyes and drew in her breath; and once she shivered. She sat there for a long time. After a while she got up

and went over to the picture of Mr. William Rives, and stood looking at it; and as she looked, her poor terrified eyes quieted into tears, and she straightened the bit of box with a tender hand; and then she suddenly bent down and kissed the slim gentleman behind the misty glass.

The next time she met her lover she was cheerful enough. It was two days later, at the front door of the tavern. Dr. Lavendar was there, too, waiting for the morning stage for Mercer.

"Well—well! so I am going to have company, am I?" he said, for Miss Lydia was waiting for it too. Her bonnet was on one side, her shabby jacket, fading from black to green on the shoulders, was split at the elbow seams, and the middle finger of each glove was worn through; but her eyes were shining with pleasure.

"Yes," she said, nodding, "I'm going!"

Her presence seemed to be a surprise to Mr. Rives, who had strayed forth from the breakfast-room to see the stage start.

"You are going to Mercer?" he said, his small smile fading into an astonished question.

"Yes!" Miss Lydia said, laughing; and suddenly she gave a little jump of happiness. "I haven't been to Mercer for nine years! Oh dear! isn't it just delightful!"

"But why?" William persisted, in an amazed aside.

"Oh, that's the secret!" cried Miss Lydia, clambering into the stage; "you'll know sometime!"

"I suppose you wish to arrange for the alterations?" William said; "but considering the stage fares back and forth— Oh, there is Dr. Lavendar."

He came round to the other side of the stage, smiling very much. "Well, sir, good morning! good morning, sir!"

"Hello," Dr. Lavendar said.

Mr. Rives rubbed his hands. "I—I was about to say, Dr. Lavendar,—that little matter between us—it's of no importance, of course; quite at your convenience, sir; I don't mean to press you—but at your convenience, sir."

"What are you talking about?" Dr. Lavendar said, with a puzzled blink.

"Well," said William, smiling, "there's no haste,—only, I thought I'd

just remind you. I'm always business-like myself; and that little matter of accommodation—"

Dr. Lavendar stared at him. "I am afraid I'm a stupid old fellow," he said,—"I don't understand?"

The stage-driver gathered up his reins; Miss Lydia nodded joyously on the back seat, the two other passengers frowned at the delay; so William Rives made haste to explain: "Merely, sir, the stamp I had the pleasure of lending you? But pray don't incommode yourself; I merely remind you; it's of no—"

Dr. Lavendar pulled out his shabby leather pocketbook, his hands fairly trembling with haste, and produced the stamp; then he pulled the door to, and as the stage sagged forward and went tugging up the hill, he turned his astonished eyes on Miss Lydia, and said, under his breath, chuckling, "Would you have asked him for a receipt?"

Miss Lydia had grown pale; she said nothing, but looked out of the window, and rubbed her little cotton gloves hard together. Yet there was something in her face that turned Dr. Lavendar grave.

The stage jolted on; the two other passengers chatted, then one fell asleep and the other read an almanac. Suddenly Miss Lydia turned sharply round. "It just kills me!" she said.

"Nonsense!" Dr. Lavendar told her. "He is a man of business, you know, and I'm a forgetful old codger. I knew William, and I ought to have remembered."

But Miss Lydia's face had fallen into such drawn and anxious lines that Dr. Lavendar had to do his best to cheer her. He began to ask questions: How long was it since she had been to Mercer? Was she going to call on friends? Was she going to shop? "I believe you ladies always want to shop?" said Dr. Lavendar, kindly. And somehow Miss Lydia brightened up. Yes; she was going to shop! It was a secret—she couldn't tell Dr. Lavendar yet—but he should know about it, first of all! She was so happy, so important, so excited, that her pain at William's businesslike ways seemed forgotten, and when they separated at the Stage House she went bustling off into the sunshine,—waving a shabby cotton glove at him, and crying, "I haven't a minute to lose!"

Dr. Lavendar stood still, and shook his head. "Pity," he said—"pity, pity. But I suppose it can't be helped. There's no use telling William about her; he must see it. And there's no use telling her about William; she must see it. No; no use. But it's a pity—a pity." Which shows that Dr. Lavendar had reached that degree of wisdom which knows that successful interference in love-affairs must come from the inside, not from the outside.

He did not see Miss Lydia again until they met at the Stage House,—and for a minute he did not recognize her. She came running and panting, laden with bundles, to the coach door. Indeed, she was so hurried that one of her innumerable packages, a long, slim bundle, slipped from her happy, weary arms, and hitting the iron drop-step, crashed into fragments and splashed her dress with its contents. "Oh, that's one of my bottles of catawba!" said Miss Lydia. "Dear, dear! Well, never mind; I'll get another from Van Horne."

The fragrance of the wine, soaking her gloves and the front of her faded dress, filled the stage (in which they were the only passengers), and Miss Lydia joyously licked her bare finger-tips. "Too bad!" she said; "but accidents will happen!"

Dr. Lavendar helped her pile her bundles on the front seat, and then he unhooked the swinging strap so that certain parcels could be put on the middle bench. Miss Lydia leaned back with a happy sigh. "The rest will come down to-morrow," she said.

"The *rest*?" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Oh, I've got to tell somebody!" she said. "Promise you won't tell?"

"I won't tell," he assured her.

"Well," said Miss Lydia, "look here: Do you see that?" She tore a little hole in a long flat package, and Dr. Lavendar saw a gleam of blue. "That's a dress. Yes, a blue silk dress—for myself. I'm afraid it was selfish to get a thing just for myself, but that and a pair of white kid gloves and some lace are all I did get; and I've wanted a silk dress, a blue silk dress, ever since I got poor."

Dr. Lavendar looked at her, and at the hole in the package, and at her again. "Lydia!" he said,—“is it possible that

you— *Lydia!*” he ended, speechless with consternation.

"The other things are all for the party."

"The—party?"

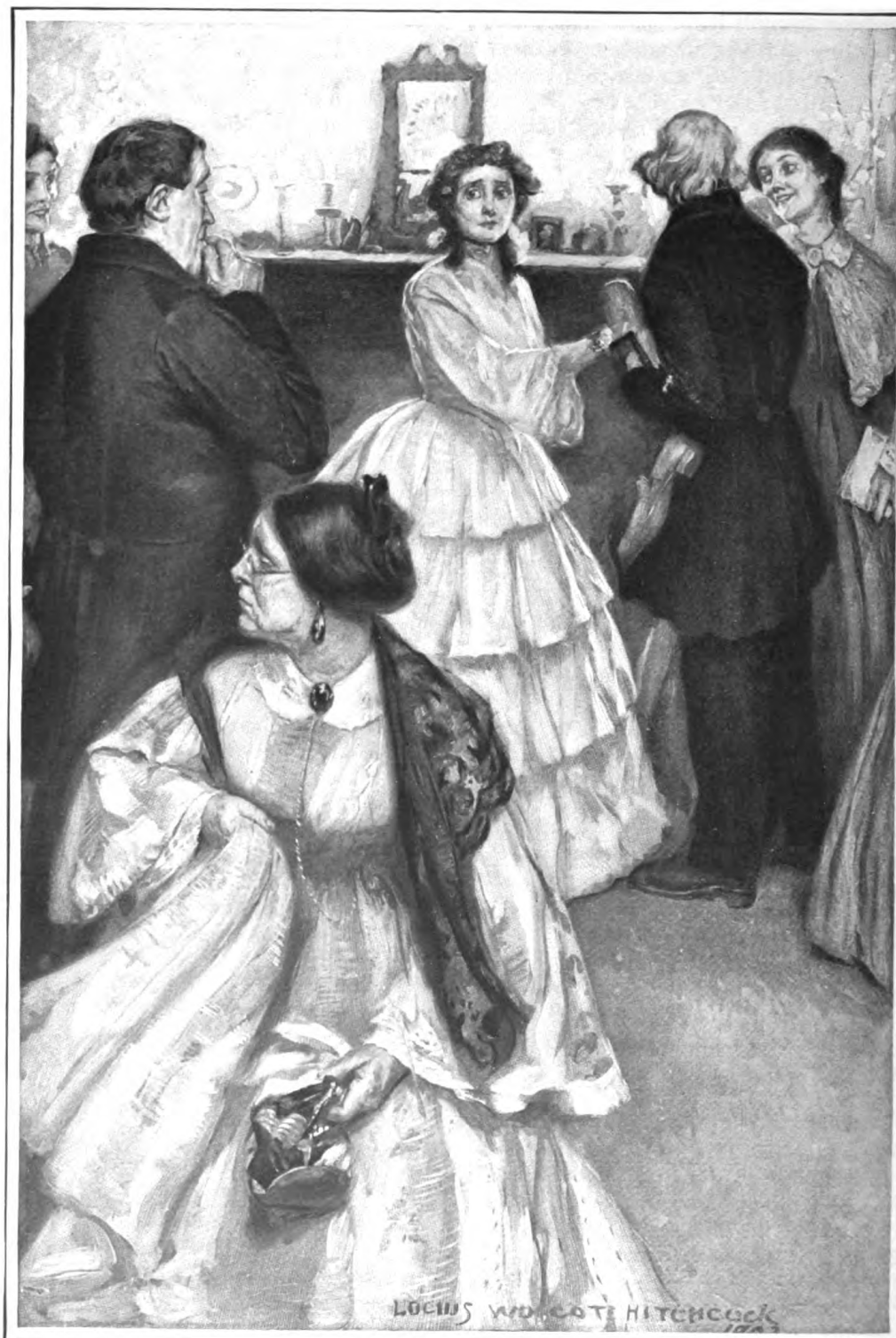
"Presents!" she said, rubbing her hands. "Oh dear! I'm so tired. And I'm so happy! Oh, nobody was ever so happy. The party (that's the secret) is to be next Thursday a week; that gives me time to make my dress. I ordered the cake in Mercer. All pink and white icing—perfectly lovely! And I have a present for everybody!—here's a work-basket for Martha King. And I have a bird-cage and a canary for dear Willy (that is to come down to-morrow. I really couldn't carry everything!) And I've got a knitted shawl for Maria Woodward, and a cloak for her dear Rose;—that was rather expensive, but it's always cheap to get the best;—and a cornelian breastpin for Alice Gray. And—well—oh dear! I'm so excited I can hardly remember: a book for Mr. Ezra; a book for Mrs. Dale. Books are safe presents, don't you think?"

Dr. Lavendar groaned.

"And a picture for Rachel King—that's it; that square bundle. So pretty! a little girl saying her prayers; sweet! it's like her Anna. And a box of candy for Sally Smith's little brothers; and a pair of agate cuff-buttons for Sally—" She was moving her packages about as she checked them off, and she looked round at Dr. Lavendar with a sigh of pure joy. He could not speak his distracted thought!

"Oh, you mustn't see that," she cried, suddenly pushing a certain package under the others with great show of secrecy; and Dr. Lavendar groaned again. "I think a party with presents for everybody will be very unusual, don't you?" she asked, heaping her bundles up carefully; two more fingers had burst through her cotton gloves, and as she leaned forward, a button snapped off her jacket. "I don't want to brag," she said, "but I think it will be as nice a party as we have ever had in Old Chester."

"But, Lydia, my dear," Dr. Lavendar said, gently, "I am afraid it is extravagant, isn't it, to try to give us all so much pleasure? And is a blue silk gown



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

MISS LYDIA, WATCHING HIM. GREW PALER AND PALER

very — well, serviceable, I believe, you ladies call it?"

"No, indeed it isn't," she said, with a sudden pathetic passion. "That's why I got it. I never, since I was a girl, have had anything that wasn't serviceable."

"But," Dr. Lavendar said, "I rather hoped you would see your way clear to making your house a little more comfortable?"

"Why, but I'm perfectly comfortable," she assured him; "and even if I was not, I'd rather, just for once in my life, have my party, and give my presents. Oh, just once in a lifetime! I'd rather," she said, and her eyes snapped with joy — "I'd rather have next Thursday night, and my house as it is, than just comfort all the rest of my days! Comfort! What's comfort?"

"Well, Lydia, it's a good deal to some of us," Dr. Lavendar said. And then his eyes narrowed. "Lydia, my dear — does Mr. Rives know about this?"

Miss Lydia, counting her packages over, said, absently, "No; it is to be a surprise to William."

"If I am not mistaken," said Dr. Lavendar, — "it will be a very great surprise to William."

And then he fell into troubled thought; but as he thought, his face brightened. It brightened so much that, by the time they reached Old Chester, he was as joyously excited about the party as was Miss Lydia herself, who made him a thousand confidences about her dress, and her presents, and the food which would be offered to her guests. His joyousness had not abated when, the next morning, Mrs. Barkley presented herself, breathless, at the Rectory.

"I think," she said, in an awful bass, sitting up very straight and glaring at Dr. Lavendar, "that this is the most terrible thing that ever happened."

"There are worse things," said Dr. Lavendar.

"I know of nothing worse," Mrs. Barkley said, with dreadful composure. "You may. You know what the unregenerate human heart may do. I do not. This is the worst. What will people say? What will Mrs. Dale say? It must be stopped! She ran in this morning and told me in confidence. She came, she

said, to know if she could borrow my teaspoons next Thursday week. I said she could, of course; but I suppose I looked puzzled. I couldn't imagine — then she confessed! She said you knew, but no one else. Then, before I came to my senses, she ran out. I came here at once to say that you must stop it."

"In the first place," said Dr. Lavendar, thrusting his hands down into his dressing-gown pockets, "I couldn't stop it. In the second place, I haven't the right to stop it. And in the third place, I wouldn't stop it if I could."

"Dr. Lavendar!"

"I am delighted with the plan. We need gayety in Old Chester; *I think we'll get it*. I hope she'll have Uncle Davy in, with his fiddle, and we'll have a reel. Mrs. Barkley, will you do me the honor?"

It came over Mrs. Barkley, with a sudden chill, that there was something the matter with Dr. Lavendar.

"I have calculated," said the old minister, chuckling, "that Miss Lydia has in hand, at present, about \$1 75 of our \$100. This sum I trust she will give to Foreign Missions. The need is great. I shall bring it to her attention."

"Dr. Lavendar," said Mrs. Barkley, and paused.

"Ma'am?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

Dr. Lavendar looked at her and smiled.

IV

And so the night of Old Chester's festivity approached. Miss Lydia's invitations were delivered the morning of the day, but a rumor of the party was already in the air. There had been some shakings of the head, and one or two frowns. "It will cost her at least three dollars," said Martha King, "and she could get a new bonnet with that."

"It's her way of thanking us for her present," said the doctor, "and a mighty nice way, too. I'm going. I'll wear my white waistcoat."

Mrs. Drayton said, calmly, that it was dishonest. "The money was given to her for one purpose; to ask people to tea, and have even only cake and lemonade, is spending it for another purpose. It will cost her at least \$4 50. Not a large sum, compared with the whole amount do-

nated in charity. But the principle is the same. I always look for the principle—it is a Christian's duty. And I could not face my Maker if I ever failed in duty."

Then Mrs. Dale's comment ran from lip to lip:—"Miss Lydia has a right to do as she pleases with her own; if she invites me to tea, I shall go with pleasure."

When the rumor reached William Rives's ears he turned pale; but he made no comment. "But I came to ask you about it, Lydy," he said. This was Wednesday evening, and William stood at the front door; Miss Lydia was on the step above him. "I won't ask you to come in, William," she said, "I'm so busy—if you'll excuse me."

"I am always gratified," said William, "when a female busies herself in household affairs, so I will not interrupt you. I came for two purposes: first, to inquire when you intend to begin the improvements upon your house; and, secondly, to say that I hope I am in error in regard to this project of a supper that I hear you are to give."

"Why?" said Lydia.

"Because," William said, with his sharp, neat smile, "a supper is not given without expense. Though I approve of hospitality, and make a point of accepting it, yet I am always conscious that it costs money. I cannot but calculate, as I see persons eating and drinking, the amount of money thus consumed. I say to myself, as I observe a guest drink a cup of tea, 'Two cents!' Such thoughts (which must present themselves to every practical man) are painful. And such a supper would involve many cups of tea."

"Twenty-seven," said Miss Lydia, briefly.

"And is there to be cake, also?" said William, breathlessly.

"There is," said Miss Lydia; "a big one; with a castle in pink and white icing on it; beautiful!"

William was stricken into silence; then he said, shaking his head, "Do you really mean it, Lydy?"

"I do, William."

Mr. Rives sighed.

"Well," he said, "well: I regret it. But, Lydy, we might utilize the occasion? Refreshment is always considered genteel at a marriage. Why not com-

bine your supper with our wedding? We can be married to-morrow night. Dr. Lavendar is coming, I presume? I can get the license in the morning."

Miss Lydia was silent; the color came into her face, and she put her hand up to her lips in a frightened way. "Oh, I—don't know," she faltered. "I—I am not—ready—"

"Oh," William urged, "never mind about being ready; I should be the last to wish you to go to any of the foolish expense of dress customary on such occasions. Yes, Lydia, it is an opportunity. Do agree, my dear; we will save money by it."

Miss Lydia drew in her breath; she was very pale; then suddenly she nodded. "Well, yes," she said. "I will, if you want to, William. Yes, I will."

"I will communicate with Dr. Lavendar," said Mr. Rives, joyfully, "and ask him to hold himself in readiness, but not to speak of it outside." Miss Lydia nodded, and closing the door, went back to her engrossing affairs. Presents, and a party, and a wedding—no wonder the poor little soul was white and dizzy with excitement!

Long will Old Chester remember that occasion: The little house, lighted from garret to cellar; candles in every possible spot; flowers all about; the mantelpiece heaped with bundles; William King's bird-cage hanging in the window; Uncle Davy's fiddle twanging in the kitchen; and Miss Lydia in front of the smoky fireplace, banked now with white lilacs—Miss Lydia in a light, bright blue silk dress trimmed with lace; Miss Lydia in white kid gloves, buttoned with one button at the wrist, and so tight that the right glove split across the back when she began to shake hands. Oh, it was a great moment. . . . No wonder she was pale with excitement! . . . She was very pale when William Rives arrived—arrived, and stood dumfounded! staring at Miss Lydia; staring at the packages which were now finding their way into astonished hands; staring at the refreshment table between the windows, at the great frosted cake, at the bottles of catawba, at Mrs. Barkley's spoons stuck into tall glasses of wine jelly. Mr. Rives stood staring at these things, his

small eyes starting out upon his purpling cheeks,—and as he stared, Miss Lydia, watching him, grew paler and paler.

Then, suddenly, William, stealthily, step by step, began to back out of the room. In the doorway he shouldered Mrs. Barkley, and wheeling, turned upon her a ferocious face:

“And I contributed \$1 50—”

But as he retreated and retreated, the color returned to Miss Lydia’s cheek. She had almost stopped breathing as he stood there—but when he had disappeared, she broke out into the full joyousness of the occasion. The opening of each present was like a draught of wine to her, the astounded or angry thanks went to her head; she rubbed her hands until the left glove split also; and then Uncle Davy’s fiddle began in good earnest, and she bustled about, running and laughing, and arranging partners for the reel.

Yes, it was a great occasion. Old Chester talked of it for months; not even William Rives’s most unexpected and unexplainable departure the next day on the morning stage could divert the appalled, excited, disapproving interest that lasted the year out. Not even Miss Lydia’s continued faithfulness to the portrait, which had condoned so many offences in the past, could soften Old

Chester’s very righteous indignation. There were, it must be admitted, one or two who professed that they did not share the disapproval of all right-thinking persons; one was, if you please, Mr. Smith! (He was one of the new Smiths, so one might expect anything from him.) He had not been invited to the party, but when he heard of it he roared with most improper mirth.

“Well done!” he said. “By Jove! what a game old party. Well done! The money was champagne on an empty stomach; of course she got drunk. It would have been cheaper to have bought a bottle of the genuine article and shut herself up for twenty-four hours. Well, it’s worth the cost of a new chimney; I’ll put her repairs through, Dr. Lavendar;—unless you want to get up another present?” And then he roared again. Very ill-bred man he was.

Dr. Lavendar said that there would not be another present. He said Miss Lydia had a right, in his opinion, to spend her money as she chose; but there would not be another present.

And then he walked home, blinking and smiling. “Smith’s a good fellow,” he said to himself; “if he *is* one of the new folks. But what I’d like to know is: *did Lydia think \$100 a low price?*”

The Passers-by

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

THOUGH the dawn bring grayest thread
That my Fates have spun;
Though, I lift not up my head,—
Sorrow may not shun
Glory of the Sun.

Yea, and though the gold sands run
Fleet through afternoon,
Shadows, that will speed the Sun,
Bring me yet as soon,
Glory of the Moon.

Blessèd Ones, and shining boon
Over all our wars!—
Blessèd we, by night or noon,
That no anguish mars
Glory of the Stars.

The Lost Child

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

IT was far to go for the little fellow,
And I think it was dark out there,
Away from the sunshine, warm and mellow,
That sweetened his earthly air.

It was far to go, it was dark, I know,
And it broke my heart that it should be so.

The distance between a joy and joy,
Or between a star and a star,
Some measure like this we may employ,
Nor measure at last how far.

And they were not fleet, they were little feet
That stumbled beside me in the street.

Oh little fellow, dear little fellow,
Once, where the strange paths crossed
In magical woods of sunlit yellow,
You, lagging behind, were lost—

Just a step aside; but I knew that wide
And terrified look, the day you died!

When it is day I can dissemble
And cover from sight my care,
But when it is dark, in tears I tremble,—
“What if he be lost out there?”

In my troubled sleep, I cower, I weep,
I am little and lost, and the dark is deep.

When the ghost moon steals down the mountain hollow
To glide through my window bars,
I wake and pray to be dead, to follow
His stumbles between the stars.



WHERE THE LAPPS LIVED

A Lapp Fishing Trip

BY J. B. CONNOLLY

THIS was up where the Norwegian coast-line begins to shoulder away to the easterly arctic. Made up of slabs of rock set on edge, and just enough of them bunched to entitle the whole thing to be set down on the chart as an island, with everywhere fissures which only the most agile of our Lapps dared to more than crawl around—and they were shod with clinging, straw-stuffed moccasins,—there it was, fifteen miles or so from Hammerfest—good fishing and a handy market,—that this band of sea-Lapps had taken station for the summer to fish for sei, or whatever else might come their way, under the light of the midnight sun. It had the look of a place whereon the nimble mountain-goat would need to have a care as to how he cut his capers, provided, of course, that so shrewd a creature could ever be

induced to think that he might find there sufficient provender to keep him alive.

In half-rough weather a man had to watch out and pick his spot to leap ashore—here and there a bit of ledge breaking through the swash offered a chance. Forty or fifty feet above the sea-line, well up on one of the higher perches, our Lapps had their shack, an arrangement that was roofed over with the meagre turf of the region, and sided in by boards that must have been washed onto their shores after long drifting, so old and battered did they look.

Within the outer door of this shack was a space that served for a store-room, and cast in confusion on the floor and hung in any old way on the walls and from the roof, and all contributing to the appearance of disorder, were buoys, cans, kegs, nets, lines—the fishing-gear

not in immediate use,—with some dried fish, a tub of lard, and a few odd utensils of a household over which, plainly, no woman had for some time presided.

Beyond the inner door, which was hung on leather hinges and not quite plumb as to the hanging, was the living-room. It was, possibly, fifteen feet on a side, and in each corner a bunk about five feet square and meant to accommodate four—for Lapps are neither tall nor bulky—was raised clear of the floor by wooden props, with bedding made up of the skins of goat and reindeer, and of such of their own garments, goat and reindeer skin also, as they cared not to wear at the moment. Within that room dwelt our sixteen Lapps.

On one side of the room the wall space between the bunks was taken up by the door, but on each of the other three sides was a small window, to let in by way of the unwashed glass a shade of the light of heaven onto a narrow board that answered for a table, and so placed, with reference to the bunks, that the newly awakened had only to slide out feet first or roll broad on to find them-

selves at once in a position to eat, with the bench-board affixed to the edge of the bunks forming the table-seats, which, polished by the friction of the tough deerskin tunics and trousers, shone most smoothly, except where they were marked by the work of bait-cutting, for which, and doubtless other service, there hung from each man's belt a knife in a deer-horn sheath.

In what was left of the room, a central space about five feet square, was the fire-place, elevated to a height of two feet on a bed of board, but with earth covering the wood. Five kettles, crusted to an ungauged depth of blackness, soot-hardened beyond reclamation, reposed on what must be called the hearth, and dangling down to them from the sooty rafters was a chain for cooking purposes. Encircling the walls of the room, above the bunks and little windows, was a line of shelving, on which reposed the rare household ware and the still more precious fishing-gear not yet baptized—hooks, hand-gaffs, thole-pins, corks, and so on.

All the beams in the place were



TAKING THE NET ASHORE



A SHACK PERCHED FAR ABOVE THE SEA-LINE

swathed in soot; and in this room, where sixteen men cooked, ate, slept, and talked long days away, one can imagine that there were times when the atmosphere suffered a change and took on dark hues; and as the floor was of earth and the rain came through the roof by way of an opening that was a chimney when it was not shut up tight, one may be able to imagine that there were also times when it was heavy going underfoot.

Outside in the free air, set up on the highest of all the rocky peaks of the island, was the lookout's tower—a square of small loosely piled stones, through the crevices of which the winds of the north might whistle and the arctic rains enter

if so it pleased them; and whoever was standing watch for the time took station therein and looked out onto the fiord for the schools of blackfish by which these people lived through the summer, and, while living, saved enough—sometimes—to manage to exist through the long winter. All hands were more or less on watch when they were not sleeping. To look far out and scan the wind-whipped waters of the fiord seemed to be as natural an action as to tuck one's arms into one's bosom, hunch the shoulders, and draw a deep breath—but they slept a great deal, we judged, and the man watching up in the tower should of course be able to see the fish first.

It was after twelve o'clock on this July night that the lookout in the eyrie reported a school of sei coming across the fiord. We looked for ourselves, and we too saw the circling sea-gulls, and beneath them the elsewhere smooth surface of the fiord ruffled black like a tide-rip. The lookout's call of "Fish-O!" or some word that meant the same thing, assembled the loiterers on the rock and awoke the sleepers in the shack. There was no dressing. Some had to put on their caps and others their belts with the dangling knife, but that done, all was ready.

Four or five rushed up to get the brown-tanned net, which had been hanging up to dry, with a board roof for protection against the elements. Two of the men, spinning about like great tops or the dervishes in dime museums, but more slowly moving, wound the net around their shoulders; then, with two other men to take up the sag in the bight of it, and all making what speed they could, they stumbled down the rough declivities to the boats.

The boats, undecked, about thirty feet long, seven feet beam, and loose rock in the bottom for ballast, were clinker-built, and after the models that have been handed down from Viking days—upcurved stem and stern—carved, decorated, and gilded. They were gaudily painted—green, blue, red, yellow, and the rest of the prismatic belt. One could easily believe that they would scud pretty well, but hardly that they would be the best boats in the world to drive by the wind in a gale; and looking at the frail build of them and then at the jagged coast-line all about, one would also prefer not to be running to harbor in them on a black winter's night.

Four boats, four men in each, go out together for the incoming school. All hands are rowing, each with as much as he can handle in one long clumsy oar. To the man who has no other occupation than to curl up in the bow and watch them, it seems that they are doing a lot of talking for people with business ahead.

As we near the school, which is coming on leisurely, with the gulls still circling and screaming above, and every now and then diving, arising, and making off triumphant, the captain of the ex-

pedition—rare-looking enough for a Lapp, because of a flowing beard with a curl to it—he is probably half Finn—begins to talk more than all the others together. But his speech is to some purpose—it seems to be orders that he is spitting out, for the men change the course slightly and row more earnestly and with less to say for themselves.

The net is in the captain's boat. He waves his arm toward one boat, and a man in that boat stops rowing and heaves the end of a line, which the captain makes fast to one corner of the net and drops overboard. A boat to the other side of them heaves the end of a line, and it likewise is given a corner, as also a moment later is the third boat. They row farther out then, drawing the net after them, and soon it is spread below the surface, with each boat making the corner of a square that is possibly a hundred feet on a side. The net itself seems to be seventy feet by sixty.

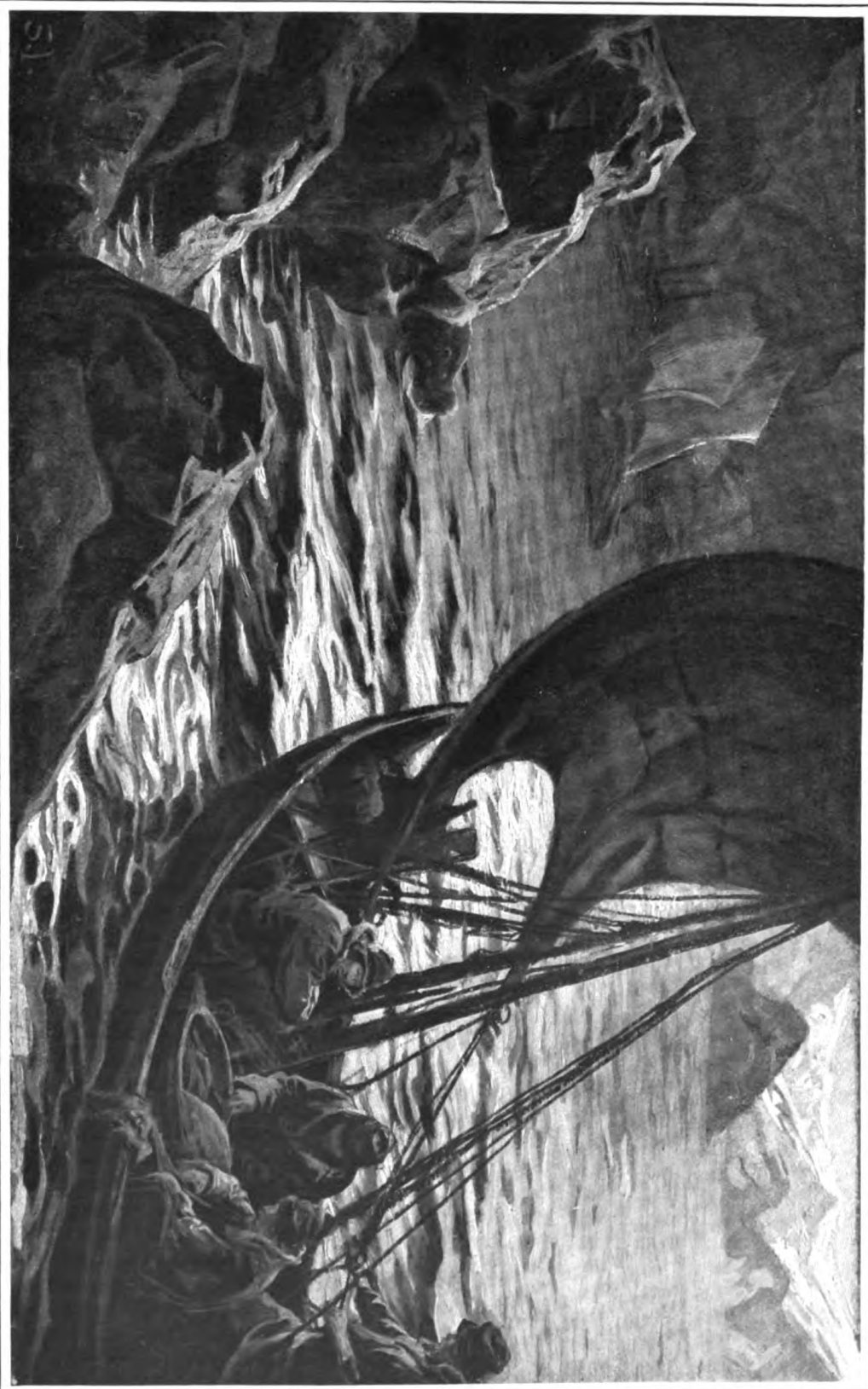
The fish come on, with everybody keeping quiet as they approach. To the captain's orders the boats again change direction, holding the corner lines taut always. All are rowing hard, and particularly the crew of the boat to windward, Lapps seem not to be of a race of gifted oarsmen, and there is an endless amount of deep digging and any amount of splashing. When the fish are almost in the right place the mouths of our fishermen begin to clench and their breath to come hard, for now they must not let the boats drift away.

These seem to be creatures not easily startled. Some fish would be off and into the wide Atlantic by now, but not these gentlemen. They come slowly but certainly. In the boats they are trying to keep quiet while the fish are getting within limits, and beyond the grinding of the oar-shafts between the thole-pins and the splashing of the blades in the water, they are doing pretty well. At least they have stopped talking.

The sei push over the dead-line, and the men standing by the corner-lines begin to get nervous. But not yet. The captain warns them with uplifted arm, and low words that must be fine oaths in Lapp language,—which is not quite Norwegian, nor yet Swedish nor Finnish, but seemingly flavored with all three.

TAKING THE CATCH TO HAMMERFEST

Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit



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It comes at last—the sharp word of command. The front line of the advancing ripple is yet some distance from the inshore edge of the net, with the rear mark of the school above the off-shore edge, when the captain gives the word. The men seem hardly to have waited for him—two men in each boat begin to haul, while the others still tug, and now more diligently than ever, at the oars.

The hauling continues and the fish are crowded into the middle of the net, thereby helping out the plans of the fishermen, who seem to have them pretty well under control, although the sei, at last seemingly aware of the scheme, are flurrying against capture—but flurrying, of course, to no purpose.

When the net is lifted and the fish safe aboard two of the boats—and it does not take long to gaff them in—the little fleet row back rather leisurely to the island, where the net is at once taken ashore and carried up on the rocks to be dried out again.

The catch, which must weigh nearly a ton, is put into one boat, and, we are told, will at once be taken to Hammerfest to market. “At once”—the Lapp idea of it. They do not leave immediately. They are not drivers, these Lapps, and there are some little preliminaries. First, all hands must repair to the shack and have a bite of something to eat after that spurt. After toil, food and rest. So, with a notion of coffee ahead, the five black kettles are raised up and put into action, the long hard loaves of bread are cut and the butter made ready, with the cheese, goat’s and reindeer’s milk, and sugar for some, and even canned milk for others. Two or three produce a little cognac. Each man is his own caterer and cook, and they are all busy. The drops of sweat are still on their brows while they eat, and the lustre of conflict yet in their eyes. What internal turmoil would be raised in these if they really did drive for a few hours after the manner of some fishermen there is no telling! Probably they would go on strike.

The four who are to take this trip of fish to Hammerfest are ready at last. It was five in the morning when we left, and sailing across the lightly cupping

waters we were swamped in light. It had been broad light of course all night, with the sun in the northern sky, but now it was more—there was a glow to it. The eternal snows on the crests of the heights burned under it, and the brown-tanned sails of the Finn and Lapp boats grew warm under it; the white sails of the Russian traders were dazzling; even the high-piled lumber on the deck of a south-bound tramp threw out a suggestion of something not on the bills of lading; and the tourist steamer with her glittering flags!—she was freighted with dreams. Aboard our boat there was no great pressure of business on the way. One man steered while the others dressed fish. It seemed a shame to throw heads and intestines into that clean, green water, but there was no other place to cast them. And so they worked until nine o’clock, when we were inside the quay and heading for the one particular corner that is given over to the Lapps in Hammerfest harbor.

The master of a pole-masted, green-painted Russian, a schooner with a green hull and blue galley, with the hand of a gilded figurehead pointing her course and windows looking out astern, made an offer for the fish, and soon our fellows were hoisting them over the side, where, after being weighed in an antiquated balance with a twenty-kilogram rock on the pan, they were salted on deck, and then passed on to be kenched below.

We left them there, but that afternoon we met them again. They had been devoting some of the proceeds to seeing the town. You can walk the length of Hammerfest in five minutes and the breadth of it in twenty seconds—it is a shelf of a town at the foot of a hill, which strangers climb to view the midnight sun, but it is doubtful if these Lapps believed the alleged Paris to be a circumstance to it. They were coming down the main street now, four abreast, all drunk and proud of it, and leading by a piece of marline a woful-looking dog that was keeping as far in their wake as he could and not get choked to death. Every friend they met was shown four fine flasks of cognac, and if he liked he could step behind the nearest house and have a nip for old acquaintance’ sake. For themselves, they cared not for

the sheltering house. Hooh! They had sold their fish—eight hundred and fifty kilos—for sixteen kroner the hundred kilo, and they were going to adopt the dog and make him happy for life. Would their American friends have a little touch under the light of the fine sun? Was it not a day for angels to be abroad?—oh, most beautiful.

By and by, with two beaming Lapp ladies, also in trousers, tunics, and stuffed moccasins, they stopped and had a cup of chocolate, a few hard-boiled eggs, some cherry lemonade, and sugared bread from one of the stout old women who knit socks and spread their wares on the tops of dry-goods boxes on the street leading down

to the Lapp dock. At this time they had lost the dog.

Later, from a store up in the square they bought needed rations for the comrades on the island; and yet later, at an hour that would be called dark evening in zones where the sun sets once a day, they collected themselves and sailed away. They were happy by then—not a whisper out of them, but all smiles. We saluted the single brown square sail of their otering as it passed by, and no doubt they arrived in due time at the little island up in the fiord, to rejoice their companions with the commissary purchases and what was left of the cash receipts.

The Empty Garden

BY RICHARD ARTHUR

GARDEN of Love, thy soul is fled,
The spirit that made thee so fair and gay!
Garden of Eros, dank and dead!

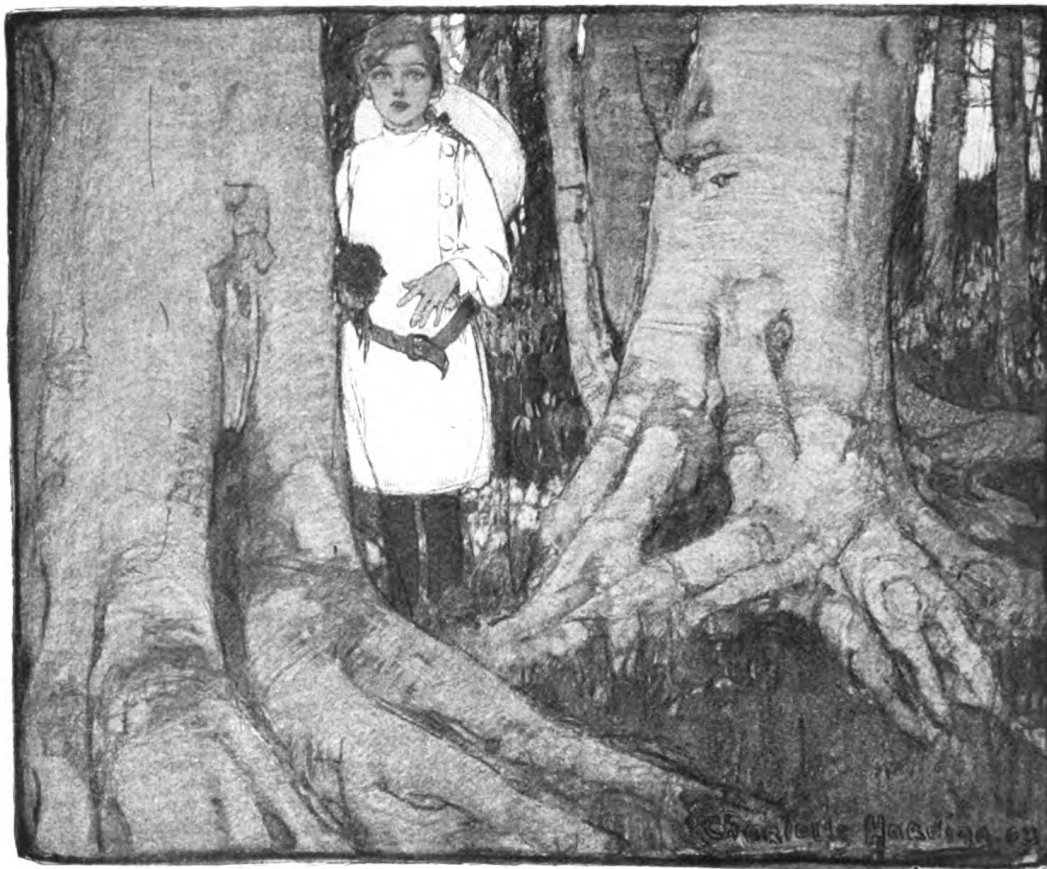
Dewy daisies, well do ye shed
Tears on this sorrowful morn of May.—
Garden of Love, thy soul is fled!

Why do ye bloom on, roses red?
Know ye not she has gone away?
Garden of Eros, dank and dead!

Think ye, foolish flowers, to wed
Yours with her honied breath again? Nay—
Garden of Love, thy soul is fled!

Silly birds that her white hand fed,
Why do ye sing? She is gone, I say.—
Garden of Eros, dank and dead!

O my long-time worshippèd,
Empty of thee, my life is a gray
Garden of love whose soul is fled,
Garden of Eros, dank and dead!



A REGION UNVISITED BEFORE BY MORTALS

The Fairy Valley

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

THE sward was thick-set with violets, the bluest she had ever seen. Their generous length of stem, their luscious color, proved irresistible. "Pluck us, my child," they cried.

Rue, with a melting heart, dropped upon her grass-stained knees and pulled as many as her two hands could hold. The eastern hill was so high and sheer that the sun, as if newly arisen, leaned on his elbow and looked at her. The greensward, till then in shadow, began to shine with dewy cobwebs. The small trees near by were draped with a wealth of gauzy cart-wheels. A huge spider, black and hairy in the centre of his castle, wore a not unfriendly aspect, as

of a benevolent though ugly old gentleman. Rue regretted her past wrongful prejudice against spiders. As she knelt there, filling her lap with blue and purple violets, there gradually filtered through her consciousness the sound of running water—a delicate sound, attained to only by degrees: sweet purling of a hidden brook over a shallow bottom, the spatter of miniature waterfalls, the gurgle of tiny whirlpools.

"My Fairy Valley, my Fairy Valley!" cried Rue, quite sure that she had discovered a region unvisited before by mortals.

Behind that sweep of tenderly purple alders the brook lay. She tiptoed across

the meadow and gently parted the thicket. There lay the brook, dimpling demurely, sparkling in the sun, golden-brown at the bottom of its deep pools. This was not all that Rue saw. A barefoot boy stood on a stone in the middle of the creek. He wore a tasselled cap, beneath which his light hair crisply bushed out. Rue was sure that he was the counterpart in real life of the boy in a certain picture that hung in the guest-room. The picture was called "Crossing the Brook," and represented a girl bearing a bundle of fagots on her head, led across a creek—it was this same one—by a laughing barefoot boy,—also this same one. She had named the boy in the picture Lillo. The picture was to her romance, mystery, foreign lands, her first trip abroad.

This was certainly Lillo, he of the fagots and the timid girl. Every now and then he flicked his line over the water. When he turned in her direction, Rue saw that he had laughing eyes and that his smock was open at the throat. What liberal-minded great-aunt allowed such untrammelled costumes?

But where was the timid girl with the fagots? Rue pushed her way through the tangled bushes and advanced to the quiet rim of the stream. A strip of grass was green and soft like a lawn. She chose the hospitality of a mossy stone and sat down. A shaft of sun pierced the bushes and lighted her rough bronze hair so that each separate hair was burnished red. She did not know, nor would she have cared if she had known, that her eyes were purple as the violets which she had stuck in her belt, and that something of the brook's ripple and golden shadow lingered in her smile. She had not reached the fond looking-glass age, nor yet the age beyond when one finds the aptest mirror in a lover's adoration. All this will come in due time: just now she is a rough-and-tumble little girl, absorbed in Lillo, and waiting breathlessly till he shall turn and see her. He whipped the water here and there, skilfully avoiding the roof of trees that hung over, and playing above the water with the delicate hand of a born angler. Finally he whistled low,—a sound that sent the blood hammering to Rue's heart, so full was that whistle of import, a des-

tiny in the balance. Hither and thither he let his line run in the water. Now and again bubbles came to the surface. It was a tremendous moment.

"Gee-whiz!" exploded the boy, jerking his line up. Lo and behold! a little radiant fish dangled there.

"You've got him!" said Rue, tumbling off her stone in a transport.

At the sound of a girl's voice the boy turned in displeasure. There was Rue, violets strewn over her person, her hands together, seesawing delightedly on a tipsy stone. But the turning cost him his fish. Somehow or other, with a slyness peculiar to the hunted, it perceived its opportunity, and with one titanic effort freed itself of the hook and leaped to the water. Boy and fish were sadder and wiser.

"Gee-whiz!" said the boy, this time in a different tone.

He advanced up-stream towards Rue, wading knee-deep in the whirlpools with beautiful recklessness. His legs made enormous splashes. He had seen the girl once, but appeared no longer to notice her. She was an insignificant incident compared with a three-quarter-pound trout, yet an incident forced to unpleasant prominence by her share in the catastrophe. He stole side glances at her out of curiosity. Violets and torn apron and grass-stained knees and elfin eyes, she somehow impressed him as a young fawn might have done, something to be caught and tamed and taught tricks, with a boy's infinite patience. For boys, theories to the contrary, are, when dealing with their own, infinitely patient. They have almost the patience of animals; and what can equal the sublime patience of a cat sitting on a stump in the meadow at twilight waiting for a field-mouse? Nature is patient too, biding her time with elemental calm. So there we have the Three Patiences—boys, animals, the elements. This boy was not interested in his womankind, but he was interested in the little girl who had lost him his fish.

"It was my fault, wasn't it?" said Rue, taking his glances for reproach, and abasing herself with unusual humility before his noble silence. Humility was not ordinarily her rôle.

"I guess it was," he admitted, dryly; then added, with a burst of magnanim-

ity: "But I don't care. I've got a pile on shore."

"You must be a splendid fisherman!"

"Oh, pretty fair," he replied, with princely modesty. "I've drew in 'bout eight since breakfast."

"Oh!" Rue's limited vocabulary of expletives, owing to paternal jurisdiction, allowed her no stronger expression of emotion, but this simple word was packed with feeling.

"And that ain't nothing for me," the boy threw out casually. He paused near her and bestowed critical attention on the lower branches of a young willow.

Rue quailed at the novelty of his speech—"ain't," also, being a vulgarism sternly repressed by the Penrith household. But she could not repress a thrill of admiration at his emancipated spirit. She herself had often longed for the freedom that goes with emancipated grammar. The boy decided on a particular branch and prepared it for a whip. Rue folded her hands and bethought herself of an opening to ask him about the girl with the fagots. It did not seem right that the girl and the boy should be separated. The boy was immensely absorbed in peeling his willow switch. He was a comely little lad, with a sunburnt face, dazzlingly white teeth when he spoke or smiled, laughing gray eyes with inky lashes, and a general look of alert wholesomeness. He had a tassel on his cap, and his blouse was open at the throat, showing a skin as fair as a girl's.

The silence between them was a comfortable one, during which little sparks of personality flew back and forth. They were getting acquainted just as young animals do, in a better way than by speech. One needs no more than to be in the same vicinity with a person to feel his personality. He sheds it about him, as the blind and deaf can testify.

"I'll peel you a whip if you want me to," said the boy, laying aside the one he had prepared for himself. He would have peeled her six whips if she had wanted them, but not to have reserved the first one for himself would argue a streak of unmanly sentimentalism. Rue poked some stones in the bed of the brook with a stick she held in her hand. The water gushed up suffused with mud where the pebbles moved. The boy liked her

way of keeping silent before she spoke. Some womankind chatter.

"Thank you," said Rue; "I would—that is, I should—like one very much."

She had been carefully reared to the difference between would and should, but at this moment she felt such discriminations demeaning, and regretted her instinctive correction. She redeemed herself by a plunge:

"Where is the girl with the fagots?"

The boy met her purple eyes with frank amazement.

"I don't know what you're driving at." The pleasant look of his mouth made his brusqueness almost affectionate.

"I mean"—Rue was helpless to explain—"where is—the girl with the fagots?"

"If that's a conundrum, I give it up." He dropped his eyes half sulkily, sure that he was being put to the test and adjudged stupid. Like other woman-kind, this girl was complex and silly in conversation.

"She's your sister, maybe. I don't know her name."

"How happens you know her if you don't know her name?" asked the boy, scorning the subterfuge behind which this girl retreated.

"I see her every day. I can't help knowing her, can I?" pleaded Rue. "But I don't know her name, because she never told me. She can't talk."

"Dumb, eh?" commented the boy, a spark of comprehension lighting his expression.

"Of course she's not dumb!" cried Rue, impetuously, frightened at the bare possibility. "She often talks to him,—to you, I mean. But I wasn't in the picture, so I couldn't hear what you said to her."

"Who are you talking about, anyway?"

"Why, the girl with the fagots."

"What's fagots?"

"That's what she has on her head."

"I don't know nothing about bonnets, if that's what fagots is."

Both children were thoroughly puzzled, one with the other. The boy was shy when off his familiar territory. He began to grow awkward with this strange little girl's earnest gaze studying his face. She was certainly making game of him.



IT WAS A TREMENDOUS MOMENT

He noticed from the start an affected elegance about her language. So he thrust the whip into her hands and murmured something about his dinner hour.

"Folks 'll be lookin' for me. Here's your whip."

Rue meekly received the sleek ivory wand, and watched the boy as, his hands in his pockets, he strode down the creek.

"You're not going to forget your fish, are you?" she called after him, in a voice choking with emotion. He looked back and noted her unsmiling eyes and the trembling lip.

"By jingo! I clean forgot them."

He was convinced that she had not

been making game of him, and pitied her for her queer fancies. He whistled so that she should not know his soft feelings.

"Aren't you Lillo?" she asked, a sob in her voice, but made bold because of his whistle. She knew she had committed some grievous fault, and that the whistle meant condoning.

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," he said, diplomatically, resolved to be drawn into no more tangles.

Rue considered it best to pursue the unfortunate subject no longer. There might be reasons of state involved in Lillo's concealment of his identity. She

could imagine them. There had been occasions when she herself had found it inconvenient to be known as Dr. Penrith's kin.

The two conversed on various topics for a while, exchanging experiences on the finding of birds' nests and squirrels' hoards, on the disgustingness of fractions and long division, on the pleasures of the field and the tedium of company dinners, on all which topics they found themselves at one.

"Say! seems 's if I'd known you long time," exclaimed the boy. "Ain't it funny?"

"I knew you were Lillo right away," Rue was encouraged to respond. "But I should think she'd be awful lonely without you."

"Who the dickens—"

"The—the—girl—" Rue had it on the tip of her tongue to finish with that fatal phrase, "the girl with the fagots," but happily desisted.

"We ain't got any girl, if that's what you mean," answered the boy. "Me and mother just cooks it up anyhow, when she doesn't forget or go skallyragging off somewheres with Him."

The boy scowled at the mention of Him, and his tone grew sinister.

"You don't like Him, do you?" asked Rue, sympathetically.

"Not one little bit, you bet!"

Rue instantly appropriated this choice bit of phraseology for future use.

"How does He look?"

"Just now He's black, with eyes that stick out, and he's clawy all over."

Rue's previous notions were quite upset by this word-picture: "Oh, it's a beetle, you mean, a kind of June-bug. Is your mother a—" Rue hesitated at the long word, which she felt sure, from past experiences when she frightened other children by her strange vocabulary, would stamp her as pariah—"Is your mother a—entomologer? They're people that collect crawlers and fliers and arrange them on pins to frighten silly ladies."

She added this interpretation with modesty, so as to disguise the shameful burden of her learning. The boy spread himself full length on the grass and laughed. He rolled over, his face to the ground, and laughed more. He flung his heels skyward and laughed a third trans-

port. When he resumed a normal posture, Rue stood with her back to him, her face buried in her apron, crying.

"I wasn't laughing at nothing," said the boy, crossly, in an excess of contrition. "I often do that, in pleasant weather particularly."

Rue peeked at him around the corner of her apron:

"Oh! I thought maybe you were laughing—at me."

"At you!" His voice was loud with hypocrisy.

"About the entomologer and the bugs."

The boy's penitential sobriety suffered a moment's collapse. "You see," he smiled, "it's a man I was talking of, but he is uncommonly like a beetle. Good glory!"

This time Rue laughed with him.

"He's not your father?"

"Not on your life! I never saw my father. Mother's a singer, you know. I don't see her often, either."

"Oh, is your mother a singer? She must be awful good,—most as good as a minister."

The boy's dazzling teeth showed again.

"I don't know much about ministers. Neither does mother."

"What? Doesn't she sing in church on Sundays?"

The concept "singer" in Rue's mind was a lady with staring daisies in her hat, who opened her mouth very wide for the hymns and stood on the organ's right.

"No," said the boy, a hint of real manliness in his grave regard. "My mother doesn't sing in church on Sundays. She used to, but longer ago than I can remember. What does she do? She does the circuits, and sometimes she gets on in musical companies for the road."

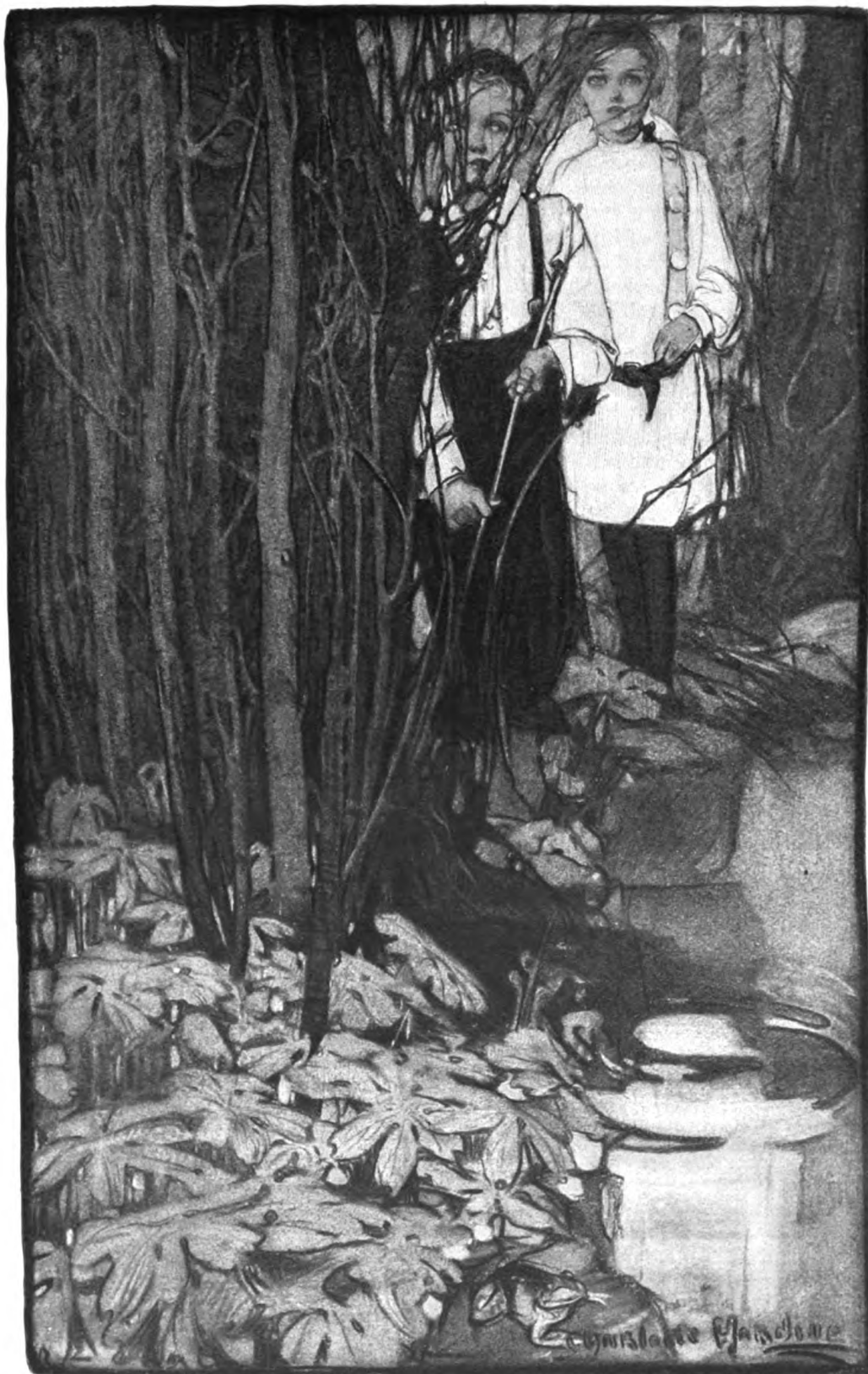
He was quite aware that Rue would not understand him.

"But she's very good to me. She lets me live where I please."

"Where you please! Anywhere in the whole wide world!"

An amazing jumble of bewitching geographical names filled Rue's imagination.

"There's far Cathay, and Lapland, where they have the lovely nights, and India's coral strand, and a green isle in the sea, love," she crooned.



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

HE CUT HER A WHIP

Vol. CVII.—No. 641. —99

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"I don't know about them places," said the boy.

A hundred fragments from her poets came to the child's mind.

"And you're just living—here! Why don't you live in—in"—what country, out of all the intoxicating geography of romance, would be her choice? "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa" floated into her memory—"in Vallombrosa?"

"Is it near here?" asked the boy. "It sounds like comic opera."

"It isn't comic anything," said Rue, indignantly. "It's a epic, though, by Mr. Milton. He was blind. 'Thick as fallen leaves in Vallombrosa.' Doesn't it sound peaceful and golden, with lovely rustly leaves in all the woods? I shouldn't wonder a bit if you could walk in them up to your waist."

"That would be bully. Do you suppose there are heaps of nuts there?"

"Oh yes, of course," Rue boldly ventured. "Chestnuts and hickory-nuts and butternuts—and lots of other kinds of nuts I have forgotten. Oh yes, and—"

"Candied apple, quince and plum and gourd
With jellies smoother than the creamy curd—"

The boy licked his lips appreciatively.

"I guess I'll have to take a trip there."

"Let me go with you," said Rue, all eagerness.

"Are you sure about the name?"

"Vallombrosa. I'm sure it must be a real place, for it's in a book. Grandfather had me learn pages and pages by heart. It's almost like the Bible. It must be true."

"I have a railway guide at home. I'll look it up," said the boy.

"When shall we start?"

"I must tell mother about it first. Maybe she'd like to go with us. My mother isn't very well this summer. That's why she has the bungalow and me with her."

"I'm sure she'd like Vallombrosa," said Rue, earnestly. "I don't know much about mothers, for I never had one, but in books they are lovely."

The boy was silent, twisting grasses around his finger. They still sat by the brook, on two stones side by side. The

boy dabbled his feet in the water, burrowing little holes with his toes in the good mud. Rue's gaze was fixed on his face. She was thinking about his mother. He knew it and was made uncomfortable.

"Shall I learn you how to whistle on a grass?" he demanded, bluntly.

"I know how, thank you," she answered a little haughtily, her lids still level on his face.

He flushed.

"I'll bet you can't do it as loud as me. What are you looking at me like that for?"

"I'm not looking at you."

"What are you looking at?"

"Your mother."

"Jerush!" The boy jumped to his feet and looked behind. A startled gray squirrel clutched its breast dramatically, and then flattened itself barklike on the overhanging limb. It arranged its tail symmetrically along the ridge of its back and awaited developments.

"She's not there at all," said the boy.

"But I can tell you how she looks," replied the girl. "She has a laughing, crying face, and hair like the Lady of Shalott's, in coils and curlicues. What color? Oh, I don't know that. I only see the shape it makes, big twisted vines around her head."

"What makes you talk like that?"

"I don't know," said Rue, her vision escaping from her. "I felt it in my fingers. You know sometimes I have queer dreams in my fingers."

"Crazy!"

"Yes, my fingers dance and want to do things. Then if I run quick and get some putty, they make shapes for me. I don't make the shapes. My fingers do. My fingers have eyes and ears and are just like people."

The boy's inky-lashed gray eyes had a fascinating way of crinkling up as he smiled and listened. Rue's autobiographical reminiscences became more vivid and correspondingly less truthful with this bright glance feathering upon her. The boy became fired with desire for empirical demonstration. He was most assiduous in providing her with the best quality possible of mud from the brook's bed and mixing it with sand, according to her delighted directions. Rue showed

herself a true genius in being fastidious as to conditions. "Everything must be just right," she assured her slave, "or my fingers won't do it."

"Mighty perticklar, ain't they?" he said, admiringly. He regarded with respect her small mud-stained hands.

"Nobody can look but myself," she said with an air of being the mouthpiece of royalty. The boy had worn on his face the expression of an audience before the first curtain goes up. It quickly changed to the expression after the announcement that the prima donna has a slight cold and will not appear.

"Aw, come off!" he pleaded; but Rue's face did not relent.

"You must go away. Still farther! Where I can't see you. I'll call you when I'm ready."

The boy hid himself behind a bush.

"Hurry up. This is like being out in proverbs," he called, and then trembled, lest even that vocal proof of his nearness should release the spell.

After a time he was summoned.

"Why, it's a fish,—the very fish I lost! Bully for you! Look at them fins and the teeny scales, as natural as life. It was curved just like that, too, when it bounced back into the water. Jerush! 'twas a pity I let that fellow go."

The verisimilitude of Rue's image re-awakened his grief at his recent bereavement. Rue rose and stamped her fish into shapelessness again.

"Good glory! What are you doing?"

"I hate them after they're finished," she said.

"It seems wicked," the boy meditated.

"I know it. Sometimes they beg me to let them live. But it was only a mud fish. I suppose if I were Jesus I could have said to that fish, *Arise, take up thy bed, O fish, and swim!* and he would have done it verily. It sounds sort of funny, doesn't it? but He wouldn't have told the fish to walk, would He?"

The boy was not good at philosophizing, so Rue proceeded:

"*Arise, O brother, swim.* And the little fish would have obeyed."

"I suppose so," said the boy, petrified by the theological turn the discussion had taken. He began to feel empty. "Say! talkin' of fish, ain't you hungry? I'm hollow through and through."

Rue felt under her apron before she ventured a statement.

"So am I," she declared; "I'm thin as an apron on the clothes-line."

They both exulted over this simile and proceeded to lay plans for a banquet.

"Let's you and me build a fire, and then we won't have to go home for dinner."

"I hate napkins and waiting for dessert," assented Rue.

"We don't have napkins much in the bungalow, and we eat dessert at any time. Often we eat it first, and sometimes when there isn't any we have sherbet for breakfast instead."

"Oh, how nice! Your mother mustn't be very much grown up," exclaimed Rue. "Great-aunt Serena has white curls, and never unfolds her handkerchief till on the way home from church. When does your mother unfold hers? I like to unfold mine in sermon-time, for it gives me something to do. Aunt Serena says it's a mussy habit. I'd rather be mussy than be fussy, wouldn't you?"

"You go and hunt up some brush for the fire while I clean the fish," said Lillo. "Then I'll show you how to fry trout, eh?"

Rue was acquiescence itself in the presence of masculine decision. She liked to be ordered about by the sparkling gray eyes.

"Do you like timothy-grass ends? I think they're delicious. We'll have them for asparagus."

"They're not very substantial, are they?" said the boy, devouring at one un-aesthetic bite the whole sheaf of tender white ends she displayed in her hands. "But they'll do for a nibble."

"Sorrel is good," said Rue, "but you can't have any of it now. This is salad. It comes after the fish."

Thus had Aunt Serena's teaching not fallen wholly on stony ground. Various other condiments, herbaceous or rooty in character, were added to the repast.

"Here's cigarettes for the finish," said wicked Lillo, plucking a handful of those everlasting-flowers known to children as Indian tobacco. They were fragrant and budded brown.

"I don't know how to smoke," said Rue, regretfully, "but I think I could learn."

Such docility was worthy of a better cause. Why would it not be well, Rue, to cultivate such a frame of mind when good Aunt Serena labors with you over the quilting-work, or grandfather demonstrates the beauty of the subjunctive mood in Latin.

"I could have brought a whole bag of cookies," said Rue. The reminiscence was pathetic, as reminiscences are apt to be.

"Why the dickens didn't you?"

"I was too busy getting away to think of them," and the reason was satisfactory to them both. "Besides that, I might have dropped them crossing the humps."

"You could have picked them up."

"They would have been rather muddy."

"Pooh!" Lillo curled his lip at the effete delicacy that found such adjuncts as clean swamp mud untastable. Rue hastened to redeem herself in his eyes.

"We could have eaten off the muddy places first. I sometimes do that. But never mind. Justine would have cried even longer if I had taken the cookies."

The thought of Justine and of the pitiful pigtailed brought a shadow to Rue's merry face.

"What's the matter?" asked Lillo, in his usual abruptly tender voice.

Rue was thinking of the retributive red glow of sunset. It was, through life, characteristic of her that her most joyous hours were pricked with remorse. The sun was swinging round to touch one of his afternoon hills, and the shadows of the trees went the other way. As they lunched together there was little need for conversation, but occasionally Rue essayed one of the morning phrases that had fallen lightly from Lillo's lips, and found that the planets still took their courses and the earth remained unshaken. Lapses from grammar that had been represented to her as dangerous pitfalls, and that, accordingly, she had come to regard as volcanic craters yawning for the unwary, seemed to bring about no perceptible result on the face of nature. Once Lillo had repressed a singular smile when she punctuated a particularly enjoyable trout tail with:

"Glorious goodness! What charming tails trouts do have!"

Two goldfinches alighted on a branch near them, and putting their bills together, cooed and whispered in a manner peculiar to goldfinches in May-time.

"Whispering in company ain't polite," giggled the boy, feathering up his eyes at Rue.

"Let's us whisper too," giggled Rue, dropping a mysterious sound into Lillo's ear.

She knew no more than he what she purred into his ear, but it was enough to set them both off into orgies of laughter. They laughed so long that the tears ran down their faces, and Lillo had to abandon an unusually choice combination of sorrel, watercress, and trout that was on its way to his mouth. It was a grievous loss, over which both of them made lamentation. Then Rue choked over a bone, and when this catastrophe was averted they were reduced to seriousness again. Meanwhile the goldfinches, through some dainty bird-whimsy, had selected a different branch a few yards away, on which they continued their pretty philandering.

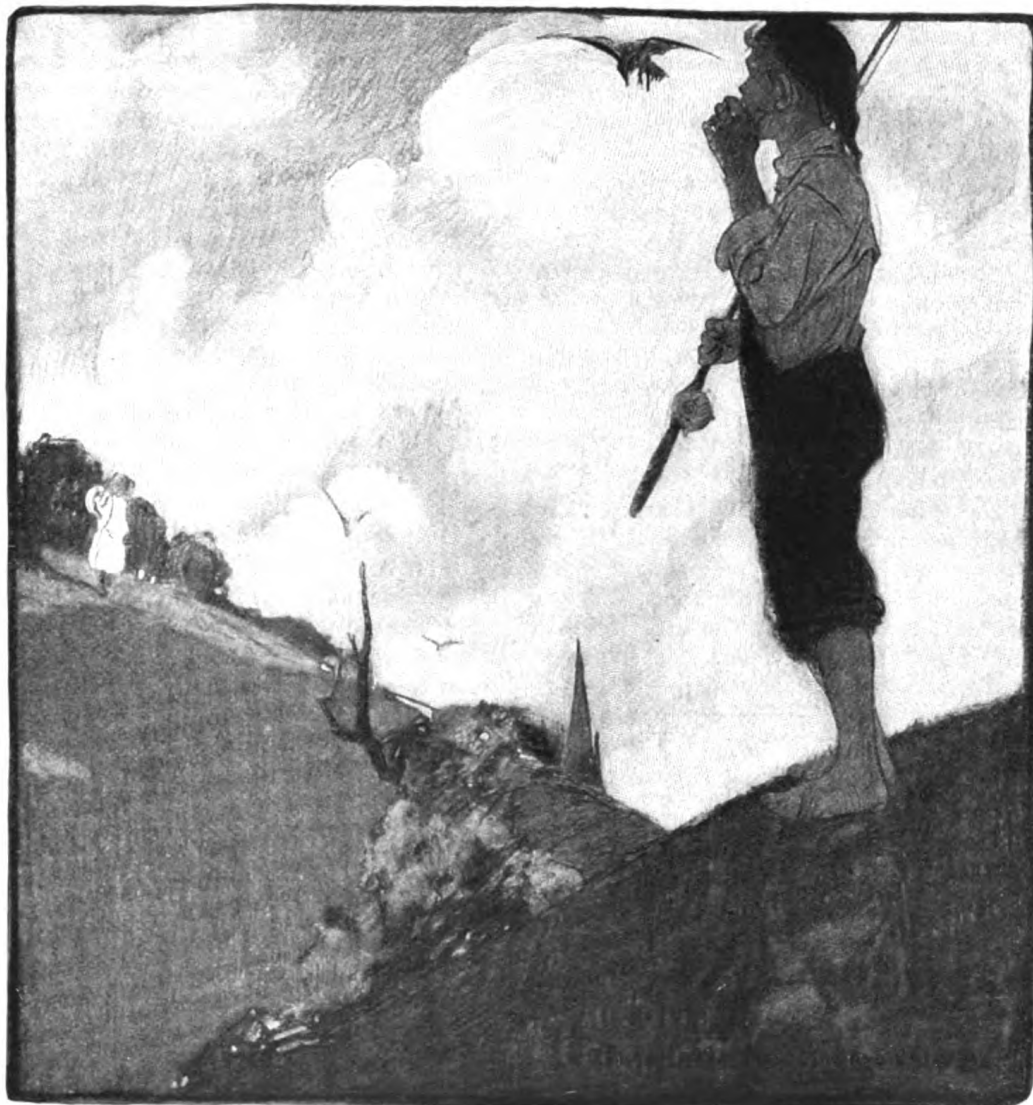
"Them's wild canary-birds," said the boy, instructively. "I'll catch one for you, if you say so."

This generous, though rash, offer being declined by Rue, Lillo's dexterity was not put to so severe a test. After they had consumed the eight trout, fins, tails, and all, as well as samples of all the young green things about, known in nature's kitchen-garden for children, they washed their hands in the running stream and walked out to the sunny violet-meadow.

A certain coldness crept between them as the necessity for home-going threatened. There is always a *mauvais quart d'heure* after a too-sudden intimacy. People ought to take wing and fly away at the flood-tide of emotion, as birds do, instead of stuttering on each other's thresholds.

"Maybe I'd better pick some more violets," said Rue, with a virtuous face, addressing the meadow at large.

Lillo sat down near by and found it immensely important to make a thorough overhauling of his many pockets. He assorted with some due pride his varied possessions, making neat piles of them on the grass before relegating them again



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"GOOD-BY, RUE!"

to the unclassified obscurity of his inner raiment. There were marbles, jack-knives in numerous retrograde stages of usefulness, a compass, trout-flies of his own design and vastly superior to any on the market. These last were tangled up with extra line, sinkers, and fish-hooks, with an ancient piece of doughnut and a petrified segment of orange. During the interesting process of disentangling, Lillo glanced from time to time at Rue, hoping she would notice the multitude and the subtle charm of his personal estate. In vain. Her sordid gaze was bent on violets, of which she had already an

enormous quantity—almost enough for a church wedding and a dozen brides-maids. She had left them behind her in purple heaps, marking her progress across the field.

"Do you reckon to carry the whole meadow home with you?" asked the boy, bitterly, his insulted possessions still spread out between his feet.

"I've only got about a quarter done," answered Rue, despairingly.

"Better rest!" Lillo made a place for her where she could hardly fail to view his possessions. He would have died rather than call her attention to them.

"Awful lot of rubbish, ain't it?" he took prompt occasion to say.

"You don't have to carry it, do you?" asked Rue, sympathetically. "You could bury some of it, or we could have a bonfire."

The boy's pent-up indignation knew no bounds. He spluttered inarticulate fury.

"B-b-b-bury! B-b-b-burn! Have a bonfire out of them!" His outstretched astounded forefinger seemed to indicate no less a pile than the Taj Mahal or the United States Treasury. After some minutes of outraged silence, he conquered himself to say: "You're a girl. You don't know no better."

The flimsy and futile character of feminine intelligence reasserted itself. No one but Lillo can appreciate the magnificence of his absolution, but Rue, to this day, is ignorant of the gross offence for which she was granted absolution. It was, however, inconvenient to harbor resentment too long, for the possessions were yet to be shown off.

"What are those little red boxes?" said Rue, pointing timidly.

"What do you mean?"

"On that piece of gray cloth, there."

"If you mean on my handkerchief," said Lillo, haughtily, "those are cartridge-boxes. They belong to my Winchester."

This seemed all Greek to Rue, but she hesitated to press for an explanation, so excruciating had been the recent crisis.

"They'll kill at a hundred rods," added Lillo, sternly.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed Rue, feebly. "Are they killing anything now?"

She withdrew her gingham skirts from the neighborhood of the sanguinary little red boxes.

"Of course not, when I left my shotgun at home," replied he of the weapon. The pitiful ignorance of the girl began to percolate gently through his consciousness. His mood changed. He took keen pleasure in imparting information. It

was as minute as her understanding allowed: .22 Shorts and the virtues of patent jack-knives were pass-words to a new kind of converse. All of a sudden a church clock somewhere tolled four. It was a dreadful accusing toll. They tore themselves apart.

"I've got to go," exclaimed Rue.

The boy did not demur, but filled her lap with the wilted violets she had plucked an hour before.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"Over there, where the sun will go down."

As far as the little girl was concerned, she might have been a hundred miles from home, so unlocalized had been her wanderings. That is the recipe for romance, not to know when or where. If the hour strikes or the landmark points the way, romance has fled.

Back again over the northern hill Rue climbed, following her own trail home. Below her, just through the wood of the woolly ferns, lay a familiar road with houses she knew well. But she might have been in far Cathay for all that quiet road—a tactful road never betraying its presence. At the top of the hill she turned and looked back. There stood Lillo, gathering together his possessions in the lap of the Fairy Valley. He was not looking at her. Of course he would look in a moment. Yes, he saw her now.

"What's your name?" he shouted.

"Rue," she called back. Children think nothing of shouting from hill-top to hill-top. I have heard wraths and loves hallooed across spaces with no diminishment of intensity. In fact, such outdoor intimacies seem to gain an Homeric greatness with the interval of acres between.

"Vallombrosa, was it?" he boomed. "We won't forget."

"Vallombrosa," she clarionetted.

"Good-by, Rue!"

The name reverberated from the northern hill and died softly a lingering death in the wood of the woolly ferns.

Judgment

BY ALICE BROWN

PART III

V

WHEN Hannah came in with a lamp to offer the guest some possible service, Helen lay on one of the two little beds, and Jane Harding was holding her down, with blankets over her. The woman shuddered from head to foot. In a mechanical zeal, she drew the blankets tighter.

"I guess I've killed her," she said, conversationally.

Then Rosamond, curious over Helen's delay, came idling in. She gave a cry, and ran to the bedside. Jane Harding was turning slowly about, demanding of Hannah, who did not notice her,

"You see if I'm afire anywheres."

Hannah cast a comprehensive look at the charred room, and set down her lamp. Her face was gray under its sea tan.

"She has burned to death!" called Rosamond, piercingly. "She is dead."

"You go to the head o' the sullar stairs," said Hannah to Jane Harding. "Get that can of olive-oil."

Jane Harding turned and took two steps. Her face writhed, and she stumbled. Rosamond cried out again:

"Her feet! her feet! Don't you see? She is burned too. Where is it? Let me go." As she spoke, she ran, and in a moment she was back again.

Jane Harding crawled into the nearest chair, and set her teeth upon her pain. Hannah and Rosamond worked together over Helen, with delicate touches agonizing to their own sick apprehension. When they had finished, they turned to Mrs. Harding. She met their glance.

"No," she said, stolidly. "I'll do up my own feet. I've got to wait a spell. You let me be."

Hannah took no notice; she knelt and began her ministration, and the woman yielded to her. Once she moaned when

a hurt touched her too nearly, and at that, or summoned by the pain that had engulfed her, Helen's eyes came open. She tried to grasp at Rosamond's dress, but both her hands were bandaged and their use failed her. Her eyes besought the girl.

"Rosamond," she whispered. "Promise me."

Rosamond bent to her.

"Promise not to leave me. Stay here by me. Look at me. Don't look at anything else." Her own inward vision was on the letters as she had seen them last.

"Yes, yes," said Rosamond. "I promise."

"But perhaps they were burned up," wandered Helen. "Rosamond, were they burned?"

"What, dearest, what?"

"Never mind, child, never mind. Stay here by me."

"I'm goin' to undress you," said Hannah to Jane Harding, "an' git you into the bed in t'other room. I can carry ye."

"No! no!" cried Helen, "not in there! She must not leave this room."

"I shall set here," said Jane Harding, immovably; but Hannah fell upon her and tripped her clothes away from her. She was the stronger. She dropped Helen's nightgown over the woman's shoulders, and then raised her and laid her in the other bed. Helen was holding Rosamond's gaze with her constraining eyes.

"Promise," she whispered.

Rosamond put her lips to Helen's cheek.

"Promise you won't go over there to her, nor listen to what she tells you. Promise, Rosamond!"

"I promise," said the girl again. To her terrified sense this was only a sad part of pain's delirium.

"You pick up them letters," said Jane Harding to Hannah, busy with the broken glass.

Rosamond sprang to help, but Helen's cry arrested her:

"Rosamond, stay here with me!"

Then Hannah gathered up the letters, and Jane Harding, rising on her elbow, watched, to keep the tally of them.

"Tie 'em," the woman commanded. "There's my hair-string on the bureau. Now you put 'em under my pillow."

Hannah slipped the letters under the pillow, and the woman lay back and closed her eyes. When Hannah left the room for a moment, Rosamond followed and stayed her in the hall. The girl had the distended eyes of fear.

"She will die," she shuddered. "She will die. Hannah, we are all alone here, and we can't save her."

"We've saved her so far," said Hannah, grimly. "When it's daylight, I'll git that woman doctor over beyond."

"You can't cross the causeway."

Hannah left the words unanswered, and went about her business, swiftly. Rosamond stole in and sat down by Helen's bed. The room had suddenly a most solemn look. There were the two white beds, and the two bodies on them, in unnatural outline. Once or twice Helen moaned a little, and then caught herself to silence; but Jane Harding lay quite still. Even the sound of her breathing had been subdued to an uncanny blank. Then Hannah came back, and all night she went to and fro in a merciful tendance that seemed to do no good. Helen, as the hours wore on, drifted into a state that, to the outward eye, was a delirium. To her, conscious of herself, it was an exaltation over pain. Her bodily hurts stung her like an ever-present fire, but some part of her seemed to rise and float suspended in the upper air, conscious of the pangs of earth and yet victorious over them. The fire enwrapped her like a mantle, but the "Fire Charm" sang in her ears, translating pain into pain's angel. It told her why the thing had happened. Like an echo of Elizabeth's prophecy, it came upon her that she was suffering this for John Markham's sake, and immediately it was good to her. He had done the deeds which his bodily eyes urged him to accomplish for the benefit of

the earthly polity, and she in the body expiated them. He had ignored the great counsellors that stand above sense to bend the mortal life to other uses, and she was the vicarious sacrifice, to balance all the pain attendant on his word. The body did not seem to her so unimportant as it had sometimes. It was the creature standing in the breach, and allowed, most mercifully, to do the will of souls. She had but two wishes now: to save her husband and to save Rosamond; and pain seemed to be the road by which she travelled. The girl sat beside her, a figure in pathetic readiness, like one who stills her breath in loving dread.

"Rosamond," whispered Helen, from an ebbing wave of anguish.

The girl bent swiftly over her.

"Drink this, dear," she implored. "Drink this."

"No. Rosamond, I may not live."

"Yes," said the girl, steadfastly; "you will live." But her own heart constricted in sad confirmation.

"It may not be best. We must wish for what is best. But I must not leave things half done. Rosamond, Kent is coming." The words failed her, and her mind floated. That still figure in the other bed seemed, to her exalted fancy, to rise and stand between hope and her. She clung to her purpose, and came back. "The powers of heaven are stronger than the powers of hell," she murmured. "Rosamond, we must face sin, our own sin, the sin of other people. We must not let it conquer us."

"No," said the girl, with the same quietude, risen to combat pain's delirium. "No."

"Bend lower," said Helen. "Listen." Helen thought the figure in the other bed was rising on its elbow, to listen also, and her whisper was almost inaudible. "You will forgive him anything?"

"Yes," said the girl; "yes!" not knowing what she promised. "But there is nothing to forgive."

"We must be merciful," said Helen. "Remember that. We must be merciful."

There was a movement from the other bed, and Rosamond rose instinctively to answer it; but Helen, seeing her, cried out,

"No! no! Stay here by me."

Then Hannah came and gave Jane Harding water; and Rosamond stayed.



"I AM FRIGHTFULLY POOR, DEAR"

When the morning broke, the storm was over, the spring sun riding in a windy sky. The world glittered; the only sign of what had gone was the crying of the sea. The light struck too opulently into white faces, and Rosamond, with the signs of last night's terror still about her, sat by Helen's bedside and served her when she might. Hannah, without, called her, and she obeyed, to find the woman blown from the wind, with wet wisps of hair across her face, hurrying into dry clothes.

"I've got the woman doctor," said Hannah. "They'll bring her round t'other side in a bo't. An' I've had 'em telephone Elizabeth."

"How did you cross the cassy?"

"I don't know. Now I'll feed the critters."

The woman doctor came. She was young, with the gray hair of overwork,—calm in the possession of new knowledge and reverent of the old earth legends her country birth had taught her. To Helen, this was another ministering spirit which could do no good. Yet, as her floating mind assured her, when she could arrest it for a moment in its strange vibrations, nothing mattered while Jane Harding lay, a silent outline, staring at the wall.

With the next train, came down Elizabeth. Rosamond looked up at her, with a quiver on her face, and then, surrendering her post, crept out of the room.

"She must go back to town," said Helen, instantly. "Bess, stoop down here. Send her back."

"Yes, she shall go," said Bess. "I'll tell her so. I'm going to do a lot of things. It isn't wise for you and Mrs. Harding to be here together." How they had come together she did not know. Hannah, down-stairs, had told her the woman's name. "I can roll your bed through the doorway—"

"No! no!" The red came into Helen's face. Her eyes were instantly distraught. "Bess, you must mind me. You must listen. If she is here, I can keep watch of her. If you take her somewhere else, she will see Rosamond."

"I won't allow it. Rosamond shall be sent home."

Helen's voice sank to a lower whisper. "She would follow. She would get up

and walk on those burned feet, but what she'd follow. Do nothing, nothing, Bess, till Kent is here."

"Helen, we must have a nurse. We must have a doctor down from town."

Helen moved under her coverings. She seemed to be struggling to loose herself. Fear was in her face and a despairing strength.

"I cannot, Bess," she said. "I cannot. They would make me do things. They would not understand when I said she must be here. Why, you trust Doctor Susan! We've always trusted her. And you must take care of us, you and Hannah, just till Kent comes home."

Fear got hold of Elizabeth also, but only for Helen in her fevered state.

"Be quiet, dear," she begged her. "Yes, till Kent comes home."

As soon as possible she slipped down-stairs to Rosamond. The girl stood by the fire, in a wan seclusion, thinking.

"I've telegraphed my father," said Elizabeth.

"She will not live," responded Rosamond, her lips shuddering upon the words.

"I don't know. But she sha'n't be terrified to death. Rosamond, we've got to face the music."

Rosamond made no answer. Beside Elizabeth, hot with determination, reddened from the air, she was the ghostly image of a girl.

"We can't refuse to face things," said Elizabeth, whipping up her courage in a despairing burst. "Rosamond—" and then she knew she could not tell her, and ended weakly: "She wants you to go back to town."

"I sha'n't go back." Rosamond had seated herself and was brooding over the fire. "I shall telegraph mamma. Do you think I could leave Helen Markham lying there like that? No, I shall not go back."

"It will trouble Helen."

"Very well, then, she needn't see me. I'll stay down here. But I sha'n't go back to town."

"Rosamond," essayed Elizabeth again, "if any one should give you evidence—papers—that were damaging to Kent, what would you do with them?"

The girl turned upon her in a rush of feeling that brought back her color.

"Damaging to Kent?" she repeated. "To Kent?"

"Yes. Proof that he had done a great wrong. Long ago, Rosamond, long ago! If the papers were laid in your hand, what would you do with them?"

The girl stood looking at her, pale now, and fiery-eyed. Her nostrils trembled.

"I don't know," she said. "One of two things. I should throw them into the fire, or give them to Kent. Where are those papers?" But before Elizabeth could answer, she went on in a proud haste: "Whatever they say, they prove nothing. Nothing to me, Bess. There is something wrong. I have known it since yesterday. Your mother knows it. But I refuse it. If he wished to tell me himself, I should refuse it. That's all. Not a word about Kent, not a word!"

Elizabeth walked away to the window and looked dimly at the glittering day. She came back and held out her strong hand.

"You are as gallant as Helen Markham," she muttered. "I can't say more than that."

Rosamond was trembling, but she gave her hand.

"Suppose I told you myself, Rosamond?"

"I should refuse to listen."

The hand-clasp broke because they were too moved to keep it.

"As to what you call evidence," said Rosamond, "if it can be used against him, he and I must face that together. But don't act as if I were the world outside of him. Bess, I am—I shall be—" She paused upon the words and could not form them; but Elizabeth knew, and silently said them for her in an equal reverence.

Rosamond would not go home. She telegraphed for news of her mother, and having had a reassuring answer, took up her post outside the sick-room door, to go on errands. Helen asked for her, and when she was told the girl would not come in, was comforted. Yet not altogether: for now she was losing sway over her sick mind, and she saw the wraith of Rosamond at her bedside. And always when the girl appeared, a voice seemed to salute her: Jane Harding calling grimly, "I want my just dues."

At the end of the third day, a soft

spring night with a moist wind blowing, Elizabeth was alone down-stairs by the fire, her tired body gratefully relaxed. She was not needed, for the moment; her watch came later. There was a sound of wheels, and then a step she knew. The front door opened, and a man walked in upon her: John Markham, jaded, worn by haste, after his journey from the West. Elizabeth rose, and the unwilling pride she had in him sprang up, and with quick blood brought some confidence to life in her. Their likeness and unlikeness always strove together in her thought of him, and while she raged against him, she adored him. He was of the heroic mould, his head and profile of the statesman type. His eyes were deep, lighted by a glance that probed and sometimes slew. One person it caressed. His mouth was dauntless and his chin obstinate. As he stood before her, she seemed to pale and weaken. Dread ran over him in a shiver.

"How is it, Bess?" he asked. His voice was unfamiliar to her with its touch of tears.

"She is—"

"Is she alive, Bess?"

"Yes, father, she is alive. Sit down."

His body swayed a little under the wave of hope.

"I must go to her." He was pulling off his coat mechanically, and she helped him.

"You can't for a little." She spoke the more gently as his fear became apparent. "The doctor is there. She and Hannah are attending to her wounds."

He winced.

"It got into the papers," he said, in a voice unlike John Markham's. "Only, it said you were both burned. I read it on the train."

"I know. That came from Hannah's telephoning me at the settlement. A newspaper woman happened to be there yesterday—"

He interrupted her.

"Where is she hurt? How much?"

"You must have something to eat, father."

"No! no! How much is she burned?"

"A good deal on her body, her arms, her hands. It didn't touch her face."

"Her hands!" he groaned.

"But that isn't the worst of it. She

got a chill that day. Now it may be pneumonia."

Long as Elizabeth had studied her father, she did not know him. Because he dealt hard blows, she thought he had the fibre to withstand them. Therefore innocently she became his judgment. Old John Markham had not forborne to strike, and even his daughter need not spare him. She had returned, with him, to the Hebraic law.

"How did she get a chill?" he asked, with knitted brows. "Why is she down here?"

"You know almost as much as I do. Helen wrote you about the woman that threatened Kent—"

His frown deepened. This was the judicial look he kept to bend upon a slipshod world.

"It is somehow connected with that," Elizabeth went on. "Rosamond March and Jane Harding came down here together. Helen followed them, and since the fire she won't let the woman leave her sight. She is afraid to trust her. The woman's feet are burned; but that makes no difference. She doesn't seem to be Jane Harding now, to Helen. She is a spirit, a sort of devil. There they lie in the east chamber. The woman never speaks. She is terrifying Helen to death. Yet if we separate them, it will frighten her the more. It will be a shock she can't recover from."

"I must go up." He was out of his chair, and Elizabeth rose and put a hand upon his arm.

"You can't go up. Not yet. Wait till the doctor's through."

He sat down again, and watched the stairs.

"The woman must be moved into another room," said he. "That's the first thing."

"Father, you can't do that. It's a foolish situation, but it's real." She was standing over him, as strong as he, instinct with his own spirit. "Father, look here! Do you think I'm a womanish creature, given to theories, hysterics?"

He glanced at her absently. His mind was all with Helen; but the girl's determination compelled him, and he answered, "No."

"Then you'd better heed me when I tell you to deal with this gently, or you'll

murder Helen. You'll sacrifice her, as you always have done."

"Sacrifice Helen!" The man awoke, shocked from his intrenched security. In his silent heart, Helen, he knew, was the one creature who had from him continued worship, unfailing tenderness.

"Don't you know you have sacrificed Helen? She has been the bleeding victim you've kept nailed to crosses all your life."

Her blood was hot against him. In their old estrangement she had been, after the first, as silent to him as he had been to her, their warfare encrusted under the cold habit of like natures; but now, in her championship of the woman whom she loved, in her own way, as broodingly as he did, she began as if she were reading from the book of the law. This was the law as she translated it.

"I can't have you go down to your grave blind and deaf, as you've been living. You are a hard man. They told you so last week in Cincinnati, when you went there to meet the delegates of the union. One of them said you were just, and that old man, the one that lost his place for disrespect, what did he say? He told the truth, because you forced him to it. 'You are a hard man, John Markham.' He dared to say it. It was true. You are a hard man."

John Markham sat staring at the fire. Silence was the habit of his life, save when the moment came to smite. But thinking of the strike, new weariness crept upon his face. Those weeks of warfare in the West had taken something out of him. The things men had said to him had scored him deep. He had bled when they had taken his honesty and twisted it, he felt, into another guise.

"You have been hard to people always: in the world and here at home. You were like iron to Kent. No wonder he went to the devil. He'd have stayed there longer but for Helen. That sweet soul wouldn't let him. There she was praying for him to come back, and there were you letting him crawl back by himself. You were inhuman to the Landors. To me—we won't talk about that. And every time Helen, with that divine instinct of hers, knew you were belaboring backs, and she crept between and took the blows herself. Powers of heaven and

earth! sometimes I wake at night and see that woman bleeding from the hurts you deal her when you think you're doing God service."

John Markham had not moved. His face was fixed not so much in pain as in the mask of a man who has it to conceal. Never had his daughter so resembled him. The frenzy of tongues had come upon her, and stirred her as he sometimes was moved, to break habitual calm and hurl straight talk he meant to back by deeds. Her moment had come and she was using it, yet with no thought of personal vengeance. She was defending Helen, and through Helen the man who loved her—John Markham in his chosen shell. She dared not trust him through these doubtful issues, unless he should be armed with mercy.

"Somebody has got to snatch you back from making more mistakes. You mean to be just, and you are cruel. Look at this case of Kent. You refused it. 'He must take the consequences of his own acts.' You said that. Then you stood aside."

"It was simply blackmail."

"It was, and it should have been dealt with by a man who knows the world—not by Helen. She has only one court of appeal—the will of God. I like to see the will of God work through a court of law. Think how futile the whole thing has been,—a plot out of a play. A woman slanders Kent. Helen—and I, too, because I'm nothing but a woman—believes the slander. Life isn't melodrama. Why didn't you grapple with the thing, and turn it inside out, and worry it with your teeth, and toss it into the gutter? Where was your justice then?"

"The story was quite true. I knew it years ago. Kent told me."

Her young radiance faded and the hope in her died down.

"Why did he tell you?" she demanded.

"It was when Helen was sick and wanted him to come home. He wouldn't enter my house unless I knew." There was pride in his voice over his son's despairing honesty. Elizabeth detected it there, and, in her fierce way, loved them both.

"You let him come!" she said, rejoicingly.

"I looked into the case myself," he said, repudiating praise. "I found he was supporting the woman in her last illness. He was working hard."

"Was that when he drove the express-wagon and let us think he was insane to do it?"

"Yes."

"And now, after you had watched him through that fight, you stand aside to let Rosamond—the girl he loves—get the rest of his punishment! Well, Helen wouldn't stand aside. She can't. If anything is wounded, there she is with salves and bandages. She goes round doing her divine, futile things when you might prevent the hurts she tries to heal. And then she pays, she pays, John Markham."

Unconsciously she used the name she saw in the newspapers and heard from the mouths of men when they held him up to praise and blame. "And after all," she said, "after all your deifying of justice, you know nothing whatever about it. You think it is a chariot rolling on and on; it's a kind of pendulum that swings back and forth and hits and hurts. It has done that lots of times, but every time it strikes Helen, because she stands in the breach."

His eyes were on the stairs, watching for the signal; but he listened. She got up and walked the floor.

"I don't know why I feel such championship of Helen. Yes, I do. Because she won't let anybody but the powers of heaven champion her, and they don't seem to do it. Justice! yes, you've got it. I never saw anything like the exquisite cleverness of it. A delicate spiritual judgment you wouldn't have seen, you wouldn't have felt. Those revenges have been coming for years, but you never knew them. It takes a crude, big force like this to assault you. Fire, wounds, pain: here they are, and they've attacked Helen."

John Markham sat absolutely still. He scarcely breathed; to Elizabeth, caught up in the chariot of revolt, he hardly seemed to hear; and so in her rage she gave her coursers rein, speaking to herself rather than to him. He roused himself and startled her.

"Bess," he said, "you talk about Kent and the Landors. Your name came in there. When have I injured you?" For

John Markham to own that he had wronged any one was strange. But nothing seemed unusual to the girl in this moment of sorrow's exaltation, with Helen prone up-stairs, slain in a futile battle. She answered simply,

"It doesn't matter."

"I don't know, Bess. I don't know."

She flashed at him: "You must have known. Because I didn't talk about it, do you think I didn't see? It isn't my way to talk, except once in a thousand years. This is one of the times. I've been pretty still till now."

There was the closing of a door above, and again he watched the stairs. No one came.

"What have I done?" he asked, in a direct simplicity.

"You did nothing to me personally. The blow hit me because it fell on people that were mine. You ruined the Landors. You hurt me through Graham Landor, as Helen would be hurt if a man ruined you."

He made a gesture of the hand.

"Yes, I know," she said, bitterly. "You mean they deserved to be ruined. They did—Graham's father did. But even old Tom Landor could have been treated like a human being. You did it like a god—a god demanding sacrifice. You smote them hip and thigh, and when they went down, you turned your attention to some other part of the battle-field and looked for more to smite. It isn't your acts I complain of, father. It's your spirit. You think you wield the sword of God. Perhaps you do, but you're a wasteful swordsman. You cut off more than one head at a blow."

"Graham Landor!" he repeated. The words had a wondering sound. He had weighed the young man, and found him by tradition and heredity unsuited to the market-place. Here in his house was Graham Landor quite another person: a human thing for whom another creature had been agonizing.

"Why do you act as if you didn't know?" she cried, beyond herself. "You knew it at the time. We had some talks together. Do you remember how Helen used to look when you and I came away from our duels in the library, two Markhams pitted in open field, one as bad as the other? I do. I remember it."

"I know"—his words labored, but he went on evenly—"I know you blamed me about Landor. But that was at first. I thought you accepted my estimate of the case. I thought what you felt was natural, quite natural; it was the revolt of youth."

"Do you think I should ever have given up Graham Landor if he hadn't given up me? You struck at his pride, and he forsook us all. Why, you thought Graham Landor wasn't fit to enter your house! I have sometimes thought he didn't consider a woman of your blood fit to marry. If he had—if he had come to me—" She stopped, and her face flamed in the completed answer. "Why did you think I left your house, father?" she added, in a cumulative passion. "Why?"

"You were very wilful," he began, as if it were a simple statement he had long ago accepted.

"I was wilful, but I left it for two reasons. One was that we were killing Helen, you and I, with that warfare between us. The other was that if Graham Landor wasn't fit to eat your bread, I wouldn't eat it. That awful partisanship of women had come up in me—the kind that makes Helen feel she can twist the laws of the universe and weave them into a coat of mail for you. There are some things you don't know, John Markham, about the way women care for men. Learn them. They'll make you humble."

He was humble then, not before her, but in the face of unknown things. He got up from his chair and stood, bent a little, an older man.

"Bess," he said. Then he stopped. All the sickness of his heart rose in the cry, "I must go up there." In his trouble the universe seemed to have forsaken him. Some uncomprehended law he had innocently awakened had spread a pall between him and the soul in whom he had his refuge. He was an inarticulate creature. Not even to himself could he translate the bond between him and the woman up-stairs; but she was the intimate substance of him, the sanctuary where he withdrew, the one still spot in the fluent scheme of things. She seemed to be ebbing away from him, drawn by the forces over which he had no power, and this young voice was showing him how he

had ignorantly evoked the forces where they slept. The room was dark before him. Familiar outlines swam in it. The world he had always dominated refused his tyranny. Elizabeth, recalled to the sight of him, returned quickly to her normal self.

"You can go up," she said. "The doctor is in the back hall talking with Hannah. I hear them. Go up, father. Or shall I go and prepare Helen?"

He shook his head. Helen had no need to be prepared. They both knew that. He was immediate to her needs, like air and sun. Elizabeth watched him walking heavily from the room, and it came upon her that if Helen died, he would be broken by his grief. The greater powers of life would be upon him at a bound. The spiritual universe of which he took no account, save in the abstract honesties that govern life, would crush him. It would be a collision of two worlds, and John Markham, the speck clinging to habitable fact, would be ground to atoms. A woman's answering pity woke in her.

"Father," she cried, "I'm sorry!"

He looked back at her and smiled a little, to reassure her. His face grew sweet, as it did for Helen under the softening of great love.

"Never mind, Bess," he said, in the tone she fancied she had heard him use when she was little. "Never mind."

Then he began to climb the stairs.

Elizabeth went back and stood there by the fire. She was a woman of sturdy strength, but she was trembling. Remorse had hold of her, and, at one leap, her mind reversed its warfare to crush her in an equal blame. She smiled with a humorous scorn of herself and her own action. This was life's irony, as she had mixed the cup. Here was old John Markham wounded in the moment of his grief because he had tried unjustly to serve judgment; and it was John Markham's daughter who had smitten him, from the very rage for justice he had bequeathed her. Only in her it was different: justice mingled with some other quality of equal potency. This was the hot impulse which had caused her own mother to rage against him and urge him, unwittingly, to a more rigorous will. It came upon her, with a sudden awe over the uncomprehended ways of life, that

Helen had been, after all, the only one to understand him wholly. She had believed against belief. She had stood aside, not questioning him, but setting the power of her spirit against the hurtling of his deeds.

Elizabeth, pacing back and forth, called upon her own soul to come forth for judgment. In the process of enlightening him she had illuminated herself. She had judged, justly perhaps, but too passionately; like him, she had acted upon the fruits of her own judgment, and like him she had not remembered mercy. The one desire she had in mind, that of preparing him to see Helen without destroying the delicate balance of life forces by some crude denial—that, possibly, she had accomplished. But what she had indubitably done was to inflict on him a lifelong hurt. If Helen were to die, he would bear a double agony in the memory of words that could not be unsaid.

Tears sprang hotly to her eyes. Woman's pity rose in her, bidding her spare, and not to smite. She walked the floor swiftly in new longing to wipe away pain, however justly suffered, to bring sleep to all eyes, and softness to the pillowed head.

Again there was a step on the veranda, and some one at the door. She brushed her tears away, and went hurriedly, to forestall the knocker's clang. Opening the door, sweet spring air blew in on her, as if in prophecy. And at the instant all omens were fulfilled: there stood Graham Landor.

VI

Neither of them spoke, in that first instant, and Elizabeth, without a welcoming gesture, stood with her hand upon the door.

"Well, Bess," said Landor, finally, "don't you think I might come in?"

Recalled to ordinary courtesies, she stepped aside, and he followed her into the hall. There he stood, hat in hand, regarding her. After the silence of their separation, no speech was ready. Graham began:

"How do I look, Bess?"

"You look—just the same." Her low voice trembled and made the words less cool. If her heart had been allowed to answer, it would have told him he looked older, more worn, but dearer; a thousand

times the man he promised to be, even in those beloved days.

"No! no! I mean now, after this trip down from town. Do I strike you as a chap that's been through something?"

"You look tired."

"I ought to look blasted to the bone. For I've had a shock. I saw Mrs. Markham had been in an accident here, and you, Bess, too. Then I seized my hat, and ran for the train, and you meet me at the door. Do you call that a shock, Bess Markham? Do you?"

"Helen is hurt. She is very ill—"

Her voice failed her because she was at once aware that there were tears in his eyes, and that he was laboring under the feeling he seemed to flout. She understood suddenly that not even Helen Markham's hurt had called him down here. It was she. Lander was pulling off his coat with an absorbed quietude, at the same time getting his emotions under sway. He rubbed his hands and held them to the blaze, though the night was a warm one, and the hall fire had been lighted chiefly for its company.

"Come into the library," said Elizabeth. "Father is up-stairs."

"You sent for him? What about the strike?"

"I haven't asked him."

There was a knock at the outer door, and Lander opened it. It was a messenger from the village with a telegram for John Markham.

"They've begun to come," said Elizabeth, laying it on the table while Lander signed for her. "They follow father round in flocks. Come into the library."

It was at once quite natural to be sitting in a room again with him, talking in the habit of civilized intercourse; yet for years her heart had cried for him, like one of the delights of life, withheld for reasons.

"I want to know about Mrs. Markham—" he began.

She had not the heart to tell that story, and gave him the bare truth of it, touching lightly on details. One fact only mattered: Helen was very ill.

"We must send for a nurse," she added.

"Why didn't you do it at once?"

"I can't tell you now. Helen had fancies."

Then they were silent, and suddenly Lander laughed a little.

"What is it?" asked Elizabeth.

"I'm thinking how queer it is, how the barriers of life break down. I should have said I wouldn't enter your father's house, nor eat at his table; and I've invaded two of his houses within a fortnight, and one of those times I broke bread with his wife. And now I'm going to make love to his daughter."

"Graham!" she started up, and the familiar name came sharply.

Lander shook his head musingly, and would not look at her. At the moment he could not. He had endured too much on the journey down. Elizabeth Markham, he thought, had been hurt, and he should reach her in the midst of tragic suffering; but seeing her strong and fair, in untouched sanity, he found the reaction hard to meet.

"You see, Bess," he said, reflectively, "I've been a fool. I cut your father because he blackened mine. I suppose I've been suffering a fever of shame all these years, at having my rascally blood analyzed and named. So I wouldn't come near you. And the minute a lying newspaper tells me Bess Markham's hurt, I see that nothing under the sun but Bess Markham has much bigness to it. Look at me, Bess, look at me!"

She did look at him, paling under the challenge, her spirit meeting his. Graham Lander here in the flesh, laying bonds upon her, was a different matter from the man haunting her woman's dreams. The wholesome strength in her defied and beckoned him. She forgot Helen, as he, in his absorption, had ignored her.

"You see," said Lander, his thought laboring within him, "we've got to make it go somehow."

"What?"

"I am frightfully poor, dear. I make money, but I have to pay it all away. That you wouldn't mind. If I could coax you to come with me, you'd live meagrely for the sake of me, wouldn't you, Bess?"

She did not answer, but, smiling tenderly, smoothed her gown where it fell in stiff folds suited to its serviceable weave. She was bringing testimony from her own plain living at the settlement, to show him luxury had long been over for her.

"I suppose I've been eaten up by pride," said Landor, wonderingly. "It's the reaction from my father's downfall. And I've lost years of you. That's a judgment on me for my pride. It's a mercy you didn't go and marry some other fellow that prized you more than trumpery name and reputation. You'll have to carry my name, Bess. Your father won't approve. But you've got to, haven't you?"

Involuntarily she rose, and he stood also. They faced each other in a challenge more significant than soft acknowledgments. Landor had kept his purpose behind its mask of light interpretation; but now it shook him and he looked his love.

"Bess," said he, "you do like me? Don't you like me?"

"Yes," she answered in a low tone, "I like you."

"I couldn't help believing it. I knew that, years ago. If I'd kept myself in your mind, maybe by now you would have loved me. But give me a chance, dear. Let me take back tracks and try again."

Quick avowals were at her lips, ready to meet him with an equal honesty; but she heard John Markham coming down the stairs.

"My father!" she said, and Landor straightened, and drew his brows together. It was difficult to modify his habit of regarding himself as a man Markham might endorse on business grounds, but not good enough to court his daughter. But, as he saw at once, with a surprise beguiling him to sympathetic interest, John Markham was altered. The haggard face drooped heavily, and he walked like a man uncertain of his way. Elizabeth was at his side in quick solicitude.

"Have you seen her, father?"

He shook his head. Then the words interpreted his dull look.

"I have been sitting by her. She does not know me."

"You have a telegram," she said, and brought it to him.

He opened it indifferently, and then laid it by. He had apparently not noticed Landor, and the other man stood waiting, in a grave concern. He was sharing, through memory and anticipation, the

trouble of the house. His own claims were in abeyance. Now Markham became aware of him. He looked at him for an instant, through his mists of trouble, and then as keenly at Elizabeth. He took a step toward Landor, and held out his hand. Graham started, as he gave his own. His forehead crimsoned. In some uncomprehended way it seemed as if John Markham had accepted him.

"If another message comes," said Markham to Elizabeth, "keep the boy. There will be an answer." He went out of the room, and they heard his hopeless step climbing the stairs.

Outside Helen's door Hannah met him, in a pitiful encouragement.

"She'll know ye now. You go right in. She seems to be herself."

He stole softly in, but Helen heard him. Her eyes were startling in the pallor of her face. They held a rapture beyond any even he had awakened there.

"Oh," she breathed, "you came home!"

He bent to kiss her, and then it swept upon him, in a melting pity, that she could not move to meet him. She interpreted his thought.

"My hands are burned, dear," she whispered. "Shall you care?"

Tears were on his cheeks.

"I care because you have been hurt."

"But not because they won't be pretty any more! I knew it. Besides—I am not going to live. Dear, don't look like that. I've got to pay the price."

In her light-headed grasp at reason, he seemed to be himself, and yet also a creature of her dreams. Tangible enough to comfort her, he was really spirit, a being to whom, in the acute mental life she felt, she might speak without disguise. It was even unnecessary to spare him hurt, as if they were still subject to the incidents of flesh. In her stress of mind, Jane Harding dwindled and was lost. Terror lest the silent creature at her side should hear her, merged into the necessity to speak and let the outcome justify itself.

Meantime Jane Harding lay there as she had through interminable hours. She had accepted food from Hannah because she must; but she had not spoken.

"I have had dreams," said Helen. "They were about life and death. I see



"YOU'LL SACRIFICE HER, AS YOU ALWAYS HAVE DONE"

I must die. There has been so much wrong done, dear! But if one of us dies, it will make atonement. Now, listen. If I die, you will do anything I ask."

He bent his head upon her pillow and his cheek wet hers.

"Live, Helen!" he besought her,—
"live! I will do everything if you will live."

"There are a great many things. You must listen. There is that woman—Jane Harding."

In his absorption he had taken the woman for granted, like a crude fact in the room's furnishing; but Helen turned her head slightly, and his eyes followed hers. The head upon the other pillow stirred. Jane Harding, too, was listening.

"I understand her now," said Helen. "She has done wrong, but it is because life has starved her out. She wants life, dear. You must send her to Brazil."

This was nothing but delirium to him, and he soothed her with a gentle acquiescence; but Jane Harding's head moved upon its pillow.

"I have talked to Graham Landor," said Helen. "He will tell you. But you must be the one, dear. You must do it all. Our debts to human creatures, they must all be paid. And paid in kindness, dear, in love—nobody must call to us again without our answering."

"You must not talk," he said, in the commonplace of the sick-room. But she seemed neither wilful nor excited: only most urgently resolved.

"I must talk," she answered. "There may not be much time. Graham Landor, too, dear. He is in love with Bess. They must marry. They might be as happy as we have been. You must stand by them."

"Rosamond—" she turned again, in brief uneasiness, her glance upon the other bed, and for the moment her voice lowered. "I am afraid I can't save Rosamond. I don't know how. Only protect her from Jane Harding until Kent comes home. Then she must meet it, with him to help her. But stand by them, dear. Promise you'll stand by."

He promised, his lips upon her bandaged wrist. Her trouble seemed at once to clear away. She smiled at him, offering him the worship of her eyes.

"Now I can be glad you've come," she said. "I've learned so many things out of all this. One is about pain. It is one of the ways of life. We must bless it, and not shrink from it. But we must save other people. We must make the mistakes that come from love—not that other kind." She stopped to smile at him with a radiance beyond any he had ever seen in her. "This is my will," she said, with a little low laugh. "I am leaving love to all the world. You will administer it for me. You will divide my goods; that was all I had—love. But it's enough."

Then she wandered off into happy fantasy, and Hannah touched him on the sleeve.

"It's a telegram," she whispered, when he had followed her outside. "The boy is waiting."

Elizabeth, at the foot of the stairs, stood holding his message, and he read it as he had the other one, and crumpled it in his hand. He halted there a moment, beating his fingers on the balustrade, and presently, recalling himself with a breath, he walked into the library where Landor waited. John Markham went up to him as if he, being a man, stood for the world's tribunal. In that last hour Markham had lived out his middle life and stumbled upon age. He looked as if all the wholesome usages of being were alien to him, even food and sleep.

"They are wiring their conditions," he said, abruptly.

"The strikers?"

"Yes. They have withdrawn two points out of three. If I hold on, they will withdraw them all."

Elizabeth had come near, her eyes lighted, her cheeks aflame.

"The conditions are just, father," she said. "You know it."

"They are all just," said John Markham, stolidly; "but they can't force me."

"It isn't they that force you—" she began, but his face cut short the words. He had lifted it in terrible questioning to the unseen powers above. The hand that had created, and now held him, was omnipotent. He was an atom; he must find his place.

"No," he said, "they are not forcing me. It is something else."

He took a pencil from his pocket and wrote a message. "Call the boy," he bade Elizabeth, and gave it to her. He turned to Landor. "The strike is off," he said. "Wire it for your morning's issue."

The spirit of the market-place came upon Landor, and he set down his message. When the boy had gone, Markham, brooding by the fire, looked indifferently into the two moved young faces. He smiled, yet without hope.

"It was too late, wasn't it?" he said to Elizabeth.

"What is too late, father?" she asked him, gently.

He did not answer, but his thought had been that he was behindhand with his sacrifice. Now at last the Hebrew God was angry, and do what he might he could not buy off Helen.

Landor was speaking to him:

"I intended to cross to Footbridge and take the midnight train; but perhaps you'll let me stay and sit about till morning. You may need things done."

Elizabeth's face brightened, and John Markham answered neutrally: "It's all one to me. Bess can decide."

Elizabeth went up-stairs to begin her watch, and the two men were left alone. They sat on either side of the cold hearth, and Landor, with a thought of Markham's comfort, lighted a match and laid it to the wood.

"May I?" he asked, and Markham nodded.

Then they stretched their feet to the blaze and mused, each on his own road.

"Things come too late," Markham said, abruptly.

"Not everything," answered the other man, in sudden thought of Bess.

"They come too late," Markham roused himself. He wished to make his sacrifice in haste, even though it could not avail. "There is something about this woman," he added,—"sending her to Brazil."

"Yes; Mrs. Markham spoke to me. She was very keen about it; she almost infected me. But it's a good deal to risk."

"I risk it," said Markham. "Give her money. Let her see the world. Pension her for life. If that is what God wants, let God have it." He spoke bitterly, and Landor looked at him in wonder.

There was a sound of draperies at the door, and they both came to their feet at sight of Rosamond. She stood there, wistful, sad, and with the rosiness of sleep upon her. She had lain down early to get her rest, and was up now, to take her place in service. Her warm white dress clung about her, and the wide sleeves fell to her knees. With her loosened hair and grieving look, she was a picture of sweet childhood, not yet come to ripening, but with sorrow thrust upon it unprepared. After the first word of surprise, she came forward and shook hands with them. She looked at Markham questioningly. He nodded.

"Yes," said he. "I have seen her. There is no change."

He paused, and Landor, hearing Elizabeth come down the stairs, went out into the hall to meet her. There they talked a moment, and sat down together while she gave him urgent errands to be done in town.

As soon as he had left the room, Rosamond turned eagerly to Markham.

"This is my first happy minute," she said. "It is because you've come. She won't die now. She can't; you will hold her back."

He smiled sadly at her.

"How can I hold her back?" he asked. "It is too late, Rosamond. I came too late."

Her face, with its young beauty, arrested him because it seemed like Helen's. There was no resemblance, yet the same spirit was there: the rapturous straining after something ineffable, unseen. Unimaginative as he was, it became apparent to him that the transforming veil was what these women were accustomed to call love—the consecration to something not themselves.

"I know she can be saved," she told him swiftly. "because if I were sick—even like that—and Kent came, he could save me. And it isn't that she is burned so badly—Mr. Markham, I saw her hands when Hannah dressed them. They're not going to be disfigured as you think.—Ah, don't! don't let me hurt you so!"

He turned away from her, to rest his forehead on the mantel, and stood there breathing heavily.

"It's not even that she's so ill," she went on. "That could be met. She has

lots of strength. It's that something terrifies her. You'll find out about it. You'll set her mind at rest."

Immediately some new understanding awoke and took possession of him; it pointed out the simplest way to go. He raised himself and took her hands in his.

"Rosamond," he said, "I know what terrifies her. Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, Mr. Markham, yes."

"It is about Kent."

Pride flamed in her face, but he would not heed it.

"You must be a woman, Rosamond," he said. "Listen to me exactly as you would to Kent. I am going to do what he left undone. Will you listen?"

"Yes," she said, coldly, "I will listen."

"There has been a great wrong in Kent's life. He should have told you—"

"He tried to tell me. I forbade him."

"That was a mistake. It proves so."

"Then let him tell me when he comes."

"I shall tell you now. There was a wrong done—there was a woman—"

She looked him in the eyes; her own glance quivered, but it did not falter.

"Was Kent cruel to her?" she asked, steadily. "Did he desert her?"

"He stayed by her—always while she needed him."

She pulled her hand from his and turned away from him, to take long, hurrying steps across the room. In a moment she was back again; her face was wild with tears.

"I must know," she said,—"I must know it all. Because I must do what there is to do. I must give up—everything." Her wounded soul had turned from Kent himself; it was not possible, in that sharp moment, to think of his life and hers together in an equal flow. But all her spiritual allegiance made her demand the right of expiation. Markham spoke simply out of the sorrow that was upon him: for her, for Helen, and for Kent, who bruised the thing he would have cherished.

"Rosamond, the woman died."

She sat down in a low chair and leaned forward, her arms in their long drapery upon her knees. Her hair fell about her. She was an image of immortal grief.

He waited in the hopeless certainty of losing her, through this new coil of trouble that had befallen his house. She

rose and came to him, her wet face quivering under a piteous smile.

"Is that what troubles Helen?" she asked. "Was she afraid I should find out? Afraid I shall blame him, judge him? Why, I'll tell her! 'Neither death nor life,'—that was what she said the other night,—'nor principalities nor powers,'—Mr. Markham!" She spoke with the mature dignity newly born in her. "Kent is just the same to me as"—she paused and her voice broke—"as you are to Helen Markham. All except the years. And those are coming." She went softly, in swift rush, up-stairs to Helen.

But no one could disturb Helen, even for her mind's assuaging. The doctor came back, and stayed till morning, and she and Hannah watched together. John Markham sat outside the door and waited, with bowed head, and Landon, below-stairs, brooded by the fire and felt once more at home because he was under the same roof with Bess. At dawn the doctor went, and Hannah laid a hand on John Markham's shoulder, where he sat on guard. He stood up, ready.

"Has it come?" he asked.

"Go in an' set a spell," said Hannah. Her tired face wore the mother-look. She felt as if she had been carrying Helen in her arms all night, and every part of her ached from that upholding. "You'll do more than any doctor."

Helen's eyes were on him as he entered. They were sane and sweet.

"How good it is!" she said.

"What, dearest?"

"To have you here. I wish I didn't have to die."

"Why do you say you have to die?"

"To make things straight. No, I don't want to die. I'd rather live, if things could be made straight."

Jane Harding had risen in her bed. She sat there in the unlovely disorder left her by the night. Her face was yellow, and her straight black hair, confined in braids pathetically small, intensified her meagreness. John Markham, for the first time, looked at her. She recalled him, with a shock, to the tragic meaning of her presence here. Yet no one had seen Jane Harding as he saw her then; her face had aged and softened under pain and the suspense lived through in lonely hours.

"You let me speak," said she.

Helen turned her head, and Markham held up his hand to keep the woman silent. But Helen answered gently:

"Yes, Mrs. Harding. This is my husband. You remember."

Jane Harding had thrust her hand under the pillow, and now she brought it forth, the letters in her knotted fingers.

"Here!" She held them out to Markham, and he rose and took them. "You can give 'em back to Kent," she said. "You can put 'em in the fire. That's all there is about it."

Rosamond appeared softly at the door. Now she was at Helen's bedside in her white dress and with the night's knowledge on her altered face. John Markham, with a glance at her, walked out of the room, the letters in his hand, and Rosamond took the chair by Helen's bed. The two looked at each other in the growing light. Sad understanding passed between them, in a wordless message.

"You know!" said Helen, wonderingly.

"Yes, Mrs. Markham. There is nothing to trouble you—or any of us. Now you must sleep. I want you to be well—when Kent comes home."

Jane Harding had put her bandaged feet out of bed and set them on the floor. Her face changed sharply, but she walked. At the bedside she paused, and laid her hand on Helen's coverlet.

"Don't you fret," said she. "There's nothing for you to fret about."

She moved on out of the room, and when she wavered at the door, Helen called to her. Rosamond lifted a dissuading finger.

"No," she said, with the new authority born in her through knowledge. "No. Your husband is there,—he and Graham Landor. Let them see to it."

Helen shut her eyes; and meantime Jane Harding went to town with Graham Landor, and they talked Brazil together. And Helen lived.

The law of all loving is that lovers shall turn their backs upon the garden which lies "eastward in Eden," and set their faces toward the west. In their journeying they will come upon springs and dried watercourses, upon bloom and withering, upon ripeness and fallow fields. But if they keep the memory of Eden, the sun of noon and the later light will fall sweetly on their faces, and they will discover that the journey lies through the land of Heart's Content. And after sunset, no one knows. There, it may be, lies the land of Heart's Delight: for as the evening and the morning were the first day, so the last evening may be followed shortly by the morning.

THE END.

The Dance of the Seasons

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

'T WAS Winter, but one moment past,—
Autumn,—so little time gone by;
Ere that, the Summer,—Spring!—how fast,
How fast the circling Seasons fly!

They dance to music strange!—I sigh,
Borne on, amidst their giddy round;
Forever will they whirl,—but I
Some day with them shall not be found!

The South in American Letters

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

Professor of Comparative Literature, Columbia University

THE South has from the beginning contained in the mass a peculiar people. The special traits of its literary history are not wholly explained by the statements, so often made, that there colonial conditions of life continued until the social dissolution brought about by the civil war, and that colonial conditions, as has been seen, did not in the North result in original literature. Much that was favorable to literary development existed in the South from the formation of the Union onward. The aspects of natural scenery there, picturesque, luxuriant, novel, with features of woodland and mountain, of lowland and upland, of river and coast, of rice and cotton culture, of swamp, bayou, and sand, of a bird and flower world of marvellous brilliancy and music, of an atmosphere and climate clothing the night and day and the seasons of the stars in new garments of sensibility and suggestion,—all this was like a new theme and school to the poet who should chance to be born there.

The human history of the States, too, with its racial features of mingled Gallic and Scotch strains in the blood of the country, with its adventurous conquest of the land beyond the mountains and about the mouths of the Mississippi, with its border traditions, was both various and exciting to the imagination, hardly less than was the open air of the plains or the fascination of the Golden Gate in the West. The historical culture of the past gave a starting-point; for education, books, travel, were to be found in a leisure class who were the masters of the land. The power of nature, the power of race, and the power of the transmitted civilization of older times were not lacking. There was even a radiating centre. Virginia, in what was its great age, offered fair hope of

true leadership in the supreme functions of national life. The group of the Revolution, which 'has made the State illustrious in history, lasted far on into the next age; and was distinguished not only by individual force, but by an enlightenment and generosity of mind of the happiest promise. Jefferson, in particular, who was the one great dreamer ever born in this land, was well fitted to be not only the fountainhead of a Declaration and of a University, but of a literature; or if not the fountainhead, he at least held the rod to smite the rock. It is perhaps forgotten that in the fall of 1776 Jefferson, in association with four other Virginia gentlemen, proposed a general system of law in which one measure was for the diffusion of knowledge among the people. It is thus described:

"After a preamble in which the importance of the subject to the republic is most ably and eloquently announced, the bill proposes a simple and beautiful scheme whereby science (like justice under the institutions of an Alfred) would have been carried to every man's door. Genius, instead of having to break its way through the thick opposing clouds of native obscurity, indigence, and ignorance, was to be sought for through every family in the commonwealth; the sacred spark, wherever it was detected, was to be tenderly cherished, fed, and fanned into a flame; its innate properties and tendencies were to be developed and examined, and then cautiously and judiciously invested with all the auxiliary energy and radiance of which its character was susceptible. What a plan was here to give stability and solid glory to the republic!"

It was surely a generous dream of these five Virginia gentlemen, and shows the spirit and outlook of that enthu-

siastic and public-spirited age in the Old Dominion. But none the less it was the light of a false dawn. Public spirit died out in Virginia before these men were dead.

What was it that sterilized the fresh strength of the young nation in its fairest poetic region? The commonplace is to say that it was the institution of slavery; and however far the analysis be pressed, it does not really escape from this answer, from the repeated burden of all lands and climates that genius, the higher life of man, withers in the air of social tyranny. Slavery is a mutual bond; to a true and impartial eye the masters are also caught and bound in the same chains with the slaves. Certain it is that literature in any proper sense ceased even to be hoped for, and ceased also to be regarded as a necessary element of high social life.

It is curious to observe that what the South afforded to general literature, in the main, was given into the hands of strangers. There was an interesting plantation life in Virginia on great estates, pre-Revolutionary, and not dissimilar in certain aspects to the life of the great Tory houses of the North, and of these latter no trace in literature survives; but the Virginian record was written by Thackeray's imagination. There was in the South of later days the great theme of slavery itself, a varied and mighty theme even before the civil war gave it epical range; in those days it was still only a story of individual human lives; but it was written in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the one book by which the old South survives in literature, for better or worse. Characteristic Southern scenery added more to Whittier's verse than to that of any poet of its own soil. It will also, perhaps, be regarded as curious, though not the less true, to observe that such literature as the South produced by native writers is so intimately connected with the national life that the closeness of its relation thereto is, broadly speaking, the measure of its vitality. This is plainly the case in so far as the intellectual vigor of the South was confined to legal and political channels, and found its chief outlet in the national councils through argument and oratory; and this is the chief part of the matter. But it is also true of such a writer of

the imagination as Simms, the most distinguished prose author of the South and typical of its middle period, who found his best themes in national episodes; and it is true of Poe, the sole writer of the first rank, whose popularity and appeal were always in the mid-stream of contemporary national production, who lived in the national literary market-places, and entered into his fame by prevailing with the readers of the magazines and books of the national public. The colonial dependence of the South in literary matters was not on Europe, but on the North; its literature took up a provincial relation thereto; its authors emigrated, mentally and often bodily, thither; in other words, Southern literature does not exist, in any of its forms, political, fictional, or poetic, except in relation to the national idea, either as its product or as the result of reaction from it. The nation was the parent of all the higher activity of the mind of the South, fostered, sustained, and prospered it, even when that activity was directed against itself. There is nothing exceptional in this, for it belongs to the nature of literature to flourish where the social life of the community is largest, most vital and culminative.

The decadence of the cultivated intellectual life of Virginia, and in that State alone did it exist in a virile condition, was coincident with the declining years of Jefferson and his great associates; but it did not take place without the continuing presence of the older and nobler ideals. The man in whom these were conspicuous, and who best represents what was most humane, enlightened, and fairest in the community, was William Wirt, now almost a forgotten name. He was primarily a man of the law, though distinguished as much for eloquence as for argument and reasoning; he had, besides, a certain dignity of mind. He was of the generation next the Revolutionary fathers, and in him one feels the afterglow of a great time. He was still in touch with English literary tradition, and occasionally ventured on works beyond the view and interests of the law, the fruits of that true liberal education which he possessed. *The Letters of the British Spy*

was his most significant book, a little work and in itself of very trifling importance, but sufficient in its own day to win reputation akin to literary fame. What it discloses now to the rare reader of its pages is the mind of a Virginian of that generation, perhaps the best mind. The eighteenth century still rules in it, not merely in the form and method, but in the weight of the thought, the close, compact, accurate expression of the sense, the worth of the reflections; it is, in other words, intellectual in precisely the same way that Burke is intellectual. Still more striking to one who attempts to place the book, the type of mind, the culture of the understanding, in its time, is the old-fashioned classicism of the writer. This classicism was distinctly a Southern trait; not that it was not found elsewhere, but that in the South it was prized more dearly and lasted longer than elsewhere.

The place where the eighteenth century finally died was the South; and this mind of William Wirt was, perhaps, the last recognizable English mind where it burned or flickered. The advice that he gives to some young aspirant to cultivate facility in quoting from Latin authors because it is agreeable to the Supreme Court has a pleasant flavor of age. He was himself familiar with such classics and with English writers like Boyle. These books of a large masculine stamp had formed his mind, and they live in his respect and affection. A predominant interest in oratory is noticeable, not as it is to-day, but the Ciceronian, Demosthenic stripe, the oratory of the British Parliament, by which one comes vividly near to Patrick Henry in the past, and understands better Calhoun and Webster in their turn.

It is all gone now,—the eighteenth century, the classicism, oratory, and all; and the shadow of it no longer remains at Washington. But it is clear that, save that there is here a legal mind interested in the solid thinking of Burke, Boyle, and Franklin, this is the parallel in Virginia to what Irving was in New York, himself by literary affiliation nearer to Addison and Goldsmith. Wirt was the companion figure to Irving, and marks the contemporaneousness of the eighteenth century growing moribund in

both of these colonials; yet both, too, are sharers in the new life of the new land. Irving passed through the purgation and enlargement of long foreign residence, and his genius developed by virtue of a pure original literary gift, and he was continually a more accomplished writer, and finally made a great American name; Wirt, the national lawyer, remained in the surroundings amid which he was reared, and added nothing to what he had inherited from the literary past.

The society of Virginia in that generation is very clearly seen in Wirt's lively sketches of figures of the bar and in the tone and substance of his correspondence. The mental strength of the race and the original peculiarities of their character are such as belong to annals of the bar everywhere; the circuit acquaintance of Lincoln or of Rufus Choate bears the same general stamp; but one is made aware of a classic tradition of composition and delivery, and also of a mode of life, in Wirt's sphere, which are distinctive, and which are recognized as Virginia traits. Any discussion of Virginia matters finally turns to a description of the social life which was the pride of the State and its chief pleasure. If books were to be written there, this would naturally be the subject.

It was Kennedy of Maryland, the friend and biographer of Wirt, who utilized this material, and thereby became the representative of intellectual taste, culture, and achievement for his generation in much the same way as Wirt had been in the former time, so far as literary remembrance is concerned. He was a gentleman of the same classical breeding and with similar affiliations with the eighteenth century; but he was also more powerfully and directly affected by Irving's example and success. He undertook, in the leisure of a legal and political life, to portray the scenes, incidents, and characters of a Virginia plantation in *Swallow Barn* with a sketchy and rambling pen; and he succeeded in producing a little Virginia classic. The book is essentially on the level of Mrs. Stowe's *Old Town Folks*, and similar provincial pictures of old country people, except that the touch is finer, and especially there is the pervading sense of literary reminiscence in

the narrative declaring its kinship with masterly literature of the past. *Swallow Barn* is, in effect, something between the "Roger de Coverley Papers" and "Waverley" with Irving as the interpreter, the author's guide and friend. It is a nondescript tale, made up of plantation scenes, genteel comedy, rural realism, figures from all conditions of life, crude superstitious tales, humors of the law, and one thing and another that a visitor might observe and set down as notes of a residence in the district. Typical Southern character of several varieties abounds in its pages. Yet as a literary description of the society it attempts to depict it falls far short of any excellence which would allow it to be placed in the class to which it aspires.

Nor in his other writings does Kennedy succeed in making himself a man of letters. His books are entertaining, as diaries and travellers' tales please the reader, but not after the style and fashion of imaginative writers. It is rather the author himself who is significant, the refined and amiable gentleman whose taste is for literary elegance, and whose capacity to write is rather one of his mild accomplishments than an original gift, but whose title to rank as the representative of his community in letters is indisputable. A fine representative he is, too; one who would have graced any literary coterie of the English world; but a man of instincts and tastes, of sympathetic warmth and kindly humor, rather than a man of powers. He stands practically alone, too; for Beverly Tucker, though of a similar sphere, and following Cooper instead of Irving, has a much laxer hold on remembrance. In these men the emasculated tradition of the eighteenth century, though reinforced by the fresh vigor of Irving's and Cooper's success with American subjects, died out; and Virginia life, never virile in imaginative creation, became very slightly receptive even of the modern writers, though the Georgian poets, and especially Byron and Moore, were somewhat known.

The best gauge of the literary vitality of the South toward the middle of the century is the magazine which White founded at Richmond, *The Southern Lit-*

erary Messenger. The mere fact that this periodical was started testifies to the presence of intellectual interests in the community. Education of the sort befitting a young gentleman of the day was provided for the youth of the ruling class by private tutors, by travel, by residence at Yale or Harvard or elsewhere in the North, and by the home university of Virginia. This last institution, the work of Jefferson's foreseeing mind, never ceased to be one of the great schools of the nation. If its power and rank were to be measured by equipment after our present materialistic fashion, they might seem little enough; but if they are judged rather by the number and quality of the minds there educated, by the leadership of such minds in the State and nation, by the spread of their influence through the farther South and Southwest, the efficient force of the university must be highly rated as a factor in society. None of its students ever lost the impress of its classical studies and its standards of behavior. Poe, for example, shows in his writings more traces of his schooling than any other American author. Undoubtedly the university is to be credited with the formation of the intellectual habit of the South, and its work was rather supplemented than displaced by foreign residence.

The Richmond magazine was essentially dependent on this body of university men and their friends through the South. It would be, nevertheless, a wild hyperbole to describe these men and their families as a reading class; there was, properly speaking, no public at the South. The contents of the magazine, if Poe's exceptional work in its first two years be excluded, though not comparing unfavorably with its rivals elsewhere, are exceedingly tame and dreary. Local pride is much in evidence, and the presence of provincial reputations is acutely felt; but of literature there is truly not a trace. No democracy ever bred such a mediocrity of talent as this aristocratically constructed society. For one thing—and it is true of the whole literary past of the South—there is no interest in ideas; there are no ideas. There had been a time when Voltaire was much read in Virginia, though the traces of it are now well-nigh lost in the

dust-heap, and there had been radical thinking by young men; but no one came after Voltaire. Perhaps this is the fundamental trouble, after all; for how can literature flourish in the absence of ideas? The banality of the question indicates the poverty of the situation. A classical upbringing on Horace, a library of *The Spectator*, "Waverley," and Moore's "Poems," taken in connection with even the best endeavor to achieve Ciceronianism or Addisonianism or any other imitatively perfect style, could not accomplish much by themselves. An air without ideas is the deadliest of literary atmospheres. This was perhaps less thoroughly true of Virginia than of the farther South, where political passion was more absorbing as time swung grimly on. The great age of Virginia culminating in the glory of her Presidents had gone by, and a less strenuous race had succeeded; but the men of South Carolina were stronger than their fathers had been, and the climax of her great age was to be in the civil war toward which her social force moved for a generation with towering pride and fatal certainty. Yet one does not find about Calhoun an intellectual group, nor is there anywhere about the statesmen of the Secession that air of letters and philosophy and the higher interests of man which was so marked a feature of the Revolutionary time. The literary state of this later period is most fully and characteristically shown, as is natural, in South Carolina itself, the true seat of Southern power then; but the lowness of the ebb is keenly apparent in the fact that the illustrative author is so inferior a man as Simms.

Simms was of Irish extraction, to which was due his literary gift, and the strain in him was one of recent immigration. The South had little part in his making, and gave him in the main no more than an environment and the nucleus of a fierce local patriotism. He was not one of the ruling class, but the child of an adventurer who himself found Charleston unendurable, and went farther into the Southwest to find a home and a living. Simms remained behind and grew up in the neighborhood of the traditions of the Revolution and the backwoodsmen. He was a man of overflowing

animal force, self-assertive, ambitious, destined to be self-made. He had poetical susceptibility and dreaming faculty, a Celtic base in him, which led him to the composition of facile and feeble poems; but drifting off into fiction, as he tried his hand at all kinds of writing, he finally produced amid the voluminous output a few colonial romances by which he made a more lasting impression. They lack those qualities which make literature of a book, but they survive by virtue of their raw material which has both historical and human truth; and in certain episodes and scenes he shows narrative and even dramatic power. He followed in Cooper's track in these tales, and chose the American subject near to him in the life of his part of the country in the preceding generations of its conquest from the Indian and the Briton. The tales will therefore always retain a certain importance as a picture of social conditions and warfare. He nevertheless did not find himself accepted and honored in his own community. He made several journeys to the North, and had many friends among the literary men there, and published his books there. The North was his outlet into the world of letters.

In South Carolina it was felt that such a man as Legaré was the proper representative of Southern culture. Literary taste still clung to the library; it had the conservatism of the school reader, and never passed the boundaries of a good classical pupil. Contemporary literature, with romantic and realistic vigor, however closely allied to the masters of the North, had no vogue. It was considered that a Southern literature was impossible. The foolishness of Chivers testifies to that in Georgia no less than the powerful irascibility of Simms in South Carolina. Yet with wonderful persistency magazine after magazine was launched at Charleston, had its fallow years of feebleness, and died. It seemed not only that the South could produce nothing of itself; what came to it from contact with the larger world of English speech could not take root in that soil. A few books of humor long ago extinct may be excepted; but, save for these, the condition of the country beyond Charleston was like that of the Ohio Valley and the Iowa prai-

rie in literary destitution. Even in New Orleans, then an old city, there was no less of literature than in Charleston itself.

It is sometimes suggested that this blight which fell on the literary spirit everywhere in the South affected not only the reception of books actually written, but also the development of such minds of literary capacity as were born in the community; that there was a discouragement of genius itself in the fact that while literature in common with all the fine arts requires an open career and honor for the poorest in social position and opportunity, here fixed aristocratic prejudice and materialistic self-satisfaction and the vanity and indifference that belong everywhere to irresponsible wealth, made success impossible. However that may be, it is clear that literature in the South had by the time of the civil war become dead. The position of Simms as the representative and central figure of the literary life there is made the more prominent by the companionship of younger men in his latter days; of Timrod, like the whippoorwill, a thin, pathetic, twilight note, and of Hayne, whom one would rather liken to the mocking-bird except that it does no kind of justice to the bird. With them the literature of the old South ceased.

There remains the solitary figure of Poe, the one genius of the highest American rank who belongs to the South. It is common to deny that he was distinctively a Southern writer, not so much on the score of his birth at Boston as because he is described as a world-artist unrelated to his local origin, unindebted to it, and existing in a cosmopolitan limbo, denationalized, almost dehumanized. But mortal genius always roots in the soil, and is influenced and usually shaped by its environment of birth, education, and opportunity. It appears to me that Poe was as much a product of the South as Whittier was of New England. His breeding and education were Southern; his manners, habits of thought, and moods of feeling were Southern; his sentimentalism, his conception of womanhood and its qualities, of manhood and its behavior, his weaknesses of character, bore the stamp of his origin; his temperament even, his sensibility, his gloom and dream, his response to color and

music, were of his race and place. It is true that he was not accepted during his life by the society of Richmond any more than Simms was by the aristocracy of Charleston. But the indifference of an aristocratic society to men of letters not in its own set is no new thing; it belongs to the nature of such society the world over. It is more germane to observe that Poe's education, the books on which he fed, gives us the best and fullest evidence available as to the kind and degree of literary culture possible to any Virginia youth of talent; and its range and quality serve to modify our idea as to the nature of that culture in the South and lead us to a broader and truer conception of the intellectual conditions there.

It does not appear that Poe in his early education or in the accessibility of books during his first manhood was at any disadvantage with his contemporaries in the North; the difference between him and his Southern compatriots was that he made the fullest use of his opportunities. He fed on Byron, Moore, and Coleridge, and as he went on in years he was among the first to hail Tennyson and the later writers, in prose as well as verse, and he always kept pace with contemporaneous production. He did this before he left the South, as well as afterwards. He stands out from the rest because he had the power of genius and was not like Simms a man of talent merely. When he came to the North, where he spent his mature life, he brought his Southern endowment with him. His relations with women were still sentimental; his attitude to men, his warm and frank courtesies to friends, his bitter angers toward others, his speech, garb, and demeanor, denoted his extraction. No stranger meeting him could have failed to recognize him as a Southerner. He always lived in the North as an alien, somewhat on his guard, somewhat contemptuous of his surroundings, always homesick for the place that he well knew would know him no more though he were to return to it. In his letters, in his conversations, in all reminiscences of him, this mark of the South on him is as plain as in his color, features, and personal bearing.

But, though this be granted, and there

is no gainsaying it, it is universally maintained that his genius was destitute of any local attachment. I shall hardly do more than suggest a contrary view. In one respect, indeed, he seems wholly apart from the South. He was a critic with well-seasoned standards of taste and art. The South is uncritical. The power of criticism, which is one of the prime forces of modern thought in the last century, never penetrated the South. There was never any place there, nor is there now, for minorities of opinion, and still less for individual protest, for germinating reforms, for frank expression of a view differing from that of the community. In this respect the South was as much cut off from the modern world, and still is, as Ireland is from England in other ways. It lies outside the current of the age, and this is one reason why there was such an absence of ideas in its life. Poe, on the other hand, was a critic of independent mind and unsparing expression. Yet it is noticeable that he never criticised a Southern writer adversely except when he had some personal animosity. It is only to be added that Poe was a critic who escaped from his environment, within whose limits his critical power would have been crushed.

But in his imaginative work is it not true that the conception of character and incident in such tales as *William Wilson*, *The Assignment*, *The Cask of Amontillado*, are distinctly Southern? Are not all his women in the romantic tales elaborations of suggestions from South-

ern types? Is not *The House of Usher* a Southern tale at the core, however theatrically developed? Poe is the only poet, so far as I know, who is on the record as the defender of human slavery. It must not be forgotten that he grew up in a slaveholding State. There are traces of cruelty in Poe, of patience with cruelty, easy to find. *The Black Cat* could not have been written except by a man who knew cruelty well and was hardened to it. *The Pit and the Pendulum* belongs in the same class. It is not any one of these items, but the mass of them, that counts. The morbid, melancholy, dark, gruesome, terrible, in Poe seem to me to be related to his environment; these things sympathize with the South, in all lands, with Italy and Spain; as the Spaniard is plain in Cervantes, it may well seem that the Southerner is manifest in the temper of Poe's imagination, characterization, incident, atmosphere, and landscape. His tendency toward musical effects is also to the point. So Lanier tried to obtain such effects from landscape, trees, and the marsh; though Poe is free from Lanier's emotional phases in which he seems like Ixion embracing the cloud.

Such, in brief, are some of the reasons that may lead one to see in Poe a great expression of the Southern temperament in letters. He, certainly, is the lone star of the South; and yet it may eventually prove that the song of "Dixie" is the most immortal contribution that the old South gave to the national literature.

The Road of Love

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

YES, I have loved you long and loved you well,—
Yet there are deeps untouched and heavens sealed.
More yet lies hidden than has been revealed,
And there are songs to sing, and tales to tell.

Love's incompleteness is its richest foil,
Love's imperfection its most perfect trait.
'Tis easy running to the bounds of hate,
But love's road is the long, long road of toil.

A Town Guest

BY JENNETTE LEE

"I DON'T see but what she'll hev to." Asa Gardner rubbed his week's stub of beard and looked out of the window. He was the richest man in Tolland Centre. He was also a deacon in the Congregational church and visiting school committee and first selectman. It was as first selectman that he was called upon to dispose of Aunt Nancy Gibson. She was eighty-nine years old and a town pauper. "I don't see but what she'll hev to," repeated Asa, rubbing his chin uneasily.

His companion drummed with two fingers on the table. "She's too old to do any more work, ain't she?" he asked. He was a young man, perhaps thirty. He kept the village store, and was second selectman. He was in a hurry to get back to the store.

Asa looked at him mildly. "Yes, she's too old."

"Then she'd better go, wouldn't she? Sooner it's done the better. I'm going down that way in an hour or two. You might go along too and get it done with."

Asa reached out a detaining hand. He drew it back after a minute. "Yes, she'll hev to go," he said, with a gruff sigh.

The young man nodded. "I thought so. I'll be 'round. Good mornin'.—Good mornin', Mis' Gardner." He was passing through the wood-shed on his way to the yard.

The woman who stood at work at a table by the wall did not look up or speak. She wore a large calico sunbonnet, and she may not have heard him.

When the second selectman had disappeared down the long lane and through the gate, she stepped to the sitting-room door. "You there, Asa?"

A subdued response came from the room beyond. She went leisurely across.

"What you doin'?"

"Lookin' for my other coat."

"What you want it for?"

There was no response.

He came out thrusting his arms into the sleeves. His eyes carefully avoided the gray one under the sunbonnet, and they regarded him mildly. "What 'd Hiram Benson want?"

"Jest some town business," mumbled the deacon.

She nodded. "I thought so.—Aunt Nancy Gibson, I s'pose."

"Yes," assented the deacon, helplessly.

She nodded again. "What's his idea?"

The deacon shuffled his feet. He was looking for the comb in its pocket against the wall. "She's too old to do any more work," he said, resentfully.

"She's eighty-nine."

The deacon looked at her hopefully. "That's just it! Suthin's *got* to be done." His voice had a note of relief.

She continued to look at him mildly. "She's earned a home—and a good one," she said, non-committally.

The deacon drew the comb viciously through his shaggy locks. "Well, she hain't got it."

"No—but she will have." The tone was quiet and matter-of-fact.

The deacon eyed her suspiciously. "I can't find it for her," he said, throwing the comb back into the rack.

"Then the town 'll hev to," she responded. She was rocking gently in the big chair by the window, and her sunbonnet had fallen on the back of her neck.

Asa grunted. "Why didn't she ever save up anything?" he demanded.

She looked thoughtfully out of the window. "I don't see's she ever had much chance," she said, slowly, as if watching pictures on the smooth lawn. "She's allays been takin' care of somebody that was sick. There wa'n't no chance to get ahead."

"She's had her board and clothes for it," grumbled the deacon.

"Much as ever.—She's been a good nurse." She was looking at him inquiringly.



"WELL, SHE HAIN'T GOT IT"

The deacon nodded. "First rate," he said, emphatically.

"An' a good nurse gets 's much as twenty dollar a week in the city, they say."

The deacon was looking at her, with his mouth a little open.

"She took care of you four weeks once."

The mild voice carried no hint. But the deacon's mouth closed swiftly. "There ain't no place for her," he said, stubbornly.

"She might board out the eighty dollars with us 'fore she goes on the town." She was looking at him, and the gray eyes were a little misty.

The deacon's face weakened. "Where'd she go after that?" he asked.

"There's the Downses. She took care of them, off and on, more'n a year, all told, I should think. And they're well off. They could have paid her as well as not."

"She wouldn't take no pay—not for going in neighborly like in sickness."

"She stayed weeks at a time." Mrs. Gardner straightened herself in her chair and looked at him keenly. "How'd you like it, Asa, just because you're the best farmer anywhere round, to be called on to nurse up all the poor, good-for-nothin' farms in the neighborhood?"

He shifted uneasily. Logic in a woman is unseemly; joined to imagination it is sometimes painful. Whenever his wife began, "How'd you feel if so and so," the deacon always changed the subject. It was not fitting that a deacon in the church should figure in the unseemliness of a woman's imagination.

"She has to have her pipe," he objected.

"They stood it when she could work."

"And she allays wants to come to the table."

"She came as long as she could work."

In the end the deacon gave in. Perhaps he had known all along that he should give in, and his objections were only a pleasant little manner of having his own way.

"Then you'll tell Hi Benson, will you?" asked his wife, rocking placidly.

"I'll tell him she won't need to go yet a while," responded the deacon, with slow caution.

His wife's gaze followed him approvingly as he left the house and crossed the yard to the barn. Then she rose and opened the door of a room off the kitchen. It was a small room, but the patchwork quilt on the bed was spotless, and the sun that poured in at the south window filled it with comfort. She crossed to the window and threw it up, straightening the muslin curtains with strong, competent fingers.

"It's a good place for her," she said, looking about and nodding. She went up to the back chamber and brought down a rocking-chair covered with calico roses, and a small, boxlike cricket, which she placed in front of the chair. As she straightened her back to survey it, a shadow crossed the window. The deacon drew rein in front of the window and looked in. She seated herself among the calico roses and smiled back at him.

"You want me to change them milk-pans?" he said, stolidly.

She started up. "Wait a minute, Asa. Don't go till I get 'em."

The deacon flicked the reins on the gray horse and smiled a little to himself.

She came out, with the pile of shining pans balanced skilfully on her arm. They glinted in the sun, and the deacon winked a little as he stowed them away on the seat beside him.

"Want the same kind, without seams, do you?" he said, gathering up the reins.

She nodded absently. The gray eyes were fixed on him anxiously. "You're goin' to bring her back, ain't you, Asa?"

He looked down on her from the wagon height and smiled imperturbably. "Wal, ef you can stan' it, I guess I can. The quicker she comes, the quicker she goes."

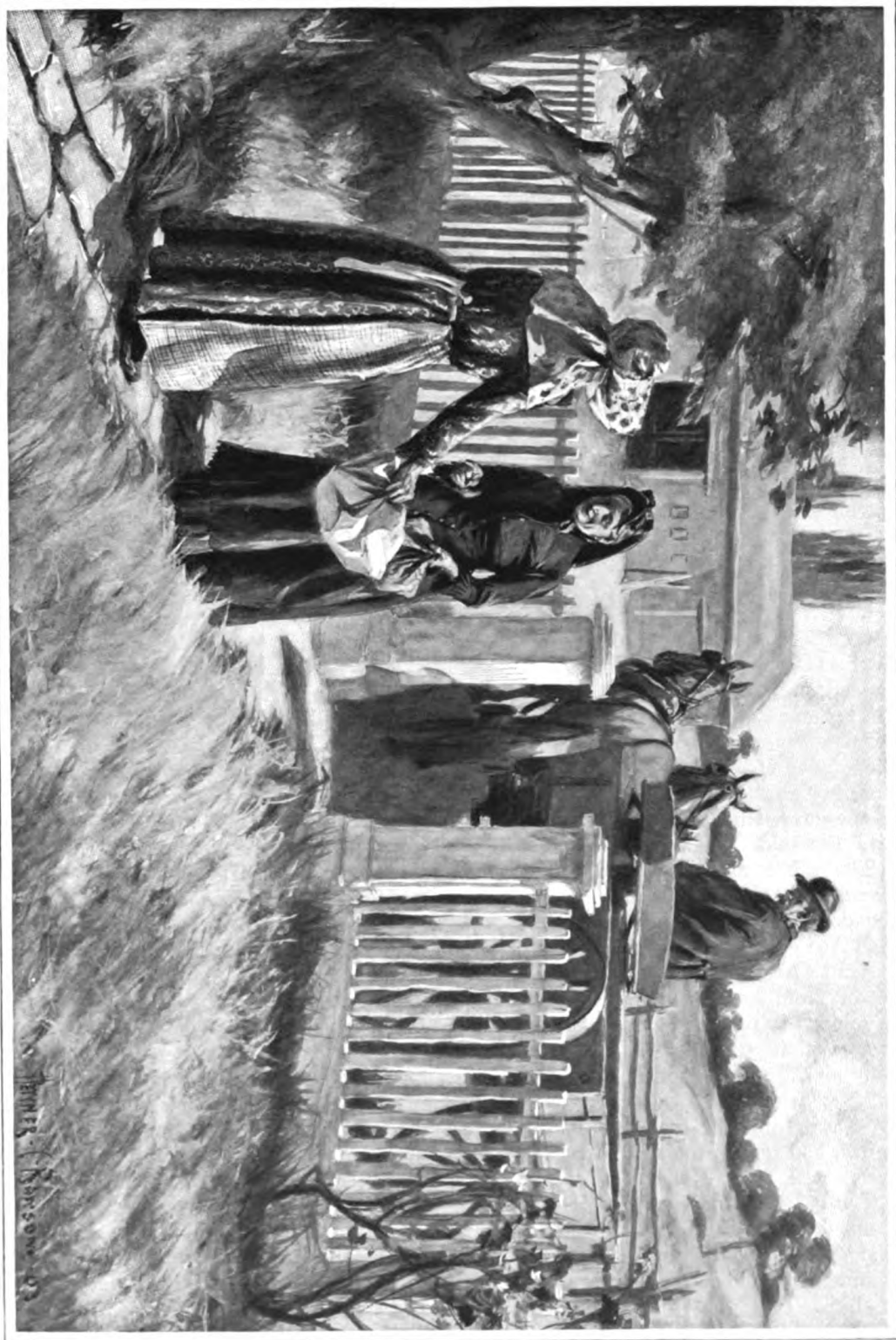
A smile irradiated the face looking up to him. She laid a hand on the sill of the open window and patted it a little. "We'll put her in here," she said.

The deacon nodded as he tightened on the reins. "All right. 'Twon't make no difference to me where you put her. She ain't my comp'ny."

The deacon's shoulders were as square and immovable as ever as he drove down the long lane; but his wife surveyed them proudly.

"He wouldn't ever 'a' done it," she said, with conviction. "There ain't a mean bone in his body."

Two hours later, when he returned, Aunt Nancy Gibson sat proudly beside him, her rusty crape veil floating in the wind. The veil was not mourning for any one. Aunt Nancy had never had any folks for that veil to mourn. The bonnet had descended to her from Mrs. Squire Halleck when she "took off" mourning; and Nancy, liking the look of the veil, had not removed it. So the Squire achieved a second lease of mourning, and Aunt Nancy had a sense of folks. Most of her joys and sorrows had been of this sort. She had brought other women's babies into the world and nursed them through all kinds of disease. She had cooked for them and sewed when sickness was slack; and at the end, after sixty years or more of life, she had laid them out, one by one, straight and quiet, and covered the looking-glass, and sat up with them through the lonely first night that must come to all of us when we leave the accustomed, pain-racked body and wander, strange and unfitted, in a new world, flitting through material ob-



"LET ME TAKE IT, AUNT NANCY," SAID HER HOSTESS

jects without sound, and looking down upon that other body, lying still and mysterious, half in longing, half relief. Nancy had never felt the awe of it. It was all a part of having folks—that they should die and be laid out and have mourning worn for them. She was not a philosopher. But she was a terrible good hand in sickness. And for eighty-nine years she had followed the bent of her nature, not for money, but for love of doing.

Now, as she sat perched aloft on the wagon seat, her veil floating in the wind, she held herself, in spite of her eighty-nine years, erect and important.

Mrs. Gardner came to the door and looked out. "Wait a minute, Aunt Nancy; I'll bring a chair," she called out.

"Stay right where you be, Mary Gardner. I don't need no cheer," responded Aunt Nancy. She clambered down over the wagon wheel and came around the back of the wagon, her head shaking a little with palsy, but her back held stiff and proud. She carried in one hand a large red handkerchief knotted at the corners, and in the other a loose newspaper bundle.

"Let me take it, Aunt Nancy," said her hostess, meeting her half-way down the flagged stones.

Aunt Nancy surveyed it suspiciously as she gave it up. "My second-best bun-nit," she said.

The other nodded. "I'll be careful. Come right in here." She threw open the door of the little room. "I'm real glad Asa got you to come."

Aunt Nancy drew a large-checked apron from her pocket and fastened it in place, tying the bow in front with fingers that trembled a little. "Anybody sick?" she asked, looking up.

"No," said Mrs. Gardner. Her gray eyes, watching the trim, trembling little figure, had grown moist. "No; we're all pretty well, Aunt Nancy."

The old lady mounted a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles and looked at her sharply. "That's what Asa said," she commented. "I couldn't get much out of him, 'cept that you wanted me to come up for a while." The eyes behind the spectacles seemed looking out almost pleadingly.

Mrs. Gardner nodded. "Yes, we want-

ed you. We thought maybe you'd make us a little visit."

Aunt Nancy's fingers were hovering over the knotted handkerchief. She looked up quickly. "And not do anything?" she demanded.

Mrs. Gardner shook her head. "Not unless you want to," she said, lightly. "I don't know's you've ever been anywhere just for a visit. Have you?" she added.

The old woman looked up at her in perplexity. "I don't b'lieve I hev," she said, slowly. "But I guess I shall like it turrible well—when I get used to it. I'm real pleased you wanted me."

The sight of the compact, bent little figure measuring its holiday was too much for Mrs. Gardner, and she bustled suddenly from the room, calling back as she went. "Come out to dinner when you're ready, Aunt Nancy."

Seated at table, Aunt Nancy chewed very loud, and her false teeth clattered briskly. They were probably the one thing about her that was not second-hand; though they would perhaps better have been. The local dentist who had made them for her had utilized bits and scraps of left-over material, with the natural but somewhat astonishing result that Aunt Nancy displayed on the left side of her smile an eye-tooth intended for Deacon Caleb Barton, and on the other one that had been ordered as a sample for young Mrs. Mills, but had been rejected for a more expensive kind. So far as beauty went, the result was not altogether inevitable; but for purposes of chewing there were none better in Tolland Centre, as Aunt Nancy took pains to demonstrate. She did it loudly and complacently.

Asa's eye caught his wife's. He himself was not perhaps a model as to table manners; but beside Aunt Nancy his gusto was that of an innocent snow-white lamb beside the big steam-thresher.

His wife avoided his piercing gaze, and heaped Aunt Nancy's plate with vegetables. Later, in the quiet of the wood-shed, she took him to task: "If we're goin' to have her at all, we've got to make her comfortable, and not be winkin' and noddin'."

The deacon looked a little guilty.



"PUTTY HEFTY, AIN'T IT?" SHE WOULD CACKLE

"I do' know's she chews any louder'n Aunt Persis, anyway."

"Mebbe she don't," said the deacon, meekly. Aunt Persis was on his side of the house. "Anyway"—he roused himself with a little spirit—"she ain't my comp'ny."

As for Aunt Nancy, guileless of offence, she seemed to renew her youth. She smoked her pipe in the chimney-corner, or sat with her prunella feet planted gently on the stove hearth, watching with calm eye the labors of others. "Putty hefty, ain't it?" she would cackle to the deacon, as, with a puff of relief, he deposited an armful of wood in the box; or, "Seems to me you're gettin' the rheumatiz a leetle, Mary," she would comment, as Mrs. Gardner rose stiffly from before the oven door.

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"Like enough, Aunt Nancy,—like enough," Mrs. Gardner would respond, equably. The deacon made no response, unless more or less articulate grunts could be held to stand for such. For, as time went on, it became evident that Aunt Nancy's presence was not a joy to the deacon. He wished, beyond doubt, to do his duty by her. But he would have preferred to do it at somebody else's fireside. The deacon never smoked, and when he came into the kitchen and found it vacant of the trim, bent little figure, he would throw open the windows with an ostentatious "Phew!"

"I don't see's it smells any worse 'n it did the summer you had the typhoid," Mrs. Gardner commented, placidly.

And the deacon would retire, silent but hurt. If he had been a literary man,

it would doubtless have been said that Aunt Nancy got on his nerves. As it was, he muttered to himself in the privacy of the barn that he "jest couldn't stum-mick it."

Aunt Nancy meanwhile grew chipper and young. She would pin a small plaided shawl about her shoulders and trip gayly down the road, announcing proudly at each house where she called that she was "visitin' a spell up to the Gardners."

Every one but Aunt Nancy was now in the secret, and a dozen homes were open to her. She brought back from each excursion her sheaf of invitations, proud as any girl at her coming-out ball. "The Simpsons ast me to-day," she would announce. "I told 'em I guessed I'd stay here a spell longer, till you got kinder tired of me."

"That's right, Aunt Nancy, — that's right," Mrs. Gardner responded, cheerily. "Don't let any one go to coaxing you away."

And Aunt Nancy would glow and bridle, and her false teeth would beat a soft accompaniment.

The deacon would perhaps glower and shuffle an impatient foot under the table. But a warning glance from his wife held him in check.

"I don't see why in thunder you don't let her," he would grumble later in the depths of the wood-shed.

"There, there, Asa, I wouldn't talk like that! They wouldn't none of them be real good to her—not after the first. I can see that, plain as daylight. And I ain't goin' to have her feelin's hurt—not if I can help it. I've been thinkin' about it a good deal since she came—how she always took care of folks and never had good times herself; and 'tain't anything strange if she is a little queer about it, having her first good time when she's eighty-nine or so. I guess if you'd—"

"Yes, yes," said the deacon, hastily. "Like enough, like enough."

"And she took care of both oorn, when they was born and when they died—Willie and Freddie both."

The deacon cleared his throat and stalked to the door. "Looks like rain," he said. "Well, mother, hev it the way you want. I guess I can stan' it."

As winter came on, Aunt Nancy's brightness faded. It was as if Nature were avenging herself for the late flowering; and the little figure shrivelled perceptibly from day to day and dwindled among its calico flowers. The chair had been moved to the warm chimney-corner, and there Aunt Nancy hovered, smoking her pipe and cackling feebly in the warmth. Queer, wandering notions began to flit through her brain and mingle with her talk, and it went abroad through the village that Aunt Nancy Gibson was losing her mind. Some of the younger generation, who had known her only as a trembling old woman, said flippantly that she had never had any mind to lose. But their elders rebuked them; and sober-faced women in shawls made their way up the snowy lane to Deacon Gardner's, carrying a bowl of jelly or a bit of chicken to Aunt Nancy. There seemed to have come to Tolland Centre a belated sense that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

Aunt Nancy in her chimney-corner received the gifts in state, and cackled merrily. Sometimes she chatted a little with her guests or recited poetry for them—old rhymes that had come creeping back out of the past and beguiled the hours for her. It was a sight not to be forgotten to have seen her there among her roses, her pipe held aloft in her trembling hand, reciting:

"Now you're married, you must obey."

Or:

"Said the blackbird to the crow,
'If you ain't black, then I don't know;
For ever since old Adam was born,
You've been accused of stealing corn.'
Fly to the east and fly to the west,
And fly to the girl that you like best;
Fly to the north and fly to the south.
And fly to the girl with the sugar in
her mouth."

At the word sugar, pronounced with long-drawn succulent sweetness, the pipe would return with a flourish to her lips, and Aunt Nancy would draw a slow, restful puff, peering over the top of the bowl with eyes that twinkled and blinked.

The neighbors listened patiently and blankly, and went away saying to each other that it must be a dreadful chore to take care of her. Sometimes they

said it to Mrs. Gardner. But she declared stoutly that Aunt Nancy was no trouble at all—not near so much as a baby; and that her mind some days was real peart—as good as anybody’s mind. And the neighbors, suspecting perhaps an unkind reference to facts in the babies, changed the subject. Among themselves they said that anybody’d think Mary Gardner owned Aunt Nancy, the way she hung on to her and never let other folks do for her.

But by the time spring had passed into summer even Mary Gardner was forced to admit that Aunt Nancy’s mind was touched a little. Her chair had been moved back to the bedroom by the window; and there she sat all day, among her calico roses, nodding feebly to the white ones that peeped in at the open window, and mumbling quietly to herself.

Asa Gardner, as he passed and repassed the window, would throw in jovial remarks, over which the old head nodded and wagged gently. For as weakness overtook Nancy, the deacon’s antipathy seemed to drop from him. Not Mrs. Gardner herself was more intent on seeing that Aunt Nancy’s last days were happy ones.

It was in haying-time, as he was bumping along on the mowing-machine toward the south meadow, that he drew rein one morning at the rose-framed window. “Mornin’, Aunt Nancy,” he called out, cheerily.

The old eyes blinked at him, and Aunt Nancy’s wrinkled hand went up to shield them from the sun as she peered out into the June day. “Mornin’, Josiah,” she cackled, feebly.

“Ready to go hayin’ this mornin’?” said the deacon, jocosely.

“Not this mornin’, Josiah, not this mornin’, not this mornin’,—not—this—mornin’—” Her head was nodding over the sill.

The deacon chuckled a little to himself, and the mowing-machine rattled away down the lane. “Josiah?” he said to himself, bumping and jouncing comfortably on the iron seat,—“Josiah?—That must be Josiah Hadley—him that kep’ comp’ny with her as a girl. How long ago was it? Fifty years—sixty—no, seventy; Lord! yes, seventy years ago,

and more. Now that’s curus;” and the deacon jolted on to the south meadow.

Whether he was pondering on Aunt Nancy and Josiah and grew careless of his reins, or whether the gray mare stepped in a hornet’s nest, or what happened, no one will know. . . . There was a sudden sound of running and shouting, a hurrying of white-sleeved figures across the meadow, and a hush of awe and terror on the beating June day.

Aunt Nancy leaned from her window as the staggering procession came up the long lane. Her blinking eyes fixed themselves on the white board they carried and on the limp figure huddled together on it. Blood stained the white shirt and dripped a little from the board. It lay in clots on the relaxed hand.

The vital color seemed to leap at the bleared eyes and strike them. The old woman sank back, covering them with her hand. Her breath sobbed a little. When she took down the hand her eyes were clear. A sane light glowed in them as she stepped quickly across to the kitchen and took down the big shears hanging by the chimney-shelf and turned to confront the men at the door.

“Take him in here,” she said. She had thrown open the door of the best bedroom, and stood waiting.

They hesitated a second. Across the room Mary Gardner had fainted. Her gray-white face framed in its sunbonnet looked out at them blankly.

“In here,” repeated Aunt Nancy. There was an accent of impatience in the cracked voice.

Lumberingly they obeyed her, stooping to lift the figure that lay huddled on the board.

“Don’t tech him,” said Aunt Nancy, sharply. “You’ll kill him. Take it up, I tell ye!”

They lifted the board, looking at each other a little askance, and hesitating again at the smooth, white bed.

“Lift him over, can’t ye?” she said, impatiently. The shears clicked in her hand.

“You don’t want to turn back the spread, do you, Aunt Nancy?” It was Hiram Benson that whispered, deprecatingly. He knew what Mrs. Gardner paid for the spread. It was a handsome one.

"Lay him down, I tell ye." Aunt Nancy's eyes leaped at him and back to the limp figure. "Don't I tell ye there ain't a minit to lose— Jest as he is— board and all— There! Keerful—keer-ful!"

Slowly the board descended on the white spread, and Aunt Nancy's shears were at work, clipping, cutting, laying back folds of cloth—directing and scolding: "Out of the way, all of ye. Give him air, can't ye? Hi Benson can stay. The rest of ye clear out, every one of ye— Go tend to Mis' Gardner. Open that drawer, Hiram—the one behind ye— That's it. Now that sheet—the top one—linen. Tear it up. So— Keerful, now— Help me slide this under— That's good. Now hold tight— Keerful— Keerful—"

A faint moan came from the mangled figure.

Aunt Nancy glanced sharply at the white face. "That's good," she muttered. The sinews in her tough little hands stood out as she drew another bandage and fastened it in place.

She straightened herself with a long breath. "There, that's all we can do till the doctor comes. He won't bleed to death now. Jest git a bowl of water and bathe his face a mite, and hev some whiskey ready against the doctor wants it." She turned toward the door, groping a little. A subtle change had come over her face. A veil was descending, shut-

ting out the light. Mary Gardner, coming in the door, looked at her sharply.

"It's all, Mary," cackled Aunt Nancy.—"all right, you know. So— 'Now you're married you must obey, You must be kind in all you say. You must be kind, you must be good, And make your husband chop the wood.'—Yes, yes— Make your husband chop the wood." The old voice trailed feebly away, crooning and chattering to itself.

When the doctor came there was much to be done. But he did not hesitate to say that had it not been for Aunt Nancy there would have been nothing. Asa would have slipped beyond their reach long before help could have come.

But Aunt Nancy, crooning in her rose-framed window, knew nothing of glory or of skill; and when, three weeks later, Asa, white and shaking, crept in to thank her, she greeted him with charming irrelevance. When he tried to explain to her what she had done for him, she looked up slowly with something like intelligence in the old eyes.

"I'm real glad I was here to do it for ye, Josiah," she said, simply.

That night another guest came to the deacon's house. He did not stay so long as Aunt Nancy had, and he made no sound. But when he crossed the floor and touched Aunt Nancy and whispered to her, she opened her eyes for a moment to look at him. Then, with the lightest breath, she fell into a deep, quiet sleep.

The Poet

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

SAY'ST thou the heart hath missed her harvestings,—
A muffled harp, no hand to stir the rust?
Some note shall yet be struck from out the strings
That shall go singing when thy heart is dust.

Then vex not with thy murmurs, heart bereft,
The lamentable chamber of thy years!
Fame brews her nectar from the sweet drops left
In broken jars where Love has stored her tears.



GATHERING SUPPLIES FOR WAR

Kidnapping Ants and Their Slaves

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

CHARLES DARWIN, in his *Origin of Species*, confesses that he first approached the subject of slaveholding ants in a skeptical spirit. "Any one," he observes, "may well be excused for doubting the truth of so extraordinary and odious an instinct as that of making slaves."

But Darwin was to find that slavery among ants is not as odious as his philanthropic feelings had colored it. It is of an Abrahamic type, constituting a family or community of equals. It does not suggest the chattel slavery which human greed developed in modern times. In fact, it can only be called slavery by a strained metaphor. Certainly, there is kidnapping of an aggravated kind, with the conflict, slaughter and maiming, the wreckage of homes, the disruption of communities, and the mimic reproduction of spoliation and woe that we associate with the sack of cities in human wars or slave-hunting raids in Africa.

But after the first assault of the plundering host and the domestication of the kidnapped victims, every odious feature disappears. The larvæ and pupæ, who are commonly the only captives, are cared for with assiduous concern. They grow up to be free and happy citizens of their new home. They are completely "naturalized." Their privileges and general treatment are precisely those of their captors. Their state is substantially that which would have resulted had they grown up in the home of their birth instead of their adoption. If one would seek a human analogy for their condition it is not to be found in that of the war-captives of ancient times sold into individual bondage, or of the chattel slaves of recent days. We find it rather in the state of those who were transplanted in mass to chosen sites, and established therein by conquerors ambitious to found great cities, like Alexandria and Cæsarea Philippi. These expatriated captives

were endowed with the privileges of free-men and citizens, and their youth grew up to know no other country.

One hundred years ago a Swiss naturalist, M. Pierre Huber, the distinguished son of an eminent father, made the discovery of what he called mixed or "compound nests" of ants. These embraced two species, of which one, the Rufescent ant, *Polyergus rufescens*, was dominant; the other, the Fuscous ant, *Formica fusca*, was in a subject or servile condition. The Rufescent ants—which Huber named "Amazons" and "Legionaries"—were found to be a military caste, making raids upon neighboring formicaries for the capture of larvæ and pupæ, which they brought home, most of them probably to serve as food, but many to be reared as workers. The affairs of these mixed communities were conducted in the usual emmet way, with one striking difference. The Fuscas, or "negroes," did all the work of construction, of foraging, and of feeding the family including the Amazons themselves, their queens and young winged males and females. The sole function of the Amazons was to fight and plunder, and they controlled the succession and citizenship of the commune. In the course of his studies Huber found another species, the Sanguine ant, *Formica sanguinea*, having the same habit of kidnapping other species, but with some decided differences in manners, and that some compound nests contained two slave species.

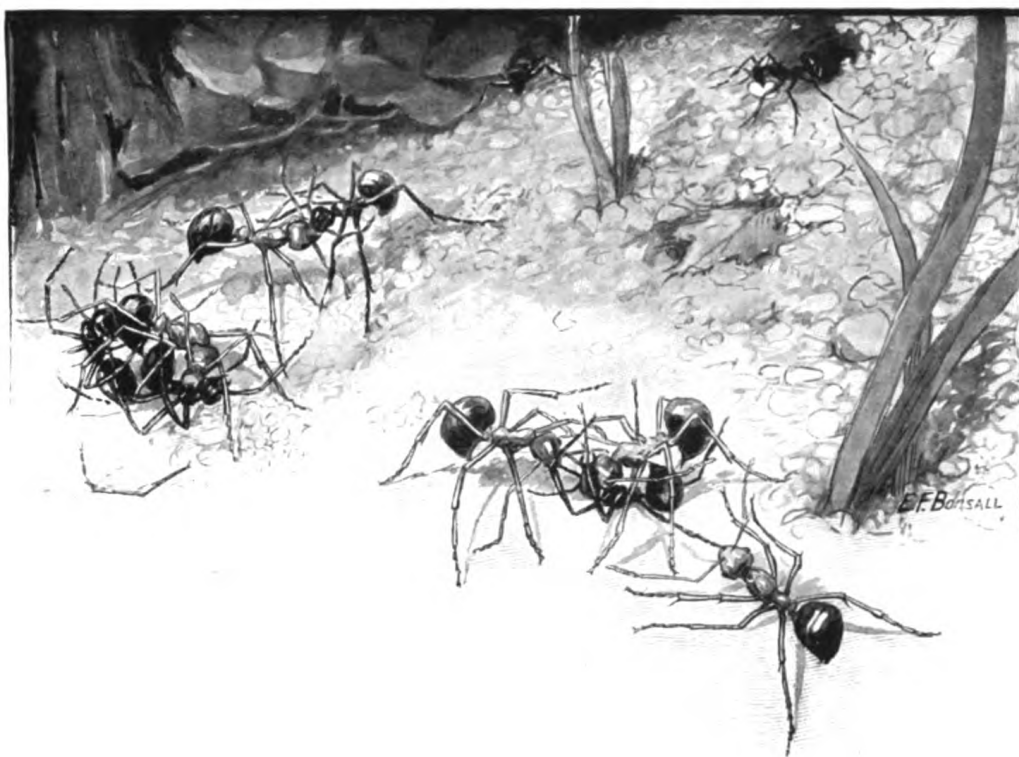
This is a bare outline of a series of facts which have been noted and published in greater or less detail by various observers. They form a unique chapter in the history of animated nature, some of whose pages will interest the general reader. Recent studies of ants show the tendency of many different species to make common interest in one vicinage. But the best-known species with claim to be ranked as slave-makers are still those of Huber's classical discovery, or their close American kin. It is interesting that two species are found widely distributed in the United States—one, *Polyergus lucidus*, closely related to, and the other, *Formica sanguinea*, subspecies *rubicunda*, differing little from, their European congeners,—

and that these should have developed here the remarkable habit that distinguishes them there.

Let us follow one of these species upon a kidnapping foray. As the hour approaches for the adventure, the raiders issue from the city gates and assemble upon the rounded exterior. As numbers increase, the excitement grows. They move back and forth, around and around, in a sort of maze, as though engaged in preliminary evolutions. Frequent challenges pass, by crossing antennæ or striking them smartly upon the forehead. Legs jerk nervously. Abdomens throb, rising and falling rapidly. There ascends a faint crackling sound from the agitated mass which covers the hill, that one fancies may come from the sharp contact of numerous moving insects, whose hard, chitinous skins are as veritable armors as those which compassed the frames of ancient warriors. But perhaps, as Professor Wheeler suggests, it is a real stridulation that one hears, the sound of tiny abdominal cymbals that emmets carry, and whose raspings, indistinguishable in the individual, are audible in the mass. Has the pygmy army, then, not only its silent antennal signals, but its music too, to stir up martial ardor and give stridulant calls to soldierly movements?

Amidst this seething mass the slaves are moving. They are the glossy blacks that Huber's Amazons most affect for servitude—the Fuscous ants of a close American variety, *Formica subsericea*. Some of these are placidly at work on the daily round of duty. They carry out earth pellets and bring in supplies, apparently as separate from the warlike commotion around them as if they were a sect of protesting non-combatants. Others run about under the feverish agitation that stirs the mustering combatants, whom they frequently salute. Indeed, they seem at times to be egging them on, like women of a martial kraal or clan cheering their fighting kindred to foray and fray.

At last the muster is complete. Mysteriously but effectively the signal "Forward!" is given, and the column moves from the hill. There is no regular alignment, but a show of solidarity, a holding



A BATTLE OF SLAVE-MAKERS

of the ranks within close compass and touch—a “rout step,” in fact. There is no general; there are no subordinate officers; but such is the sympathetic unity that they seem to move in response to one will and command. If every warrior is a law unto himself, the law so binds and animates and compels all alike that the ends of an organized cohort are served. This emmet army actualizes the proverbial picture of military absurdity, an army wherein all are brigadiers! The function of commander lodges in the whole column. It owns a corporate leadership, a telepathic control. Here also Solomon’s description of ant operations is accurate: there is no guide, ruler, or overseer. A few Fuscans may accompany the column or escort it beyond the home bounds. But for the most part they remain on duty in and around the formicary, which at once takes on its wonted aspect of peaceful industry.

Assault, battle, and pillage follow quickly upon the sortie. The objective point of the march is not far away. With

ants, as with men, there are variations in the fortunes of war, and disappointments and failures befall. The scouting has been defective, or the tactics of the threatened community have thwarted the enemy, or the defence appears too formidable for the attacking force, which must return empty-handed. But we are here describing a typical successful assault. A hundred yards distant is a Fuscan village. The route thereto lies across the edge of a grove, over a footpath, along a fallen tree, under whose shelter and shaded by tufts of grass is the devoted commune. It is feeble in numbers, and there is a bare show of defence as the freebooters hurl themselves upon the hill and plunge into the open gates. The villagers flee at the first onset through unassailed or secret passages. Some run the gauntlet through the assaulting ranks. All who can, carry a part of the family treasures—eggs, larvæ, and pupæ. Like their brobdignagian brothers of the human race when disaster befalls, their first care is for their offspring. The fugitives mount into

near-by clumps of low wood-plants, whence they look down upon the devastation of their home—with what feelings? For one must suppose that the midgets *do* feel, though sometimes he would fain hope otherwise.

Meanwhile the invaders issue from the gates, bearing in their jaws the Fuscan young, and occasionally an adult. They take the home trail, but not in ordered ranks. It is go-as-you-please now. They are welcomed back by their black confederates, who receive the captives and take them—their very own sisters, perhaps—into the domestic quarters. The soldiers hurry back to the scene of action, for their work is not yet finished. The greed for larger citizenship, as insatiable as in frontier towns, demands more captives, and the squadron musters for another raid. Soon they are off in solid column, their course bent toward a negro city several rods distant. It is a large and flourishing formicary, and at once arouses to repel the invaders. The peaceful industrial commune is transformed

into a camp of belligerents. Videttes push out from the city bounds. Sentinels stand alert at



SLAVE-MAKERS, WITH THEIR PLUNDER, LEAVING A SACKED CITY

every gate. Workers hastily barricade galleries and close up doors, while nurses gather the young into interior rooms for concealment or readier escape.

Already the battle rages. The Fuscan videttes have met the Sanguine scouts, and, ant to ant, have begun "the tug of war"—a phrase that is literally true of an emmet conflict. Hosts of irate blacks pour out of the formicary and hurl themselves upon the red marauders, who join the issue with equal valor and greater skill. Soon the border is covered with a confused mass of struggling combatants. The red helmets and corselets of the invaders distinguish them from the black armor and sligher forms of their adversaries. But here and there groups are balled together in such a tangle of interlocked jaws and limbs that only the fighters themselves can tell friend from foe. The toothed mandibles, or upper jaws, are the chief weapons, and with these wide open the ants rush together. If opposing jaws are interclasped in the contact, the fight is likely to be long, and another weapon is brought into play. The abdomen is curved upward, and jets of formic acid—a sort of chemical "hand-grenade"—are thrown from the nozzle of the poison-glands into mouth and face.

Sometimes these duellists are allowed to fight to the death unmolested, and many such hand-to-hand combats are seen, especially on the fringe of the field, as the thick of the fray sways closer to the formicary. Oftener the duel draws others into its vortex. A passing red warrior seizes a leg of the black combatant, and a black rushing into the battle stops to clasp the red foeman's antenna. Thus the fight thickens into a group, from which now and then a pair may drop away to form another centre of conflict.

The slave-makers are not always victors; but in this case they succeed in entering the besieged city and capturing many larvæ and pupæ. As they trail homeward with their booty, one may occasionally see a warrior bearing her prey and dragging along a trophy of battle in the shape of a severed black head, whose unrelaxed jaws still cling to its foeman's leg. The plunderers do not always return scot-free. The pillaged villagers will sometimes follow and harass

the rear of the column, pounce upon stragglers, and succeed in rescuing some captives. Erelong the fugitive Fuscans return from the jungle of grass and ferns whither they had fled with their young, and come up from the cavernous recesses wherein they had been barricaded, and the life of the commune is reorganized. Their little ones, for whom all had ventured and many had yielded life, grow up in their ravishers' city, and ere the season ends may be cheering on their captors to another raid upon their native village. Alas! crude nature is not a Peace Society; and nothing is more purely "natural" than war.

What is the reflex of this habit upon the slave-making ants and their subjects? Ought we to expect that social laws and customs which influence so powerfully the human species should work analogous results upon ants? Let us see. In the case of *Polyergus* there appears a dependence upon the slaves which is almost absolute. The Amazons on the raid, in assault, in combat, and in the capture and rapture of the young of subject species show immense animation and persistence. But they take no part in the domestic economy of the formicary. The construction of galleries and chambers, the nurture of their own young from egg to antling, and the care of their young captives, the garner of supplies, and the support of their queens, winged males and females, are wrought by the slaves alone. The deterioration has gone so far that the *Polyergus* warriors will not feed themselves, but depend upon their servants for both food and feeding! It seems astounding and incredible that any creature should be reduced to such an abnormal state; but experiments show that when these warriors are placed in artificial nests without their usual attendants they will starve amidst abundance. Let slaves be introduced, and the scene changes. With the instincts of a philanthropist and a nurse—or shall we say, of a born servant?—the black laborers take the Amazons in hand, rescue from death those who still live, clean up the house, and set affairs agoing comfortably.

Turning to the Sanguine ants, we find a condition wholly different. The red

warriors are workers also. They bring to building and other home work the energy shown in fighting. The nest architecture of *Polyergus* has the characteristics of its slave; or if there be two subject species, shows typical traces of both. The architecture of *Sanguinea* bears her own individuality crossed with that of her slaves. The theory that institutions founded upon kidnapping and slavery must impair the quality of their supporters here breaks down. Or, shall we fall back upon Darwin's view that the slave-making habit, which has reached its ultimate in *Polyergus*, is in course of development in *Sanguinea*, and has not had time to reach its inevitable results? At all events, *Sanguinea* is a normal ant in warlike and industrial instincts, to which have been added kidnapping and adoption of alien species.

With *Polyergus* and *Sanguinea* alike it is noteworthy that no fertile queens or virgin queens and males of their subjects are reared within the community; only their own are tolerated. The increase of the working citizenship is made from captives introduced as larvæ and pupæ and reared under an environment created by the captors. These prudent creaturelings may well suggest to us a lesson as to the influence of motherhood and the value of home and civil surroundings in forming the character of childhood and the habits of mature life.

What effect does emmet servitude have upon its subjects? The writer, at least, has never been able to note any effect. The *Fuscous* and *Schaufuss* ants—the only two species observed by him—have precisely the same manners in compound as in native nests. The slaves of the *Amazons* retain their fighting instincts, and are not reduced to mere workers. They seem to transfer with absolute loyalty the normal devotion shown by ants to the commune and its young. As slave parents are not permitted, and servitude is not transmitted from parents to offspring, one cannot know what changes might have been wrought in course of time under other conditions. But in one respect ant-slavery appears to have reacted upon species living near

slave-makers, by developing greater caution and cunning in protecting their homes, and probably less courage in defending them. In sites free from kidnapping ants the *Fuscans* make such extensive nests that they seriously damage lawns and gardens. Their architecture and demeanor show that freedom from fear of special perils which marks a community dwelling in perfect confidence and continued security. On the contrary, *Fuscan* colonies in the vicinage of slave-makers tend to lessen or omit exterior elevations. The dumpage from interior workings is scattered broadcast. Gates are fewer and concealed.

Once, watching a *Sanguine* army assaulting a *Fuscan* colony, the writer chanced to see, a short distance from the scene, a *Schaufuss* worker (*Formica schaufussi*) moving back and forth in a way that aroused curiosity. Knowing this to be an enslaved species, he directed attention upon the solitary ant. She was putting finishing-touches upon the closure of her formicary door. A tiny pebble was placed. A few pellets of soil were added. Then she walked away, took a few turns as though surveying the surroundings, and cautiously came back. The coast was clear! Next she deftly crawled into the small open space, and from the movements inside and occasional glimpses of an antenna-tip, it was seen that she was completing the work of concealment from within. At last her task was done, and all was quiet. Just then a single *Sanguine* warrior, apparently a scout or a straggler from the invading army near by, approached the spot. It walked over and around the nest, which was indistinguishable from the surrounding surface. It sounded here and there with its antennæ, passed over the very door into which the *Schaufuss* ant had disappeared, and although its suspicions were apparently aroused, it moved away at last.

The observer confesses gratification that the *Sanguine* depredator had been baffled, and that the instinct of home protection had proved too much for kidnapping cunning. Perhaps this feeling was also "anthropomorphic bias"?

In the Face of His Constituents

BY SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL

SENATOR HARRISON concluded his argument and sat down. There was no applause, but he had expected none. Senator Dorman was already saying "Mr. President?" and there was a stir in the crowded galleries, and an anticipatory moving of chairs among the Senators. In the press gallery the reporters bunched together their scattered papers and inspected their pencil-points with earnestness. Dorman was the best speaker of the Senate, and he was on the popular side of it. It would be the great speech of the session, and the prospect was cheering after a deluge of railroad and insurance bills.

"I want to tell you," he began, "why I have worked for this resolution recommending the pardon of Alfred Williams. It is one of the great laws of the universe that every living thing be given a chance. In the case before us that law has been violated. This does not resolve itself into a question of second chances. The boy of whom we are speaking has never had his first."

Senator Harrison swung his chair half-way around and looked out at the green things which were again coming into their own on the State-house grounds. He knew—in substance—what Senator Dorman would say without hearing it, and he was a little tired of the whole affair. He hoped that one way or other they would finish it up that night, and go ahead with something else. He had done what he could, and now the responsibility was with the rest of them. He thought they were shouldering a great deal to advocate the pardon in the face of the united opposition of Johnson County, where the crime had been committed. It seemed a community should be the best judge of its own crimes, and that was what he, as the Senator from Johnson, had tried to impress upon them.

He knew that his argument against the

boy had been a strong one. He rather liked the attitude in which he stood. It seemed as if he were the incarnation of outraged justice attempting to hold its own at the floodgates of emotion. He liked to think he was looking far beyond the present and the specific and acting as guardian of the future—and the whole. In summing it up that night the reporters would tell in highly wrought fashion of the moving appeal made by Senator Dorman, and then they would speak dispassionately of the logical argument of the leader of the opposition. There was more satisfaction to self in logic than in mere eloquence. He was even a little proud of his unpopularity. It seemed sacrificial.

He wondered why it was Senator Dorman had thrown himself into it so wholeheartedly. All during the session the Senator from Maxwell had neglected personal interests in behalf of this boy, who was nothing to him in the world. He supposed it was as a sociological and psychological experiment. Senator Dorman had promised the Governor to assume guardianship of the boy if he was let out. The Senator from Johnson inferred that as a student of social science his eloquent colleague wanted to see what he could make of him. To suppose the interest merely personal and sympathetic would seem discreditable.

"I need not dwell upon the story," the Senator from Maxwell was saying, "for you are all familiar with it already. It is said to have been the most awful crime ever committed in the State. I grant you that it was, and then I ask you to look for a minute into the conditions leading up to it.

"When the boy was born, his mother was instituting divorce proceedings against his father. She obtained the divorce, and remarried when Alfred was three months old. From the time he was a mere baby she taught him to hate his

father. Everything that went wrong with him she told him was his father's fault. His first vivid impression was that his father was responsible for all the wrong of the universe.

"For seven years that went on, and then his mother died. His stepfather did not want him. He was going to Missouri, and the boy would be a useless expense and a bother. He made no attempt to find a home for him; he did not even explain—he merely went away and left him. At the age of seven the boy was turned out on the world, after having been taught one thing—to hate his father. He stayed a few days in the barren house, and then new tenants came and closed the doors against him. It may have occurred to him as a little strange that he had been sent into a world where there was no place for him.

"When he asked the neighbors for shelter, they told him to go to his own father and not bother strangers. He said he did not know where his father was. They told him, and he started to walk—a distance of fifty miles. I ask you to bear in mind, gentlemen, that he was only seven years of age. It is the age when the average boy is beginning the third reader, and when he is shooting marbles and spinning tops.

"When he reached his father's house he was told at once that he was not wanted there. The man had remarried, there were other children, and he had no place for Alfred. He turned him away; but the neighbors protested, and he was compelled to take him back. For four years he lived in this home, to which he had come unbidden, and where he was never made welcome.

"The whole family rebelled against him. The father satisfied his resentment against the boy's dead mother by beating her son, by encouraging his wife to abuse him, and inspiring the other children to despise him. It seems impossible such conditions should exist. The only proof of their possibility lies in the fact of their existence.

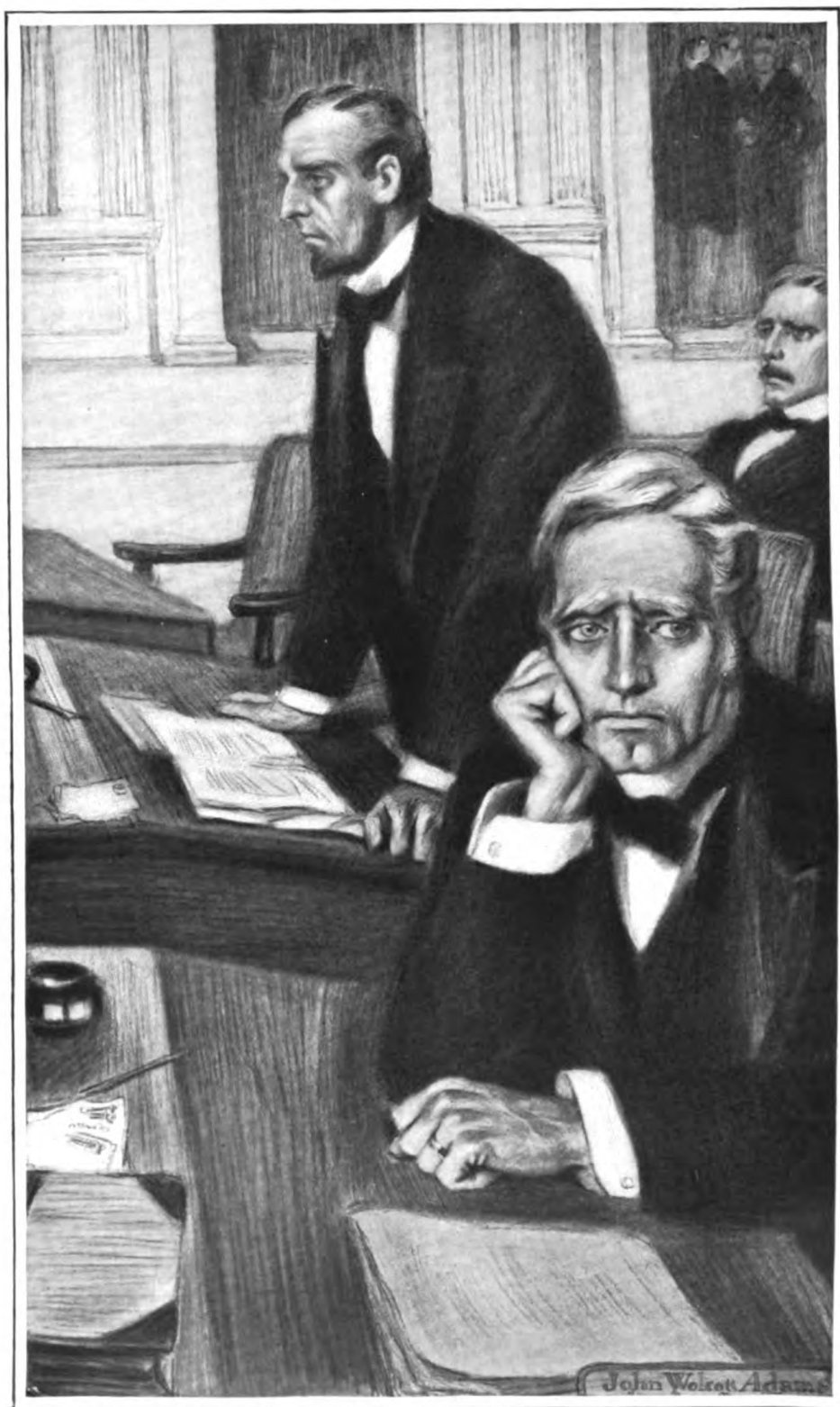
"I need not go into the details of the crime. He had been beaten by his father that evening after a quarrel with his stepmother about spilling the milk. He went, as usual, to his bed in the barn; but the hay was suffocating, his head

ached, and he could not sleep. He arose in the middle of the night, went to the house, and killed both his father and stepmother.

"I shall not pretend to say what thoughts surged through the boy's brain as he lay there in the stifling hay with the hot blood pounding against his temples. I shall not pretend to say whether he was sane or insane as he walked to the house for the perpetration of the awful crime. I do not even affirm it would not have happened if there had been some human being there to lay a cooling hand on his hot forehead, and say a few soothing, loving words to take the sting from the loneliness, and ease the suffering. I ask you to consider only one thing: he was eleven years old at the time, and he had no friend in all the world. He knew nothing of sympathy; he knew only injustice."

Senator Harrison was still looking out at the budding things on the State-house grounds, but in a vague way he was following the story. He knew when the Senator from Maxwell completed the recital of facts and entered upon his plea. He was conscious that it was stronger than he had anticipated—more logic and less empty exhortation. He was telling of the boy's life in the penitentiary and in the reformatory since the commission of the crime,—of how he had expanded under kindness, of his wonderful mental attainments, the letters he could write, the books he had read, the hopes he had cherished. In the twelve years he had spent there he had been known to do no unkind or mean thing; he responded to affection,—craved it even. It was not the record of a degenerate, the Senator from Maxwell was saying.

A great many things were passing through the mind of the Senator from Johnson. He was trying to think who it was that wrote that book *Put Yourself in his Place*. He had read it once, and it bothered him to forget names. Then he was wondering why it was the philosophers had not more to say about the incongruity of people, who had never had any trouble of their own, sitting in judgment upon people who had known nothing but trouble. He was thinking also that abstract rules did not always fit



HE KNEW WHAT SENATOR DORMAN WOULD SAY

smoothly over concrete cases, and that it was hard to make life a matter of rules, anyway.

Next he was wondering how it would have been with the boy Alfred Williams if he had been born in Charles Harrison's place; and then he was working it out the other way, and wondering how it would have been with Charles Harrison if he had been born in Alfred Williams's place. He wondered whether the idea of murder would have grown in Alfred Williams's heart had he been born to the things to which Charles Harrison was born, and whether it would have come within the range of possibility for Charles Harrison to murder his father had he been born to Alfred Williams's lot. Putting it that way, it was hard to estimate how much of it was the boy himself, and how much the place the world had prepared for him. And if it was the place prepared for him more than the boy, why was the fault not more with the preparers of the place than with the occupant of it? The whole thing was very confusing.

"This page," the Senator from Maxwell was saying, lifting the little fellow to the desk, "is just eleven years of age, and he is within three pounds of Alfred Williams's size when he committed the murder. I ask you, gentlemen, if this little fellow should be guilty of a like crime to-night, to what extent would you, in reading of it in the morning, charge him with the moral discernment which is the first condition of moral responsibility? If Alfred Williams's story were this boy's story, would you deplore that there had been no one to check the childish passion, or would you say it was the in-born instinct of the murderer? And suppose again this were Alfred Williams at the age of eleven, would you not be willing to look into the future and say if he spent twelve years in both penitentiary and reformatory, in which time he developed the qualities of useful and honorable citizenship, that the ends of justice would then have been met, and the time at hand for the world to begin the payment of her debt?

Senator Harrison's eyes were fixed upon the page standing on the opposite desk. Eleven was a younger age than he had supposed. As he looked back

upon it and recalled himself when eleven years of age—his irresponsibility, his dependence—he was unwilling to say what would have happened if the world had turned upon him as it had upon Alfred Williams. At eleven his greatest grievance was that the boys at school called him "yellow-top." He remembered throwing a rock at one of them for doing it. He wondered if it was criminal instinct prompted the throwing of the rock. He wondered how high the percentage of children's crimes would go were it not for countermanding influences. It seemed the great difference between Alfred Williams and a number of other children of eleven had been the absence of the countermanding influence.

There came to him of a sudden a new and moving thought. Alfred Williams had been cheated of his boyhood. The chances were he had never gone swimming, or to a ball game, or maybe never to a circus. He might never have owned a dog. The Senator from Maxwell was right when he said the boy had never been given his chance, had been defrauded of that which has been a boy's heritage since the world itself was young.

And the later years—how were they making it up to him? He recalled the reformatory—and also what to him was the most awful thing he had ever heard about the State penitentiary—they never saw the sun rise down there, and they never saw it set. They saw it at its meridian, when it climbed above the stockade, but as it rose into the day, and as it sank into the night, it was denied them. And there, at the penitentiary, they could not even look up at the stars. It had been years since Alfred Williams raised his face to God's heaven and knew he was part of it all. The voices of the night could not penetrate the little cell in the heart of the mammoth stone building where he spent his evenings over those masterpieces with which, they said, he was more familiar than the average member of the Senate. When he read those things Victor Hugo said of the vastness of the night, he could only look around at the walls that enclosed him and try to think back over the twelve years for some satisfying conception of what night really was.

The Senator from Johnson shuddered:

they had taken from one of God's creatures the things that were God-given, and all because in the crucial hour there had been no one to say a staying word. The world had cheated him of the things that were the world's, and now it was trying to cheat him of the things that were God's. They had made for him a life barren of compensations.

There swept over the Senator a great feeling of self-pity. As representative of Johnson County, it was he who must deny this boy the whole great world without, the people who wanted to help him, and what the Senator from Maxwell called "his chance." If Johnson County carried the day, there would be something unpleasant for him to consider all the remainder of his life. As he grew to be an older man he would think of it more and more—what the boy would have done for himself in the world if the Senator from Johnson had not been more logical and more powerful than the Senator from Maxwell.

Senator Dorman was nearing the close of his argument. "In spite of the undying prejudice of the people of Johnson County," he was saying, "I can stand before you to-day and say that after an unsparing investigation of this case I do not believe I am asking you to do anything in violation of justice when I beg of you to give this boy his chance."

It was going to a vote at once, and the Senator from Johnson County looked out at the budding things, and wondered whether the boy down at the penitentiary knew the Senate was considering his case that afternoon. It was without vanity he wondered whether an all-wise providence would not have preferred that Johnson County be represented that session by a less able man.

A great hush fell over the Chamber, for ayes and noes followed almost in alternation. After a long minute of waiting the secretary called, in a hollow voice, "Ayes, 30; Noes, 32."

The Senator from Johnson had proven too faithful a servant of his constituents. The boy in the penitentiary was denied his chance.

The usual things happened: some women in the galleries who had boys at home cried aloud; the reporters were fighting for occupancy of the telephone

booths, and most of the Senators began the perusal of the previous day's Journal with elaborate interest. Senator Dorman indulged in none of these feints. A full look at his face just then told how much of his soul had gone into the fight for the boy's chance, and the look about his eyes was a little hard on the theory of psychological experiment.

Senator Harrison was looking out at the budding trees, but his face too had grown strange, and he seemed to be looking miles beyond and years ahead. It seemed that he himself was surrendering the voices of the night, and the comings and the goings of the sun. He would never look at them—feel them—again without remembering he was keeping one of God's creatures away from them. He wondered at his own presumption in denying any living thing participation in the universe. He wondered what the great God behind it all must think of him. And all the while there were before him visions of the boy who sat in the cramped cell with the volume of Hugo before him, trying to think how it would seem to be out under the stars.

The stillness in the Senate-Chamber was breaking; they were going ahead with something else. It seemed to the Senator from Johnson that sun, moon, and stars were wailing out protest for the boy who wanted to know them better. And yet it was not sun, moon, and stars so much as the unused swimming-hole, and the uncaught fish, the unattended ball game, the never-seen circus, and, above all, the unowned dog, that brought Senator Harrison to his feet.

They looked at him in astonishment, their faces saying plainly it would have been in better taste for him to remain seated just then.

"Mr. President," he said, pulling at his collar and looking straight ahead, "I rise to move a reconsideration."

There was a gasp, a deathlike moment of quiet, and then a mighty burst of applause. To men of all parties and factions there came a single thought. Johnson was the leading county of its Congressional district. There was an election that fall, and Harrison was in the race. Those eight words meant to a surety he would not go to Washington, for the Senator from Maxwell had chosen



WHEN HE LEFT THE BUILDING IT SEEMED DIFFERENT

his word with nicety when he referred to the prejudice of Johnson County on the Williams case as "undying." The world throbs with such things at the moment of their doing—even though condemning them later,—and the part of the world then packed within the Senate-Chamber shared the universal disposition.

The noise astonished Senator Harrison, and he looked around with something like resentment. When the tumult at last subsided, and he saw that he was expected to make a speech, he grew very red, and grasped his chair desperately.

The reporters were back in their places, leaning nervously forward. This was Senator Harrison's chance to say something worth putting into a panel by itself with black lines around it—and they were sure he would do it.

But he did not. He stood there like a schoolboy who had forgotten his piece—growing more and more red. "I—I

think," he finally jerked out, "that some of us have been mistaken. I'm in favor now of—of giving him his chance."

They waited for him to proceed, but after a helpless look around the Chamber he sat down. The president of the Senate waited several minutes for him to rise again, but he at last turned his chair around and looked out at the green things on the State-house grounds, and there was nothing to do but go ahead with the second calling of the roll. This time it stood 50 to 12 in favor of the boy.

A motion to adjourn immediately followed—it seemed no one wanted to do anything more that afternoon. They all wanted to say things to the Senator from Johnson; but his face had grown cold and unsympathetic, and as they were usually afraid of him, anyway, they kept away. All but Senator Dorman—it meant too much with him. "Do you mind my telling you," he said, tensely, "that it was as great a thing as I have ever known a man to do?"

The Senator from Johnson looked distinctly bored—he was so very tired of the whole affair. "You think it great," he asked, "to be a coward?"

"Coward!" cried Senator Dorman—"coward! That's hardly the word. It's heroic."

"Oh no," said Senator Harrison, with weary finality; "it was a clear case of cowardice. You see, I was afraid it might haunt me when I am seventy."

Senator Dorman started eagerly to speak, but the other man stopped him and passed on. He was seeing it as his constituency would see it, and it humiliated him. They would say he had not the courage of his convictions, that he was afraid of the unpopularity, that his judgment had fallen victim to the eloquence of the Senator from Maxwell.

But when he left the building and came out into the softness of the April afternoon it began to seem different. After all, it was not he alone who leaned to the softer side. There were the trees—they were permitted another chance to bud; there were the birds—they were allowed another chance to sing; there was the earth—to it was given another chance to yield. There came to him then the calming consciousness that beyond the constituents was God.

Literary Portraits from the Sixties

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY

THE early sixties have left a clear and deep impression on my memory. It was in the earliest of the sixties that I settled in London for a life of journalism and literature, to be much interrupted afterwards by politics. The London of the early sixties had no Thames Embankment and no underground railways and no tram-cars; the law courts on the Strand had not yet been dreamed of, and some of the judges still held their tribunals within enclosures opening from what I may call the off-side of Westminster Hall. But the outer aspect of London street life was not very different from that which we can contemplate at the present day. I think I am warranted in saying that, even when we take the latest schemes of metropolitan improvement into view, the general appearance of the streets of London has not undergone, since the early sixties, anything like the changes which have been made in New York and in Paris during the same time. When we consider the changes which have taken place in other European countries, it might also seem as if the people of England had been living just the same life during the lapse of all these forty years and more.

Let us take the condition of France, for instance. The Emperor Napoleon the Third was then at the zenith of his power and his fame. He had but lately defeated the Austrians in the campaign of which Solferino was the greatest triumph, and he was universally regarded as the most powerful sovereign on the continent of Europe. Even those in England who most strongly condemned his usurpation of power and his despotic rule felt reluctantly compelled to regard him as the founder of a new dynasty and as the force which had finally extinguished in France the republican system brought in by the great Revolution. On the other hand, almost all Englishmen were agreed in regarding the position of

Prussia as one of mere insignificance, and out of all consideration so far as political influence was concerned. Not one of our statesmen or our leading political writers seems to have given any indication, in the early sixties, that Prussia impressed him as a rising power or a power capable of rising in the political affairs of Europe. I do not know of any phenomenon in modern history more curious than the apparent incapacity of English statesmen and political writers, at that time, to make any forecast as to Prussia's political possibilities.

The American republic was just then engaged in its great domestic struggle, and the war between North and South created, naturally, an intense excitement throughout England. It may, indeed, be said to have divided the people of England into two hostile camps—the advocates of the Northern States and the advocates of the Southern secessionists. It may be said not unfairly that the whole of what we describe as “society” in England was in favor of the South, and fully believed that the South was certain to make itself an independent republic, while the advanced Radicals of whatever order in England and all the English working population were on the side of the Northern States, and were confident that the Northern cause must ultimately triumph. Egypt was still under the rule of its Pashas, and the Ottoman power in Turkey was still regarded by many Englishmen as a needful bulwark of British interests against the possible encroachments of Russia. The wildest dreamer had not yet thought of a system of railways extending from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, or of Russia opening up the resources of Siberia by the pathway of the iron rail.

Palmerston and Lord John Russell were still rivals or colleagues; Brougham and Lyndhurst were still waking up the House of Lords by their curiously con-

trasted styles of eloquence; Gladstone had already achieved some of his most splendid financial triumphs; Cobden had accomplished a great commercial treaty with France; and Bright was the foremost democratic orator in the House of Commons. Disraeli still held his place without a rival as the brilliant leader of the Conservative party in the representative chamber, and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer was able to convince the audiences in that same chamber that a writer of showy and fascinating novels might, notwithstanding the most serious defects of articulation, prove himself in his later years a successful parliamentary orator.

In literature our acknowledged leaders were Tennyson, Dickens, and Thackeray, but Thackeray's life came to a close at a very early period of the sixties. Carlyle was creating a school of thought and of letters all to himself, and John Stuart Mill was teaching us the principles of political economy and of expanded political Liberalism. Robert Browning had not yet become the fashion, and only by men and women of intellect was recognized as a great and genuine poet. Macaulay's career as essayist, historian, verse-writer, and parliamentary debater had just come to an end. George Grote had still some years of noble work before him, and although he never could be called a popular historian in the ordinary sense, his influence on the study of history was inestimable. Maclise and Landseer were probably the most universally admired among painters.

The great singers of the opera-houses—Covent Garden and Her Majesty's—were Grisi, Alboni (Jenny Lind had ceased to sing on the operatic stage), Mario, Tamberlik, and Lablache. In the homes of the regular drama Charles Mathews, Charles Kean, the Keeleys, and Buxton were most popular, and Helen Faucit was recognized as the most successful actress in the Shakespearian drama. Macready had taken his final farewell of the English stage before the time with which our narrative opens, and Frederick Robson had just begun to make himself famous in his short career as the creator of a style which combined in original, fantastic, and unsurpassed fashion the elements of the broadly burlesque and the deeply tragic.

There is one peculiarity belonging to the early sixties which I cannot leave out of notice, although assuredly it has little claim to association with art or science, with literature or politics. The early sixties saw in this and most other civilized countries the reign of Crinoline. It is well for the early sixties that they had so many splendid claims to historical recollection, but it may be said of them that if they had bequeathed no other memory to a curious and contemplative posterity, the reign of Crinoline would still have secured for them an abiding-place in the records of human eccentricities. I may say without fear of contradiction that no one who was not living at the time can form any adequate idea of the grotesque effect produced on the outer aspects of social life by this article of feminine costume. The younger generation may turn over as much as it will the pages of *Punch*, which illustrate the ways and manner of civilization at that time, but with all the undeniable cleverness and humor of *Punch's* best caricaturists, the younger generation can never really understand, can never fully realize what extraordinary exhibitions their polite ancestresses made of themselves during that terrible reign of Crinoline.

"Hang up philosophy," says Romeo, "unless philosophy can make a Juliet." I should not like to say hang up caricature unless caricature can make a crinoline, because such a sentence, if it could by possibility be carried out, would only speak the doom of the caricaturist's amusing and delightful art. The fashion of crinoline defied caricature, for the actual reality was more full of unicturesque and burlesque effects than any satirical pencil could realize on a flat, outspread sheet of paper. The fashion of crinoline, too, defied all contemporary ridicule. A whole new school of satirical humor was devoted in vain to the ridicule of crinoline. The boys in the streets sang comic songs to make fun of it, but no street bellowings of contempt could incite the wearers of this most inconvenient and hideous article of dress to condemn themselves to clinging draperies.

When I first came to London Dickens was at the very zenith of his fame and his influence. To meet him in the Strand or in Piccadilly was an event to

be remembered in the life of a young man then passing through the streets of London. Dickens began his literary career as a reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons, and in my early days of journalism I heard from elder men engaged in the same occupation many an interesting and delightful anecdote of his remarkable skill in his work and of his genial and companionable qualities.

The great novelist seemed to make it a part of his work to discover literary talent in rising young men and to give practical help to its development. When he started *Household Words* he gathered around him quite a school of men who were then very young, and most of whom became under his fostering care successful and distinguished writers. Most of them have passed away since that time, but the names of such men as George Augustus Sala, Andrew Halliday, Edmund Yates, Wilkie Collins, and many others are still remembered. John Hollingshead, who was one of the cleverest and best writers of that school, and who afterwards turned his attention almost altogether to theatrical management, is still living.

Dickens discovered and brought out the lyrical genius of Adelaide Anne Procter, daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, the poet who disguised his identity for a long time under the assumed name of Barry Cornwall. Adelaide Procter sent some verses to *Household Words* without giving her real name. Dickens read them and saw at once that they had high poetic promise in them, and he welcomed the young writer to the ranks of his contributors, and he gave her ample opportunity of proving her capacity before he came to know of her relationship with his old friend.

Dickens was superb as an after-dinner speaker, and was, I think, the greatest master of that modern form of eloquence I ever remember to have heard. But he was a great master also of the eloquence which belongs to the public platform, and proved himself so on the rare occasions when he took a leading part in some popular movement.

Thackeray was becoming known to readers as a brilliant and original writer of magazine articles before Dickens had made his sudden uprising to the front

rank in literature. Dickens must have still been a reporter in the House of Commons press gallery while Thackeray was beginning to make a certain reputation for himself among the readers of magazines. Nor did Thackeray achieve, even by his first published book, anything like the reputation instantaneously accomplished by Dickens on his first venture in the form of a volume. My own recollections of my boyish days make it clear to me that Dickens was recognized as a great author before those of us who lived far away from the centre of England's literary life had come to know anything about the rising genius of Thackeray. I can even remember that we were all in those days so completely possessed by our admiration for Dickens as to feel a kind of resentment when we read in London papers that a new man was coming to the front who threatened a possible rivalry with the author of *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. I had the great good fortune at a later period to have the opportunity of meeting both men several times in London, and to have the honor of being introduced into some slight acquaintanceship with each of them. My life holds no clearer memories than those which it treasures of Dickens and Thackeray.

The first time I ever saw Thackeray, except as the solitary figure on a lecturer's platform, he wore a thick mustache, and the mustache was of a dark color, contrasting oddly with his white locks. That first sight of him thus unusually adorned was on the platform of the Lime Street Station, Liverpool, when he came down from London to go on board the Cunard steamer on his way to deliver his course of lectures in the United States. There were a few small groups of people gathered on the platform to get a glimpse of the great author as he passed out, and I well remember that one enthusiastic young lady, who was personally quite unknown to him, went boldly up and pressed a bunch of roses into his hand. Nothing could be more graceful and genial than the manner in which Thackeray accepted this unexpected tribute, and took off his hat with a benignant smile in acknowledgment of the gift.

I had heard most of Thackeray's lec-

tures before that time, and had, like all his hearers, been fascinated by their manner as well as by their matter. Thackeray had, indeed, none of the superbly dramatic style of delivery which made Dickens's readings and speeches so impressive. His voice was clear and penetrating, and his articulation allowed no word to be lost upon his listeners, but he never seemed to be making any direct appeal to the emotions of the audience. None the less the very manner of the lecture as well as its literary style had an intense fascination for all who came to listen. I have heard many great orators and lecturers in my time and in various countries, and I never made one of an audience which seemed to hang upon the words of the speaker more absolutely than did the men and women to whom Thackeray delivered the finest passages of his many lectures.

I feel no regret now that Thackeray did not succeed in his one attempt to obtain a seat in the House of Commons. At the time when the contest took place I was, of course, in the youthful glow of my ardent admiration of Thackeray, an intense partisan of his candidature, and I looked upon it as nothing but the height of audacity on the part of his opponent, Edward Cardwell, afterwards Lord Cardwell, to contest the seat against such a man. The contest took place in 1857, and the constituency was the city of Oxford. In after-years I felt nothing but satisfaction that Thackeray had not succeeded in his unexpected and, as one cannot help thinking, uncongenial ambition to become a member of Parliament.

I can well remember Alexander Kinglake, one of the most brilliant writers of his time or of any time, when he had a seat in the House of Commons and occasionally took part in the debate. The general impulse of listening members was to ask themselves whether this ineffective and labored speaker could really be the author of the famous *Eothen*. I can remember that another writer of books which were immensely popular in their day, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the author of *Sam Slick*, when he sat in the House of Commons made a very poor figure there, and was once turned into ridicule—fancy Sam Slick being made ridiculous—by a happy sentence or two

from Mr. Gladstone. It would indeed have been a subject of regret to all lovers of literature if Thackeray had been permitted by unkindly fate to run the risk of becoming, as I feel sure he must have done, a mere Parliamentary failure.

In the early sixties Thomas Carlyle was commonly accepted as the despotic sovereign of thought. Even those who remained in an attitude of uncompromising resistance to his sovereign authority could not deny the extent of his domination. Those of us who did not fully acknowledge his rule were somewhat in the position of living Russians who will not recognize the authority of the Czar, but do not pretend to deny or ignore the fact that the Czar is a mighty monarch. There were some of us in the sixties who preferred to take our thinking from John Stuart Mill, for instance, but we did not affect to deny the power of Carlyle, and we could be as rapturous as his own professed disciples in our admiration for many of his writings.

When I think of Carlyle himself—the man and not his books—I always think of him as a moving figure on Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. This is not because I first saw Carlyle in the Chelsea region, but because my recollection of him during all the later years of his life brings him back as a resident of Chelsea whose form was familiar to those of us living in that picturesque and historic quarter. The only occasions when I had the good fortune to be in his company are associated with friendships in Chelsea. I had but few opportunities of being in Carlyle's society, and my acquaintance with him was very slight indeed, but I must always retain a very vivid impression of his manners and his conversation. I may say at once that he impressed me rather too much for my own ease and comfort. I was only beginning my life as a worker in London just then, and I was naturally shy and diffident in the presence of a man whose intellectual greatness I so thoroughly recognized. His manner seemed to me to have something overpowering in it.

We had one great poet in those days of the sixties, and his name was Alfred Tennyson. Now I hasten to rescue myself from any possible mistake on the part of my readers by announcing at once

that we were quite aware of the existence of other poets as well. Some of us had lived in the latter days of Wordsworth, were devoted admirers of his poems, and had passed many times before his home in the Lake country with the hope of getting a glimpse of the poet himself; but Wordsworth lay buried at Grasmere many years before the sixties set in, and Tennyson had succeeded to him as Poet Laureate—a title which in those days at least was understood to confer upon its bearer the highest place in the living poetic order. Perhaps I may also observe in vindication of the early sixties that we were most of us not unfamiliar with the works of a poet named Robert Browning, and of those of a poetess named Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who died at the opening of the period which I am now recalling to memory. But the appreciation of the Brownings was as yet confined to the few, and it had not yet become the fashion to give to Robert Browning his due place in the foremost order of English poets. Tennyson, therefore, was the acknowledged king of living poets, and it did not occur to the general public to admit any rival to the throne.

My first sight of Tennyson was obtained under very striking and appropriate conditions. It was during the visit paid by Garibaldi to London in 1864, and I was one of those who were invited by the hospitality of the late Mr. Seeley, a member of Parliament with whom Garibaldi was then staying at his home in the Isle of Wight, to meet the Italian visitor. There were many Englishmen of great distinction there, and Tennyson was the most conspicuous among the guests. Tennyson's appearance was very striking, and his figure might have been taken as a living illustration of romantic poetry. He was tall and stately, wore a great mass of thick, long hair—long hair was then still worn even by men who did not affect originality; his frame was slightly stooping, his shoulders were bent as if with the weight of thought; there was something entirely out of the common and very commanding in his whole presence, and a stranger meeting him in whatever crowd would probably have assumed at once that he must be a literary king.

The last time I saw Alfred Tennyson was like the first, an imposing and unique occasion. That last time was on the day when Tennyson, just endowed with a peerage, was formally introduced to the House of Lords. I watched the ceremonial from the bar of the House of Lords, the place where members of the House of Commons are privileged to stand. The whole ceremonial is a severe trial for the nerves and the composure of even the most self-possessed and self-satisfied among newly created peers. The newcomer wears for the first time his robes of state, and these robes make a garb in which it is hardly possible for any novice not to appear somewhat ridiculous. The new peer is formally conducted by two of his brother peers into the House of Lords, is presented with due ceremony to the Lord Chancellor and other leading members of the House, and has to make many genuflections and go through many forms which bear, to irreverent eyes, a suggestion of theatricality and masquerade. Tennyson comported himself with modesty and dignity throughout the whole of this peculiar ordeal, and the general feeling was that even if the performance had been carefully rehearsed, which we assume it certainly was not, Lord Tennyson could not more successfully have got through his part in the dramatic exhibition.

My personal acquaintance with Cardinal Newman was of the slightest, but I had many opportunities of listening to him and of observing his bearing and his ways. I saw him for the first time before the opening of the sixties. While I was living in Liverpool, just before the Crimean war, Newman delivered there his famous series of lectures on what was then regarded as the Eastern question, the existence of the Ottoman power in Europe. The lectures were singularly impressive, although they made no pretension to the graces and the thrilling tones of eloquence.

No man was a more accomplished master than Newman of all the resources which the English language can command. I heard him speak and preach on many later occasions, and he always seemed to me to have a certain distinct faculty of eloquence which has nothing to do with mere rhetoric, but is sincere

and lofty thought embodied in most appropriate form of phrase. In all the arts and the gifts that go to make a great orator or preacher, Newman was strikingly deficient. His bearing was not impressive; his gaunt, emaciated figure, his sharp eagle face, his eyes of quiet meditation, were rather likely to repel than to attract those who heard and saw him for the first time. But the matter of his discourse, whether sermon, speech, or lecture, was always captivating, and if the language had any defect it might be that it was perhaps a little overweighted with thought, and thus might seem hardly suited to attract from the beginning a popular audience.

Knatchbull-Hugessen the politician is, I fear, all but forgotten by the younger generation, while, on the other hand, Knatchbull-Hugessen the literary man has passed from the memory of the elders in general, and is only known to their children or grandchildren. For Knatchbull-Hugessen wrote some of the most delightful tales for children published in the England of Queen Victoria's reign. He wrote *Stories for my Children*, *Crackers for Christmas*, *Moonshine Tales*, *Whispers from Fairyland*, *Puss-Cat-Mew*, and numbers of other stories and sketches which were the delight of young people who had long emerged from the nursery. I remember Knatchbull-Hugessen very well in the House of Commons, where he became Under-Secretary for the Home Department and afterwards Under-Secretary for the Colonies in a Liberal administration. He was not, however, what would at any time have been called a very robust Liberal, and I believe that after he had been raised to the peerage as Lord Braybourne he settled down into quiet Conservatism. He never made any impression on the House of Commons, although even when he had occasion to speak he always spoke clearly and to the purpose. To look at him in there he seemed about the least likely man in the world to be capable of writing stories which could amuse the young folks, for he always wore an aspect of intense and even dismal gravity, and gave the idea of one who had been sentenced to imprisonment in the House for some offence of which he was not guilty.

John Ruskin was one of the great in-

tellectual forces of the sixties. His influence was in its way as strong, far-reaching, and penetrating as that of Carlyle, Dickens, or Tennyson. But there always seemed to be this peculiarity about Ruskin's dominion over his public—it was the power of an intellectual influence merely and not of a man. The general public never saw anything of the living Ruskin. He seldom, if ever, attended a public meeting, or was a guest at public banquets; he never unveiled any memorial statue and delivered a discourse thereon; he was never, so far as I can remember, seen in the boxes or the stalls on the first night of some great theatrical performance. I can remember one time, when the British Association or the Social Science Association—I am not certain now which it was of these two learned bodies—was holding its annual session, and we were all delighted by the announcement that a paper was to be read by Mr. Ruskin. I was among the eagerly expectant audience, but I was doomed like all the rest to disappointment, for Mr. Ruskin did not present himself to the meeting, and his paper was read for him in his absence. But among all the eminent men of the time there was none who commanded a greater body of admirers and followers.

One should have lived during the sixties and many of the years following in order to understand what a battle-call to controversy was always sounded when Ruskin sent forth any proclamation of his creed on this or that subject of possible debate.

Richard Burton was one of the celebrities of the early sixties. Indeed, he was surrounded by the glamour of an almost mythical fame as well as by the strong light of that fame which he had fairly kindled for himself. He had "lived a life of sturt and strife," to quote the words of the famous old Scottish ballad, he had been soldier, traveller, explorer, had passed from danger to danger, from new exploit to newer exploit, and had observed and turned to account everything he saw. But even the wonderful feats he had accomplished were not enough to satisfy his admirers, and he was credited with many adventures and exploits which had never belonged to his career, and had never been recorded, de-

scribed, or acknowledged by him. He had served under Sir Charles Napier in Scinde, had accomplished his famous pilgrimage to Mecca, had taken part in the Crimean campaign, and had gone with Speke on the quest for the sources of the Nile before I came to know him. He had acquired a full knowledge of Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic.

I first made Burton's acquaintance during one of his occasional visits to London, where I had then settled down to a life of literature and journalism. I can well remember my first meeting with him at a club made up of rising authors and journalists which used to hold its meetings at a small hotel in the Fleet Street region.

Among the men whom I remember in association with that club, and whose names still live in public recollection, were George Augustus Sala and William Black: and these two were of the company on the night when I first had the good fortune to meet Richard Burton. I met him several times during that visit of his to London, then an interval of several years took place, during which I saw nothing of him, and then in days which do not belong to the sixties I renewed my acquaintance with him and maintained it until his death. During the first period of our acquaintance I knew in him a man very different from the Richard Burton I came to know in his later life. The Richard Burton whom I first met was exactly the type of man one might have expected to meet if one had read all the wonderful stories told, and truly told, of his travels and his adventures. If you had set to work to construct out of your moral consciousness a living picture of the hero of these experiences and exploits, you would probably have created an eidolon of the Richard Burton whom I came to know at the club in the Fleet Street region. Burton then seemed full of irrepressible energy and the power of domination. He was quick in his movements, rapid in his talk, never wanted for a word or an argument, was impatient of differing opinion, and seemingly could not help making himself the dictator of any assembly in which he found himself a centre figure. His powers of

description were marvellous; he could dash off picturesque phrases as easily as another man could utter commonplaces; could tell any number of good stories without ever seeming to repeat himself; could recite a poem or rattle off a song, could flash out jest after jest sometimes with bewildering meanings; he was always perfectly good-humored, and he was always indomitably dogmatic. I know that I should not have ventured to dispute with him even if he had asserted that in certain parts of Arabia three angles of a triangle were equal to five right angles.

Then I lost sight of Burton altogether for many years, and time went on and soon left the sixties behind. Meanwhile, the world was always hearing something about Burton and his travels and his doings. He had written and published many books and some translations, and had occupied himself much in the elaborate preparation in his own annotated version of the *Arabian Nights*. I renewed my acquaintance with him during the later years of his life, and met him often at the houses of friends in London. At that time I first had the good fortune to meet Lady Burton, the gifted, charming, and devoted wife whose influence had such a refining and ennobling effect on Burton's temper and manners. I have never observed a more remarkable change in the personality of any man than that which I saw in the manners and, so far as I could judge, in the very nature of the Richard Burton whom I knew in the sixties. The genius, the intellectual power, the unfailing variety of thought and expression, the quest for new ideas and new experiences—these were always the same. But the Burton of later days had grown kindly, considerate, patient of other men's opinions, ready to put the best construction on other men's motives, unwilling to wound, though certainly not afraid to strike in defence of any cause that called for his help. I could not but ascribe this remarkable change in Burton's bearing to the sweet and gentle influence of that woman, whose very eyes told the love and devotion which she felt for him, and the tenderness with which she applied herself to bring out all that was best in him.

Vox

BY MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT

LIVINGSTON was dead, and for Adams the light of life had faded. Hitherto few had taken heed of Adams's existence; but during the long funeral progress across the country, when he had brought the dead statesman to his last home, Adams made himself felt as an individual. Lurid fires had heralded their approach by night; patient, mournful crowds had silently awaited them by day; and often, when the people surged forward in the hope of gaining some word that should bring them into more personal contact with their hero, Adams spoke; and when these outbursts of uncontrollable sorrow were flashed to every corner of the land, men who looked up from reading caught a fleeting expression of awe in the eyes of those who listened; for an echo of the incomparable eloquence of Livingston sounded through the words of the one man who had known and loved him best.

Livingston, notwithstanding his popularity, had always been a difficult man to approach, invariably placing barriers in the way of his followers, and, with apparent unconsciousness, closing the doors of his intimacy in the faces of those who regarded themselves as entitled to enter; in fact, all his movements betrayed a species of personal wilfulness which had been a source of constant trouble to his political advisers.

"See here, Leonard, your friend had better be a little more careful," Adams's family physician had said one day as they were coming away from a mass-meeting.

"What do you mean?"—Adams was always on the defensive in regard to Livingston.

"If you don't know, he will," said the doctor. "Tell him he'd better pull up a bit; he's in danger of an utter collapse;—and one not altogether to his—"

Although Adams cut the prediction short by moving onward, he still took care that it should reach its destination.

Livingston had laughed. "Astonishing fellows, these specialists!" he had said, lightly.

Yet, three weeks later, at the close of one of the most remarkable speeches that he had ever delivered, Livingston—stricken down as if by a thunderbolt—had come crashing to the earth like some tall tree; and as he lay in death, men lost in the bewildering branches of his widespread reputation proclaimed him greater than they had dreamed.

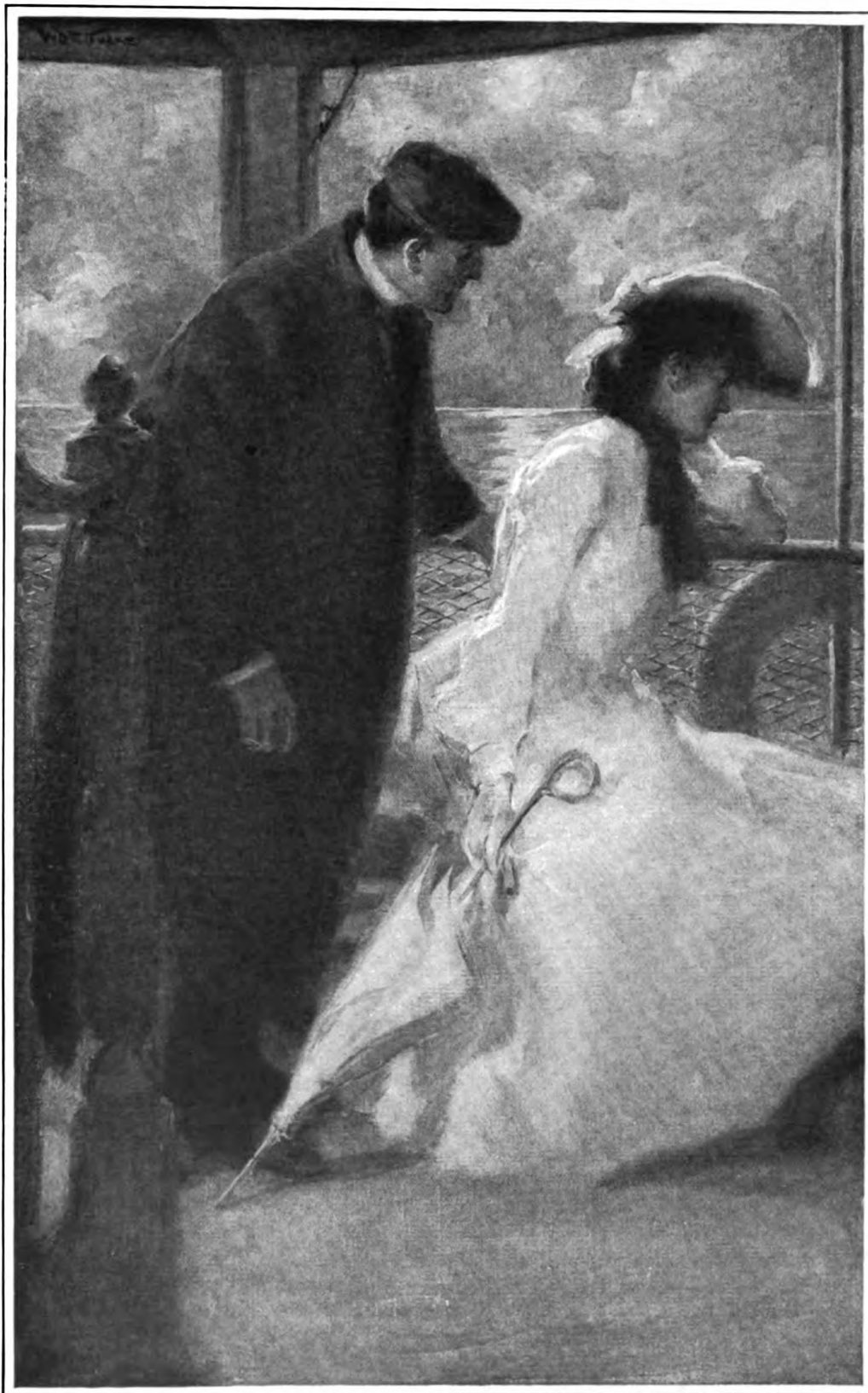
That autumn Adams threw himself into the work of preparing Livingston's essays and speeches for publication. All of the notes, private memoranda, books and papers, had been bequeathed to him; but he seemed to have inherited, at the same time, something more vital: Livingston's dogged perseverance, and that astonishing tenacity which so often caused his return to a policy he had definitely and even publicly forsworn, survived undiminished in Adams. Two bulky volumes were finished and in the hands of the publishers before the end of the winter; but a serious illness followed, and, early in March, Adams was compelled to go South for his health.

Towards the middle of June, however, the heat drove him to the coast of Maine, and one night on the deck of the steamer from Portland he caught sight of his cousin Nancy hurrying towards him.

"Leonard!" she said. "When did you get back? I saw Sarah and Henderson in the saloon, and they tell me you are going down to open the house at Cape Roget; I hoped to see you at the Lawrences'."

"No; the Lawrences are too gay for a man who has work to do."

"A man who so lately has been at death's door oughtn't to have work to do," said Nancy. "And I don't like the idea of your going down there with only the two servants to take care of you."



LOOKING DOWN AT THE FOAMING WATER

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Sarah's all well enough; but something's wrong with Henderson."

"Henderson has had a great shock," said Adams; "the loss of—"

"Can't we go over there by the stern and sit down?" interrupted Nancy. "You've dined, I suppose."

She was leading the way as she spoke, and Adams followed, smiling at the familiarity of the situation. Nancy had always led the way, and when they had seated themselves in the moonlight, it seemed but natural that she should begin at once to find fault with him.

"What do you mean by saying that you have work to do?"

"I ought to begin the biography at once, you know."

"The biography? Whose, now?"

"Livingston's." He spoke with the patience of one who gives an obvious answer.

"But you have done it! What are these two fat volumes I see in all the shop windows?"

"If you had seen them anywhere else you would have known they were only the speeches and occasional essays."

"Ah!" said Nancy, vaguely. "So he wrote essays?—And have you collected much—material for your biography?"

"Of course! I have collected nearly all of it. But"—he sighed wearily—"something is lacking."

"And you don't know what?"

"The key is lacking; but what that key is,—who can say?"

"You mean you haven't understood him?"

"I can't explain him! With other great men you find something—a heterodoxy, a profound and unexpected faith, or even an adorable domestic fault—something, large or small, that simplifies and unifies the whole character. With—him" (Adams always made a slight reverent pause when he spoke of Livingston), "I can't find it;—yet it must have been there!"

"You haven't looked in the most obvious place."

"I have searched all places, obvious and the reverse; but there are no intimate revelations. Not the faintest explanation of the processes, for example, by which the speeches were evolved; it almost seems as if I understood the

construction of them myself far better than he."

Nancy's face did not change, and yet it was as if she smiled.

"For instance," Adams continued, "there was no adequate report of the St. Louis speech,—the one that cost him his life. I could find no preparation, nothing whatever that led up to it; I had to write the whole from memory. As you know, he and I differed; I was lacking in his foresight, his self-control: I always clamored for a more active policy and a more definite expression of opinion, and so I was constantly compelled to eliminate; to modify; to—no, not to temperize; but—I can give you no idea of the difficulties! And yet, later, when some one who had reported the speech sent it to me, I found I had got it almost word for word!"

"Ah!"

"Livingston was incredibly careless of his own fame," Adams went on; "once delivered, he never gave those speeches a second thought. They were tools: when they had done their work, he threw them away."

"How like him," murmured Nancy.

"He was a most sagacious statesman!"

"You have always said so."

"The speeches are there to prove it."

"Oh! Yes, the speeches! Up to a certain point they undoubtedly are there; but beyond that,—" Nancy shrugged her shoulders.

"You can't deny that he had a tremendous influence for good!"

"He?"

"Who else?"

"How should I know? To me he was like an instrument, a voice, a splendid violin,—or, better, an orchestra, composed of intelligent parts, and helpless without outside inspiration and an interpretative leader."

"I don't think you understood him!"

"Perhaps not—he was an instrument, and I hadn't enough talent to become proficient."

"Then you never felt that attraction, that magnetism, he had for others?"

"I never was near him without feeling it. I detested it!"

"You never liked him!" Adams faced her, with the air of one goaded into making a damaging accusation.

"He was a magnificent creature," she said, indifferently.

"And you can speak thus of—Livingston?"

"Of Livingston."

"You have taken this attitude ever since we were children together." Adams spoke slowly, conscious of putting a strong restraint upon himself. "You have always had the air of keeping something back!"

"In that, am I not like himself? Did he ever give any one—even you, for example—fully all?"

"He was a big man, and I—a little one; my small measure was inadequate."

Nancy leaned forward and seemed to be absorbed in watching the moonlit wake of the steamer. "Have you never suspected the source of Livingston's power?" she said at last.

"The source of Livingston's power was Livingston himself!"

Nancy did not turn her head.

"If you know better, speak!"

"Two words, two very simple words, would explain the whole thing,—shall I say them?" She bent towards Adams, her eyes shining, clear and threatening, on a level with his. "Shall I say them?" she repeated.

"I think you had better not," he answered, gently. "We have been pretty close friends all our lives, Nancy, and it is possible that you might say something I could not forgive, now. My grief is too new; I am like a man who has been bereft of his arms and legs, even of his tongue, for I seem to have no mode of expression left; if I had, I should have made you understand what he meant to me."

Nancy turned away again. "You are very wise," she murmured.

"I refuse to hear for your sake, not for his!" Adams exclaimed.

"You have always balanced us one against the other," cried Nancy. "This is the last time I mean to endure it. You never yet have been willing to hear me say what I feel in regard to him; I believe you dare not!"

"Nancy, try to be fair! Promise me that when I have made a little more progress with the biography you will let me—"

"You shall not attempt that biogra-

phy!" interrupted Nancy. "Hasn't enough been sacrificed? Must you still go on allowing the life-blood to be sucked from your veins?—Anyhow, where is your material? He never left a scrap of paper he could help."

"I have my own notes and journals."

"Those are you—not Livingston!"

"But for Livingston they wouldn't have existed!"

Nancy broke into a low, half-angry laugh; but, all the while, her troubled eyes were scanning Adams's frail figure and thin, transparent features. "It is suicide," she whispered; "you will die!"

"Even so; I shall not have lived in vain!" He rose and stood by the rail, looking down at the water. For a long time neither of them spoke. "Nancy," he said at last, "do you remember that spring, more than twenty-five years ago, when my mother took us down to the seashore?"

"What made you think of it?"

"I have just come from there. I wonder if you can recall your twelfth birthday,—we were caught in a storm, and came home through the dunes in the rain."

"Yes, I remember," said Nancy. "You had been ill, and I wrapped you all about in my red cloak for fear you might take cold. You insisted on my coming in under it with you, and we staggered along together."

"I believe I suggested that we should stagger on together through life."

Nancy leaned far over the railing, and turned her head away from him.

"You surely haven't forgotten that at the end of the road we met Livingston! I remember the overwhelming emotion I felt at seeing him. It seems to me that even in those days he showed signs of all that we found in him later."

"I quite agree with you."

"He was a manly fellow; his laugh at the effeminacy of that red cloak rings still in my ears."

"Yes, you threw it off and strode along without any protection whatever,—and were ill again for your carelessness."

"And you gave up everything, Nancy, and stayed with me in the house during the whole fortnight."

"I was your guest."

"We were too well trained. As I

look back, I see occasions when our politeness seems to have altered the whole course of the future."

"You are right. I have always been sorry for it."

Adams tried to see her face, but she kept it persistently turned from him. "Don't regret that you made a sick boy so happy!"

"If I had only been able to make myself a little more disagreeable to your friend," Nancy proceeded, smoothly, "he would have gone out of our—of your life. That spring sowed the seeds—"

"Of an unfair dislike and opposition to Livingston that you were never able to overcome!" interrupted Adams.

"I never made the slightest effort to overcome it."

"And yet—you could have done so if you had cared to try."

Adams waited; but Nancy was looking down at the foaming, seething water, and did not speak; the noise and dash of it shut them alone together.

"Do you see the phosphorescence in that big wave?" she said at last. "It gleams up at us from below like a bad soul; there is fascination, of a kind, in watching for it."

Adams leaned on the rail beside her. "You might have saved him, Nancy;" his voice was very low.

"From what?"

"From—himself."

"Leonard! Have you heard something about him?"

"There is nothing to hear! He needed your help. Why did you refuse?"

"I never liked him—"

"But you could have loved him."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I want the truth."

Nancy turned her head and looked into Adams's face. "You have never before wanted the truth, in regard to him, Leonard."

"This concerns you and me. You could have loved Livingston, and yet you would not. Why? Was it my fault? What unconscious, subtle treachery was I guilty of?"

"Leonard, Leonard, Leonard!" cried Nancy. "Do you torture yourself often this way? What excuse would there have been for me if I had let the attraction of that magnetism—oh, he had

it, undoubtedly!—charm me into choosing darkness instead of light?—But I am tired," she said, with a sudden change of voice; "I am going below."

"Then I shall not see you again. I leave the boat at four to-morrow morning."

"If I stayed on deck all night we should be no nearer agreement than we are now," said Nancy, moving away.

"You will not forget that you have promised to listen to my notes for the biography?"

"I didn't promise."

He followed her to the door of her stateroom. "You will come if I send for you?" he persisted.

"Oh yes," she said, with a little laugh that was half bitter, "I shall come; you know I shall. Good night."

Nancy did not hear from Adams again until shortly after her return to the city in September, when she received a note from him begging her to come to him that evening after dinner.

It had been oppressively hot all day, but a dry harsh wind sprang up in the course of the afternoon; and when Nancy entered her carriage it was blowing almost a gale; the lights in the streets were swinging, casting wild, dancing shadows, and, for a moment, she hesitated; for Adams was staying at the old family place, which was a mile or two beyond the city limits; but something in the tone of his note overcame her reluctance, and she went on.

Out in the country the hot, enervating blast roved over the fields and gardens, with rain in its breast; and as they sped through the night, the trees, blue, ghostly, and tragic, raced beside them. Nancy, clutching her wraps to her throat, leaned forward to watch their swaying branches.

Adams's man servant was watching for them when they drove up the avenue, and as he came out to the step of the carriage, the lamps shone directly into his face. For a moment Nancy, who had known him for years, did not recognize him; some process of disintegration had been going on in the man; his formerly plump face was thin and worn, his bright color completely gone; and his eyes, thickened and opaque, stared at her mournfully.

"Why, Henderson!" said Nancy, taken off her guard. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing, Miss Nancy. Mr. Leonard is waiting in the library." Henderson led the way down the hall and opened the door to let her go by; a look of strong dislike settled on his face as he watched her advance towards Adams, who rose, and stood a moment rearranging his papers before he came towards her.

"Ah, Nancy!" he said, "I gave you up when it began to blow."

Nancy scanned his face. The hollows about his eyes were cavernous, and his thin, small hand felt dry and burning, even through her glove.

"Perhaps you are not ready for me?"

"Yes, I am ready, — only — will you take this place?"

Nancy came forward and seated herself in the light of the large lamp that was standing on the writing-table. "You have done your best to kill yourself!" she said, but her glance did not meet his.

"Oh, I shall pull through!" He looked over his shoulder as he spoke, following the direction of her eyes that were roaming uneasily over the enormous dark room which had been added to the main part of the building at the time when Livingston, as Governor of the State, had made it his headquarters. "What is it?" he said.

"You can't believe he isn't here somewhere!" she whispered. "No wonder the newspapers thought it all belonged to him! This room is so like him; it is full of him!"

A streak of color dyed Adams's cheek.

"Forgive me!" Nancy murmured. "I am always stumbling on things that way, and the—impression was so unexpectedly vivid,—I—"

"After all, it was good of you not to avoid him," said Adams. "Others come in here and behave as if he had never been. Each time they do it he dies anew!—I thought I should like to show you what I've done," he went on after a short pause. "Some of these are my own journals,—I always had a habit of jotting things down. Others are"—Adams hesitated—"are notes, mainly in the form of—Livingston's journals."

"You know that he never wrote anything of the kind!"

Adams stretched out his hand impa-

tiently. "When I was gathering the material for the St. Louis speech I made notes, here and there, of the manner in which his thoughts had probably been marshalled. I knew the workings of his mind better than I did my own, for I cared more about them; and I made these notes, partly to beguile my sorrow, as if he had written them himself.—Do not speak, Nancy! It is a fiction and a fairy-tale; I know it; but at the same time it is the truth. I have made him live again; these pages breathe of the man himself even to the turn of a phrase! In all essentials he has been with me, in actual vital communication, for the last six months. Listen to this."

Nancy dropped her hands in her lap and leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes against the glare of the lamp. Adams began to read. He seemed to have reconstructed the whole of Livingston's life; no touch was lacking to the vivid reality of the portraiture; faults were there in all their original ugliness, neither palliated nor excused; weaknesses were given in simple nakedness, with no kindly veil of explanation; traits that no one had suspected were most daringly revealed; but, always, behind this bristling rampart of apparently unlovely truths, the figure of Livingston towered, convincingly colossal.

As the narrative approached later years it became less specific; but for every great speech that Livingston had delivered, and for every famous essay that he had written, a quantity of marvellous notes had been collected,—golden thoughts, perfect in expression and arrangement; agonizing aspirations; titanic spiritual struggles,—and Adams read them, pleading and arguing at once, with a passionate intensity.

At last he stopped. Nancy was leaning forward eagerly; she did not turn her face away, and he saw that her eyes were running over with tears.

"What though you couldn't love him!" he cried. "You needn't refuse him, now, the cold balm of appreciation. Why, even to me you gave that!"

Nancy's tears stopped; she smiled faintly, ironically. "Even to you," she repeated, in a low voice. "And have you ever asked for more, Leonard?"

Adams walked down the room to

where a dim light burned in front of a tall portrait of Livingston, and stood looking up at it. "You are not convinced," he said, raising his voice slightly. "All my work goes for nothing."

For a few minutes Nancy made no answer; then she spoke: "What are you going to do with it?"

"I shall write the greatest biography that ever was written."

"About whom?"

"About a thinker, a statesman, a patriot, a poet!"

"Yes." Nancy's voice was faint, yet clear. "All that!"

"Confess that you loved him! It is not too late now to make that poor reparation; you haven't the right to withhold it."

"I always loved him."

He wheeled and ran towards her with his hands outstretched. "Forgive me! I should never have dragged it from you. But why did you conceal it from him all these years?" There was something pitious in his tones. "Tell me why."

Nancy rose, drawing her long carriage-wrap about her. "Why?" she repeated. "The man about whom you have written never cared to know!"

"Never cared! What could he have done more than he did? Would you ask Livingston to grovel?"

"Livingston did grovel,—quite; but that is not Livingston."

"Who, then?"

Nancy drew her cloak closer. "I must go."

"Who is it?" he repeated. "Nancy! Stay!"

She turned back. "Do you really want to know? The last time I offered to tell you, you refused to hear."

"I must hear now."

"Are you sure?"

He bent his head.

"Then—then—it is you, Leonard, you! Who else? Look and you will see. From the time that you were boys together you have been the real Livingston, brought down to the flesh of our comprehension by passing through the grosser alembic of his. You were his soul and his inspiration, and all that you have done, there, is to write an account of that soul and that inspiration; unconscious that it was your own."

"And is it true," whispered Adams, "that you—"

"Don't mind that!"

"Is it true?"

"Yes," she said; "there never has been any one but you, Leonard; for me—Livingston did not exist! But don't let that worry you; it has been a sorrow, of course, but a happy sort of sorrow."

She was gone. He made a step to follow her, and then sank down upon a chair.

He did not know how long he had remained there, dazed, and not quite understanding what had happened, when Henderson appeared with wine and biscuit. "Shall you want anything more, sir?" he said, leaning his hand heavily upon the table.

"No," said Adams.

"Don't you think you have worked enough for one while, sir?" suggested Henderson.

Adams looked up in surprise.

Henderson took his hand from the table and balanced himself unsteadily upon his feet; his eyes were wild in his reddened face. "When do you expect to have the—story done, sir?" he asked.

"It may take a year."

Henderson's muscles seemed to stiffen and grow firmer. "And may I ask, sir, if you are counting on following out the lines you have sketched—in these here?" he waved his hand towards the note-books on the table.

Adams pushed back his chair. "What do you know about it?"

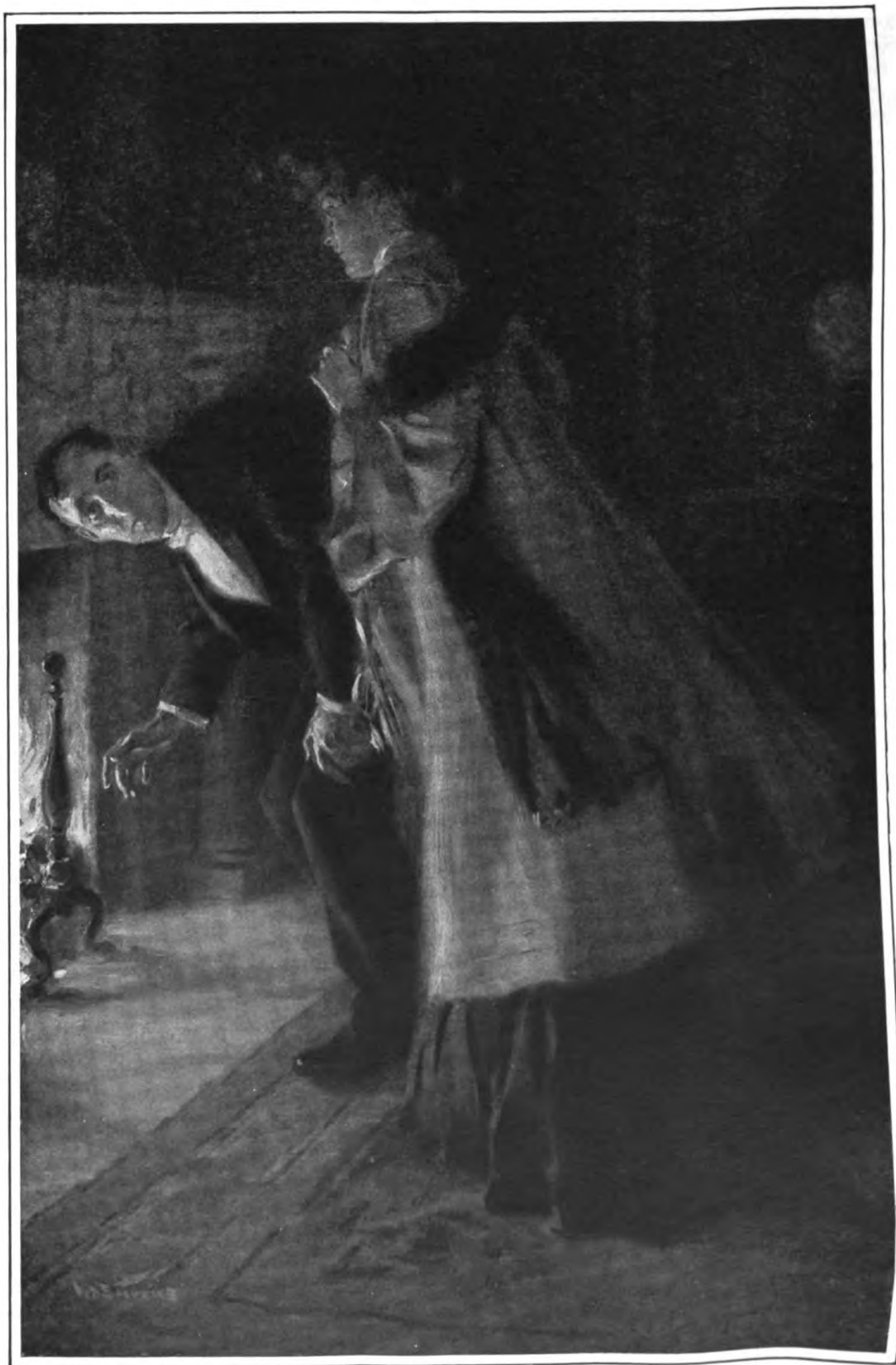
"I have read them, sir!"

"Henderson!"

"And I would like to say, sir, that they're lies!"

"Have you lost your senses?"

"He was a man," persisted Henderson; "that there's an angel;—him and me didn't hold with angels! You used to pretend you didn't know it; and because you didn't see anything with your bodily eyes, or hear anything with your bodily ears, you think you can write what you please about him; but I knew Mr. Livingston,—I was the only one who did,—and he was a man! There was enough go in him to supply the world; I never felt I was human so long as he was around. I was that amused I never had an ache or a pain. I know what I'm talking about—those journals and things



"LEONARD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

you've written are lies! If you don't believe me, ask Miss Nancy; she's known the truth from the beginning; there's no deceiving that devil of a woman!"

"Henderson, you are drunk; go to your room."

"I'm not so drunk as I was, sir," said Henderson; "I've scared myself sober!—But, Master Leonard, if you're going to publish that, I give you notice: you'll have to get another man." He walked unsteadily to the study door.

Adams stood in front of the table. Six months of unceasing labor and of intense creative energy lay before him. Never once had he faltered; his touch from the beginning had been sure; and he had put on his colors with the certainty of an expert and the confidence of genius.

"But I did not know!" He cried out suddenly. "I do not know! *This* is the truth,"—he struck his own papers heavily with his hand. "I have drawn the immortal, underlying Good! Drawn it as Livingston embodied it;—and Nancy says it is not Livingston. I—not Livingston," he repeated, mechanically; and then his own thoughts, running far ahead, seemed to turn on him and cry back:

"Not Livingston!"

"If this is not Livingston," returned Adams, "who, then, is it?"

"You, Leonard! Who else? Look again and you will see."

Could it be true?

He turned back to his papers as if in search of explanation, and as he did so, looked up with surprise to see Henderson standing again near the table.

"I think you ought to know, sir," said the man, "that I have a couple of journals of my own."

"You have journals?"

"I kept a record. Mr. Livingston was very particular about expenses,—and I'd like you to know, sir, that certain things were never charged to you." Henderson spoke defiantly.

"Will you give me those records?"

"No, sir."

"Will you sell them?"

Henderson flushed angrily, and turned to leave the room.

"Come back!" Adams commanded.

"What are you keeping them for?"

"I suppose you wouldn't believe me,

sir, but I am keeping them because they're all I have left of him. I go over them from day to day,—it's like being with him again, sir. I don't think you can understand, sir, what his death means to me!"

"I?" said Adams.

"What would you do with the books, sir, if you could get them?"

"I should burn them."

"Suppose I wanted to publish them?" said Henderson.

"You shall not! But, even if you did, you would not be believed.—Is there any use in appealing to you on account of the harm you might do?"

"Not a bit."

"Very well, then, all that the friends of Mr. Livingston would say is that your journals were an attempt to extort blackmail, and that, failing, you had resort to publication."

"Why do you take it for granted that my journals would be no credit to Mr. Livingston?" said Henderson, deliberately. "You've not even seen them; I haven't told you a thing that's in them!" He spoke slowly, picking his words. "These here journals of mine," he went on, "are nothing but a plain man's account of the plain dealings between a master and his servant. Sometimes there'll be not more than a line a day for weeks together; but they're true, and I won't sell. I'll give you your choice of two ways, though: if you take mine and burn them without looking into them, you've got to burn these of yours; but if you'll agree to read mine, you may have them to do with as you choose. And I'll not even ask you, sir, to tell me what you decide."

"Where are your papers?"

"Up-stairs."

"Get them."

Henderson left the room, and came back in a few minutes with a couple of dingy black morocco diaries in his hand. Silently, he reached them towards Adams, who motioned him to put them down upon the table.

"Are these all?"

Henderson snatched the books back again. "I trusted you, sir," he said, respectfully.

"I beg your pardon."

Henderson silently laid the diaries on

the table, and left the room. Adams sat staring at them. What course was open to him? To burn these papers of Henderson's was an acknowledgment of unbelief: a faithless act!

"I must read them!" Adams spoke aloud, and put out his hand to draw the records towards him; but suddenly catching up a paper-knife, he pushed them far from him with the end of it, flung it into the corner of the room, and then buried his head in his arms. "Ah, no! No! No!" he sobbed, "I dare not!"

A great roll of thunder startled him. He lifted his head and listened; rain was lashing the windows, and the air had suddenly become colder. Adams shivered, and going to the open fireplace, thrust a lighted match beneath the pile of wood and kindlings on the hearth. He stood for a moment thinking, and then quietly gathering his papers together, he laid them on top of the flames.

The thick books and sheaves of manuscript began to burn slowly.

Livingston was passing! The Livingston in whom he had believed, for whom he had sacrificed life and love, to whom he had given everything, even his soul. He stooped, and with his own breath blew at the glowing coals.

"Leonard! We could hear this fire roaring in the room overhead—what are you doing?"

He rose, dizzy from the stooping posture and the violent exertion.

Nancy was standing behind him. "I came back," she said. "The storm—"

"Why didn't you come in here?" asked Adams anxiously. "Were the horses frightened?"

"No—I have been sitting in the house-keeper's room with Sarah.—Henderson said you couldn't see me; I told him to order the close carriage, and it is waiting now." Her eyes turned towards the fire. "You have been burning your papers!" she cried. "How could you? Oh, if I had only turned back before! I knew that you would do this! I wanted them so! And now they are gone!" A sob caught her breath.

"You wanted them!" He put his

hands upon her shoulders. "Why did you want them? Was it for my sake or—for his?"

"Oh, Leonard! Leonard! How can you be so stupid?" She pulled herself from his light hold and almost ran down the room. Adams hurried after her, but the long train of her gown seemed to twist before him wilfully, baffling his progress.

"Tell me!"

"I have told you already and you don't believe it."

Adams leaped the impending barrier and caught her in his arms.

"No! No! Not now, not here!"

"Nancy!"

"No! Good night. To-morrow is all my own; come to-morrow; this day has been divided!"

He released her at once, and following her to the carriage, saw her depart in the pelting, joyous rain. To-morrow! His step was light as he entered the library again; a new presence pervaded the great room—the presence of Nancy. Musing, half smiling, he came forward slowly, and then stopped.

Henderson was standing by the mantelpiece, staring intently at the two little black books which he held in his hand.

The day was indeed divided! All Adams's pain and sorrow rushed back upon him. He sat down at his table, and there was a long silence. "Well, Henderson?" he said at last.

The man started. "You burned your papers, sir, and left mine, then—you haven't read them, sir?"

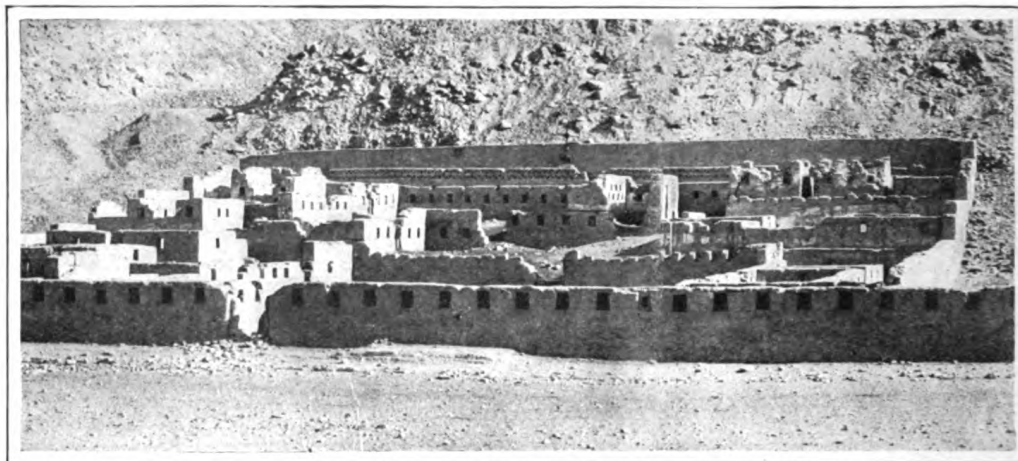
Adams's eyes answered him.

Henderson bent forward, and resting his forehead on the mantel-shelf, stared into the blaze. "That means, sir," he said at last, and his voice had grown very hoarse, "that you have allowed me to do this for him, myself." As he spoke, he thrust the records far down into a shimmering bed of red-hot coals.

Again there was silence.

"As to my leaving, sir," Henderson haltingly resumed, "I'll never again be the man I was—"

"Neither shall I, Henderson," said Adams.



INCA PALACE OF ADOBE IN THE VALLEY OF PISCO
(Sixth Period)

Ancient South-American Civilization

BY MAX UHLE

University of California

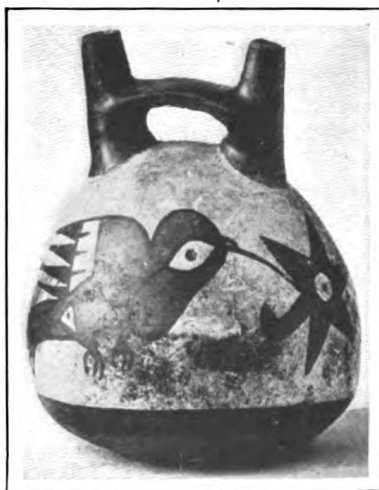
THE American continent is a young one in more than one sense; its geological age is not as great as that of the Eastern Hemisphere, and its discovery in the fifteenth century introduces it to the world's history in a comparatively recent epoch. An unsolved question, however, remains—the date of the first appearance of man and of the early dawn of civilization upon this continent. The conditions of America favored not less than those of the other continents an early development of human civilization, and as explorations are now disclosing the primitive ages of this continent, it becomes more and more apparent that the Eastern world cannot claim to be the only cradle of human culture.

The Spanish conquistadores found in the Pacific countries of

America—in Mexico, Central America, Ecuador, and Peru—flourishing civilizations. They found the people living in highly organized states, under well-ordered governments, in large, well-built cities; palaces and temples of stupendous size and splendor abounded in every direction. Arts and crafts were highly de-

veloped, commerce was flourishing, rafts under sail navigated the seas and connected distant countries for the exchange of their goods. In Peru the llama was domesticated and served as beast of burden; well-built highroads intersected the countries, especially Peru.

The first discoverers of this surprising culture were not able to give more than detailed descriptions of what they found; the possible antiquity and previous history did not trouble them. Some of the ancient traditions



VESSEL DECORATED WITH HUMMING-
BIRD
(Earliest Period of the South)

were recorded by the first writers, but their work was uncritical. All they learned was that the Aztecs had immigrated into Mexico several centuries before; that the empire of the Incas had been established about four centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards, and the most credited traditions even disputed that civilization was of an older date. Up to the appearance of the Incas (about 1100 A.D.), the natives of Peru were said to have lived like savages, in caves, without religion or government, without houses or clothes, and even cannibalism was ascribed to them. Agriculture, it was said, had been unknown to these people, and the Incas had delivered them from this state of savagery. Similar traditions existed about Mexico. The Mexican hieroglyphics apparently give no information concerning the subject. In Peru the knotted strings, "quipus," were in general use to keep accounts. But as only numbers were recorded in knots, the rest being merely mnemonic, similar to the knot in the handkerchief, they lost their meaning to all but the living generations, and became silent for future ages.

The question of the age of those civilizations has been approached by historical criticism or by general speculations. The ancient Mexican Calendar is so perfect that it must have been based upon a very long-continued observation of the sun and



VESSEL—BEARDED MAN
(Earliest Period—Trujillo)

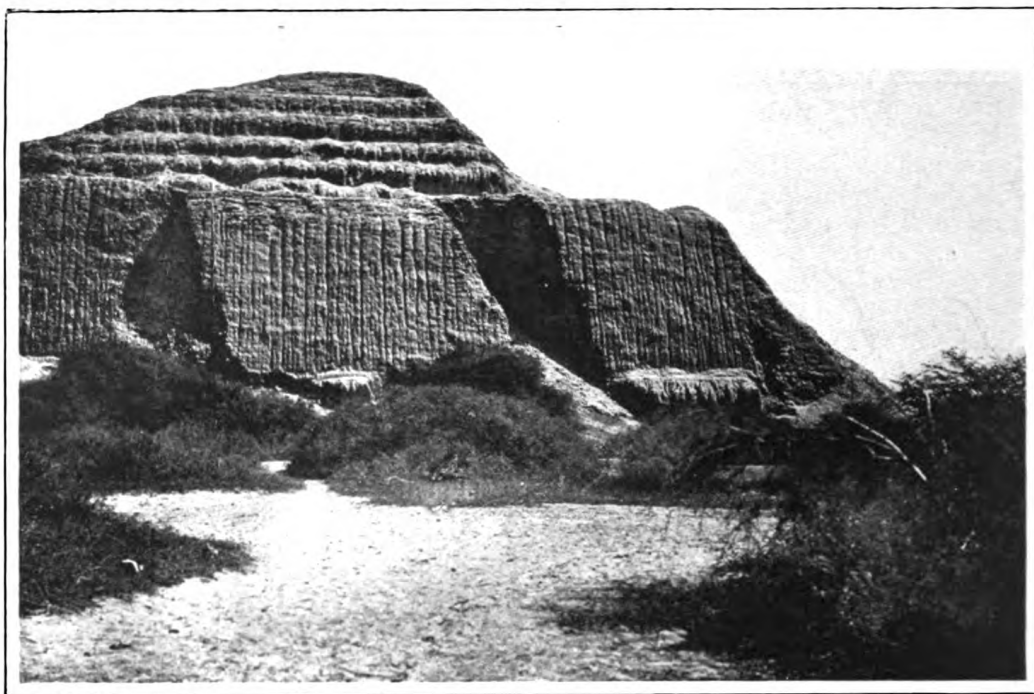
of the movements of the planets. Maize as a cultivated plant in its present form could only through a very long-continued cultivation become so much changed from the primitive plant. The same applies to the potato, which was cultivated in the mountains of Peru and Ecuador, and was carried from there to the Old World. The domestication of the llama and the alpaca, millions of which existed in Peru in the sixteenth century, although these animals are of slow propagation, presupposes many centuries of quiet development of ancient civilization. All these proofs, however, are too speculative to give any definite clue to the age of these cultures, and are not conclusive.

Mexico possesses a vast number of ruins of various kinds, and now it is well known that the civilization of this country was older than that of the Aztecs; the exact age is far from being known.

The same is the case with the age of Peru. Prescott doubted as early as 1847 the traditional history of Peru. He thought the list of the thirteen Inca rulers covered only two and a half centuries, and that the Inca civilization was too much developed and too universal for so short a period. Moreover, on the shores of Lake Titicaca in Bolivia, 12,000 feet above sea-level, there were



VESSEL REPRESENTING DEITY
(Earliest Period of the South)



HUACAL DEL SOL, NEAR MOCHE. PYRAMID STRUCTURE
(Earliest Period of the North)

extensive ruins which the natives themselves dated back to a period before the Incas; he therefore assumed that before the time of the Incas a race advanced in civilization must have existed in the country; who this race was and whence it came might afford a tempting theme for inquiry to the speculative antiquarian, but he thought it a land of darkness lying far beyond the domain of history. Later exploration of the country furnished information concerning the variety of ancient monuments. Squier, for a time United States Commissioner at Lima, explored the country in the sixties. In his work, *Peru, Incidents of Travel and Exploration*, published in 1877, he tries to prove that civilization in Peru developed in the different parts of the country independently up to the rise of the Inca empire; he too assumes the existence of an earlier civilization before the Incas. Stübel and Reiss, in their work entitled *The Necropolis of Ancon* (Berlin, 1880-87), for the first time dis-

closed the brilliant cultural development of a section of the coast country.

It is due to the broad generosity of an American woman that two archaeological expeditions were sent to South America, the results of which caused a total change in the traditional conceptions of ancient Peru. The collections gathered during



VESSEL DUCK
(Earliest Civilization—Trujillo)

the first expedition are housed in the Museum of Art and Science at Philadelphia; those of the second will be exhibited in the future museum of the University of California, to be erected within a few years. A third expedition, which is to pursue the same lines, will undertake its work during the coming season.

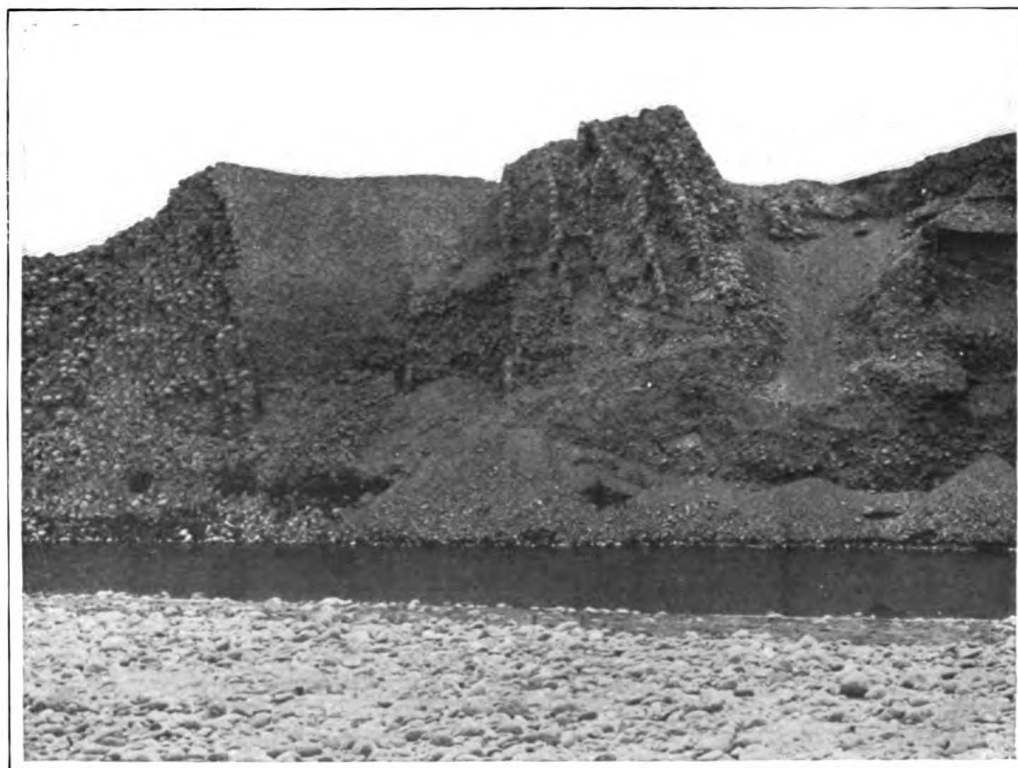
The museums of ethnology in all parts of the world possess rich archaeological collections from Peru, showing objects of many varieties of shapes and materials, taken from the ground in Peru.



BLACK BOTTLE FROM TRUJILLO
(Third Period)

They are arranged side by side as they are found in the soil, producing the impression of a general contemporaneity of ancient Peruvian civilization. These expeditions, however, have clearly established the fact that those objects were not all contemporaneous, but originated in many different centuries, and therefore did not belong to parallel cultures, but represented succeeding epochs of civilization according as they were found in strata above each other.

The discoveries of the first expedition, made during excavations at



ANCIENT MOUND. SECTION MADE BY THE RIVER. VALLEY OF PISCO
(Earliest Period of the South)



CUP JOINED TO MOUNTAIN-CAT. INCA
(Fourth Period)

Pachacamac, near Lima, laid the foundation for the new method of classification of Peruvian antiquities. At Pachacamac stands the sanctuary of an ancient deity, the creator god Pachacamac of the Peruvians, which for thousands of years was the object of pilgrimages by the natives from all parts of the country, and it was considered a privilege to be buried in its sacred precincts. It is estimated that about 30,000 graves were in this burial-place. The temple has passed through many changes in its long history. A cemetery at the foot of the temple was covered by debris from an early destruction of the edifice.

A larger temple was erected in the same place and new terraces were added in its front, entirely covering the site of the earlier strata. All these different strata are full of graves, each one representing a different cultural period. Following these stratifications, it was ascertained that the temple had outlasted five different ages of civilization. The earlier views on the contemporaneousness of the cultural forms of Peru were thereby assailed, and it now depended mainly upon the confirmation of these results by archaeological exploration of other sections of Peru, which was the aim of the second expedition carried out under the auspices of the University of California.

Several archaeologically interesting sections of northern and southern Peru were

explored, such as the ruins near Trujillo on the coast, and of Huamachuco, situated inland on 8° south latitude, and in the south under 14° south latitude the valleys of Chinchá, Pisco, Ica, and of Huaitara in the mountains.

The result was the general classification of Peruvian cultural history into five or six periods. At the beginning of Peruvian history, as far as known at the present, stand two closely related civilizations, one developing on the northern part of the coast about Trujillo, the other in the south around Pisco and Ica. Fine as they are, there is nothing similar to them among the later cultures. The southern form is especially notable

for the perfection of shape and decoration of its pottery, the freedom and breadth of its style; the northern form is more distinguished by the harmony and greatness of its development. The unmatched pottery of this period in its decoration furnishes us with figures and types from the life of their period, and introduces us to highly developed religious conceptions. Magnificent monuments, such as the vast Huacal del Sol, near Moche, formerly ascribed to the Incas, still give evidence of that early civilization. Gold, silver, and copper abounded and were wrought into manifold forms. The finest techniques were known to the early craftsman. Gold was cast and chased, also soldered with copper and silver, or used as plating over copper and inlaid with turquoises; mosaic was known, too. Various kinds of clay were used to produce different colors in pottery. Copper was cast in moulds best suited to commerce and easily to be divided and used as money. Fine shells were imported from tropical regions and wrought into personal ornaments. There is no doubt that trading-rafts visited the remote coast of Colombia or even of Central America.

This culture is followed by another, which grew to be of the widest importance for the general development of Peruvian civilization. The unique monuments of Tiahuanaco, near Titicaca Lake, first surveyed by Stübel and described in

the monograph *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco* (Breslau, 1892), give testimony of this remarkable culture. At Pachacamac this culture was found in the earliest and lowest stratum at the foot of the temple,—a proof for the correctness of the tradition of the sixteenth century, which ascribed the monuments of Tiahuanaco to an age before the appearance of the sun in the heavens.

The most important remains among the ruins of Tiahuanaco are large monoliths of hardest lava. They are sculptured and polished with wonderful accuracy, and defied uncounted centuries. In many respects they are the most peculiar and important relics of pre-Spanish civilization in America. From this period are to be dated various courts surrounded by monoliths similar to the cromlechs of Britain. Traces of this culture, the cradle of which were the Titicaca shores, were met throughout the ancient Peruvian country as far north as 8° south latitude. Various sanctuaries outlasting many ages were built during this period in the different parts of Peru. The various kinds of technique of the arts of pottery and of weaving and the wealth of religious conceptions of this period became the cultural foundations for the subsequent periods of Peruvian civilization, the lasting effects of which may be traced down to the latest periods.

Again a different form of civilization appeared over the entire country, showing a new adaptation of the cultural elements inherited from its predecessor. However, the uniformity of this culture was broken up into various provincial forms of civilization developing side by side. This period of cultural disruption coincides with an age when separate realms existed at Trujillo, Huamachuco, Pachacamac, Chavin, and others. Above these arose, in the north, on the coast, the realm of the Chimu with new cultural forms, becoming the leading one for the coast country from Ecuador southward. Farther south more recent forms supplanted the older. After this period, which may be designated as the fourth or fifth of this multifarious development, follows the age of the Incas in the south of the land, uniting once more the realm that uncounted centuries earlier had been homogeneous. They became the heirs of

all the cultures which had preceded theirs in Peru, and were ungrateful enough to conceal from their conquerors what they had received from their predecessors.

A long-continued process of changes necessarily produced a great variety in the forms, as may be traced through numerous types of objects. Pottery, textiles, wrought metals, exhibit fundamental differences of type or treatment, both in technique and decoration. The method of burial in sarcophagi, underground huts, vessels, vaults, cylindrical tombs, varied endlessly, and from great ceremonial formality in the beginning they seem to have grown more and more simple. Remarkable also are the changes in the styles of architecture. The regular megalithic blocks mark the earliest historical period in the highland. After many changes the development ends in the well-laid quarry stones or polygonal blocks of the Inca architecture. On the coast prevailed the more recent methods of building—the construction of adobe or



BLACK FLASK. INCA
(Fifth Period)

of tapia, the latter being made on the spot, of soft mud, allowed to dry in place. This period was preceded in the valleys of Chincha and Pisco and elsewhere by a period when adobe was still unknown, instead of which balls of mud were used, piled up and bound with clay as mortar.

The remains of remote periods support the above-given results by the condition in which they now appear. Some of the megalithic monuments of Tiahuanaco are so completely buried in the ground that they have to be dug out for exploration purposes, in spite of the utter absence of vegetation, and merely as the result of their great age. Monuments constructed of clay balls, before the introduction of adobe building, now present the appearance of mounds, to 1000 or more feet in length and over 100 feet high, and so nearly resembling the natural formations of the ground that they are only to be distinguished from them by the different material of which they consist. This decay dates back to such remote ages that even before the period of the Incas these mounds, remains of palaces and temples, had served as burial-grounds like the natural hills.

The results obtained during the two former expeditions open up vast fields for further investigation, and the third expedition will have the principal purpose of following up the traces of ancient civilization in order to find the, as yet, hidden sources of the earliest culture of the country. The development of the primitive periods was by no means inferior to that of the later. Pottery, weaving, working of metals, flourished at the earliest age not less than in the more recent periods. Since the earliest times the llama appears as a domestic animal, and cotton, maize, cayenne pepper, beans, etc., were grown. The development at this remote period was so high in all branches of arts and crafts that it might be asserted to have been at a higher stage than at any subsequent period, notably that of the arrival of the Spaniards in the time of the Incas. If formerly research was directed mainly towards finding the sources of the Inca civilization, the task of future exploration

will be the discovery of the beginnings of another equally highly developed culture, antedating the former by five complete periods of development.

The historical exploration of ancient Peru would appear incomplete without a certain chronology. All history of the world aims at establishing fixed dates of great events for comparative treatment. It is, however, difficult to fix dates for the ancient American cultures as it is done for the historical phases of the Old World countries. Those are with facility grouped according to facts of the Grecian, Roman, Assyrian, or Egyptian histories. There is, however, one way of determining facts by chronology. The cultural periods themselves must furnish a scale by which to gauge the average development. New civilizations do not spring up suddenly; cultures develop, flourish, and decay the same as man; and a considerable space of time is required to awaken new cultures out of decaying ones, and to let them mature and die out again in their turn. This process of growth and decay of any one culture embraces always a certain number of centuries. The greater the number of the succeeding phases of civilization, the more even must be the average length of each, and thus resemble the general length of human periods. It is to be seen that the two central European periods, those of Hallstadt and of La Tène, together embrace about a thousand years, an average of five hundred for each. The cultural periods of Egypt may be even longer.

The development of Peruvian civilization, accepting on the average five successive periods, would result in a stratification of cultures representing between two and three thousand years. About the year 1000 B.C., at the time when Solomon built his temple, the early Americans in Peru reared their mighty structures to the glory of a creator god. Civilization in America would beyond all doubt have worked itself up to a high plane at some time, and might have accomplished alone a peculiar but certainly brilliant development without the intervention of European civilization.

The Pot of Gold

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

MANNING, just arrived by the Mediterranean boat, had spent a tiresome two hours on the pier getting his belongings through the customs. Moreover, it was raining, and the city looked uglier and dirtier than ever. He wondered why he had come back to America; for the moment he heartily regretted having done so.

Once at his club, Manning forgot about the trifles that had annoyed him. There was no one about whom he knew, but the familiar environment gave him its voiceless welcome, and he was grateful for it. What a comfortable place the old club was—like a worn-out shooting-coat, moulding itself to the figure and inviting repose. And surely there was no one in the world equal to Walter in the art of mashing up a Stilton cheese in brandy. Manning beckoned to the old fellow, and complimented him generously.

"An excellent cutlet, Walter; and as for the Stilton—it is unique: nothing like it anywhere."

"Thank you, sir. It is a long time, I think, sir—"

"Eight years."

"Oh, indeed, sir! Well, I'm sure we're glad to see you back. I beg your pardon? Yes, sir; it has stopped raining—pavement's quite dry."

Manning strolled slowly up the Avenue. As yet he had seen no familiar face, and he speculated idly upon the chances of a first encounter. Friend or foe—which would it be? His pulse took on an agreeable acceleration; romance was in the air, and it pleased him to think that his blood could still tingle at the suggestion. Friend or foe—and then he laughed. "I am an illogical person," thought Manning, "since the chances are so largely against either possibility. I had forgotten how many bores there are in the world." At this moment he looked up and saw Mary Tredegar in a hansom.

She knew him instantly, and signalled

to her driver to pull up to the curb. They shook hands heartily, as became old friends.

"Of course you will come to see me," continued Mary. "You know that after Laurie married I issued my declaration of independence. It is a dear little box of a house on West —th Street. All alone? Certainly; that is the principle upon which I made my great stand—a woman against the world. Sounds more terrifying than it really is, for the bachelor maid has only to acknowledge to thirty and the world throws up the sponge at once; it doesn't care to continue a fight after it has ceased to be interesting."

Manning went through an elaborate pantomime of counting on his fingers. "Eight-and-twenty," he said.

She colored slightly. "What an appalling memory! It is a talent, of course, but I should advise you to bury it."

"In a dinner napkin? You see I can be bribed."

"So it appears. Well, to-day is Thursday—"

"That will suit me perfectly."

"London assurance!"

"Honestly, Mary—to dine alone at that dreary club! You can't be so heartless."

"Well, then, if you don't mind a woman's dinner—all entrées. Possibly, though, we can manage a slice off the joint— No trouble at all, or I shouldn't have mentioned it. I have only to send Marthe around the corner to Bagnall's; the *chef* there is most amiable."

"Then really—I may come?"

"Yes; at half past seven. It is number twenty-one."

"Number twenty-one," he repeated, and raised his hat. The hansom drove off.

Manning, having finished dressing, sat down for a meditative cigarette; naturally, he fell to thinking of Mary Tredegar.

How wonderfully her looks had stayed with her; what a nice woman she was—from the ground up. "I might have been 'spoons' on her myself once upon a time," said Manning, and smiled a little. Then he started and knit his brows. "By Jove! but *wasn't* there once a time?"

The thought continued to obtrude itself as he sat in the cab on his way up-town. Merely a vague, indefinite impression that somehow, somewhere, sometime—but he could get no farther; no effort of will would resolve the nebula of his forgetfulness. The sensation was an uncomfortable one; at the first it irritated him as though it had been some invisible stinging insect impossible to either annihilate or destroy. He ended by becoming philosophical. "It couldn't have been of particular importance or I must have remembered," he decided easily. And no doubt Mary's memory would be equally at fault— Ah, there it was, number twenty-one!

Coffee was served in the library. Manning hesitated by just the barest fraction of a second as he looked at the tray of cigars which the maid held at his elbow. But Mary saw it. "You needn't be afraid," she said, amiably. "Laurie buys them for me at his club, and I know that a woman's choice in cigars— Well, what *is* it, then? Oh, your pipe! Go and get it!"

Manning came back, beloved briar in mouth. "All the comforts of home," he murmured lazily as he took the chair on the other side of the hearth. He picked out a live coal with the tongs, and touched it scientifically to the pipe-bowl. "Really, Mary,"—puff—puff—"a pipe is the best of the lot, if you only knew it—doesn't begin to hang about the curtains like cigar smoke."

Miss Tredegar nodded with quiet seriousness. "I am open even to that conviction," she said. "You have no idea how emancipation broadens the feminine mind." Whereupon they both laughed and a little silence fell.

"Eight years," said Manning, suddenly. "It's a slice, isn't it? A big one."

"It depends, doesn't it—"

"You mean on what one accomplishes. Well, then,—nothing."

"The contemplation of the obvious

need not detain us," went on Manning. "for I admit the indictment on every count. Youth and an admirable digestion; a modicum of brains; position; money; and all the rest of it. Too much straw, you see, is as bad as too little, for successful brickmaking. Besides, I never wanted to make bricks, anyway. What's the use, when one has nothing to build! A replica of the Tower of Babel does not appeal to my sympathy, and it insults my understanding."

"I thought that all men wanted to do things."

"For the most part, yes; the reason being that the masculine majority are lacking in imagination. The hundredth man prefers to let the universe act upon him; to be and to suffer rather than to make and to do."

"A contemptible philosophy," said Miss Tredegar, warmly.

Manning smiled. "I didn't expect you to agree with me. You are still the feminine norm, for all of your boasted emancipation from chaperons and simple white muslins."

"While you are the hundredth man; or is it the hundredth part of a man?"

Manning winced at that. "I hadn't explained myself fully," he said, flushing. "Perhaps I shouldn't have done so, but since you have made it imperative—"

"Can you understand, then, that there may be unfortunate beings in the world who have all the desire to live—really live, I mean,—but who lack initiative impulse. They are like chemical atoms, inert until a proper reagent is found. And it may be that there is only one—in all the universe."

"Well, what is the atom to do? A little hope, a little faith, and most of patience. Yet even an atom cannot wait forever in one place, and so he goes to the uttermost limits of his circle, round and round; but even that is better than standing still. Did you think that I was amusing myself during my *Wanderjahre*?"

"Travelling in a circle," said Miss Tredegar, meditatively. "Well, it is possible that by so doing one may meet Fate a little sooner. But supposing—"

"Yes?"

"—that you have faced the wrong way, to start with? Then the chase becomes an endless one."



THEY SHOOK HANDS HEARTILY, AS BECAME OLD FRIENDS

Manning rounded on her fiercely. "Don't I know that a thousand times better than you do?"

"But you left it for me to put in words," she answered.

"The candid friend— But I beg your pardon; I am making myself ridiculous. You see, it's rather hot shot for the bystanders—this talking of it out."

"Don't be alarmed on my account. After working on my bomb-proof for thirty years—"

"Twenty-eight."

"Proceed, my dear friend; fire away to your heart's content."

"There really isn't anything to shoot at except myself," said Manning, sombrely. "And I'm only a sentimental pilgrim—the poorest sort of game for even the feminine novelist. There's no sport in knocking me over; the pelt is valueless, and the internal economy too simple to make dissection interesting."

"I rather like the idea—a sentimental pilgrim."

"Can't you see him trudging along his abhorred and flinty highway? As he approaches each crossway, insensibly his pace quickens a little; she may be just around the corner; in another moment he will look up and see her standing there. But he never does, for either she is not yet come or she has already passed."

"Or she does not exist at all," said Miss Tredegar, coldly.

"Don't," said Manning, quickly. "I wouldn't believe that, even if it were true."

"The elusive She!" There was an accent of mockery in her tone, and Manning resented it.

"A dilettante in love, as in everything else—that is what you mean. It is ungenerous of you, Mary."

"Let us be philosophical, then, and call it a congenital defect. That relieves you of all responsibility."

"And makes the case a hopeless one."

Miss Tredegar reflected. "You are quite sure that nothing less than *la grande passion* will satisfy you?"

"I know what I want," declared Manning, stubbornly.

Miss Tredegar rose and walked to the window, where she stood looking into the street. Manning joined her. It was beginning to snow again; under the glare

of the electric lights the pure white crystals took on a dazzling brilliancy. A coupé had driven up and stopped at the adjoining house on the east. A young woman descended from the carriage and ran lightly up the steps; a maid followed more slowly with an armful of wraps.

"What magnificent sables!" thought Manning. Then he saw her face clearly. "Artemisia Crewe!" he ejaculated.

"Do you know her?" asked Miss Tredegar.

"Met her in Dresden two winters ago. We were quite friends. And you?"

"She lives next door, but our acquaintance is only a bowing one."

"Quite the stunning type, don't you think? And, really, she's a nice girl, too. I was to call the next time I happened to be on this side."

The hostess made no particular attempt at a reply, and shortly afterwards Manning took his leave. It was growing late, but Mary Tredegar sat for a long time gazing into the fire. Now there was once a girl, and she was barely seventeen, and sentimental, of course. He was a nice boy, home from college on his Senior vacation, and she had liked him tremendously, for he *was* a nice boy and had such honest brown eyes. Then one day, as they stood alone in the summer-house by the lake, he had kissed her—oh, how vivid the green and scarlet of the trumpet-vines in the background! That same afternoon they had walked over to the village, and he had bought her a foolish little ring set with blue stones. A boy and a girl, and the next week she was whisked off on a Continental tour, and he had contemplated the University Settlement, but had finally compromised with parental authority by going in strenuously for the football team.

Miss Tredegar laughed softly at this latter remembrance: football as a specific for love-sickness! Ah, but it had cured him. When they met again a year later she saw that he had forgotten; the episode was already too remote to occasion even momentary embarrassment, and the knowledge had hurt her a little. Yes; one must be honest; it really had hurt. Miss Tredegar stared harder than ever into the fire; then, with a swift glance around the room, she drew out that foolish little ring from its secret hiding-place

and cried over it, just as the girl of seventeen might have done.

When, two days later, Manning came again, Miss Tredegar made solemn presentation of a shelf in the corner cupboard to be a permanent receptacle for pipe-rack and ash-tray. She had even remembered the name of that incomparable mixture whose odor does not hang about the window-curtains, and a jar of it stood ready for use. Manning told her that she was a trump.

"I am a woman," explained Miss Tredegar, demurely, "and therefore I enjoy doing the nice thing."

But Manning, being in high spirits, was disposed to be argumentative.

"Not at all," he said, loftily. "A woman is, naturally, not a bit more amiable than a man, but she hates to appear at a disadvantage. You see, it is a deeply rooted convention that the feminine is and must be everything that is lovely and long-suffering and unselfish. So long as this ideal persists in the masculine mind the woman is prepared to live up to it. The reason? Simply because she realizes that undisguised bad temper and selfishness are unbecoming—just as wrinkles or a badly fitting bodice."

"How like a man!"

"How like a brute, you mean. That is another convention—feminine this time—that must be preserved at every hazard. Man is the strong, masterful, tyrannical creature, and I dare say that many a good chap has been actually dragged into wife-beating in order to preserve his position on the conjugal pedestal. If he didn't, she would certainly despise and probably deceive him."

"What a delightful vein of cynicism I have uncovered! Really, mon ami, if you would only let me organize you into a limited company! There should be a fortune in placing the shares at all the middle-aged dinner parties."

"I will consider the proposition," said Manning, gravely. "The only endurable period of existence is that dated A. D.—after dinner; and, by the bye, your cook has scored a distinct advance to-night over her initial effort in my behalf. Mes compliments."

At that Miss Tredegar flushed slightly, but Manning happened to be staring

straight before him, and so he did not notice. She had particularly wanted that that dinner should be good, and she had herself helped to make it so. It was nice in him to appreciate it.

"I have been to see Miss Artemisia Crewe," announced Manning, somewhat irrelevantly.

"Well?"

"She isn't nearly so stunning as I had remembered her. Moreover, I don't believe she's quite so nice."

"A truly masculine deduction," retorted Miss Tredegar. "And a shameful one."

"I apologize," said Manning; "but I thought you didn't like Miss Crewe."

After that he had to apologize again, and the more humbly that no explanation of his offence was vouchsafed. Manning felt puzzled, for with him sex loyalty had never been accounted a virtue distinctly feminine. "And I know that Mary detests her," he said to himself as he walked home.

A fortnight went by, and there had been a small dinner party at Miss Tredegar's. Manning, being privileged, had outstayed the other guests; he seemed a trifle abstracted, and it was a long time before he succeeded in getting his pipe to draw properly.

Suddenly, to Miss Tredegar the silence took on an unaccountable and terrifying tension. She wanted to run away, but all sense of direction was for the moment paralyzed; the danger was at hand, but its quarter remained unknown, and she dared not risk even one false step. If she could only speak, but the trivial word halted upon her lips.

Manning looked up. "Mary!" he said. He put out his hand and touched hers.

Contrary to what might have been expected, the action broke the spell, instead of strengthening it.

"She was certainly magnificent to-night," remarked Miss Tredegar, meditatively. "Of course I mean Artemisia Crewe."

Manning was annoyed. "I didn't notice her particularly," he said, sulkily.

"So like you men. Now when a work of art is perfect, some intelligent appreciation—"

"Of the art?"

"Of the motive that inspired it, then."

Manning looked alarmed. "She is clever," he said, doubtfully.

"We all are—à trente ans."

"Artemisia is twenty-nine; she told me so herself."

"So I supposed. Don't you know that a woman has only three ages—nineteen, twenty-nine, and ninety? Youth has its charm, and old age its importance, but twenty-nine is the sheet-anchor of feminine existence; we always keep it out to windward. There's malice for you, and could you have believed it of me?"

At this point Manning became aware that there was an ulterior purpose in this verbal fencing; unless he could bring the affair to a speedy issue his adversary would in all probability be able to retire unscathed. With the foils she was invincible; he would have to take a cudgel and beat down her defence with one blow. He tried it.

"Let us eliminate the third person from a discussion that threatens to become unprofitable. Miss Tredegar, will you marry me?"

"Mr. Manning, I will not."

Manning was prepared for evasion or even a tentative refusal, but the bluntness of this denial staggered him. "But I want you to," he stammered, awkwardly.

"Honestly now, is it the grand passion at last?"

Manning reddened. "I don't know," he answered.

"It isn't, then."

He tried to protest against the implied finality. "I have been learning wisdom of late," he said, slowly.

"Meaning that you accept the unattainableness of the supreme, and are now willing to take the next best thing."

"Well?"

"The trouble is that there isn't any second-best thing—the very idea is insupportable."

"I am willing to take the risk."

"But I am not."

Manning put on his top-coat and gloves with careful deliberation, but Miss Tredegar made no sign. "Good-by," he said.

"You will come again—it must make no difference—"

"No," he answered quickly, and went out.

During the two months that followed,

Miss Tredegar had ample opportunity for reflection, and, to her dismay, she felt her resolution weakening. To love or to be loved? Well, if a decision were imperative there could be but one choice—for a woman. So it came to pass that one day she sat down and wrote to Manning, asking him to come and see her on a certain definite Thursday. He declined in a brief note, pleading a previous engagement. Moreover, he took no subsequent advantage of the opportunity thus offered, although they chanced to meet half a dozen times during the winter. Without having made any definite inquiries, she became aware that he was seeing a great deal of Artemisia Crewe, and for this she was sorry—unselfishly. But she could not tell him this.

Then one day he did come. Miss Tredegar had put on her hat to go out, but Manning asked bluntly for a quarter of an hour.

"I want your advice," he said. "Shall I marry Miss Crewe?"

"When did you ask her?" inquired Miss Tredegar.

Manning looked astonished. "Why—how do you know?" he stammered.

"People never ask their friends for advice until they have made up their minds to take only their own," replied Miss Tredegar astutely.

"Well, then, last night."

"And her answer?"

"She is considering it. In the mean time, of course—a secret."

"Of course."

"I love her," said Manning, a little shamefacedly. "It must seem odd—that I—to tell this—to you—"

"I understand," said Miss Tredegar.

"I knew you would," said Manning, gratefully, "and so I came."

"I am glad you did." She smiled at him, and considered a little. "When are you to have your answer?" she asked.

"Artemisia started for Bermuda this morning. It's Howland Hyde's party, you know, and the yacht is to meet them at Norfolk. Hyde and I don't get on very well, and naturally I didn't get a bid. They will be back by Ash Wednesday—say, six weeks."

"Oh," commented Miss Tredegar, shortly.

"I mustn't keep you any longer," said

Manning, rising. "But I may come again?" he asked, timidly.

"Perhaps; I can't say now. I will let you know." In sudden abstraction Miss Tredegar stared steadily out of the window; she hardly heard Manning's parting words; then he was gone.

Miss Tredegar remained for a long time that morning in the consulting-room of a certain famous physician. When she rose to go he followed her to the door.

"I wish you would recognize the necessity of an immediate operation," he said, in kindly protest. "It may, yes, it's likely to, make all the difference."

"It is impossible—quite so," she answered, steadily. "We need not reopen the discussion."

"A delay of six weeks—you are taking a big chance."

"I cannot help it."

"Very well, then. But remember what I have said. Absolute quiet; no visitors; the absence of all excitement."

"I understand perfectly. You have been very kind. Good-by."

Miss Tredegar entered her hansom and drove off. Leaning back against the cushions, she resigned herself, for the moment, to that feeling of intolerable weariness that of late had become habitual with her. Yet it was a relief to know the truth; now that she had seen the face of that hitherto unknown knocker at her gates, she was ready and willing to grant him full access; it was the uncertainty that had been so hard to bear.

Moreover, it was only for a little while—a little while; and suddenly her lips went white. It was such an infinitesimal while—barely six weeks, and the period of Manning's absolute dependence upon her might be even longer; it all hung upon the celerity with which this final campaign against the unconscious Mr. Howland Hyde should be prosecuted. Artemisia Crewe was a clever strategist, and in her playing of the game one might confidently predict some variation upon the time-honored opening of *festina lente*. In the mean time Manning would be eating out his heart here in New York, all unconscious of the inevitable disillusionment that was pre-

paring for him. For while the far-sighted Miss Artemisia Crewe would never neglect the precaution (at her age) of providing herself with a second string, she had never the slightest intention of being obliged to use it—of that Miss Tredegar felt absolutely assured. Yet much might be done—in six weeks. Miss Tredegar poked up the roof shutter with her umbrella. "Drive to Madame Emilie's," she ordered.

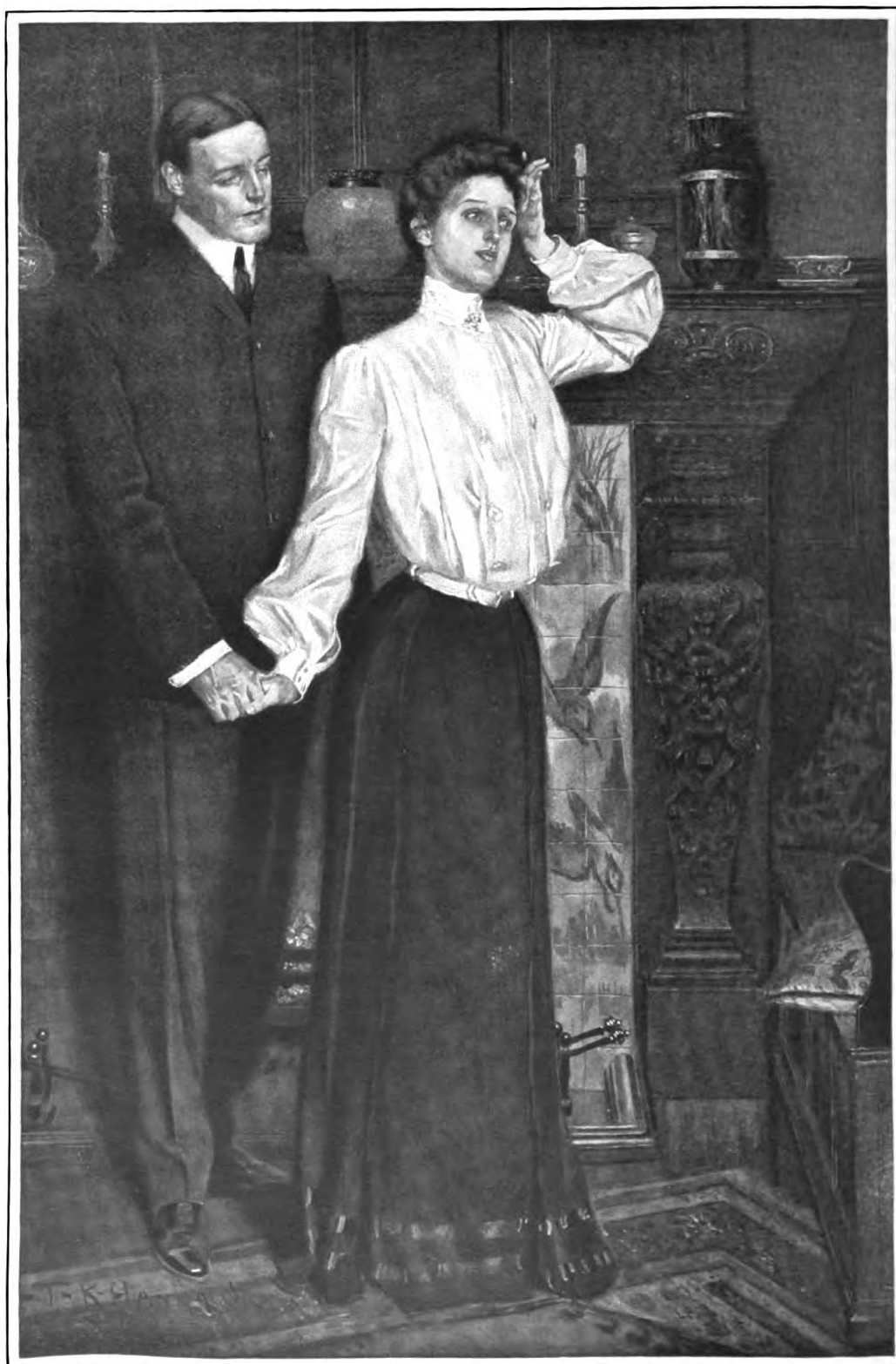
Arrived at the mantua-maker's, Miss Tredegar surrendered herself unreservedly into the hands of the amiable Madame Emilie, who waited on her in person.

"I want half a dozen toilettes," she explained, "and they must be beautiful, ravishing—to the last word. It is necessary, as you can see; I have grown frightfully fallow."

"I would not deceive you, my child," said Madame Emilie, solemnly; "and remember that it was I who brought you out—never mind how many years ago. Fallow! If you could but see the lovely rose-pink in your cheeks! It is a slander, an infamous! But you shall have your frocks, and every one a creation, incomparable. Be tranquil."

When a woman is once in love with a man he may tell her what he will of himself, and she must perforce believe him—absolutely, unquestioningly. Even if he elects to make her the confidante of his passion for another woman it never occurs to her to question the sincerity of the avowal. He may be telling her an untruth, wittingly or unwittingly, but she will never suspect it; such perspicacity is only to be exercised by his immediate female relatives—an elder sister for choice. For it is the very greatness of her passion that enables the woman in love to contemplate the possibility of an inadequate return or even of no return whatever. Shall not my lord do what he will with his own?

And so day by day Mary Tredegar sat with Manning in her tiny drawing-room or walked with him in the Park, where the blackened twigs were beginning to show a barely perceptible swelling at their tips, and listened with incredible patience to his foolish rhapsodies. There never was such an adorable creature as



THEN THE MIST CLEARED BEFORE HER EYES

Artemisia—such wealth of tenderness, of comprehension, of infinite and undiscovered charm. "Methinks the gentleman doth protest too much," she once quoted at him, and then felt covered with confusion at a levity so heartless. This was the sort of thing that that elder sister might have said, while she was his friend; how unpardonable of her! She did not notice that he fell upon a curious silence in receiving her apology.

The weeks went by, and Manning was still waiting for his answer from the unfathomable Miss Crewe. In the mean time he had seen more than ever of Mary Tredegar; he seemed to meet her everywhere—dinners, the various exhibitions, a week-end party at Lakewood, and constantly at the opera. He had warned her once against the folly of tiring one's self out. "You're going it too strong," he declared, solemnly; but Miss Tredegar only smiled, and answered nothing. Her obstinacy annoyed him, and he made no further protest.

At last it came,—the announcement of Miss Artemisia Crewe's engagement to Mr. Howland Hyde. Mary Tredegar's hand trembled slightly as she laid down the newspaper, for the six weeks were up to-day. Apparently Mr. Hyde had been a wary quarry, and of course Artemisia had seen no necessity for haste; a still-hunt may properly take all the time there is. That the delay would leave Manning stranded high and dry was impossible to foresee, and Miss Crewe could not justly be blamed, although it was perfectly certain that she would have acted no otherwise if she had known. For the moment Miss Tredegar considered the possibility of holding on for a little longer, but she was obliged to dismiss the idea with its very inception. Oddly enough, the famous physician's prediction had turned out to the very letter. Mary Tredegar knew that she had reached the limit of physical endurance, and all she could do now was to help break the first shock; the rest he must bear alone.

Manning had entered so quietly that she only knew of his presence when he came and bent over her chair. In an instant she was on her feet; like a child caught in wrong-doing, her first thought was to rid herself of incriminating evi-

dence; she tried to crumple up that wretched newspaper and thrust it out of sight. How awkwardly she boggled at the task! Her cheek flamed hotly.

"Don't bother," said Manning, quietly. "I have seen it."

She looked at him, holding herself tensely.

"I have seen it," he repeated, "and—I still live."

She stepped back, startled. "Oh," she said.

Manning, being entirely absorbed in the delicious problem of self-analysis, went on, slowly:

"It was a genuine experiment, Mary. For once I determined to let myself go, and I did. It was not difficult to fancy myself in love with Miss Crewe, even to the last extremity of accompanying her to Grace Chantry. But remember, please, that I was not deceived in the situation; I knew all along that it was a game of Hyde and seek with her—"

"One moment," interrupted Miss Tredegar. "I must give some orders to Elise."

When she returned, a few minutes later, Manning was standing comfortably at the fireplace, pipe in mouth. "Are you going out?" he asked.

"It is an engagement," she explained. "An important one, and so if you don't mind— I have sent for a hansom."

"I'll stay and put you in it," said Manning. Something in her look filled him with a momentary uneasiness. "You're disappointed in me again—that's it," he declared, glumly.

"Because it has happened so? But indeed I am very glad that you know—before it was too late."

His face lightened. "It's the knowledge of more than one thing that has come to me," said Manning, eagerly. "You remember that I didn't answer your note, that I kept away from you—Well, I wanted to try myself, and this time thoroughly."

"Don't!" She put out her hand appealingly, but Manning caught and held it firmly.

"I found out that it was you that I wanted—you, you, just as in the long ago. You haven't forgotten that?"

The trumpet-vines in the background were all green and scarlet—how intolerable!

ble their splendor! Then the mist cleared from before her eyes, and she saw again the familiar brownstone fronts of the houses across the street. Their crude ugliness acted like some stimulating tonic; she pulled herself together and stood waiting.

"You were right in saying that the second best would not answer," went on Manning. "If I could not bring you the real thing, I would have to keep away altogether. And so I took these six weeks for my final experiment. *Now* you understand."

"Yes," said Miss Tredegar, a little faintly.

"And nobody was hurt," continued Manning, triumphantly. "Least of all Miss Artemisia Crewe."

"She least of all," assented Miss Tredegar.

"It was worth it, then,—to know, to be absolutely sure. What are six weeks? Just a change of the moon and a trifle over."

"To know—to be sure."

"Yes; that's it. I can't possibly understand how I could ever have been uncertain about it—about myself. Now everything is so perfectly plain and glorious—like the noonday sun. And look there."

The afternoon had been rainy, and even now drops were falling. But the sun had burst its cloudy bands, and over in the east a resplendent arch of rainbow spanned the heavens.

"It's the old story of the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow," said Manning. "All my life I have been hunting for the unattainable and overlooking the treasure that lay right under my eyes. And I might have lost them both!"

A maid entered with Miss Tredegar's rain-coat. "The hansom is waiting," she announced.

Manning assisted Miss Tredegar with her coat. "You won't be long," he said, gayly, as they descended the steps. "Will

you intrust me with the ordering of the dinner?"

"But it isn't—it can never be— Oh, you don't understand, but it's all here." She thrust a sealed envelope into his hand. "I couldn't have told you, so I got it ready—days ago."

"I don't understand—"

"Remember that I regret—nothing."

"Mary!"

She leaned forward in her seat; their faces were close together. For the briefest possible moment it seemed to Manning as though something had gone out from her—an intangible, invisible, and yet absolutely real emanation that surrounded and enveloped him as though it had been an actual garment. Then as suddenly it was taken away, and he looked up to see a hansom disappearing around the corner. He glanced down at the letter in his hand and trembled.

A month later and Manning was walking through a side street whose distinguishing quietude was doubtless due to its comparative remoteness from Belgian-block pavements and clanging electric cars. He had come to know this particular street very well in the past few weeks; both day and night had found him pacing its monotonous length, and his numbering of the flagstones had grown into the thousands. Now it was getting on towards four o'clock, and the present vigil would soon be over. He straightened up, walking briskly, yet lightly, as one who enters where a friend lies sleeping. Yet when he finally paused before No. 33 and ascended the steps, he hesitated a moment before pushing the button. One never knew—there was always the possibility—always—

The nurse came forward to meet him. "You can go up to-day," she said, smiling brightly. "But it is only for five minutes and if you will promise to be very quiet."

A decorative border of small, stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text.

October Moonlight

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE moon is up at half past five,
She frightens me among the pines;
The moon, and only half past five!
With half the ruddy day alive—
So soon, so high, so cold, she shines,
This daylight moon among the pines.

The moon is walking in the wood,
Her face is very white and strange;
The moon is coming through the wood,
Her face half-hidden in her hood,
Cold silver face whose hourly change
Blanches her cheek more white, more strange.

The moon beneath a pine-tree stands,
Her weary face is full of dreams;
The moon by yonder pine-tree stands,
She builds a palace with her hands,
Pillars of silver, shafts and beams,—
She builds a palace for her dreams.

The moon is sleeping in the trees,
So early is she tired of heaven,
The moon is dreaming in the trees,
Her shepherd boy she sees! she sees!
Asleep, and it is only seven!
O moon, that is so tired of heaven.

A Lesson in Kindness

BY J. J. BELL

GRANDFATHER PURDIE seated himself on a rock, wiped his wrinkled brows with a huge red handkerchief, and produced his pipe.

"Noo, dinna gang faur, Macgregor," he said, "an' dinna get yer feet wat."

"Nae fears, gran'paw," returned the boy, who had announced his intention of proceeding a little farther along the shore.

"I'm rale vexed I canna come wi' ye, but I'm no as soople as I wis, an' the stanes is ower slippy fur me. If I wis fa'in' I wud be dune fur. But I'm no wantin' to keep ye frae enj'yn' yersel', so aff ye gang, 'ma mannie; but dinna gang faur, an' dinna bide ower lang. Dinna gang whaur I canna see ye."

"I'll no gang faur," said Macgregor, agreeably; "an' ye needna be feart," he added, somewhat patronizingly. "I'm gey soople."

He walked off, and half a minute later sat down abruptly with a squelching sound on a weed-covered boulder.

"Guidsake, laddie! are ye hurt?" exclaimed Mr. Purdie, rising in alarm.

"Naw!" came the ungracious reply, as the youngster rose, undamaged save in dignity.

"I'm gled ye're no hurt, Macgregor," said the old man, much relieved. Then, anxiously, "Hae ye gotten yer breeks wat?"

"Naw. I'm fine. I'll no gang faur." And Macgregor went off, leaving the old man saying to himself, "I wisht I wis shair he hasna got hissel' wat."

The boy had not gone very far when, in a rocky cove, he came upon a little girl of about his own age searching among the pebbles and small boulders, and emitting frequent half-stifled sobs.

He stood and stared awhile, then went forward. "Whit wey are ye greetin'?" he demanded.

The little girl went on searching, but made no response.

"Gaun! Tell us!" said Macgregor. "Whit are ye lukin' fur?" he inquired, with more curiosity and less authority in his voice.

"I—I've lost ma penny," said she, gulping and weeping afresh.

"Hoo cam' ye to loss yer penny?"

"I wis flingin' it up an'—an' kep'pin' it."

"That wis a daftlike thing to dae wi' a penny."

"It wisna!" cried the little girl, indignantly.

"It wis! But a' lassies is daft," retorted Macgregor, with the air of an experienced man. "Whaur did ye loss it?" he asked, without giving her time to reply to his rude assertion.

"It wis jist aboot here, I think," she replied, pointing rather vaguely. "But I'm no daft."

He ignored the latter statement. "I'll help ye to luk fur yer penny," he said, after a glance round to make sure that no boys were about.

She gave him a quick, searching look, as if to fathom his purpose, and his expression seemed to satisfy her. She was a white-faced, poorly dressed little creature, and though she and the boy might have lived in the same street in town, her appearance lacked what was patent in his—the touches of a careful mother.

"Whit's yer name?" inquired Macgregor, abruptly, as he poked and peered among the stones at his feet.

"Mery Cameron," she told him, and asked shyly, "Whit's yours?"

"Macgregor Robison. I dinna think Mery's a vera nice name."

Her tears, which had ceased, threatened to start again, and she gave a sniff.

"If ye greet, I'll no help ye to luk fur yer penny. But I think Mery's faur nicer nor Bella."

The concession was better than nothing, and Mary took heart and wrought eagerly among the stones.

"Dae ye bide at Rothesay?" the boy asked presently.

"Na. I bide in Glesca."

"I bide in Glesca tae, but I'm bidin' at Rothesay the noo. I'm bidin' fur mair nor a week."

"I cam' to Rothesay this mornin', an' I'm gaun hame the nicht."

"I wudna like to be gaun hame the nicht," remarked the boy. "D'ye no wish ye wis stoppin' as lang as me?"

"Ay," she said, longingly. "But fayther canna stope."

"Whaur's yer paw the noo?"

"He gaed awa an' said he wud be back in a wee while. He gied me a penny, an'—an' I've lost it."

"Aw, ye'll maybe fin' it yet," said Macgregor, encouragingly. "Whaur's yer maw?"

"Ma mither's deid," she replied.

"I wudna like if mines wis deid. . . . I—I'm vexed fur ye. . . . Dae ye like wulks?" he asked, holding up a small specimen, perhaps with the idea of distracting her thoughts from sadness.

She shook her head, and gave her eyes a hurried wipe.

"I didna mean to vex ye," he said, uncomfortably, dropping the whelk, and once more setting himself to search for the missing penny.

Mary kept silence, but she glanced at him as she stooped, and her expression was tender.

But it's tiresome work searching for a penny which isn't one's own, and Macgregor at last grew impatient.

"Are ye shair ye drappit it here?" he asked, standing up and stretching himself.

"Ay; I'm shair. . . . I wisht I had it."

"Wull yer paw no gie ye anither penny?"

Mary did not reply, but she looked doubtful.

"Whit wis ye fur buyin' wi' the penny?" was the next query.

"I dinna ken. I didna hae the penny lang enough to—to think whit I wud buy."

"Sweeties?"

"Maybe. I dinna ken."

"If ye had the penny, I cud tell ye whaur to buy sweeties in Rothesay. I ken a shope whaur ye get an awfu' big poke fur a penny! Dae ye like taiblet?"

"Ay."

"Weel, ye dinna get as muckle taiblet fur a penny, but ye get a big poke o' mixed ba's or broken mixtur's. Dae ye like mixed ba's an' broken mixtur's?"

"Ay, fine!"

"It's a peety ye lost yer penny."

"Maybe I'll fin' it yet," said Mary, searching more feverishly than ever.

"I dinna think ye'll fin' it noo," said Macgregor, without any intention of being unkind.

"If I fin' ma penny I'll buy sweeties, an' I'll gie ye hauf," said the girl.

"Wull ye?"

"As shair's I'm here!" cried Mary, solemnly.

Whereupon Macgregor renewed his efforts, but without success.

"I'm gaun awa noo," he said, at the end of five minutes.

"Are ye?"

"Ay! I'm thinkin' yer penny's no here ava. . . . Ma gran'paw 'll be wantin' me. He's got plenty siller."

Mary said nothing, and continued grubbing away desperately.

Macgregor watched her in silence for another minute, and then strolled back to Mr. Purdie.

"Whit lassie wis that ye wis speakin' to?" inquired the old man, as his grandson drew near.

"Mery Cameron. That's whit she said her name wis."

"Is she getherin' wulks?"

"Naw. She's lukin' fur a penny."

"A penny?"

"Ay. She tell't me she lost her penny, but it's no there."

"Puir lassie!" murmured Mr. Purdie, putting on his spectacles and gazing at the little bent figure. "Wis ye helpin' her to luk fur her penny?"

"Ay, gran'paw."

"That wis a guid laddie. Whaur dis the lassie come frae?"

Macgregor supplied the details, concluding with—"It wis a daftlike thing to be playin' at keppers wi' a penny on the shore."

Mr. Purdie at first made no remark, but after he had taken off his spectacles and returned them, in their case, to his pocket, he said, quietly:

"If I wis giein' ye a penny the noo, Macgregor, whit wud ye dae wi' 't?"

"I wud spend it."

"Ay; but hoo wud ye spend it?" asked Mr. Purdie, anxiously.

"I wud buy mixed ba's an' broken mixtur's. They're awfu' guid at Rothesay, an' I ken whaur ye get awfu' big pokes."

Mr. Purdie was suddenly depressed. He had hoped for better things from his grandson. "But ye dinna need to buy sweeties, Macgregor," he said, gently, "when yer bidin' wi' yer granny an' me. I'm thinkin' thon lassie thonder disna get mony sweeties."

"She sudna hae lost her penny."

"Aw, puir lassie!" said Mr. Purdie. "If I wis giein' ye a penny the noo, wud ye no like to gie it to her to mak' up fur the yin she lost? Eh, ma mannie?"

"Naw; I wudna," promptly replied Macgregor.

The old man sighed. "I'm thinkin' it wud be a rale kind thing if ye gied her the penny. An' I'm shair she wud think ye wis a rale kind laddie." He paused, watching the boy's face.

"I'll gie her the penny if ye like, gran'paw," said the youngster at last.

"Ah, but wud ye no like giein' it frae yersel'?"

"Och, ay; I wud like it fine," Macgregor replied, carelessly. "But—"

"That's a guid laddie!" exclaimed Mr. Purdie, beaming with satisfaction, and producing the coin. "Awa an' tell her ye're vexed fur her, an' gie her the penny."

Obedient for once in a while, Macgregor went off immediately.

"Hae ye no got yer penny yet?" he inquired as he approached Mary.

"Na," she replied, despondently.

"Here anither yin fur ye," he said, presenting her with the copper.

"Oh my!" she cried, hesitating. Then she accepted the gift, saying, "Ye're that kind; ye're jist awfu' kind!"

Macgregor, without further remark, went back to his grandfather.

"Did ye gie her the penny?" the latter inquired.

"Ay."

Mr. Purdie patted the youngster's shoulder. "Ye'll be feelin' gey prood," he said, delightedly.

"Ay," said Macgregor, doubtfully.

"Whit did the lassie say, Macgregor?"

"I dinna mind. Is 't near time fur wur tea, gran'paw?"

Mr. Purdie consulted his fat silver watch. "'Deed, so it is! It's time we wis home. Gie's yer haun', ma mannie."

They started homewards, but they had not proceeded far when Mary overtook them, panting. "Here yer penny! I fun' ma ain," she gasped.

Macgregor held out his hand, but his grandfather gently pushed away Mary's fingers. "Ah, ma dearie, ye're a guid lassie, so ye are! Keep the penny, and buy somethin' to taste yer gab wi' 't."

Mary looked from grandfather to grandson.

"Macgregor wudna tak' back the penny," said Mr. Purdie. "Wud ye, Macgregor?"

"N-naw," said Macgregor, a trifle sulkily.

"Ma fayther's waitin' fur me. Thank ye kindly," said Mary, looking at the boy.

"Weel, weel, ye maun gang to yer fayther, ma lassie," said Mr. Purdie, genially. "Dinna loss yer penny again." And with a chuckle, he nodded to her and went with Macgregor, who was pulling impatiently at his hand.

They walked perhaps a hundred yards in silence, and then the old man said, quietly, "Ye're no sorry ye gied yer penny to the puir lassie, are ye, Macgregor?"

Macgregor kicked at the turf bordering the road, and made no reply.

"I doot thon lassie disna get mony pennies to hersel'. . . Ye're no sorry, are ye, ma mannie?"

"Naw," said Macgregor, bravely. After all, to give grudgingly and feel ashamed is better than to give freely and feel virtuous.

After tea they went down to the pier to see the last boat leaving for Glasgow—a spectacle which Macgregor insisted on witnessing every fine evening.

The bell had been rung, and the steam was roaring from the escape-pipe, while the tail of the crowd of passengers wagged from the gangway.

"Gran'paw, whit wey—"

Macgregor's question was interrupted by a small husky voice that said, "Hae!" and a small hand that crushed a small paper parcel into his own.

"Come on, Mery!" cried a weakly-looking man from the tail of the crowd; "come on, or ye'll loss the boat."

Mary smiled wistfully at Macgregor, and ran after her father.

Old Mr. Purdie's eyes had tears in them as he turned to his grandson after they had waved to the little girl in the steerage of the departing steamer.

"Ye see, ma mannie, hoo yin guid turn deserves anither. . . . Puir wee lassie! An' she gied ye her sweeties! Eh! but it wis rale nice o' the lassie!"

Macgregor had opened the "poke" and

was regarding the sweets with a critical air.

"Aw, Macgregor, aye be kind to folk that's no as weel aff as yersel'," continued Mr. Purdie. "An'—an' here a penny fur ye, ma laddie.—Na! here a thrup'ny-bit."

"Thank ye, gran'paw."

"An' it wis unco kind o' the lassie to gie ye her sweeties, wis 't no, Macgregor?"

"They're no vera nice yins," remarked Macgregor, putting one in his mouth, and eying the rest with disfavor.

At a Tomb in Abydos

BY AUGUSTUS WIGHT BOMBERGER

HOW little hath life changed, O ancient King!
 This fan so delicate and bracelet rare,
 These dainty, jewelled trinkets for the hair,
 Were thine own gifts, I know, and thine this ring.
 And Bener-Ab, thy daughter, "Sweet of Heart,"
 Who wore them once, was precious of a truth
 And dear to thee in all her winsome youth,
 Unspotted from the world, unspoiled of art:
 So dear that thou at times didst reckon less
 Thy royal sceptre than her soft caress;
 Yet for that cause wert all the more a king,
 Five thousand years ago when thou didst reign
 In great Abydos—city of the plain.
 And now—ah me, how close these symbols bring
 Thy soul to mine across the vast of years—
 These toys her marble sepulchre doth keep
 To tell of thy devotion, though she sleep,
 And quicken even me to just such tears
 Of voiceless sorrow thou thyself didst shed
 That distant day thou laid'st her with the dead:
 Until, a brother, at thy side I stand,
 Who find the centuries naught and love the same
 And mourn with thee thy child of gentle name,
 And, mourning, feel the pressure of thy hand!

Editor's Easy Chair.

A NUMBER of people were sitting round the fire in the library of a country house. The room was large, and full of a soft, flattering light. The fire was freshly kindled, and flashed and crackled with a young vivacity, letting its rays frolic over the serried bindings on the shelves, the glazed pictures on the walls, the cups of after-luncheon coffee in the hands of the people, and the tall jugs and pots in the tray left standing on the library table. It was summer, but a cold rain was falling forbiddingly without. No one else could come, and no one could wish to go. The conditions all favored a just self-esteem, and a sense of providential preference in the accidental assemblage of those people at that time and place.

I

The talk was rather naturally, though not necessarily, of books, and one of the people was noting that children seemed to like short stories because their minds had not the strength to keep the facts of a whole book. The effort tired them, and they gave it up, not because a book did not interest them, but because it exhausted their little powers. They were good for a leap, or a dash, or a short flight in literature, even very high literature, but they had not really the force for anything covering greater time and space.

Another declared this very suggestive, and declared it in such a way that the whole company perceived he had something behind his words, and besought him to say what he meant. He did so, as well as he could, after protesting that it was not very novel, or if so, perhaps not very important, and if it was important, perhaps it was not true. They said they would take the chances; and then he said that it was merely a notion which had occurred to him at the moment concerning the new reading of the new reading public, whether it might not be all juvenile literature, adapted in mature terms to people of physical adolescence but of undeveloped thinking and feeling: not really feeble-minded youth,

but æsthetically and intellectually children, who might presently grow into the power of enjoying and digesting food for men. By and by they might gather fortitude for pleasure in real literature, in fiction which should not be a travesty of the old fairy-tales, or stories of adventures among giants and robbers and pirates, or fables with human beings speaking from the motives and passions of animals. He mentioned fiction, he said, because the new reading of the new reading public seemed to be nearly altogether fiction.

All this had so much the effect of philosophical analysis, that those comfortable people were lulled into self-approving assent; and putting themselves altogether apart from the new reading public, they begged him to say what he meant. He answered that there was nothing more phenomenal in the modern American life; and he paid a pretty tribute to their ignorance in owning that he was not surprised they knew nothing of that public. He promised that he would try to define it, and he began by remarking that it seemed to be largely composed of the kind of persons who at the theatre audibly interpret the action to one another. The present company must have heard them?

His listeners again assented. Was the new reading public drawn from the theatre-going, or more definitely speaking, the *matinée* class?

There was something odd, there, the philosopher returned. The *matinée* class was as large as ever: larger; while the new reading public, perfectly interchangeable with it in its intellectual pleasures and experiences, had suddenly outnumbered it a thousandfold. The popular novel and the popular play were so entirely of one fibre and texture, and so easily convertible, that a new novel was scarcely in every one's bread-trough before it was on the boards of all the theatres. This led some to believe that we were experiencing a revival of the drama, and that if we kept on having authors who sold half a million copies we could not help having a Shakespeare by and by: he must follow.

One of those listening asked, But how had these people begun so instantaneously to form themselves into this new innumerable reading public? If they were of that quality of mind which requires the translation of an unmistakable meaning from the players to the playgoers, they must find themselves helpless when grappling in solitude with the sense of a book. Why did not they go increasingly to the theatre instead of turning so overwhelmingly to the printed word?

The philosopher replied that they had not now begun to do this, but only seemed to have begun, since there really was no beginning in anything. The readers had always been in the immense majority, because they could read anywhere, and they could see plays only in the cities and towns. If the theatre were universal, undoubtedly they would prefer plays, because a play makes far less draft upon the mental capacities or energies than the silliest book; and what seemed their effort to interpret it to one another might very well be the exchange of their delight in it. The books they preferred were of the nature of poor plays, full of "easy things to understand," cheap, common incidents, obvious motives, and vulgar passions, such as had been used a thousand times over in literature. They were fitted for the new reading public for this reason; the constant repetition of the same characters, events, scenes, plots, gave their infantile minds the pleasure which children find in having a story told over and over in exactly the same terms. The new reading public would rebel against any variance, just as children do.

The most of the company silently acquiesced, or at least were silent, but one of them made the speaker observe that he had not told them what this innumerable unreasoning multitude had read before the present plague of handsome, empty, foolish duodecimos had infested everybody's bread-trough.

The philosopher said the actual interior form of non-literary literature was an effect of the thin spread of our literary culture, and outwardly was the effect of the thick spread of our material prosperity. The dollar-and-a-half novel of to-day was the dime novel of yesterday in an avatar which left its essence unchanged.

It was even worse, for it was less sincerely and forcibly written, and it could not be so quickly worn out and thrown away. Its beauty of paper, print, and binding gave it a claim to regard which could not be ignored, and established for it a sort of right to lie upon the table, and then stand upon the shelf, where it seemed to relate itself to genuine literature, and to be of the same race and lineage. As for this vast new reading public, it was the vast old reading public with more means in its pocket of satisfying its crude, childish taste. Its head was the same empty head.

II

There was a sort of dreadful finality in this, and for a while no one spoke. Then some one tried in vain to turn the subject, while the philosopher smiled upon the desolation he had made; and then one of that sex which when satisfied of the truth likes to have its "sense of satisfaction ache" through the increase of conviction, asked him why the English reading public, which must be so much more cultivated than our new reading public, seemed to like the same sort of puerile effects in works of imagination, the stirring incidents, the well-worn plots, the primitive passions, and the robust incentives. He owned the fact, but he contended that the fact, though interesting, was not so mysterious as it appeared at first sight. It could be explained that the English had never taken the imagination very seriously, and that in their dense, close civilization, packed tight with social, political, and material interests, they asked of the imagination chiefly excitement and amusement. They had not turned to it for edification or instruction, for that thrill of solemn joy which comes of vital truth profoundly seen and clearly shown. For this reason when all Europe besides turned her face to the light, some decades ago, in the pages of the great prose poets who made the age illustrious, England preferred the smoky links and dancing damp-fires which had pleased her immature fancy, and kept herself well in the twilight of the old ideal of imagination as the mother of unrealities. There could be no doubt, the philosopher thought, that the recrudescence which her

best wits recognized as the effect of this perversity, was the origin of the preposterous fiction which we now feed to the new reading public, and which we think must somehow be right because it was hers and is ours, and has the sanction of race and tradition.

It was not, he continued, a thing to shed the tear of unavailing regret for, though it was not a transitory phase, or a state of transition, for the condition that now existed had always existed. The new reading public was larger than ever before not merely because there was a fresh demand for reading, but because more people were lettered and moneyed and leisured, and did not know what otherwise to do with themselves. It was quite simple, and the fact was less to be regretted in itself, than for an indirect result which might be feared from it. He paused at this, in order to be asked what this result was, and being promptly asked, he went on.

It was, he said, the degradation of authorship as a calling, in the popular regard. He owned that in the past authorship had enjoyed too much honor in the reverence and affection of the world: not always, indeed, but at certain times. As long as authors were the clients and dependents of the great, they could not have been the objects of a general interest or honor. They had then passed the stage when the simple poet or story-teller was wont to

—sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings,

to wondering and admiring circles of simple listeners, and they had not yet come to that hour of authorship when it reverted to the peasantry, now turned people, and threw itself upon the people's generous acceptance and recognition for bread and fame. But when that hour came, it brought with it the honor of a reverent and persistent curiosity concerning literature and the literary life, which the philosopher said he was afraid could not survive the actual superabundance of authors and the transformation of the novelist into the artisan. There seemed, he pursued, a fixed formula for the manufacture of a work of fiction, to be studied and practised like any other. Literature was degraded

from an art to a poor sort of science, in the practical application of which thousands were seen prospering; for the immense output of our press represented the industry of hundreds and thousands. A book was concocted, according to a patent recipe, advertised, and sold like any other nostrum, and perhaps the time was already here when it was no longer more creditable to be known as the author of a popular novel than as the author of a popular medicine, a Pain-killer, a Soothing Syrup, a Vegetable Compound, a Horse Liniment, or a Germicide. Was it possible, he asked, for a reader of the last book selling a hundred thousand copies to stand in the loving or thrilling awe of the author that we used to feel for Longfellow and Tennyson, for Emerson and Carlyle, for Hawthorne and George Eliot, for Irving and Scott, or for any of their great elders or youngers? He repeated that perhaps authorship had worked its worshippers too hard, but there was no doubt that their worship was a genuine devotion. For at least a hundred and fifty years it had been eagerly offered in a full acceptance of the Schiller superstition that at the sharing of the earth the poet, representing authorship, had been so much preoccupied with higher things that he had left the flesh-pots and the loaves and fishes to others, and was to be compensated with a share of the divine honors paid to Jove himself. From Goethe to Carlyle, what a long roll of gods, demigods, and demisemigods it was! It might have been bad for the deities, and the philosopher rather thought it was, but burning incense on the different shrines was an excellent thing for the votaries, and kept them out of all sorts of mischief, low pleasures, and vain amusements. Whether that was really so or not, the doubt remained whether authorship was not now a creed outworn. Did tender maids and virtuous matrons still cherish the hope of some day meeting their literary idols in the flesh? Did generous youth aspire to see them merely at a distance, and did doting sires teach their children that it was an epoch-making event when a great poet or novelist visited the country; or when they passed afar, did they whip some favored boy, as the father of Benvenuto

Cellini whipped him at sight of a salamander in the fire that he might forget the prodigy? Now that the earth had been divided over again, and the poet in his actual guise of novelist had richly shared in its goods with the farmer, the noble, the merchant, and the abbot, was it necessary or even fair that he should be the guest of heaven? In other words, now that every successful author could keep his automobile, did any one want his autograph?

III

In the silence that fell upon the company at these words, the ticking of the clock under its classic pediment on the mantel was painfully audible, and had the effect of intimating that time now had its innings and eternity was altogether out of it. Several minutes seemed to pass before any one had the courage to ask whether the degradation of authorship was not partially the result of the stand taken by the naturalists in Zola, who scorned the name of art for his calling, and aspired to that of science. The hardy adventurer who suggested this possibility said that it was difficult to imagine the soul stirred to the same high passion by the botanist, the astronomer, the geologist, the electrician, or even the entomologist as in former times by the poet, the humorist, the novelist, or the playwright. If the fictionist of whatever sort had succeeded in identifying himself with the scientist, he must leave the enjoyment of divine honors to the pianist, the farce-comedian, the portrait-painter, the emotional actor and the architect, who still deigned to practise an art.

The philosopher smiled, and owned that this was very interesting, and opened up a fresh field of inquiry. The first question there was whether the imaginative author were not rather to blame for not having gone far enough in the scientific direction in the right scientific fashion, than for having taken that course at all. The famous reproach of poetry made by Huxley, that it was mostly "sensual caterwauling," might well have given the singer pause in striking the sympathetic catgut of his lyre: perhaps the strings were metallic; but no matter. The reproach had a justice in it that

must have stung, and made the lyrist wish to be an atomic theorist at any cost. In fact, at that very moment science had, as it were, caught the bread out of fiction's mouth, and usurped the highest functions of imagination. Any one, the philosopher said, who had read Mr. Carl Snyder's essays on *New Conceptions in Science*, must have been struck by the fulness with which science had adapted the old poetic function of make-believe to the sublime ends of its pursuit. In almost every direction of its recent advance it had made believe that such and such a thing was so, and then proceeded to prove it. To this method we owed not only the possession of our present happy abundance of microbes in every sort, but our knowledge of the universe in almost every respect. Science no longer waited for the apple to fall before inferring a law of gravitation, but went about with a stick knocking fruit off every bough in the hope that something suggestive would come of it. On make-believes of all kinds it based the edifices of all kinds of eternal veracities. It behooved poetry, or fiction, which was radically the same, to return to its earliest and simplest devices if it would find itself in the embrace of science, and practise the make-beliefs of its infancy. Out of so many there were chances of some coming true if they were carried far enough and long enough. In fact, the hypothetical method of science had apparently been used in the art of advertising the works in which the appetite of the new reading public was flattered. The publishers had hypothesized from the fact of a population of seventy millions, the existence of an immense body of raw, coarse minds, untouched by taste or intelligence, and boldly addressed the new fiction to it. As in many suppositions of science their guess proved true.

Then why, the hardy listener who had spoken before inquired, was not make-believe the right method for the author, if it was the right method for the scientist and the publisher? Why should not the novelist hypothesize cases hitherto unknown to experience, and then go on by persistent study to find them true? It seemed to this inquirer that the mistake of fiction, when it refused longer to be called an art, and wished to be

known as a science, was in taking up the obsolescent scientific methods, and in accumulating facts, or human documents, and deducing a case from them, instead of boldly supposing a case, as the new science did, and then looking about for occurrences to verify it.

The philosopher said, Exactly; this was the very thing he was contending for. The documents should be collected in support of the hypothesis; the hypothesis should not be based on documents already collected. First the inference, then the fact; was not that the new scientific way? It looked like it; and it seemed as if the favorite literature of the new reading public were quite in the spirit of the new science. Its bold events, its prodigious characters, its incredible motives, were not they quite of the nature of the fearless conjecture which imagined long and short electric waves, and then spread a mesh of wire to intercept them and seize their message?

The hardy inquirer demanded: Then if so, why despise the literature of the new reading public? Why despise the new reading public, anyway?

IV

The philosopher responded that he despised nothing, not even a thing so unphilosophical as modern science. He merely wished his interpellant to observe again that the unification of the literary spirit and the scientific spirit was degrading the literary man to the level of the scientific man. He thought this was bad for the small remnant of mankind, who in default of their former idolatry might take to the worship of themselves. Now, however bad a writer might be, it was always well for the reader to believe him better than himself. If we had not been brought up in this superstition, what would have become of the classics of all tongues? But for this, what was

to prevent the present company from making a clearance of three-fourths of the surrounding shelves, and feeding that dying flame on the hearth?

At this, the host, who had been keeping himself in a modest abeyance, came forward and put some sticks on the fire. He said he would like to see any one touch his bindings; which seemed to be his notion of books. Nobody minded him; but one of those dutyolators who abound in a certain sex asked the philosopher what he thought we ought to do for the maintenance of author-worship among us.

He answered, he had not thought of that; his mind had been fixed upon the fact of its decay. But perhaps something could be done by looking up the author whose book had sold least during the season, and asking him, candidly, whether he would not like to be paid the divine honors now going begging from one big seller to another; for the decay of author-worship must be as much from the indifference of the authors as from the irreverence of the readers. If such a low-selling author did not seem to regard it as rather invidious, then pay him the divine honors, it might be a wholesome and stimulating example; but perhaps we should afterwards have the demigod on our hands. Something might be safer done by writing, as with the present company, and inquiring into "the present condition of polite learning." This would keep the sacred flame alive, and give us the comfort of refined association in an exquisite moment of joy from the sense of our superiority to other people. That, after all, was the great thing.

The company drew a little closer round the fire. The rain beat upon the panes, and the wind swept the wet leaves against them, while each exhaled a sigh of aspiration not unmixed with a soft regret.



Editor's Study.

FOR all our judgments there is a high court whose sessions are inviolate, and whose decisions, if not absolutely unquestioned, command universal respect. Thus Philosophy is the high court of all the sciences; and from all ratiocination we appeal to Reason itself. In reading Maeterlinck's discourses concerning justice we feel that there are principles transcending those which are determinative in the highest court of law.

I

Not only in this matter of justice, but in all matters of supreme intellectual interest where the speculation is concerned with our emotional nature, the modern novel is, more than any other form of literature, fitted to exercise the functions of a high court of judgment, having the advantage over the purely philosophical essay that it can present living instances—an embodied issue,—and over the acted drama, whether tragedy or comedy, that its scope is not limited to interpretations which can be instantly apprehended by an audience made up of all classes with varying grades of intelligence. The Chorus in the Greek tragedy could only reflect the sentiments supposed to be already entertained by an audience of many thousands—merely elemental judgments, therefore; and the modern drama, more complex and flexible, while it has larger possibilities of expression on its own part and of appreciation on the part of its audience, is so limited by the stressful demand for spectacle and action that only in these and in the intimations of finely portrayed character is there any opportunity—save in swift turns of speech—for the profound interpretation of even so much of human life as is put in representation. Only in the modern novel is the select chamber of the high court fully opened for the free discourse of judgment alongside the dramatic current of a living movement.

This advantage of the novel is evident whenever, as so frequently happens nowadays, the story is adapted to stage representation. Some stories—like Tark-

ington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*—require very slight change in this adaptation; but those which occupy the distinctive field of the novel, availing of all its rich and varied resources for the intellectual satisfaction of the reader, suffer grievously in the transformation. The widely popular novel must yield to its readers a satisfaction beyond its successful appeal to the thinker and literary critic; it must have dramatic stress and movement such as will tempt the playwright, who promptly takes it in hand, seizes upon the striking features suited to his purpose, re-enforcing them and adding others—introducing wholly new situations and sometimes new characters—and omits everything which has especially won the appreciation of the thoughtful novel-reader. Moreover, the distinctive quality of the author's style must be sacrificed. In rare instances the novelist may be permitted to make the felonious assault upon his own work; otherwise his only compensation is a share of the profits, and the compliment bestowed upon him in the fact that he has been selected as the victim of mutilation and misrepresentation. The limitations of the drama are thus forcibly indicated as well as the infinite possibilities of the novel.

The progress of intellectual development during the last three centuries is shown in the expansion of our English vocabulary. Estimating the number of words used by Shakespeare as fifteen thousand, three times that number are at the command of the well-read person of to-day. The writer's available vocabulary is much larger, and while there are natural limitations to its full use by the playwright, the poet, the historian, or even the essayist, the novelist has the freedom of the whole realm.

The progress indicated in the widened range of the language as a means of expression has not been merely one of thought, but one of sensibility as well, emotional, intellectual, and spiritual; its history is the record of mighty revolutions and emancipations, lifting aspirations from deeper fountains to loftier planes, and liberating the affections, giv-

ing them more flexible course and wholly new channels, while at the same time boundlessly extending the range of interpretation and of philosophic and æsthetic appreciation. In this highly cultivated garden of human sensibility the novel was born, and in its development has proved to be the only form of literary art adequate to the expression of the new spirit and the new view of our modern life.

Under the general designation of fiction are included novels of every description—those which simply amuse, but whose entertainment fails to satisfy any high order of intelligence, as well as those which have genuine humor of character and situation, mingled perhaps with pathos equally natural; a legion of those which appeal to religious or moral sensibility with varying degrees of intellectual power and dramatic interest; thrilling romances, tragedies, and stories of adventure, ranging from the vapid or merely virile to those whose masterly art has made them classics; the historical novel in all its varieties; the "problem" novel, social, domestic, and industrial; the so-called realistic novel, the entertaining "society" novel, and novels which are but a step removed from the tragic or comic drama, some of which are among the brightest gems of our literature. Among even the masters in these various styles of fiction many have given a great degree of satisfaction to cultivated readers who have not been great thinkers, and who in the creative interpretation of life have not brought us into the high court of judgment. Comparatively few among cultivated readers would in that court be found to have on the proper judicial garment. The necessary equipment of ripe culture, wide experience, and profound reflection has belonged to few writers in conjunction with a great creative imagination. Not all novelists disclose the highest possibilities of the novel; many, indeed, have fallen far short of this who have given pleasure to thousands of readers and whose literary charm has been compelling; many have deservedly won a lasting place in literature whose portrayal of human life has been through simple and faithful pictures, illuminated by neither

great poetic or deep philosophic intuition, not the reflections in the magic mirror of an imagination like that of George Eliot. As there have been few poets like Wordsworth, so there are few novelists of great imaginative power and whose interpretation of life has been creative.

II

Is not this high creative interpretation possible without the speculative comment? Yes, if the creator is mainly picturesque, as Dante was in his *Divine Comedy*, though even he abounded in comment, the result of deep introspection. In Shakespeare the speculation seems spontaneous—a lambent flame following in the wake of creative fire. So with Goethe. We can conceive of a great dramatic novel in which a profound philosophy is conveyed wholly through implications lodged in the action and situations. The writer would, however, forfeit the advantage which the drama has through the intimations visibly expressed by the several characters in the play; and he would deny himself the distinctive privilege of the novel—the explicit view. The comment is so important a function that its exercise is rather a duty than an indulgence, and is no small part of the worthy reader's satisfaction. The writer who has not only a wide knowledge of the world of man and nature, but also the wonderful gift of imaginative co-ordination, so that this world is illuminated for him by a light flashing through all things as from the completed circuit of their pulsing currents, has the divination of the seer, and he may not be silent. His is that human intuition at the far extreme from merely natural instinct—the whole world of individual experience and enlightenment lying between. The infinite storage and tension, divinely re-enforced by all the forces of the universe, have lifted him to a point where precipitation is inevitable, and whether he be a novelist, poet, or philosopher, the expenditure will be poetic, creative. As a novelist, touching so nearly the mysterious springs of human action and passion, the intimate and explicit interpretation is not so much a greater temptation as it is a more pressing necessity. The poet, the painter, and the sculptor may depend solely upon

the implication, but the novelist must give his intuitions an explicit expression. His comment becomes thus an exquisite and imperishable delight.

But unhappily the deeper the philosophic insight of the novelist, the more limited in numbers must be his audience. If we take the Platonic symposia as the loftiest examples of philosophic discourse, the nearest approach to these in modern literature, indeed the only things comparable with them, are William Henry Smith's novels *Thorndale* and *Gravenhurst*, produced fifty years ago, and, save for the selectest recognition, soon buried in oblivion. A like fate awaits every novelist whose claim upon the reader's interest rests mainly upon his speculation.

It is the fate of the critic, the essayist, the philosopher, and the poet, as well as of the novelist, that he may rise out of sight. The first and indispensable postulate of a writer's prosperity is an audience; and if he be fortunate enough to have this in his own generation, or even for a decade, he is not sure of it in the next. We never in this country had a better literary critic than Edwin P. Whipple, but who reads him to-day? Apart from the scholastic routine in the special study of literature, how many of the best English writers of the past have any considerable audience? As is shown in the case of Sir Walter Scott, the novelist has the best chance. It is not merely the interest of the story that insures perpetuity. The captivating novel of to-day is wholly cast aside for the equally captivating one of to-morrow. Yet no novelist, whatever his literary charm or his philosophic insight, survives the common fate save through the impressive story. The upper chamber of the imaginative structure, though it may enshrine the Delphic priestess herself, can have no stability if the lower story is not founded upon the elemental rock-bed of our human nature.

III

This consideration leads us to George Meredith, whose admiring readers, of whom there is a respectable number, which at least in the near future is bound to increase rather than diminish, have had him in their thoughts all along—ever since we touched upon the special aptitude of the modern novel as a high

court of judgment concerning the issues of human life. Surely there is not among living novelists a so eminent occupant of that bench. The high court of criticism would award him that eminence. It seems indeed like the utterance of such a court when Mrs. Humphry Ward speaks of him as "easily the master of us all." It is as if a poet, himself most widely recognized as foremost in his art, should accord the supremacy to another not thus recognized in the average critical judgment. This praise is not meant as a consolation to one whose work has never had the full popular acclaim; it is prompted by a sense of justice.

Meredith from the first entered upon that domain of literature which we may style its aristocracy, and he took it and held it with lordly ease, never insolently, but sometimes with a carelessness of pose and expression characteristic of the lordly class. He was too indifferent to democratic criticism to make himself less difficult to the ordinary reader, depending for appreciation upon the finer sense of minds as aristocratic as his own, indulgent to his faults, and most abundantly rewarded for their tolerance. No writer ever had more adulant admirers, of a select class, with a certain following after these of the kind of readers who hear but do not understand, and whose zest in a literary fashion is in inverse ratio to their intelligent enthusiasm. Meredith clubs were as inevitable as those established for the occult worship of Browning. But it must be remembered that there never has been this associative adoration save at the shrine of manifest genius.

Meredith's literary dawn, though witnessed by a few, was conspicuously heralded by genuine sun-worshippers, themselves on heights which readily caught the first beams of this newly rising luminary. As in the case of Maurice Hewlett, his first publications were poems, generously applauded by his most distinguished contemporaries, Tennyson and Swinburne. The high court of criticism was with him from the first.

Evidently Mrs. Ward in her recognition of the mastery of Meredith was conferring the laurel wreath upon the novelist rather than upon the philosopher.

In truth he was not a philosopher in the sense that William Henry Smith was, either in breadth of view or in analytic subtlety; and in this latter respect Henry James is his superior. We associate him with Aristophanes rather than with Plato; indeed, in no modern writer—not even in Balzac, wide as was the range of his fiction—has the sense of the human comedy been so pervasively dominant and so explicitly expressed. He is not in the native sense a good story-teller; few novelists are, and those not the greatest in the art of fiction; but he is interesting, wholly apart from his wit, in his narrative and his description, however weak even to flatness in his dénouements. When we read that chapter of his *Diana of the Crossways* in which the Honorable Percy Dacier is introduced to the heroine, we are not surprised by Mrs. Ward's high praise; we feel that there is nothing better in modern fiction, and the reader has supreme satisfaction in the whole drama in which Diana and Dacier figure, up to that anticlimax of her betrayal of his state secret for money, when the whole structure goes to pieces and the heroine ceases to be interesting. Meredith's most cordial admirer must confess that he is very unequal, that sometimes there are tedious levels, that the machinery of the story at its critical points often shows the *deus ex machina* wrenching it arbitrarily and capriciously, and that the phrasing, generally more felicitous than that of any other writer of English, is sometimes so awkward as to occasion wonder how it escaped the blue pencil. He did revise his early novels, which are his best, after their first publication, but he left these tedious and awkward passages, at the same time omitting others which were of emotional value, spontaneous and virile.

Meredith's versatility, his quick wit, his easy trope, were associated with that personal detachment from his theme which is so essential in the treatment of human life as a comedy—a treatment which, though it does not lack depth, has so much of play in it that it is likely to bewilder the serious-minded reader who prefers straight paths and downright conclusions. What he calls "the bluff, English, antipoetic training" does not prepare readers for the appreciation of his

excellences. "English women and men," he says, "feel toward the quick-witted of their species as to aliens, having the demerits of aliens—wordiness, vanity, obscurity, shallowness, an empty glitter, the sin of posturing." The sentence in some respects seems almost apologetic.

Meredith is always the poet, with imaginative power of the highest order, and withal a most fertile fancy, bred in the heart as well as in the head. The scene in which Richard Feverel reads Clare's diary—the writer of it lying dead in the chamber above him—is exceedingly strong in imaginative effect. Her name, which had charmed him,—“it sounded faint and mellow now behind the hills of death.” A touch like this suggests an exquisite, almost unlimited poetic capacity. Indeed, this author often suggests possibilities beyond the reach of his actual accomplishment. He gives full play to his fertile fancy, and in doing this develops an exquisite humor, relieving those aphoristic passages—more abundant in his pages than in those of any other author—which very fully realize not only the possibilities of his intellect, but also those of the modern novel, as an important and, as we have said, the only adequate means for the intuitional interpretation of life. It is in these “golden sentences” that Meredith's special distinction rests.

IV

Miss Mary Johnston's new novel, "Sir Mortimer," the serial publication of which will begin in our November number, will furnish not only a fresh justification of the historical novel, but also an effective illustration of the supreme advantage of fiction in the imaginative interpretation of the past. The period which Miss Johnston has selected is that of English naval supremacy in the reign of Elizabeth. The readers of her former novels will have their natural expectations more than met in this new undertaking which has developed hitherto reserved powers of the author. The story, besides being an interesting romance, with fascinating circumstance of time and place, with strong dramatic movement and surprising literary charm, shows a deep psychological insight in the portrayal of its principal character.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Two-handed Game

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ONCE, while wading down a stream that flowed from a California mountain, I overtook a large, fat man. He wore white suspenders, a blue shirt, skin-tight gray trousers with gray stripes, and a wide expanse of jolly sunburnt face.

"How's luck?" said I.

"I think I have a little left," said he, and reached for his hip pocket.

Half an hour later we sat together on the top of a rounded knoll letting the cool valley breezes play on us. Above were mountains; ahead, sixty miles of valley planted like a park with live-oaks; to the right, the leafy cañon; to the left, the trout-stream; overhead, an infinitely blue sky. We each held a sandwich in one hand and a pipe in the other.

My companion proved to be a real-estate man. He spoke sadly of present stagnation, confidently of future progress, enthusiastically of boom-days when property sold higher per front foot in the weary desert than on State Street, Chicago. Thence came reminiscence, and finally the story of his life. This is what he told me of his first real-estate holdings:

"My father," he began, "was a solid old capitalist of a small New England village. He had two hobbies. The first was, profitable investment. The second, a theory that every man should make his own way in life. As he had six boys, that developed a case of six mighty sad souls turned out to earn a living.

"Boys," said he, 'I can remember the time I got up eighteen hours before daylight, and wash-

ed in slush ice, and carried the fire-wood nine miles to breakfast, and studied Horace by a single ray of light shining through a crack in the stove.'

"When father began to talk of what we called his 'barefoot days,' we boys used to duck. But at the time Jim—he was the oldest—got to be twenty-one, the old man had the laugh on his side.

"'Jim,' he says, 'you're a man now.



"HOW'S LUCK?" SAID I

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When I was your age I was keeping books fifteen hours a day on two dollars a week, and supporting my aged great-aunt. It's time you rustled. You can cut cord-wood down on the forty, or you can make your own way. Here's a hundred dollars. That's all you'll get until I die.'

"Jim looked mighty troubled, you bet, but it had to go. And the rest of us looked solemn too, in various degrees depending on how old we were.

"Well, when my time came, I took my hundred dollars and got married. The news of that seemed to tickle the old man—he had a sense of humor all right—and he called me in.

"'Charley,' says he, 'what you going to do now?'

"'I'm going West, father,' says I; 'I'm going out to Michigan and kill bears and grow up with the country.'

"'Good boy,' says he.

"Two or three days later he came down to see me. 'When you going to start, Charley?' he asked.

"'Next week,' says I.

"He kind of pulled his back hair in the way he had.

"'Charley,' says he at last, 'that's a brand-new country out there, and from what I hear I guess it's a good one. I got a lot of confidence in your judgment, my son, and while I don't intend that you shall be like these nickel-plated dudes that know where to get their cash without work, I want you to understand that the old man has a stray penny or so, and if you see anything real good, you let me know. Those new countries is the place to get in on the ground-floor.'

"Of course I promised all right, and the next week me and Mary we piked out. They didn't have any North Shore Limiteds in those days. Not much. A fellow got as far as Detroit by water, and then he just naturally swallowed sand over the worst roads the Lord ever permitted a wagon to pull through on.

"We got there somehow. Then I staked out a farm and put in the summer building a log house. Say, I was a jim-dandy farmer! I guess everything I planted grew down, if it grew at all: it certainly didn't grow up. I was done in every cow trade; and if I got a good horse, I bought a harness that galled him useless in no time. When it wasn't potato-bugs it was these infernal pigeons that ate everything in sight and kicked for more. The bear-killing was no dream either. In fact, if it hadn't been that I was a pretty good shot, I don't know what we'd have done. I humped myself round-shouldered all day, and Mary hustled all the time. No go. That hundred dollars just melted. Likewise all I could borrow. Likewise my credit gave out. Mary and I took three seconds off every week to go and look at Lake Michigan. It sort of cheered us up to see there was so much of anything, even if it was only water. We couldn't die of thirst, anyway.

"Well, we were in a pretty hard fix. Mary just worked herself to death. One night she fainted dead away. That scared me. And there was the old man with a good half-million.

"One night I sat down and wrote a letter to him. It ran something like this:

"'DEAR DAD.—You remember you told me to let you know if I struck anything good out here. Well, I think there's a future to this place.'

(Then I gave him a lot of natural-resources talk—you know the kind.)

"'I've got a chance to buy a good corner lot cheap—\$250. If you think well of it, send the cash.

Your dutiful son,
CHARLEY.'

"It was pretty slim, I know, but I had to do something. I didn't much think it would go down, and I nearly fell off the place when he sent on the money. I told Mary about it late one afternoon when we were looking at Lake Michigan as per usual.

"'And what gets me,' I finishes, 'is that he wants the "descriptions"—just by way of memorandum, he says. I'm to keep the deeds.'

"Of course she kicks at first, like all women, but it was too late then. So after a little she turns in to help me.

"'What's this we're on?' she asks.

"'Where? Here on the beach?' I asks.

"'Yes,' says she.

"'8,17,' says I.

"'And what is that out there?' she asks again, pointing due west.

"'Where?' I inquires. You see, I don't tumble to her game yet.

"'Right there; where I'm pointing; about a mile out.'

"'In the lake?' I yells.

"'Of course,' says she; 'we'll sell him that.'

"You bet I lay down and howled with joy at the idea of selling the old man a lot a mile out in Lake Michigan, but she hauled me back mighty sober-minded, and did me the great moral-lecture act, and made me promise we would never do such a thing again. Mary was a mighty good woman.

"My son, that two hundred and fifty lasted just about as long as a bunch of fire-crackers on Chinese New-Year's. And then, too, we had the kid, and I was a loo-loo bird of a farmer. I sold the old man another lot. Just to make it artistic I sold him one next door to the other. Told him it would come in better in case he wanted it for a factory site. I got a mighty good letter from him—enclosing draft. He said he'd been looking up that Michigan country, and it was going to be a good thing; he always had thought I had the best business head of all the boys, and to keep my eyes open for more good chances. It made me feel a little mean at first, but then I looked around at that dark little log cabin and its bum furnishings and got over it. Mary was



Wm. L. Fry

"I LAY DOWN AND HOWLED WITH JOY"

onto me, of course, but she didn't kick so awful much. I guess she was thinking of what that baby needed.

"I lived in that country for five years. She's all right now—finest fruit farms in the world,—but then she was a terror. You know the old rhyme:

"In Michigan are many lakes,
And around the lakes are rattlesnakes
And fever shakes and ague aches.

"It wasn't any poetic license. I didn't improve much in farming. I reckon if I was to keep at it until Uncle Sam had gray whiskers I couldn't raise cabbages, and they do say cabbages are a fool vegetable to raise. And in that time I sold the old gentleman most the whole of Lake Michigan. Why, that noble body of water was the only thing in the world that ever kept us going. Mary'd come to me and say, 'Charley, the last potato's gone. I reckon we'll have to sell your father another lot,' and the old man always ponied up cheerfully, and gave us a lot of talk about the future of such a country, and how it was always wise to get right in at the start, and all that. I knew we had it coming to us sooner or later, but, great guns! we had to have the money.

"That's how I developed my talent for selling. I had a good deal of fun over it. I remember once I told him the lot carried with it unlimited water-rights. It did. By the time I'd finished getting those five years

of support from the old man, I had a better education in my own line than a business college could have given me. And education's what the old man owed me, after all.

"Then I got word that he was very sick, and that I'd better come on right away. We talked it over pretty hard, and it was decided I should go. In those days there were no railroads. I had to stage it, and by the time I got there the old man was pretty far gone. He knew me all right, though.

"'Charley,' said he, 'I'm pleased with you. You have done well by me, and I hope you've done well by yourself. After I am gone you will read in my will how I have appreciated your efforts for me during the last five years.'

"I tell you, I felt like a pup.

"Next day he died, and the day after the funeral the will was read. By this time the old man was pretty well off, and I tell you there was a lot of interest among us six boys, especially as we'd none of us had a cent outside that original hundred dollars. Except me, of course, and they didn't know anything about that. The property was scattered and invested—I told you he was a great hand for that—and one after the other the boys got their share. I could see them figuring up the approximate value of it. They panned out over a hundred thousand apiece. Then it came my turn.

"'Believing as I do,' run the will, or some such words, 'in the future of the new

country in which my son Charles has cast his lot, and appreciating at their true value his efforts on my behalf, I am of the firm opinion that I can do no better than to make him a partaker in the prosperity he has foreseen. I, therefore, bequeath to him, as his full share of my estate, the Michigan properties acquired by him for me during the last five years.

"Say, wouldn't that jar you? As far as being paid for was concerned, I owned all of Lake Michigan and most of the Strait of Mackinac—and nothing else!"

The real-estate agent relit his pipe in sad reminiscence. The valley quail, gathering after the morning's feeding, called to one another. An eagle wheeled in and out the shadows of the upper cañon.

"That's how I happened to start in the real-estate business," concluded my friend. "But what I'd like to know is this: was father onto me? Or was he not? He had a sort of a sense of humor."

The Farmer who was hard to Please

A BOY drove a load of hay up a terrace in front of a farmer's house, and the load tipped over. The boy, after some difficulty, managed to unhitch the horses and to tie them to a fence; then he went and rapped at the farmer's door, and asked him to come out and help him pitch on the load.

"We are just sitting down to dinner, my boy," the farmer replied. "Won't you come in and join us?"

"I'd like to," said the boy, "but I am afraid father wouldn't like it."

"Oh, he won't mind; you can work better after dinner." So the boy went in. After dinner a cup of tea was served.

"Won't you have a cup of tea, my boy?" asked the farmer.

"I'd like one, but I am afraid father wouldn't like it."

"Oh, come on, take a cup of tea; it won't hurt you." So the boy finally drank the tea.

"Sit down now," said the farmer. "We

will read the newspaper for a few minutes; we don't want to go to work directly after dinner."

"I'd like to," said the boy, "but I am afraid father won't like it."

"Afraid your father won't like it?" asked the farmer. "You must have an awfully particular father; he don't seem to like anything. I'd like to see him. Where is he?"

"Oh," said the boy, "he is under the load of hay!"

An Enthusiast

THE small boy greatly enjoys going to ball games with his father. Once, after returning from a game they were watching the chickens settle down for the night upon their perches, ranged in regular rows one above the other. After a while everything was quiet, then Robin looked up into his father's face and said, "That grand stand is pretty full, isn't it?"



A Successful Tour

DEAR FATHER.—*I am travelling with an Italian impresario; we play to thousands daily. I am the treasurer, and not a cent is taken in but passes through my hands.*



THE CHILDREN'S HALLOWEEN PARTY



The Prevalent Malady

Miss Sarah reads: "*Rev. Mr. Marigold taken to the hospital, a victim of locomotor ataxia.*" How dreadful! I wonder whether the poor man was run over, or whether the thing blew up with him?"

The Rheumatism Trust

BY ERNEST FARROLD

IT was late in his uneventful life that Ebenezer Johnson made his great medical discovery. Of such a startling nature was it, and so pregnant with possibilities for the cure of rheumatism, that Ebenezer regarded himself as a public benefactor before his medicine had passed the experimental stage.

He had the appearance of Esculapian wisdom, as he sat in the front room of his cottage in the village of Juniper, clothed in a white waistcoat, second-hand, and a long black coat, awaiting his first patient. He was consulting a bulky volume of Patent-office Reports, when Eliza Johnson, obese and voluble, entered the room.

"I hears dat you's gwine to be a doctah, Ebenezer?" she said.

"Dat's w'at I is, 'Liza," said Ebenezer.

"Headache or 'skeeter bites is all you'll tackle, I spects," said 'Liza, incredulously. "You ain't gwine cure rheumatiz, is you?"

"Rheumatiz, an' dat quality sickness high-steery. Is you got de rheumatiz, 'Liza?"

"How you talk, Ebenezer! Dat's w'at make me wear dem canal-boats," said 'Liza, pushing forward a number-ten shoe.

"W'at kin' ob rheumatiz is you got? Is it de inflammation kin', or de bone kin', or de new kin' ob rheumatiz, de newre-tis? Eh?"

"No, I don't guess I ain't got any new kin' ob rheumatiz," replied 'Liza. "My kin' is old 'nough, goodness knows. I's had it for fohty years in de ankles and in de elbows. I guess it's de 'flammation kin'."

"Well, 'Liza," said Ebenezer, soothingly, "you ain't got no money. Ef you was rich you could take de whale cure."

"De whale cure! W'at's dat?"

"De whale cure," said Ebenezer, oracularly, "am like dis: Fust you catch de whale wid a harpoon. Den you tow de whale up on de beach an' cut a hole in he back wid a pickaxe an' a spade. W'en de hole is big 'nough you crawl in an' lay in de grease 'til de rheumatiz is clean gone, soaked up by de fat ob de whale."

"I's sorry I can't take dat whale cure," said 'Liza, regretfully.

"'Liza," said Ebenezer, solemnly, "de medicine-book says dat sickness is mighty queer. 'Poploptic fits is de mos' quickes' dey

is, an' yeller janders is de paintines'; but rheumatiz is de mos' hardes' sickness to cure, 'kase it's de mos' jumpity. Ef I cure it dis mawnin' in yo' ankle, dis ebenin' it am in yo' elbow. De consequinch am dat you can't catch de rheumatiz wid medicine. Now de Dutch is got a cure fo' rheumatiz if de pain is in yo' ankle. Mebbe it ain't no good for colored folks, but you kin try it, anyway. Git up to-morrer mawnin' when de roosters is crowin'. Take off yo' shoes an' stock-in's an' walk in de grass when de dew is hangin' from de grass blades an' de honey-bees is makin' honey. Try dat cure, an' come back an' tell me if it does you any good."

On the following afternoon 'Liza limped slowly up the walk leading to the doctor's cottage. She was evidently suffering from severe pain.

"I ain't got no use for dat Dutch cure," she said.

The doctor assumed a mysterious manner, and drew his chair close to 'Liza. Lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, impressively:

"'Liza, I has been keepin' de bes' cure for de las'. I didn't try dis cure de fust 'kase it 'll hurt you, honey. But you won't mind de pain when de rheumatiz is gone. I fin' it out myse'f, an' I spects I gwine make a lot o' money. Dar ain't nobody else knows it but me. I's gwine make a trus' all by myse'f, de 'Ebenezer Johnson Rheumatiz Trus',—dat's w'at I'm gwine call it."

"W'at is it like, Ebenezer? Does it come in a bottle, like liniment, or how?"

"No, it don't come in no bottle. It flies in de air," said Ebenezer, mysteriously.

"Tain't no conjure cure, is it?" said 'Liza, with a shiver. "'Kase I's 'fraid o' dem conjure cures. W'at is de name ob it?"

Ebenezer looked around fearfully, as if the walls were listening, before he replied.

"I's gwine call it de Vespa cure."

"Vespa?" said 'Liza. "I ain't never heerd o' dat befo'."

"Course you ain't. Nobody ain't, 'kase it's new. Vespa is de name ob insect's wid gold wings dat eats peaches an' honey."

"Is you got enny o' dem vespas in de house, Ebenezer? Le' me see 'em?"

"Yas, I got some," said Ebenezer, opening a closet door and producing an old sugar-bowl.

The vespas had been in the sugar-bowl for two days, and were evidently hungry,

for as he lifted the cover a little an ominous buzzing sound came out into the room.

"De vespas allus sing dat sweet song befo' dey cure you, 'Liza," said Ebenezer.

It had been the intention of the doctor to step out of the room while the vespas were doing their magical work upon 'Liza's ankle, but her curiosity had been excited to such an extent that she insisted on hearing the vespa song more distinctly. Holding the bowl close to her ear, Ebenezer lifted the top. It was a strident, vicious concert, which 'Liza recognized with a scream of fear.

"Dem's yaller-jackets, you fool niggah!" she shrieked, as she accidentally struck the bowl with her elbow, darted out of the door, and closed it behind her.

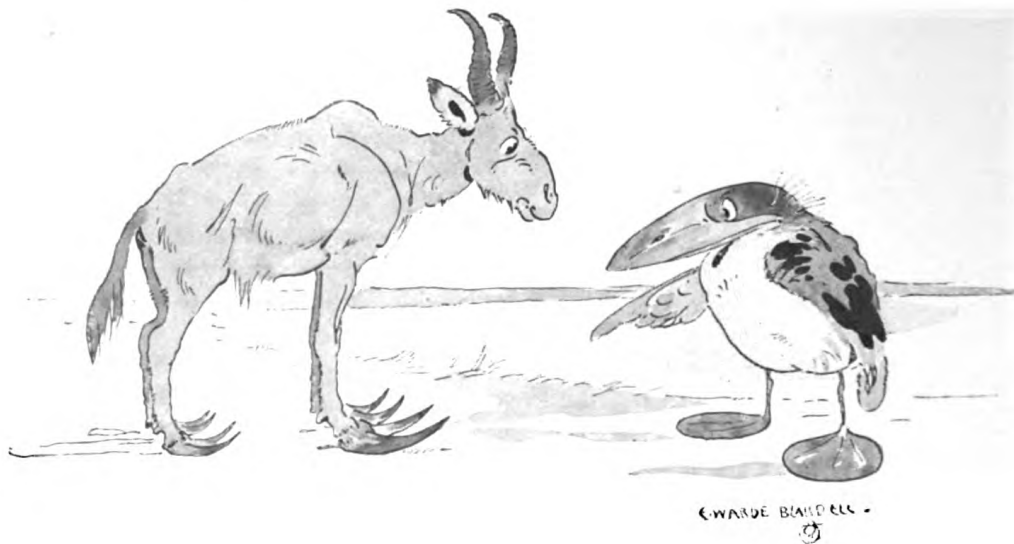
'Liza stood in the hall and heard the noise of falling chairs and an overturned desk. A wild African yell came to her ears. Then the door was thrown violently open, and Ebenezer emerged like a whirlwind, clawing frantically at his head with one hand, while he waved the remains of his white waistcoat with the other.

"Golly!" shouted 'Liza, in a cyclone of laughter, as Ebenezer disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust—"Golly! I spects you forgot to pull de hot tails out o' dem vespas! De rheumatiz trus' is busted!"



Wanted a Key to Fit

"Say, you're the locksmith, aren't you?
Now don't stand there in awe,
Bring all your keys, both old and new,
For pa—he has lockjaw!"



In Animal Land

BIRD. "Say, old man, you ought to try a pair of shoe-trees"

The Voodoo Bogey-Boo

BY VICTOR A. HERMANN

DE cunjhe-book say det he prowl by night,
 En de cunjhe-book ought to know;
 Deh's a chance det he's neah when de dew
 gleam bright
 En de ol' bak' lawg buhn low.
 Deh's a chance det he's neah when de stahs
 wink weak
 En de tallow-cup buhn blue;
 En doan yo' dahe to speak
 When de ol' flo' creak—

It's de
 Voodoo Bogey-Boo!

He's de awfulist thing, de cunjhe-book say
 (Wuss den de uddeh bogey-boos).
 En deh ain't no chahm det kin keep him
 away—
 He dess cum aroun' when he choose.
 Deh's snake-skin en bat-wing en rabbit-foot—
 Well,
 It's mighty lil good dey'll do:
 Foh de cunjhe-book tell
 It's hahd to put a spell—

On de
 Voodoo Bogey-Boo!

Sum say det he gallop on an ol' blac'
 cat
 Roun' de rim ob de big full moon;
 Sum say det he cum in de shape ob a
 bat
 Fum his home in de swamp lagoon.
 En gran'mammy tell det he's always
 neah
 When ebeh deh's a grave dug new;
 En she say if yo' heah
 A ringin' in yo' eah—

It's de
 Voodoo Bogey-Boo!

Lemme tell yo', lil boy, yo' betteh keep
 still,
 De dawg's at de do' peepin' fro;
 En eben de cricket in de damp do' sill
 Am stoppin' to listen too.
 De room am still en de fiah am daid—
 Deh's sumfin cummin' foh yo';
 Dess yo' jump right in bed
 En kibbeh up yo' haid—

It's de
 Voodoo Bogey-Boo!



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"OH, I ENVIED HER!" SHE CRIED

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Sir Mortimer

BY MARY JOHNSTON

PART I

CHAPTER I

"**B**UT if we return not from our adventure," ended Sir Mortimer, "if the sea claims us, and upon his sandy floor, amid his Armida gardens, the silver-singing mermaiden marvel at that wreckage which was once a tall ship and at those bones which once were animate,—if strange islands know our resting-place, sunk for evermore in huge, colored, thorn-set and most unkindly forests,—if, being but pawns in a mighty game, we are lost or changed, happy, however, in that the white hand of our Queen hath touched us, giving thereby consecration to our else unworthiness,—if we find no gold, nor take one ship of Spain, nor any city treasure-stored,—if we suffer a myriad sort of sorrows and at the last we perish miserably—"

He paused, being upon his feet, a man of about thirty years, richly dressed, and out of reason good to look at. In his hand was a great wine-cup, and he held it high. "I drink to those who follow after!" he cried. "I drink to those who fail—pebbles cast into water whose ring still wideneth, reacheth God knows what unguessable shore where loss may yet be counted gain! I drink to Fortune her minions, to Francis Drake and John Hawkins and Martin Frobisher; to all adventurers and their deeds in the far-off seas! I drink to merry England and to the day when every sea shall bring her tribute!—to England, like

Aphrodite, new-risen from the main! Drink with me!"

The tavern of the Triple Tun rang with acclamation, and, the windows being set wide because of the warmth of the June afternoon, the noise rushed into the street and waylaid the ears of them who went busily to and fro, and of them who lounged in the doorway, or with folded arms played Atlas to the tavern walls. "Who be the roisterers within?" demanded a passing citizen of one of these supporters. The latter made no answer; he was a ragged retainer of Melpomene, and he awaited the coming forth of Sir Mortimer Ferne, a notable encourager of all who would scale Parnassus. But his neighbor, a boy in blue and silver, squatted upon a sunny bench, vouchsafed enlightenment.

"Travellers to strange places," quoth he, taking a straw from his mouth and stretching long arms. "Tall men, swingers in Brazil-beds, parcel-gilt with the Emperor of Manoa, and playfellows to the nymphs of Don Juan Ponce de Leon his fountain,—in plain words, my master, Sir Mortimer Ferne, Captain of the *Cygnets*, and his guests to dinner, to wit, Sir John Nevil, Admiral of our fleet, with sundry of us captains and gentlemen adventurers to the Indies, and, for seasoning, a handful of my master's poor friends, such as courtiers and great lords and poets."

"Thinkest to don thy master's wit

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with his livery?" snapped the poetaster. "'Tis a chain for a man,—too heavy for thy wearing."

The boy stretched his arms again. "'Master' no more than in reason," quoth he. "I also am a gentleman. Heigho! The sun shineth hotter here than in the doldrums!"

"Well, go thy ways for a sprightly crack!" said the citizen, preparing to go his. "I know them now, for my cousin Parker hath a venture in the *Mere Honour*, and that is the great ship the Queen hath lent Sir John, his other ships being the *Marigold*, the *Cygnets*, and the *Star*, and they're all a-lying above Greenwich, ready to sail on the morrow for the Spanish Main."

"You've hit it in the clout," yawned the boy. "I'll bring you an emerald hollowed out for a reliquary—if I think on't."

Within-doors, in the Triple Tun's best room, where much sherris sack was being drunk, a gentleman with a long face, and mustachios twirled to a point, leaned his arm upon the table and addressed him whose pledge had been so general. "*Armida gardens and silver-singing mermaid and Aphrodite England* quotha! *Pike and cutlass and good red gold!* saith the plain man. O Apollo, what a thing it is to be learned and a maker of songs!"

Athwart his laughing words came from the lower end of the board a deep and harsh voice. The speaker was Captain Robert Baldry of the *Star*, and he used the deliberation of one who in his drinking had gone far and fast. "I pledge all scholars turned soldiers," he said, "all courtiers who stay not at court, all poets who win tall ships at the point of a canzonetta! Did Sir Mortimer Ferne make verses—elegies and epitaphs and such toys—at Fayal in the Azores two years ago?"

There followed his speech, heard of all in the room, a moment of amazed silence. Mortimer Ferne put his tankard softly down and turned in his seat so that he might more closely observe his fellow adventurer.

"For myself, when an Armada is at my heels, the cares of the moon do not concern me," went on Baldry, with the gravity of an oracle. "Had

Nero not fiddled, perhaps Rome had not burned."

"And where got you that information, sir?" asked his host, in a most courtier-like voice.

"Oh, in the streets of Rome, a thousand years ago! 'Twas common talk." The Captain of the *Star* tilted his cup and was grieved to find it empty.

"I have later news," said the other, as smoothly as before. "At Fayal in the Azores—"

He was interrupted by Sir John Nevil, who had risen from his chair, and beneath whose stare of surprise and anger Baldry, being far from actual drunkenness, moved uneasily.

"I will speak, Mortimer," said the Admiral, "Captain Baldry not being my guest. Sir, at Fayal in the Azores that disastrous day we did what we could—mortal men can do no more. Taken by surprise as we were, ships were lost and brave men tasted death, but there was no shame. He who held command that lamentable day was Captain—now Sir Mortimer—Ferne; for I, who was Admiral of the expedition, must lie in my cabin, ill almost unto death of a calenture. I dare aver that no wiser head ever drew safety for many from such extremity of peril, and no readier sword ever dearly avenged one day's defeat and loss. Your news, sir, was false. I drink to a gentleman of known discretion, proved courage, unstained honor—"

It needed not the glance of his eye to bring men to their feet. They rose, courtiers and university wits, soldiers home from the Low Countries, kinsmen and country friends, wealthy merchants who had staked their gold in this and other voyages, adventurers who with Frobisher and Gilbert had sailed the icy seas, or with Drake and Hawkins had gazed upon the Southern Cross,—Captain Baptist Manwood, of the *Marigold*, Lieutenant Ambrose Wynch, Giles Arden, Anthony Paget, good men and tall, who greatly prized the man who alone kept his seat, smiling upon them from the head of the long table in the Triple Tun's best room. Baldry, muttering in his beard that he had made a throw amiss and that the wine was to blame, stumbled to his feet and stood with the rest.

"Sir Mortimer Ferne!" cried they all, and drank to the seated figure. The name was loudly called, and thus it was no slight tide of sound which bore it, that high noon in the year 158—, into the busy London street. Bow Bells were ringing, and to the boy in blue and silver upon the bench without the door they seemed to take the words and sound them again and again, deeply, clearly, above the voices of the city.

Mortimer Ferne, his hand resting upon the table before him, waited until there was quiet in the tavern of the Triple Tun, then, because he felt deeply, spoke lightly.

"My lords and gentlemen," he said, "and you, John Nevil, whom I reverence as my commander and love as my friend, I give you thanks. Did we lose at Fayal? Then, this voyage, at some other golden island, we shall win! Honor stayed with us that bloody day, and shall we not now bring her home enthroned? Ay, and for her handmaidens fame and noble service and wealth,—wealth with which to send forth other ships, hounds of the sea which yet may pull down this Spanish stag of ten! By my faith, I sorrow for you whom we leave behind!"

"Look that I overtake you not, Mortimer!" cried Sidney. "Walter Raleigh and I have plans for next year. You and I may yet meet beneath a palm-tree!"

"And I also, Sir Mortimer," exclaimed Captain Philip Amadas. "Sir Walter hath promised me a ship—"

"When the old knight my father dies, and I come into my property," put in, loudly, a fancy-fired youth from Devon, "I'll go out over bar in a ship of my own! I'll have all my mariners dressed like Sir Hugh Willoughby's men in the picture, and when I come home—"

"Towing the King of Spain his plate-fleet behind you," quoth the mustachioed gentleman.

"—all my sails shall be cloth of gold," continued wine-flushed one-and-twenty. "The main-deck shall be piled with bars of silver, and in the hold shall be pearls and pesos de oro, doubloons, emeralds as great as filberts—"

"At Panama saw I an emerald greater than a pigeon's egg!" cried one who had sailed in the *Golden Hind*.

Sir Mortimer laughed. "Why, our

very speech grows rich—as did thine long since, Philip Sidney! And now, Giles Arden, show these stay-at-home gentlemen the stones the *Bonaventure* brought in the other day from that coast we touched at two years ago. If we miss the plate-fleet, my masters, if we find Cartagena or Santa Marta too strong for us, there is yet the unconquered land, the Hesperidian garden whence came these golden apples! Deliver, good dragon!"

He of the mustachios laid side by side upon the board three pieces of glittering rock, whereat every man bent forward.

"Marcasite?" said one, doubtfully.

"El madre del oro?" suggested another.

"White spar," said Arden, authoritatively, "and containeth of gold ten pounds to the hundredweight. Moreover—" He sifted down upon the dark wood beside the stones a thimbleful of dull yellow grains. "The sands of Pactolus, gentlemen! Sure 'twas in no Grecian river that King Midas bathed himself!"

Those of the company to whom had never before been exhibited these samples of imperial riches craned their necks, and the looks of some were musing and of others keenly eager. The room fell silent, and still they gazed and gazed at the small heap of glistening stones and those few grains of gold. They were busy men in the vanguard of a quickened age, and theirs were its ardors, its Argus-eyed fancy and potent imagination. Show them an acorn, and straightway they saw a forest of oaks; an inch of a rainbow, and the mind grasped the whole vast arch, zenith-reaching, seven-colored, enclosing far horizons. So now, in addition to the gleaming fragments upon the table before them, they saw mountain ranges with ledges of rock all sparkling like this ore, deep mines with Indian workers, pack-trains, and burdened holds of ships.

After a time one lifted a piece of the ore, hesitatingly, as though he made to take up all the Indies, scrutinized it closely, weighed it, passed it to his neighbor. It went the round of the company, each man handling it, each with the talisman between his fingers gazing through the bars of this present hour at a pageant and phantasmagoria of his own creating.

At length it came to the hand of an old merchant, who held it a moment or two, looking steadfastly upon it, then slowly put it down.

"Well," said he, "may God send you furthering winds, Sir Mortimer and Sir John, and make their galleons and galiasses, their caravels and carracks, as bowed corn before you! Those of your company who are to die, may they die cleanly, and those who are to live, live nobly, and may not one of you fall into the hands of the Holy Office."

"Amen to that, Master Hudson," quoth Arden.

"The Holy Office!" cried a Banbury man. "I had a cousin, sirs,—an honest fellow, with whom I had gone bird's-nesting when we were boys together! He was master of a merchantman—the *Red Lion*—that by foul treachery was taken by the Spaniards at Cales. The priests put forth their hands and clutched him, who was ever outspoken, ever held fast to his own opinion! . . . To die! that is easy; but when I learned what was done to him before he was let to die—" The speaker broke off with a great oath and sat with fixed gaze, his hand beating upon the table a noiseless tattoo.

"To die," said Mortimer Ferne slowly. "To die cleanly, having lived nobly—it is a good wish, Master Hudson! To die greatly—as did your cousin, sir,—a good knight and true, defending faith and loyalty, what more consummate flower for crown of life? What loftier victory, supreamer triumph? Pain of body, what is it? Let the body cry out, so that it betray not the mind, cheat not the soul into a remediless prison of perdition and shame!"

He drank of his wine, then with a slight laugh and wave of his hand dismissed a subject too grave for the hour. A little later he arose with his guests from the table, and since time was passing and for some there was much to do, men began to exchange farewells. Tomorrow would see the adventurers gone from England; to-day kinsmen and friends must say good-by, warmly, with clasping of hands and embracing,—even with tears, for it was an age when men did not scorn to show emotion. A thousand perils awaited those who went, nor

for those who stayed would time or tide make tarrying. It was most possible that they who parted now would find, this side eternity, no second inn of meeting.

From his perch beside the door, the boy in blue and silver watched his master's guests step into the sunlight and go away. A throng had gathered in front of the tavern, for the most part of those within were men of note, and Sir John Nevil's adventure to the Indies had long been general talk. Singly or in little groups the revellers issued from the tavern, and for this or that known figure and favorite the crowd had its comment and cheering. At last all were gone save the adventurers themselves, who, having certain final arrangements to make, stayed to hold council in the Triple Tun's long room.

Their conference was not long. Presently came forth Captain Baptist Manwood of the *Marigold* with his lieutenants, Wynch and Paget, and Captain Robert Baldry of the *Star*. The four, talking together, started toward the water-side where they were to take boat for the ships that lay above Greenwich, but ere they had gone forty paces Baldry felt his sleeve twitched. Turning, he found at his elbow the blue and silver sprig who served Sir Mortimer Ferne.

"Save you, sir," said the boy. "There's a gentleman at the Triple Tun desires your honor would give him five minutes of your company."

"I did expect a man of my acquaintance, a Paul's man with a good rapier to sell," quoth Baldry. "Boy, is the gentleman a lean gentleman with a Duke Humphrey look? Wait for me, sirs, at the stairs!"

Within the Triple Tun, Sir John Nevil yet sat at table pondering certain maps and charts spread out before him, while Mortimer Ferne, having re-entered the room after a moment's absence, leaned over his commander's shoulder and watched the latter's forefinger tracing the coastline from the Cape of Three Points to Golden Castile. By the window stood Arden, while on a settle near him lounged Henry Sedley, lieutenant to the Captain of the *Cygnets*; moreover a young gentleman of great promise, a smooth, dark, melancholy beauty, and a pretty taste in dress. In his hands was a gittern which

had been hanging on the wall above him, and he played upon it, softly, a sweet and plaintive air.

In upon these four burst Baldry, who, not finding the Paul's man and trader in rapiers, drew himself up sharply. Sir Mortimer came forward and made him a low bow, which he, not to be outdone in courtesy, any more than in weightier matters, returned in his own manner, fierce and arrogant as that of a Spanish conquistador.

"Captain Robert Baldry, I trusted that you would return," said Ferne. "And now, since you are no longer guest of mine, we will resume our talk of Fayal in the Azores. Your gossips lied, sir; and he who, not staying to examine a quarrel, becomes a repeater of lies, may chance upon a summer day, in a tavern such as this, to be called a liar. My cartel, sir!"

He flung his glove, which scarce had felt the floor before the other snatched it up. "God's death! you shall be accommodated!" he cried. "Here and now, is't not? and with sword and dagger? Sir, I will spit you like a lark, or like the Spaniard I did vanquish for a Harry shilling at El Gran' Canario, last Luke's day—"

The three witnesses of the challenge sprang to their feet, the gittern falling from Sedley's hands, and Sir John's papers fluttering to the floor. The latter thrust himself between the two who had bared their weapons. "What is this, gentlemen? Mortimer Ferne, put up your sword! Captain Baldry, your valor may keep for the Spaniards! Obey me, sirs!"

"Let be, John Nevil," said Ferne. "To-morrow I become your sworn man. To-day my honor is my Admiral!"

"Will you walk, Sir Mortimer Ferne?" demanded Baldry. "The Bull and Bear, just down the street, hath a little parlor—a most sweet retired place, and beareth no likeness to the poop of the *Mere Honour*. Sir John Nevil, your servant, sir—to-morrow!"

"My servant to-day, sir," thundered the Admiral, "in that I will force you to leave this quarrel! Death of my life! shall this get abroad? Not that common soldiers or mariners ashore fall out and cudgel each other until the one cannot handle a rope nor the other a morris-pike! not that wild gallants, reckless and broken

adventurers whose loss the next daredevil scamp may supply, choose the eve of sailing for a duello, in which one or both may be slain; but that strive together my captains, men vowed to noble service, loyal aid, whose names are in all mouths, who go forth upon this adventure not (I trust in God) with an eye single to the gain of the purse, but thinking, rather, to pluck green laurels for themselves, and to bring to the Queen and England gifts of waning danger, waxing power! What reproach—what evil augury—nay, perhaps, what maiming of our enterprise! Leaders and commanders that you are, with your goodly ships, your mariners and soldiers awaiting you, and above us all the lode-star of noblest duty, truest honor—will you thus prefer to the common good your private quarrel? Nay, now, I might say 'you shall not'; but, instead, I choose to think you will not!"

The speech was of the longest for the Admiral, who was a man of golden silences. His look had been upon Baldry, but his words were for Mortimer Ferne, at whom he looked not at all. "I have been challenged, sir," cried Baldry, roughly. "Draw back! God's wounds, not I!"

His antagonist bit his lip until the blood sprang. "The insult was gross," he said, with haughtiness, "but since I may not deny the truth of your words, John Nevil, I will reword my cartel. Captain Robert Baldry, I do solemnly challenge you to meet me with sword and dagger upon that day which sees our return to England!"

"A far day that, perhaps!" cried Baldry. "But so be it! I'll not fail you, Sir Mortimer Ferne. Look that you fail not me!"

"Sir!" cried Ferne, sharply.

The Admiral struck the table a great blow. "Gentlemen, no more of this! What! will you in this mood go forth side by side to meet a common foe? Nay, I must have you touch hands!"

The Captain of the *Cygnets* held out his hand. He of the *Star* first swore, then burst into a great laugh; finally laid his own upon it.

"Now we are turtle-doves, Sir John, nothing less! and the *Star* and the *Cygnets* may bill and coo from the Thames to Terra Firma!" Suddenly he ceased to

laugh, and let fall his hand. "But I have not forgotten," he said, "that at Fayal in the Azores I had a brother slain."

He was gone, swinging from the room with scant ceremony, loudly ordering from his path the loiterers at the inn door. They whose company he had quitted were silent for a moment; then said Sir Mortimer, slowly: "I remember now—there was a Thomas Baldry, master of the *Speedwell*. Well, it was a sorry business that day! If from that muck of blood and horror was born Detraction—"

"The man was mad!" thrust in young Sedley, hotly. "Detraction and you have no acquaintance."

Ferne, with a slight laugh, stooped to pick up the fallen gittern. "She kept knighthood and me apart for a year, Henry. 'Tis a powerful dame, a most subtle and womanish foe, who knoweth not or esteemeth not the rules of chivalry. Having yielded to plain Truth, she yet, as to-day, raiseth unawares an arm to strike." He hung the gittern upon its peg, then went across to the Admiral and put both hands upon his shoulders. The smile was yet upon his lips, but his voice had a bitter ring. "John, John," he said, "old wounds leave not their aching. That tall, fanfaronading fellow hath a power to anger me,—not his words alone, but the man himself. . . . Well, let him go until the day we come sailing back to England! For his words—" He paused and a shadow came over his face. "Who knows himself?" he said. "There are times when I look within and doubt my every quality that men are pleased to give me. God smiles upon me—perhaps He smiles with contempt! . . . I would that I had followed, not led, that day at Fayal!"

Arden burst into a laugh. The Admiral turned and stared at him who had spoken with a countenance half severity, half deep affection. "What! stings that yet?" he said. "I think you may have that knowledge of yourself that you were born to lead, and that knowledge of higher things that shame is of the devil, but defeat oftentimes of God. How idly do we talk to-day!"

"Idly enough," agreed Ferne with a quick sigh. He lifted his hands from the

other's shoulders, and with an effort too instantaneous to be apparent shook off his melancholy. Arden took up his hat and swung his short cloak over his shoulder.

"Since we may not fight," he said, "I'll e'en go play. There's a pretty lady hard by who loves me dearly. I'll go tell her tales of the Carib beauties. Master Sedley, you are for the court, I know. Would the gods had sent me such a sister! Do you go to Leicester House, Mortimer? If not, my fair Discretion hath a mate—"

"I," answered Ferne, "am also for Greenwich."

Arden laughed again. "Her Grace gives you yet another audience? Or is it that hath come to court that Nonpareil, that radiant Incognita, that berhymed Dione at whose real name you keep us guessing? I thought the violet satin was not for naught!"

"In that you speak with truth," said the other, coolly, "for thirty acres of good Devon land went to its procuring. Since you are for the court, Henry Sedley, one wherry may carry the two of us."

When the two adventurers and the boy in blue and silver had made half the distance to the pleasant palace where, like a flight of multicolored birds, had settled for the moment Elizabeth's migratory court, the gentlemen became taciturn and fell at length to silent musing, each upon his own affairs. The boy liked it not, for their discourse had been of armor and devices, of war-horses and Spanish swords, and such knightly matters as pleased him to the marrow. He himself (Robin-a-dale they called him) meant to be altogether such a one as his master in violet satin. Not a sea-dog simply and terrible fighter like Captain Manwood or Ambrose Wynch, nor a ruffler like Baldry, nor even a high, cold gentleman like Sir John, who slew Spaniards for the good of God and the Queen, and whose slow words when he was displeased cut like a rope's end. But he would fight and he would sing; he would laugh with his foe and then courteously kill him; he would know how to enter the presence, how to make a great Queen smile and sigh; and then again, amid the thunder and reek of the fight, on decks slippery with blood, he would

strain, half naked, with the mariners, he would lead the boarders, he would deal death with a flashing sword and a face that seen through the smoke wreaths was so calm and high!— And the Queen might knight him—one day the Queen might knight him. And the people at home, turning in the street, would look and cry, "'Tis Sir Robert Dale!" as now they cry "Sir Mortimer Ferne!"

Robin-a-dale drew in his breath and clenched his hands with determination; then, the key being too high for long sustaining, came down to earth and the contemplation of the bright-running Thames, its shifting banks, and the shipping on its bosom. The river glided between tall houses, and there were voices on the water, sounding from stately barges, swift-plying wherries, ships at anchor, both great and small. Over all played mild sunshine, hung pale blue skies. The boy thought of other rivers he had seen and would see again, silent streams gliding through forests of a fearful loveliness, miles of churned foam rushing between black teeth of jagged rock to the sheer, desperate, earth-shaking cataract, liquid highways to the realms of strange dreams! He turned involuntarily and met his master's eye. Between these two, master and boy, knave and knight, there was at times so strange a comprehension that Robin-a-dale was scarcely startled to find that his thoughts had been read.

"Ay, Robin," said Ferne, smiling, "other and stranger waters than those of Father Thames! And yet I know not. Life is one, though to-day we glide through the sunshine to a fair Queen's palace, and to-morrow we strive like fiends from hell for those two sirens, Lust of Gold and Lust of Blood. Therefore, Robin, an you toss your silver brooch into the Thames it may come to hand on the other side of the world, swirling toward you in some Arethusa fountain."

"I see the ships, master!" cried the boy. "Ho, the *Cygnets*, the bonny white *Cygnets*!"

They lay in a half-moon, with the westering sun striking full upon the windows of their high, castellated poops. Their great guns gleamed; mast and spar and rigging made network against the blue; high in air floated bright pennants

and the red cross in the white field. To and fro plied small boats, while over the water to them in the wherry came a pleasant hum of preparation for the morrow's sailing. Upon the *Cygnets*, lying next to the *Mere Honour*, and a very noble ship, the mariners began to sing.

"Shall we not row more closely?" cried Sedley. "The *Cygnets* knows not that it is you who pass!"

Sir Mortimer laughed. "No, no; I come to her arms from the Palace to-night! Trouble her not now with genuflections and salutations." His eyes dwelt with love upon his ship. "How clearly sounds the singing!" he said.

So clearly did it sound over the water that it kept with them when the ships were passed. Robin-a-dale had his fancies, to which at times he gave voice, scarce knowing that he had spoken. "'Tis the ship herself that sings," he now began to say to himself in a low voice, over and over again. "'Tis the ship singing, the ship singing because she goes on a voyage—a long voyage!"

"Sirrah!" cried his master, somewhat sharply. "Know you not that the swan sings but upon one voyage, and that her last? 'Tis not the *Cygnets* that sings, but upon her sing my mariners and soldiers, for that they go forth to victory!"

He put his hands behind his head, and with a light in his eyes looked back to the dwindling ships. "Victory!" he repeated beneath his breath. "Such fame, such service, as that earthworm, that same Detraction, shall raise no more her lying head!" He turned to Sedley: "I am glad, Harry, that your lot is cast with mine. For we go forth to victory, lad!"

The younger man answered him impetuously, a flush of pride mounting to his smooth, dark cheek. "I doubt it not, Sir Mortimer, nor of my gathering laurels, since I go with you! I count myself most fortunate." He threw back his head and laughed. "I have no lady-love," he said, "and so I will heap the laurels in the lap of my sister Damaris."

By now, the tide being with them, they were nearing Greenwich House. Ferne dipped his hand into the water, then, straightening himself, shook from it the sparkling drops, and looked in the face of the youth who was to make with him his maiden voyage.

"You could heap laurels in the lap of no sweeter lady," he said, courteously. "I thought you went on yesterday to say farewell to Mistress Damaris Sedley."

"Why, so I did," said the other, simply. "We said farewell with our eyes in the presence, while the Queen talked with my Lord of Leicester; in the antechamber with our hands; in the long gallery with our lips; and when we reached the gardens, and there was none at all to see, we e'en put our arms about each other and wept. It is a right noble wench, my sister, and loves me dearly. And then, while we talked, one of her fellow maids came hurriedly to call her, for her Grace would go a-hawking, and Damaris was in attendance. So I swore I would see her again to-day though 'twere but for a moment."

The rowers brought the wherry to the Palace landing. Sir Mortimer, stepping out upon the broad stairs, began to mount them somewhat slowly, Sedley and Robin-a-dale following him. Half-way up, Sedley, noting the rich suit worn so point-device, and aware of how full in the sunshine of the Queen's favor stood for the moment his Captain, asked if he were for the presence. Ferne shook his head: "Not now. . . . May I know, Henry, where you and your sister meet?"

"In the little covert of the park where we said good-by on yesterday." There were surprise and some question in the youth's upward glance at the man in violet satin, standing a step or two above him, his hand resting upon the stone balustrade, a smile in his eyes, but none upon the finely cut lips, quite grave and steady beneath the slight mustache.

Ferne, reading the question, gave, after just a moment's pause, the answer. "My dear lad," he said, and the smile in his eyes grew more distinct and kindly, "to Mistress Damaris Sedley I also would say farewell." He laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "For I would know, Henry—I would know if through all the days and nights that await us over the brim of to-morrow I may dream of an hour to come when that dear and fair lady shall bid me welcome." His eyes looked into the distance, and the smile had crept to his lips. "It was my meaning to speak to her to-night before I left the Palace, but this chance offers better.

Will you give me precedence, Henry? let me see and speak to your sister alone in that same covert of which you tell me?"

"But—but—" stammered Sedley.

Sir Mortimer laughed. "'But . . . Dione!' you would say. 'Ah, faithless poet, forsworn knight!' you would say. Not so, my friend." He looked far away with shining eyes. "That unknown nymph, that lady whom I praise in verse, whose poet I am, that Dione at whose real name you all do vainly guess—it is thy sister, lad! Nay,—she knows me not for her worshipper, nor do I know that I can win her love. I would try . . ."

Sedley's smooth cheek glowed and his eyes shone. He was young; he loved his sister, orphaned like himself and the neglected ward of a decaying house; while to his ardent fancy the man above him, superb in his violet dress, courteous and excellent in all that he did, was a very Palmerin or Amadis de Gaul. Now, impetuously, he put his hand upon that other hand touching his shoulder, and drew it to his lips in a caress, of which, being Elizabethans, neither was at all ashamed. In the dark, deeply fringed eyes that he raised to his leader's face there was a boyish and poetic adoration for the sea-captain, the man of war who was yet a courtier and a scholar, the violet knight who was to lead him up the heights which long ago the knight himself had scaled.

"Damaris is a fair maid, and good and learned," he said in a whisper, half shy, half eager. "May you dream as you wish, Sir Mortimer! For the way to the covert—'tis by yonder path that's all in sunshine."

CHAPTER II

BENEATH a great oak-tree, where light and shadow made a checkered round, Mistress Damaris Sedley sat upon the earth in a gown of rose-colored silk. Across her knee, under her clasped hands, lay a light racket, for she had strayed this way from battledore and shuttlecock and the sprightly company of maids of honor and gentlemen pensioners engaged thereat. She was a fair lady, of a clear pallor, with a red mouth very subtly charming, and dark eyes beneath level brows. Her eyes had depths on depths: to one player of battledore and shuttle-



SIR JOHN THRUST HIMSELF BETWEEN THE TWO

cock they were merely large brown orbs; another might find in them worlds below worlds; a third, going deeper, might, Actæon-like, surprise the bare soul. A curiously wrought net of gold caught her dark hair in its meshes, and pearls were in her ears, and around the white column of her throat rising between the ruff's gossamer walls. She fingered the racket, idly listening the while for a foot-fall beyond her round of trees. Hearing it at last, and taking it for her brother's, she looked up with a proud and tender smile.

"Fie upon thee for a laggard, Henry!" she began: "I warrant thy Captain meets not his Dione with so slow a step!" Then, seeing who stood before her, she left her seat between the oak roots and curt-sied low. "Sir Mortimer Ferne," she said, and rising to her full height, met his eyes with that deeper gaze of hers.

Ferne advanced, and bending his knee to the short turf, took and kissed her hand. "Fair and sweet lady," he said, "I made suit to your brother, and he has given me, his friend, this happy chance. Now I make my supplication to you, to whom I would be that, and more. All this week have I vainly sought for speech with you alone. But now these blessed trees hem us round; there is none to spy or listen—and here is a mossy bank, fit throne for a faery queen. Will you hear me speak?"

The maid of honor looked at him with rose bloom upon her cheeks, and in her eyes, although they smiled, a moisture as of half-sprung tears. "Is it of Henry?" she asked. "Ah, sir, you have been so good to him! He is very dear to me. . . I would that I could thank you—"

As she spoke she moved with him to the green bank, sat down, and clasped her hands about her knees. The man who on the morrow should leave behind him court and court ways, and all fair sights such as this, leaned against the oak and looked down upon her. When, after a little silence, he began to speak, it was like a right courtier of the day.

"Fair Mistress Damaris," he said, "your brother is my friend, but to-day I would speak of my friend's friend, and that is myself, and your servant, lady. To-morrow I go from this garden of the world, this no-other Paradise, this court

where Dian reigns, but where Venus comes as a guest, her boy in her hand. Where I go I know not, nor what thread Clotho is spinning. Strange dangers are to be found in strange places, and Jove and lightning are not comfortable neighbors. Ulysses took moly in his hand when there came to meet him Circe's gentlemen pensioners, and Gyges's ring not only saved him from peril, but brought him wealth and great honor. What silly mariner in my ship hath not bought or begged mithridate or a pinch of achimenius wherewith to make good his voyage? And shall not I, who have much more at stake, procure me an enchantment?"

The lady's fringed lids lifted in one swift upward glance. "Your valor, sir, should prove your surest charm. But there is the new alchemist—"

"He cannot serve my need, hath not what I want. I want—" He hesitated for a moment; then spoke on with a certain restrained impetuosity that became him well: "There is a honey-wax which, being glazed about the heart, holdeth within it, forever, a song so sweet that the chanting of the sirens matters not; there is that precious stone which, as the magnet draweth the iron, so ever constraineth Honor, bidding him mount every breach, climb higher, higher, higher yet! there is that fragrant leaf which oft is fed with tears, and often sighing worn, yet, so worn, inspireth valor more heroic than that of Achilles! Such a charm I seek, sweet lady."

Mistress Damaris Sedley, a favorite of the Countess of Pembroke, and a court lady of some months' standing, could parley euphuism with the best, and yet to-day it seemed to her that plain English might better serve the turn. However:

"Good gentleman," she answered, sedately, "I think that few are the bees that gather so dainty a wax, but if they be flown to Hymettus, then to Hymettus might one follow them; also that precious stone may be found, though, alack! often enough a man is so poor a lapidary that, seeing only the covering of circumstances, he misses the true sapphire! and for that fragrant leaf, I have heard of it in my day—"

"It is called true love," he said.

Damaris kept to the card: "My marvel, sir, is to hear you speak as though you had not the charm you seem to seek. One blossom of the tree Alpina is worth all store of roses; one ruby outvalueth many pearls; he who hath already the word of magic needeth to buy no Venus's image; and Sir Mortimer Ferne, secure in Dione's love, saileth, methinks, in crystal seas, with slight danger from storm and wreck."

"Secure in Dione's love!" repeated Ferne. "Ah, lady, your shaft has gone wide. I have sailed, and sailed, and sailed—ay, and in crystal seas—and have seen blooms fairer than the tree Alpina, and have been in the land of emeralds and where pearls do grow, and yet have never gathered the fragrant leaf, that leaf of true and mutual love. It should grow with the laurel and blend with the bay—ay, and be not missing from the cypress wreath! But as yet I have it not—as yet I have it not."

Damaris gazed upon him with brown, incredulous eyes, and when she spoke her words came somewhat breathlessly, having quite outgone the courtly affectation of similes run mad.

"What mean you, sir? Not the love of Astrophel for Stella is better known than that of Cleon for Dione! And, lo! now your own lines—Master Dyer showed them to me but the other day copied into his book of songs:

"Nor in my watery wanderings am I
crossed;
Where haven's wanted, there I haven find,
Nor e'er for me is star of guidance lost—"

Her voice breaking a little, Ferne made nearer approach to the green bank where she rested. "Do you learn by heart my verses, lady?" he asked.

"Ay," she answered, "I did ever love sweet poetry." Her voice thrilled, and she gazed past him at the blue heaven showing between the oak leaves. "If prayer with every breath availeth," she said, "no doubt your Dione will bring your safe return."

"Of whom do I write, calling her Dione?"

She shook her head. "I know not. None of us at court knows. Master Dyer saith—but surely that one is not worthy—" She broke off, nor knew there

had been in her tone both pain and wistfulness. Presently she laughed out, with the facile gayety that one in her position must needs be practised in. "Ah, sir, tell me her name! Is she of the court?"

He nodded, "Yes."

Damaris clapped her hands. "What lovely hypocrite have we among us? What Lady Pure Innocence, wondering with the rest of the world?—and all the while Cleon's latest sonnet hot against her heart! Is she tall, sir, or short?"

"Of your height."

The lady shrugged. "Oh, I like not your half-way people! And her hair—but halt! We know her hair is dark:

'Ah, darkness loved beyond all light!'

Her eyes—"

He bent his head, moving yet nearer to her. "Her eyes—her eyes are wonderful! Where got you your eyes, Dione—Dione?"

Crimsoning deeply, Damaris started up, the racket escaping her clasp, and her hands going out in a gesture of dismay and anger. "Sir,—sir," she stammered, "since you make a mock of me, I will begone. No, sir; let me pass! Ah, . . . how unworthy of you!"

Ferne had caught her by the wrists. "No, no! Dear lady, to whom I am well-nigh a stranger—sweetheart with whom I have talked scarce thrice in all my life—my Dione, to whom my heart is as a crystal, to whom I have written all things! I must speak now, now before I go this voyage! Think you it is in me to vex with saucy words, to make a mock of any gentle lady?"

"I know not what to think," she answered, in a strange voice. "I am too dull to understand."

"Think that I tell you God's truth!" he cried. "Understand that—" He checked himself, seeing how pale she was and how flutteringly came her breath; then, trained as she herself to instantly draw an airy veil between true feeling and the exigency of the moment, he became once more the simple courtier. "You read the songs that I make, sweet lady," he said, "and now will you listen while I tell you a story, a *novelle*? So I may make you to understand."

As he spoke he motioned to the mossy seat which she had quitted. She raised

her troubled eyes to his; then, with her scarlet lip between her teeth, she took her seat again. For a minute there was silence in the little grove, broken only by the distant voices of the players whose company she had forsworn; then Ferne began his story:

"In a fair grassy plain, not many leagues removed from the hill Parnassus, a shepherd named Cleon sat upon a stone, piping to himself while he watched his sheep, and now and then singing aloud, so that the other shepherds and dwellers of the plain, and travellers through it, paused to hear his song. He sang not often, and often he laid his pipe aside, for he had much to think of, having been upon the other side of the mountain, and having seen cities and camps and courts,—for indeed he was not always shepherd. And now, because his thoughts left the plain to hover over the place where danger is, to visit strange coasts and Ultima Thule, to strain ever towards those islands of the blest where goes the man who has endured to the end, his notes when he sang or when he played became warlike, resolved, speaking of death and fame and stern things, or of things of public weal. . . . But all the time the shepherd was a lonely man, because his spirit was too busy to find ease for itself, and because, though he had helped other shepherds in the building of their cottages, his own heart had no hearthstone where he might warm himself and be content. Sometimes as he lay alone upon the bare earth, counting the stars, he caught the gleam from such a home clear shining over the plain, and he told himself that when he had numbered all the stars like sheep in a fold, then would he turn and give his heart rest beside some lower light. . . . So he kept on with his Phrygian melodies, and they brought him friends and enemies; but no lover hastening over the plain stayed to listen, and the shepherd was sorry for that, because he thought that the others, though they heard, did not fully understand."

The narrator paused. The maid of honor's hands were idle in her lap; with level gaze she sat in a dream. "Yet some there be who might have understood," she said, and scarce knew that she had spoken.

"Now Cleon had a friend whom he

loved, the shepherd Astrophel, who sang more sweetly than any in all that plain, and Astrophel would oft urge Cleon to his dwelling, which was a fair one, with shady groves, sunny lawns, and springing fountains."

"Ah, sweet Sidney, dear Penshurst!" breathed the lady, softly.

"Now upon a day—indeed, 'tis little more than a year ago—Cleon, returning to the plain from a far journey, found Astrophel, who, taking no denial, would have him to those sunny lawns and springing fountains. There was dust upon the spirit of the shepherd Cleon: that had happened which had left in his mouth the taste of Dead Sea fruit; almost was he ready to break his pipe across, and to sit still forever, covering his face. But Astrophel, knowing in himself how he would have felt in his dearest part that wound which his friend had received, was skilled to heal, and with wise counsel and honeyed words at last won Cleon to visit him."

"A year and more ago," said Damaris, dreamily.

"On such a day as this, Cleon and Astrophel came to the latter's home, where, since Astrophel was as a magnet-stone to draw unto him the noblest of his kind, they found a goodly gathering of the chiefest of the dwellers in the plain. Nor were lacking young shepherdesses, nymphs, and ladies as virtuous as they were fair, for Astrophel's sister was such an one as Astrophel's sister should be."

"Most dear, most sweet Countess," murmured Damaris.

"Cleon and Astrophel were made welcome by this goodly company, after which all addressed themselves to those sports of that country for which the day had been devised. But though he made merry with the rest, nor was in anything behind them, Cleon's heart was yet heavy within him. . . . Aurora, fast flying, turned a rosy cheek, then the night hid her path with his spangled mantle, and all this company of shepherdish folk left the gray lawns for Astrophel's house, that was lit with clear wax and smelled sweet of roses. And after a while, when there had been comfit talk and sipping of sweet wine, one sang, and another followed, while the company listened, for they were

of those who have ears to hear. Colin sang of Rosalind; Damon, of Myra; Astrophel, of Stella; Cleon, of—none of these things. 'Sing of love!' they cried, and he sang of friendship; 'Of the love of a woman!' and he sang of the honor of a man."

"But in that contest he won the Countess's pearl," said the maid of honor, her chin in her hands; "I knew (dear lady!) what, being woman, was her inmost thought, and in my heart I did applaud her choice."

The man bent his eyes upon her for a moment, then went on with his story, but somewhat slowly.

"When it had thus ended the day, that goodly company betook itself to rest. But Cleon tossed upon his bed, and at the dawn, when the birds began to sing, he arose, dressed himself, and went forth into the dewy gardens of that lovely place. Here he walked up and down, for his unrest would not leave him, and his heart hungered for food it had never tasted. . . . There was a fountain springing from a stone basin, and all around were set rose-bushes, seen dimly because of the mist. Presently, when the light was stronger, issued from the house one of those nymphs whom Astrophel's sister delighted to gather around her, and coming to the fountain, began to search about its rim for a jewel that had been lost. She moved like a mist wreath in that misty place, but Cleon saw that her eyes were dark, and her lips a scarlet flower, and that grace was in all her motions. He remembered her name, and that she was loved of Astrophel's sister, and how sweet a lady she was called. Now he watched her weaving paces in the mist, and his fancy worked. . . . The mist lifted, and a sudden sunshine lit her into splendor; face, form, spirit, all, all her being into fadeless splendor—into fadeless splendor, Dione!"

The maid of honor left once more her grassy throne, and turning from him, moved a step away, then with raised arms clasped her hands behind her head. Her upturned face was hidden from him, but he saw her white bosom rise and fall. He had made pause, but now he continued his story, though with a changed voice.

"And Cleon, going to her with due greeting, knelt: she thought (sweet soul!)

to aid her in her search, but indeed he knelt to her, for now he knew that the gods had given him this also—to love a woman. But because the blind boy's shaft, designed to work inward ever deeper and deeper until it reached the heart's core, did now but ensanguine itself, he made no cry nor any sign of that sweet hurt. He found and gave the nymph the jewel she had lost, and broke for her the red, red roses, and while the birds did carol he led her through the morning to the entrance of the house. Up the stone stairs went she, and turned in splendor at the top. A red rose fell . . . the sunlight passed into the house."

The voice of the speaker altered, came nearer the ear of her who stood with heaving bosom, with upturned face, with hands locked tight upon the wonder of this hour.

"The rose, the rose has faded, Dione," said the ardent voice. "Look how dead it lies upon my palm! But bend and breathe upon it, and it will bloom again! Ah, that day at Penshurst! when I sought you and they told me you were gone—a brother ill and calling for you—a guardian, no friend of mine, to whose house I had not access! And then the Queen must send for me, and there was service to be done—service which got me my knighthood. . . . The stream between us widened. At first I thought to span it with a letter, and then I wrote it not. 'Twas all too frail a bridge to trust my hope upon. For what should have the paper said? *I am so near a stranger to thee that scarce have we spoken twice together—therefore love me! I am a man who hath done somewhat in the busy world, and shall, God willing, labor once again, but now a cloud o'ershadows me—therefore love me! I have no wealth or pomp of place to give thee, and I myself am of those whom God hath bound to wander—therefore love me! I chanced upon thee beside a fountain ringed with roses, gray with mist; the sun came out and I saw thee, golden in the golden light—therefore love me!* Ah no! you would have answered—I know not what. Therefore I waited, for I have at times a strange patience, a willingness to let Fate guide me. Moreover, I ever thought to meet you, to speak with you face to face again, but it fell not so. Was I

with the court, the country claimed you; went I north or west, needs must I hear of you a lovely star within that galaxy I had left. Thrice were we in company together—cursed spite that gave us only time for courtly greeting, courtly parting!”

The voice came nearer, came very near:

“Have I said that I wrote not to you? Ay, but I did, my only dear! And as I wrote, from the court, from the camp, from my poor house of Ferne, I said: ‘This will tell her how in her I reverence womankind,’ and, ‘These are flowers for her coronal—will she not know it among a thousand wreaths?’ and, ‘This, ah, this, will show her how deeply now hath worked the arrow!’ and, ‘Now she cannot choose but know—her soul will hear my soul cry!’ And that those letters might come to your eyes, I, following the fashion, sealed them only with feigned names, altered circumstance. All who ran might read, but the heart-beat was for your ear . . . Dione! Didst never guess?”

She answered in a still voice without moving: “It may be that my soul guessed. . . . If it did so, it was frightened and hid its guess.”

“I have told you,” said the man. “But, ah, what am I more to you now than on that morn at Penshurst—a stranger! I know not—even you may love another. . . . But no, I know that you do not. As I was then, so am I now, save that I have served the Queen again, and that cloud I spoke of is overpast. I must go forth to-morrow to seek, to find, to win, to lose—God He knoweth what! I would go as your knight avowed, triumphant, your favor in my helm, your kiss like holy water on my brow. See, I kneel to you for some sign, some charm to make my voyage good!”

Very slowly the rose-clad maid of honor let fall her gaze from the evening skies to the man before her; as slowly unclasped her hands so tightly locked behind her upraised head. Her eyes were wide and filled with light, her bosom yet rose and fell quickly; in all her mien there was still wonder, grace supreme, a rich unfolding like the opening of a flower to the bliss of understanding. Trembling,

her hand went down, and resting on his shoulder, gave him her accolade. She bowed herself toward him; a knot of rosy velvet, loosened from her dress, fell upon the turf beside his knee. Ferne caught up the ribbon, pressed it to his lips and thrust it in the breast of his doublet. Rising, he took her in his arms and they kissed. Her breath came pantingly.

“Oh, I envied her!” she cried. “Now I know that I envied while I blessed her—that unknown Dione!”

“My lady and my only dear!” he said. “Oh, Love is as the sun! So the sunshine bide, let come what will come!”

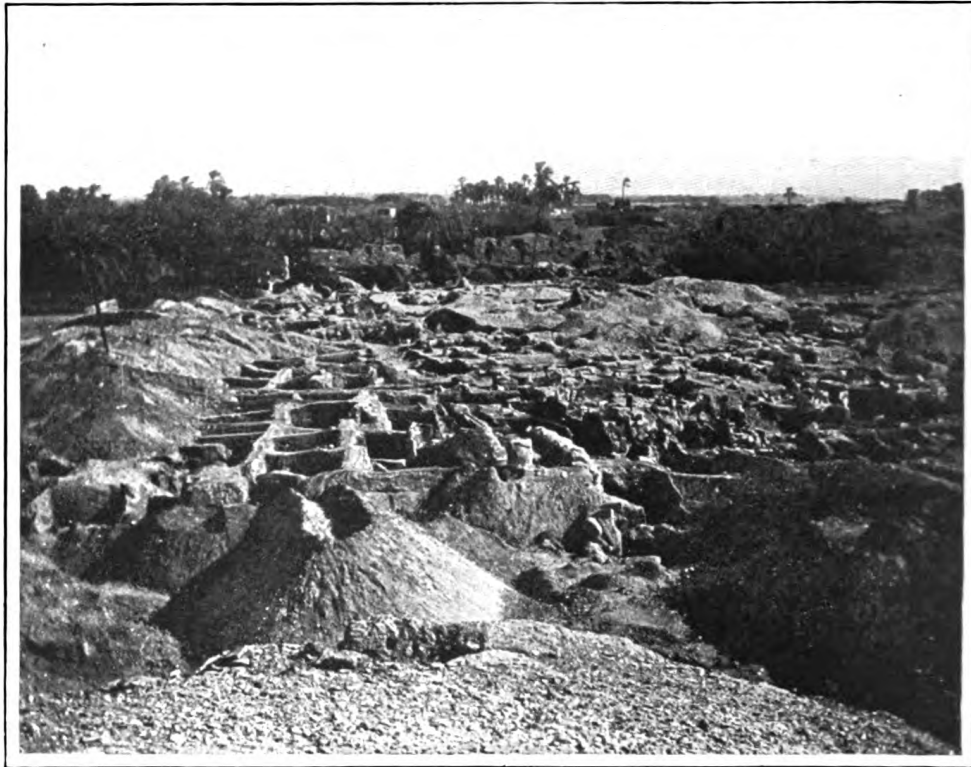
“I rest in the sunshine!” she said. “Oh, Love is bliss . . . but anguish too! I see the white sails of your ships.”

She shuddered in his arms. “All that go return not. Ah, tell me that you will come back to me!”

“That will I do,” he answered, “an I am a living man. If I die, I shall but wait for thee. I see no parting of our ways.”

One hour was theirs. Bread and wine, and flower and fruit, and meeting and parting it held for them. Hand in hand they sat upon the grassy bank, and eyes met eyes, but speech came not often to their lips. They looked and loved, against the winter storing each moment with sweet knowledge, honeyed assurance. Brave and fair were they both, gallant lovers in a gallant time, changing love-looks in a Queen’s garden, above the silver Thames. A tide of amethyst fell the sunset light; the swallows circled overhead; a sound was heard of singing voices; violet knight and rose-colored maid of honor, they came at last to say farewell. That night in the lit Palace, amid the garish crowd, they might see each other again, might touch hands, might even have slight speech together, but not as now could heart speak to heart. They rose from the green bank, and as the sun set, as the moon came out, and the singing ceased, and the world grew ashen, they said what lovers say on the brink of absence, and at the last they kissed good-by.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



EXCAVATIONS OF THE TEMPLES

The Ten Temples of Abydos

BY W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L., F.R.S.

FOR the first time the whole history of one of the great national sites of Egypt has been opened before us; dating from the beginning of the kingdom, and ending with almost the last of its native kings,—from Mena, about 4700 B.C., to Nekht-hor-heb, 370 B.C. History is here laid out before us in strata, from which the past can be read as we lift them away one from another.

In order to read, however, one must know the alphabet of the subject; and that has only lately been learnt, from the pottery, the flints, the beads, which show, each, the age to which they belong. Excavation on a site with a long history is mere destruction if each stratum is not read and interpreted intelligibly as it is opened: unfortunately, this has never been done

before on any such site. On the earliest sacred site of Abydos, the first capital of Egypt, temples had been piled one on the ruins of another until ten ages of building stood stacked together in about twenty feet depth of ruins. Each temple had become partly ruined after a few centuries, and then at last was pulled down, leaving a foot or two of the walls and foundations; and a new temple of a different plan was then erected on the ground. America is not old enough for this to be done even once; but London stands on a mound of over twenty feet of ruins, from which its past will some day be read as we now read that of Egypt.

The earlier temples were all of mud brick. Stone first appears for the doorways of the fourth temple, that of the

sixth dynasty, about 3400 B.C. Sculptured stone walls are found of the eleventh dynasty; and walls were wholly of stone in the twelfth dynasty, about 2700 B.C., and in the later temples. These buildings of the well-known historic times are, however, of much less importance to us than the earlier temples, which yield us fresh views of the civilization to which they belong.

About the middle of the second dynasty, say 4300 B.C., a clearance of the temple offerings was made, and hundreds of small objects more or less injured were thrown into a disused chamber, which served as a rubbish-hole and was later buried under fifteen feet of ruins. The contents of this chamber were old and disregarded at that time; and as the vase of Mena (Fig. 1), the first king, has been found close by at the same level, it seems that we should refer the contents of this limbo to the first dynasty. Groping in the thick brown organic mud of this rubbish-hole, I lifted out one by one the priceless examples of glazed work and ivory of this earliest age of great art—an art of which we had never understood the excellence from the traces hitherto known. The ivory was sadly rotted, and could scarcely be lifted without dropping asunder in flakes. So when I found that I had touched a piece it was left alone, and other parts were cleaned, until at last a



FIG. 2.—A WONDERFUL PORTRAIT IN IVORY
Statuette of a King of the first Dynasty
4500 B.C. Actual size



FIG. 1.—PIECE OF VASE OF MENA
Green Glaze inlaid in purple with his name. 4700 B.C.

patch of ground was left where several pieces of ivory had been observed. Cutting deep around this, I detached the whole block of sixty or eighty pounds of earth, and had it removed on a tray to my storeroom. There it dried gradually for two or three weeks; and then with a camel's-hair paint-brush I began to gently dissect it and to trace the ivory figures. Not a single piece was broken or spoilt by thus working it out, and noble figures of lions, a bear, a large ape, and several boys came gradually to light. Suddenly a patterned robe and then a marvellous face appeared in the dust, and there came forth from his six-thousand-year sleep one of the finest portrait figures that have ever been seen (Fig. 2). A single photograph can give but little idea of the subtlety of the face and the expression, which changes with every fresh light in which



FIG. 3.—FIGURE OF A WOMAN
Ivory Statuette. 4500 B.C. Actual size

it is seen. Wearing the crown of Upper Egypt, and clad in his thick embroidered robe, this old king, wily yet feeble with the weight of years, stands for the diplomacy and statecraft of the oldest civilized kingdom that we know. No later artist of Egypt, no Roman portrait-maker, no Renaissance Italian, has outdone the truth and expression of this oldest royal portrait, coming from the first dynasty of Egypt. The simplicity and lack of pretension are almost baffling; it does not claim any idealism or beauty, it scarcely seems to intend to be so fine or powerful, and yet it appeals equally to the first artists and to the ordinary man. No other object has so generally compelled the admiration of visitors in any of our annual exhibitions.

That this did not stand alone as a stray phenomenon is seen by the group of other ivories, of which we may instance a very small one of a woman (Fig. 3), which shows the same character of work in simplicity and directness, and in the perfectly natural expression of the statuette. Among other figures discovered, those of boys, standing, walking, and seated, are all true and unconventional in form, and show firm and accurate modeling. A little bear seated on the ground, and couchant lions, and a mastiff show that animals were studied and under-

stood as well as men. We must now grant in future that a complete art had arisen nearly seven thousand years ago, and that it has seldom been equalled and hardly ever surpassed in the five fresh births of art which have occupied the course of human history.

Nor was the skill of technical work neglected. The abundance of vases and bowls, cut from the hardest and most refractory materials, granite, syenite, porphyry, rock-crystal, and obsidian, which we found in the Royal Tombs of this age, show a taste and ability for fine material and work which was never equalled in later times. And the mastery of glazing provided large vases with the royal name inlaid, as we see by the piece pictured on the preceding page (Fig. 1). This was part of a globular vase, eight inches wide, of green glaze, with the royal hawk-name inlaid with purple glaze. Here we have the property of the oldest king in the world whose name is preserved by history—Mena, the first king of the first dynasty of Egypt. This vase must have been handled by this figurehead of all monarchy, and almost certainly was dedicated by him in the primitive temple of the capital.

Strange indeed it is to look on so personal a link, and to think that the whole sum of what we know as human experience has come and gone since this was last worthily handled; the pyramids, Thothmes, Rameses, the Greek, the Roman, the Northman, all were unthought of when this last saw the light.

The use of colored glazes was also carried



FIG. 4.—MODEL LOTUS CAPITALS
Green and purple Glaze. One-half actual size

out on a great scale for wall decoration. Thick tiles, a foot high and half as wide, were made, fully glazed in green on both sides, and provided with a deep keying on the back, and grooves to hold thick copper wires to thread them together, so that no one could be lifted without moving those on either side. The surface was ribbed to represent papyrus stems; and there was a band of tiles of papyrus heads along the top of the stem tiles. This glazed tiling was also made in a great variety of sizes and patterns—some ribbed, some fluted, some plain, some inlaid with inscription, and others copied from mat-work design. Another light on the architecture is given by the glazed vases copied from the lotus capitals, showing that such a form was already in use (Fig. 4). The complete capital is of green glaze with purple spots, the same polychrome as the Mena vase, and probably from the same factory. The form of the top, with a slightly raised disk, is evidently copied from the architectural detail of a capital. The other work in glazed pottery is of great variety. Figures of men, women, and children, captives and servants; figures of baboons innumerable, of various quadrupeds and birds; model vases and shrines; toggles for fastening the dress, and beads of many forms—all subjects came alike to the ready hand of this early potter. He modelled the forms in the siliceous paste, and then covered them with the hard coat of glaze which binds the material firmly together, and which has in many pieces even kept its color after thousands of years in wet ground.

An entirely new class of glaze-work is the tile with relief designs and inscriptions. One whole tile I picked out of the mud which has a figure of an aboriginal negro chief, and his name and locality. This proves of particular interest, as he

belonged to the "fortress of the Anu," a people with whom the early Egyptians were continually at war, and the day of whose destruction was a yearly festival down to late times. From this tile we now know that the Anu were the negro races of the southern border, which the Egyptians had such difficulty in holding back. The Sudan question is as old as the beginning of history.

In another chamber we found a large number of sacred figures, which had been carefully put away when thought too rude for the devotions of more civilized

times. Few, if any, were as late in style as those which I had taken out of the mud in the great rubbish-pit; and judging from that, and their resemblance to figures found some years ago at Hierakonpolis, it is probable that these are as early as or earlier than the age of Mena, and so touch the close of the prehistoric time. The most curious, and



FIG. 5.—POTTERY HEAD OF A CAMEL
Before 4000 B.C. One-quarter actual size

probably the oldest, objects here were some very elementary figures of baboons, and other purely natural stones. The figures of baboons are very slightly worked. Rude lumps of limestone had been picked up, having a slight resemblance to the form of the animal; and then a little pounding away of the surface had improved them into an unmistakable connection, helped out in some cases by a few scores scraped with a flint. The first of these is only pounded, like an Easter Island idol; the second is the most improved, by scratching a mouth and eyes; the third and fifth have only a broad groove hammered to divide the head from the body and mark the snout. And we see in the fourth a natural flint selected for its resemblance to the baboon, and slightly improved by knocking off a few awkward projections; there can be no question as to the intention of placing this flint with the other elementary figures: they were all alike kept in

honor of the sacred cynocephalus baboon. But with these figures, which are seven or eight inches high, there were two much larger flints two or three feet high. They were set upright in the chamber, and had evidently been selected—out on the desert, a mile or more away,—and brought into the temple, associated with the very primitive baboon figures, and placed on end with them. All this attention to them is only explained by looking at their resemblance to animal forms. In the first one we see a quadruped on its hind legs, the head having been lost at the break on the top. In the second stone there is the baboon form tolerably evident.

We cannot but see here the primitive fetish stones, such as the Papuan will now collect and reverence. Thus we touch the Egyptian behind all art and civilization, back in the time when the stray resemblances of nature caught the attention of the mind as yet untrained to disentangle the connections of things. That mind is by no means now extinct: the coats of arms of cardinals are quoted in telegrams as forecasts of their probable papacy, in accord with a supposed prophecy, and the name of a ship is supposed to link its fate with that of its namesake. Most men pick up their fetish stones by the wayside in life, and imagine connections which strike their fancy.

But these stones, found far below the polished statues of an Egyptian temple, open our eyes to the source of sculpture. We see here that man did not first sit down with a block of stone and determine to carve some figure, but he picked up some strange weird form that seemed as if it must be something else than all the rest of the stones around; he treasured it, venerated it, improved it so as to piously help nature; and little by little he became bolder, until the finished statue did not even need the least resemblance of the block to start with. I envy the glow of discovery of the first man who saw that any stone would do, and that he need not be the servant of nature and only adopt what was indicated to him. Such are the glimpses of the rise of art which these stones give us; but these were by no means the earliest examples of such notions, as prehistoric man in Egypt had

long existed, though here we touch a survival of the primitive ideas in these rude untouched fetish stones set up in the first temple of Abydos.

In the same chamber with these early sculptures we found also a modelled pottery head of a camel (Fig. 5). So far this animal was unknown in early times in Egypt. Not a single figure of or allusion to the camel is found there before Greek times, although familiar in Syria from the days of Abraham. Here we find that at least in the first dynasty the camel was known to the Egyptians.

A similar throw-back in history occurs when we find a piece of iron in a bundle of copper tools of the sixth dynasty, or about 3400 B.C. Hitherto not a scrap of iron had been found which could be certainly dated before 1000 B.C. in Egypt, and it was not in familiar use till Greek times. But we see now that in some way the Egyptians got a bit of iron, apparently only worked into a wedge, two or three thousand years earlier.

It is not only the history of Egypt that we recover deep down in its ruins, but also that of Europe. Some years ago I found foreign pottery in the prehistoric time, and the earliest stage of painted Greek pottery in the Royal Tombs of the first dynasty. Now, of that same age, we find in the temple a whole class of black pottery which is not Egyptian and is clearly Greek in its forms. I took a piece of it in my pocket to Crete; and there, on the terrace of Dr. Evans's house at Knossos, I picked up the exact parallel to it, indistinguishable in color, material, and polish. Unfortunately the Cretan pieces are much broken, and the forms have not been yet restored for comparison with the amphora and bottle which I found; but more than a dozen black bowls from the temple are like those of Crete. As to the age, this pottery belongs to the late neolithic period in Crete, which must be of 4000 B.C. or earlier, in good accord with the Egyptian date of about 4500 B.C. for this class of pottery. It is only by thus connecting the early dawn of Europe with the more complete history of Egypt that we can recover more of our own past and trace surely the various steps by which our present civilization has been built up. To understand the action of the present time, to

grasp the meaning of the tendencies of its religion, its politics, and its life, without knowing the stages by which it has grown, is as ineffective as to look at geography without the geology which has determined it and which still controls it. Just as the strata below preserve the geography of the past, and have formed and will yet regulate in future the surroundings of mankind, so the past civilizations have formed the social present and will yet control the future of man.

We come down now from this beginning of the high civilization, which is only now brought before us, and some eight centuries later we next meet, at 4000 B.C., a name which has never fallen into oblivion, but has kept its place as that of one of the leading figures of history. By the pen of Herodotus the personality of Cheops has passed over from the wreck of Egyptian literature, safe and sound into the Greek world, and so to our days. The character of the great and masterful ruler is the oldest that has been handed down in the memory of every generation since his time. In all ages to offend a priesthood is a sure title to infamy; and whether it be Cheops or Manasseh, Leo the Iconoclast or Henry II., the result is the same. In this light must we read the history of Cheops, who is said to have "abandoned himself to every kind of depravity. He closed all the temples, forbade the Egyptians to offer sacrifices, and ordered them all to work for himself," as Herodotus records. Manetho likewise says that "he was supercilious to the gods," but adds strangely that he "wrote the sacred book which is greatly valued by the Egyptians." This apparent contradiction shows how we are to read the abuse which precedes it. Of the depravity there is no evidence beyond a confiscation of religious endowments; of his real religion there is the proof that he edited or wrote a work which was valued in ages afterwards, and the temples of Bubastis, of Koptos, and of Denderah all

show him as a religious founder. Hitherto we have had no portrait to enable us to judge the man as an acquaintance, to estimate his abilities, his ideas, and his nature: and he has remained an enigma which no historian has fully understood.

At last we can look into his character face to face. In one of the storerooms of the temple of Abydos many figures had been thrown aside, probably in the



FIG. 6.—HEAD OF KHUFU
Double the actual size

sixth dynasty. Those of wood had entirely decayed, and mere films of painted stucco were left in the earth; but one little figure of ivory about three inches high had preserved its original polish almost complete. The workman in digging had broken the head off, and brought me the figure headless. When I had cleaned it, and found the Horus name of Cheops (Khufu) upon the throne, it was evident that no trouble was too great to recover the head—the only portrait of one of the greatest kings. I anxiously inquired of all the boys where they had thrown the earth, and marked out the possible limits of our search; and then began a sifting

of every morsel, in order to find a piece no bigger than the tip of the little finger. A whole day the boys sifted, and day after day they went on sifting a great bank of earth; one week passed, and then another; but at the end of the third week of incessant sifting the precious face was found in perfect state, and the next day the back of the head completed the figure, and Khufu once more sat in all his dignity before us (Fig. 6).

We can now study the nature of this great monarch. The first thing that strikes us is the enormous driving-power of the man, the ruling nature which it seems impossible to resist, the determination which is above all constraint and all opposition. As far as force of will goes, the strongest characters in history would look pliable in this presence. When we analyze it we see the ideality of the upper part of the face—the far look in the eyes, and the high cheek-bone; the expression of conception and construction and the attaining of great ends. And when we look below, to the mouth and jaw, we feel the terrific force which carried forward his ideals, the all-compelling power to which no man could say nay. There is no face quite parallel to this in all the portraits that we know,—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, or modern.

Face to face with Khufu we can better understand the record that we have of his acts. No doubt such a man, with great ideals and unlimited strength of will, did many unpleasant things; but the sight of such a face wipes away any notion of personal baseness or evil nature. And this reform and economic revolution was the step toward the resumption of the wealth of the country by the state. The king was all in all to the Egyptian—lawgiver, administrator, organizer, general, high priest; and after putting an end to the wasteful service of the religion “he made them all work for himself.” The name of Khufu still remains at some of the great temples, at a vast quarry of alabaster, on the rocks of Sinai, and above all at the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, which is the greatest mass of masonry and contains some of the most accurate work that has ever been put together by

mortal man. Such were the triumphant results of this ruling will, of which we now see the living expression set before us.

The accounts of the reign of Khufu have been slighted by some writers as improbable. But this year an entire confirmation was found in excavating the temples at Abydos. At the bottom of all was a temple of the first dynasty; above that another temple of the second and third dynasty; and then at the fourth dynasty there was a blank in the ruins, with no great walls or building, but only a hearth of vegetable ashes, among which were hundreds of little pottery offerings, without a single bone of a sacrifice. Here we actually saw before us the abolition of the temple and the sacrifices, and the substitution of the clay models of no value in place of the costly offerings which had sustained the priesthood. After that the system of temples revived and increased in cost and grandeur to the end of the history. But the political economy of Khufu stood revealed, and Herodotus was vindicated.

A photograph (reproduced at the head of this article) will give some idea of the clearing of such a site. Rows of pits are sunk, and the earth thrown out, until buildings are reached, and then each wall is followed and traced, and one structure below another is cleared, till all the past history of the series of temples is exposed, and every fragment has been transferred to the plans which permanently secure the facts.

More than four thousand measurements and a thousand levels were taken to unravel the history of these temples of Abydos; and every day I was cutting sections of the earth with trowel and knife to trace in the mud soil the course of the mud-brick walls. The pillager merely in search of antiquities would find only two or three dozen inscribed stones and much worthless pottery; but for the historian and archaeologist there was the history of the land for four thousand years in that twenty feet of ruins. I have to thank England and America equally for enabling these discoveries to be carried on by means of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, in the publications of which the detailed results are given.

The Woman's Victory

BEING A BIT OF CONVERSATION

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS

"DON'T ask me," she said.

"But I want to ask you. Very much indeed. I have wanted to ask you for ages." They were in the train, hurrying homewards from Dover to Charing Cross. She looked round at him quickly, without smiling.

"Ages? You have wanted to ask me for ages why I married you? And we have only been married two months!"

"Well—ever since you accepted me I have wondered why."

"I accepted you because I wanted to marry you. And I wanted to marry you because I was willing to be your wife. Will that suffice?"

"By no means," he said, very gravely.

"Well, you will get no other answer." She played nervously with the window-tassel.

"My dear Lucy, you and I have each one cardinal fault. I am beginning to fear that the combination of the two will prove disastrous."

"You speak in riddles," she said, looking down at the tassel.

"Let us be plain. You are absolutely incapable of evasion, and I am unable to let well alone. You can't hide, and I can't not-look. We shall get into trouble, dear: we are doing it now with our eyes open."

"Then let's stop," she said, vehemently.

"We can't: we should both be utterly miserable. All through these eight weeks of emotional travelling we have been keeping away, like fluttering moths, from the lamp. But we know we shall fly into it. We knew it all the time. In another half-hour we shall be home, in our conventional surroundings. I shall be going back to business: you will begin house-keeping. Let's get over the singeing while we can. Here goes: straight into the candle. Why did you marry me?"

"You are cruel," she said, angrily,

"and most unjust." She looked full into his face with hot and scornful eyes. "No reasonable man would ask such silly questions as these."

He shook his head sadly. "A woman," he said, "should either marry for love, or learn to tell lies."

"What, pray, do you call marrying for love?"

He answered with startling indirectness: "I have sometimes thought that you married me for my money."

She colored dark red, and then turned white. "You never in all your life made a greater mistake," she replied. She gazed steadfastly out of the carriage window. Then, "a coarser mistake," she added, showing how indignant she was.

It was his turn to look uncomfortable.

"Well, the fault isn't mine," he said, shamefacedly. "A man naturally seeks for some reason or other as soon as he knows it isn't love."

She did not answer.

"And, after all," he continued, gaining courage, "as long as you don't give me the slightest explanation, you must naturally allow me to think my thoughts."

"Which means that you refuse to believe me after having said I was incapable of untruth."

"Hang it, Lucy, you may deceive yourself. After all, you must have married me for some reason or other."

"I am sick of the word!"

"So am I, for the matter of that, but still more sick of conjecture."

"Accept, then, your happiness, such as it is."

"I will, if you will only tell me the truth. To a character as mine there is no torture like perplexity. If I can't let well alone, as I said just now, I know of no man better at making the best of a bad business."

Again she was silent as the train ran on.

"And I dare say your reason, if once I could get at it, is far better than those which have passed through my head."

"It certainly might be, judging by the specimen you have treated me to just now."

"There, you see! And I have thought of far worse inducements than money."

"Spare me the enumeration. A wise man would have kept that confession to himself."

"I fear I am not a particularly wise man. But, as human beings go, I am honest. Only capable of deception up to a point."

She was silent, biting her lips, her eyes fixed on the landscape. The train ran on.

"I entreat of you to put me out of my pain!" he continued, solemnly. His broad and good-natured face had gone dusky with constrained emotion. "Let us clear the ground before we settle down. If only we know what we have got and what we can expect from each other, we can arrange our hearts accordingly. At least I can. But I can *not* go on playing the farce of the last eight weeks."

She flung herself back. "Yet you played it so well!" she said.

"The better played, the sooner ended."

Her fingers were plucking at her gloves. It was evident how he tortured her. The air of the carriage was full of his insistence.

Then, suddenly, she turned and looked straight at him.

"I married you because you were so dull," she said.

He flushed scarlet. "Please explain," he said.

But she had broken down and was crying a little. "You should have chosen a woman without nerves," she sobbed. Then she dabbed her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief and hurried on: "You see, I had lived all my life among brilliant people. You know my father, how clever he is, always saying brilliant things, and expecting other people to be as witty and amusing as he. And mother, with all her talents, able to do whatever she chooses, and astonished to find that her daughters can't draw all the men in the room around them in an enthusiastic group. I—I, when I was quite a little

girl, and they all laughed at my painting and playing, and all the things I had to do and couldn't—at least not better than six girls out of a dozen,—I began to think I was an idiot, and fell in love with stupidity."

"Thank you," he answered, quite put out.

"I don't mean you. I—I mean—" she stammered, despairingly. "That was earlier. You were later, I mean. But I soon began to hate the brilliant people. All the people about the house who laughed at me and said such clever, cutting things. It was very natural, James. You must understand and be fair to me. I *could* not have married one of my father's friends, a literary man, or a review-writer, or an actor. I loathe the 'artistic temperament.' In our house it explained every weakness and condoned every crime."

"Perhaps the disinclination was mutual," he suggested, with bitterness.

"If you mean that none of the men at our house ever proposed to me, you are right," she replied, simply.

"Ah, you see!" he exclaimed, stung.

"I am not a flirt. Whatever my faults may be, I am not a flirt. In most cases—I think you must just allow me to say that—a woman could have forestalled an offer of marriage she did not intend to accept."

"I do not agree with you," he answered, coldly.

She smiled in a helpless manner. "I am so sorry you are annoyed."

"Oh, pray, do not think I am annoyed. I asked for the truth, and I have got it. You married me because I was an idiot. Did you discover the fact by yourself, or did—as I presume—all your people point it out to you?"

"Oh, how shall I make you understand? When I first met you, I liked you. I have always liked you ever since. Surely that was sufficient reason to satisfy any man!"

"No: some men insist upon more. They want love. I don't say the best men, and I don't say it's the best thing, but they require it. And the woman who likes a man can never bestow it. The woman who hates may—in time. You could not have done me a greater wrong than to marry me."

"I am very sorry. Very, very sorry."

"After all, a man needn't be an idiot because, unlike your father, he occasionally talks sense."

"How you harp upon that word! And of course I said nothing of the kind. Yes, I was weary of all the nonsense, I must admit—it was just that, the perpetual paradoxes and quibbles and witty untruths. Nobody ever quite seemed to mean anything they said. And you were so different. You didn't go in for plays upon words and 'double entendres.' When you made a remark it simply represented a statement. I hadn't to go peeping behind the words, as it were."

"And the statement itself was uninteresting!"

"Yes. Very often. And that was so restful, you know."

He ground his teeth. "Well, I know now at least why you married me," he said. "I am answered. I ought to be satisfied. And you—don't you want to know why I married *you*? No, you don't want to know: you don't even care!"

She would have expostulated, said something, but before she was able to do so he burst out:

"Simply for love of you—for no other reason! Just because I loved you, and thought you would be sweet and good and kind to me! An idiot's reason! You were wiser. You married me because I was a fool!"

"Because you were an honorable man and an upright!" she exclaimed. "Because you possessed all the virtues that men laughed at in my father's house. I had heard of your career: I knew all about it. How you had been left, at barely twenty, with all the weight of the great business on your shoulders, your widowed mother and sisters to support. How you had plodded on, making for yourself a good name and a great fortune. Your cousin Percy, the poet, always used to sing your praises—"

"They were ironical praises: admit that!"

"They came home straight enough to me."

"He calls me 'Honest James': do you think I don't know?"

"Surely you are not ashamed of the name?"

"Ashamed or not, it would be enough

to keep any woman from caring for me. So you married me because I was so virtuous and respectable, and never said anything that I didn't mean, or that made people laugh,—in a word, as you clearly put it, because I was so dull."

"I did not mean the word unkindly. You made me so nervous I hardly knew what I was saying. I used the first word that tumbled to the top, as it were, in my brain."

"Be certain it was the right one. I feel confident it expressed your exact impression at the time. And yet, do you know, Lucy, you were mistaken. I may have been as unamusing, but I certainly was not as respectable as you thought."

A long pause, and dark shadows in the carriage as the train ran between tall banks. He breathed heavily. She sat motionless; not even her fingers shook.

"I am a whited sepulchre." He said the words distinctly, drawing away from her, looking away.

Again heavy silence.

"Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Men don't usually say this sort of thing, I suppose, but you—you drive me to it. I am quite exceptionally placed. I can't go on living so barefaced a lie. Most women marry a man in spite of—of everything, I should imagine. But surely very few women marry a man on account of his respectability."

"Which he doesn't even possess," she said, in a choked voice.

"No. One of your father's poets or play-actors might have done as well."

"Better! Better! They would at least have shown their true nature from the first."

He winced, and a very troubled look came over his face. "I can't help it. Of course I didn't know. How could I imagine? But the very first moment you told me, I was frank with you. I could endure anything but that you should consider me a hypocrite."

"It is the best thing a loveless husband can be."

"Loveless! What—you reproach *me* with lack of love? Now that is too good, after what has passed from you to me!"

"I know but too well what I am saying. Do you really think that any husband who loved his wife would have con-

fessed to her what you have just told me—two months after marriage?"

He stammered, staring at her, alarmed by the vehemence with which she went on:

"Love! Love! You tell me you married me for love, and you expect me to believe it! Of course, for you believe it yourself! Oh, truthfully, honestly; I know you do. You married for love, and I didn't. Love of what? Of my face?—of my appearance, at any rate. Some superficial charm? As for my inner anything, my mind or my soul, or whatever you like to call it, the real, lasting me, were you in love with that? You never even took the trouble to look for it. See how you have treated it now! You never knew anything about it, or you would have found out soon enough *what* it was in you that led me to like you and marry you. Love! Cease your misuse of the term. I—shame that I should have to confess it!—I was attracted by your inner nature; that is love! *You* married me because you were attracted by—" she shuddered. "Oh, you love me; you love me; of course! And I don't love you"—her voice shook,—"*especially now you are not even respectable, and too honest to disguise it!*"

"But, Lucy,—my dear Lucy!"

"I tell you I understand you perfectly. Men marry *us* on their former experience. I know what you wanted me to marry you for. No, I am not in love with you—not, not in love with you. I will tell you so a dozen times, if you like. I didn't marry you—I didn't marry you for love!" Her eyes and cheeks were flaming. Her voice rang out.

"We seem to have got into a most awful bog," he said. He wriggled about in his seat, looking steadfastly down on the floor.

"On the contrary: the mists are clearing. We shall reach *terra firma*. Your question that you have been wanting to ask for ages is answered. I have long

seen it coming up in your mind, gathering shape and importance. I knew that you would sooner or later give it utterance. Far better sooner; you have your reply."

He flung himself across to her and caught at her hand; she did not draw it away.

"We can now overlook the situation," she continued, "and arrange our lives accordingly. I am the better off of the two. For I married you for lasting qualities, and you married me for passing charms."

"Don't!" he exclaimed, sinking closer; "I dare say I misunderstood you. I don't pretend to know much about women. I am willing to accept all you say."

"As you truly remarked, I can't dissemble, and you can't be satisfied with half a truth. We now know exactly how we stand, as you wished. You married me because you had fallen in love with me, and I married you because you were"—something like a ripple awoke and died away in her accent—"dull."

"Don't, don't!" he repeated, appealingly, stroking her hand.

"Did you imagine," she flashed out at him, "that I thought I was marrying a St. Francis? What do you mean by your unreasonable confessions? Do you expect me to like you less because you are as honest, and even a bit honest than I bargained for?"

"Forgive me," he whispered.

"Learn to love me first," she answered. "When you love me for myself, as I love you, then—then—"

"Speak, dearest!"

"Then I shall forgive you for suggesting that I married you for your—"

"Hush! I know what you are going to say."

"Money," she continued, deliberately. He hung his head: and the train ran into the station.



EXQUISITE CRYSTALS BLANKET THE LANDSCAPE

Winter In the Country

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

[Photographs by R. Eickemeyer, Jr.]

IN the summer the country gets due attention from city people, but the country winters still belong almost altogether to the various folk who really live in the country—the farmers, villagers, and to some extent, of course, the suburbanites.

Our country clubs have skating-ponds and toboggan-slides, and a few enterprising people rush out of town, when they get a chance, and use them. When I lived in the country we skated on shallows on the edge of the lake, or up the brooks to the swamps that fed them, and the winter ponds that bordered the swamps. There were muskrats under the ice in the swamps and the swamp-ponds; and muskrats under the ice make mighty interesting skating for the boy on top. The streams

in the pictures herewith are not frozen tight, yet, but you can see how fascinating it will be to follow them up after winter has taken hard hold of them. Where the ice in a brook is good, it is good, and where it is bad there is always the excited anticipation of a reach of particularly good ice, or maybe a flooded meadow, a little way farther up.

Unless you really live in the country you will miss the great snow-storms; and it is a pity to go through life without knowledge of them. Whittier's "Snow-Bound" is the fruit of one of them. In Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* there is an admirable record of another which is bound to linger long in any mind that takes it in. Hawthorne, too, saw snow-storms and made record of them. The country values its winter excitements, for they are

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somewhat rare, and a great snow-storm is the chief of them. There are two notable kinds,—the blizzard that comes with wind and cold, when the fine snow drifts furiously, and the quiet storm when the flakes are often clumps of exquisite crystals, and fall fast and silently, blanketing the landscape, and adorning the trees with a decoration of astonishing beauty. It begins to snow, say, about noon, and snows diligently, with no stops for rest. By five o'clock the snow-plough is out, and there is shovelling of paths to the barn and the road and wherever paths are necessary. Instead of stopping at sundown, it buckles to and snows harder. Before you go to bed it is eighteen inches deep on a level. It becomes interesting. You begin to speculate as to when it will stop.

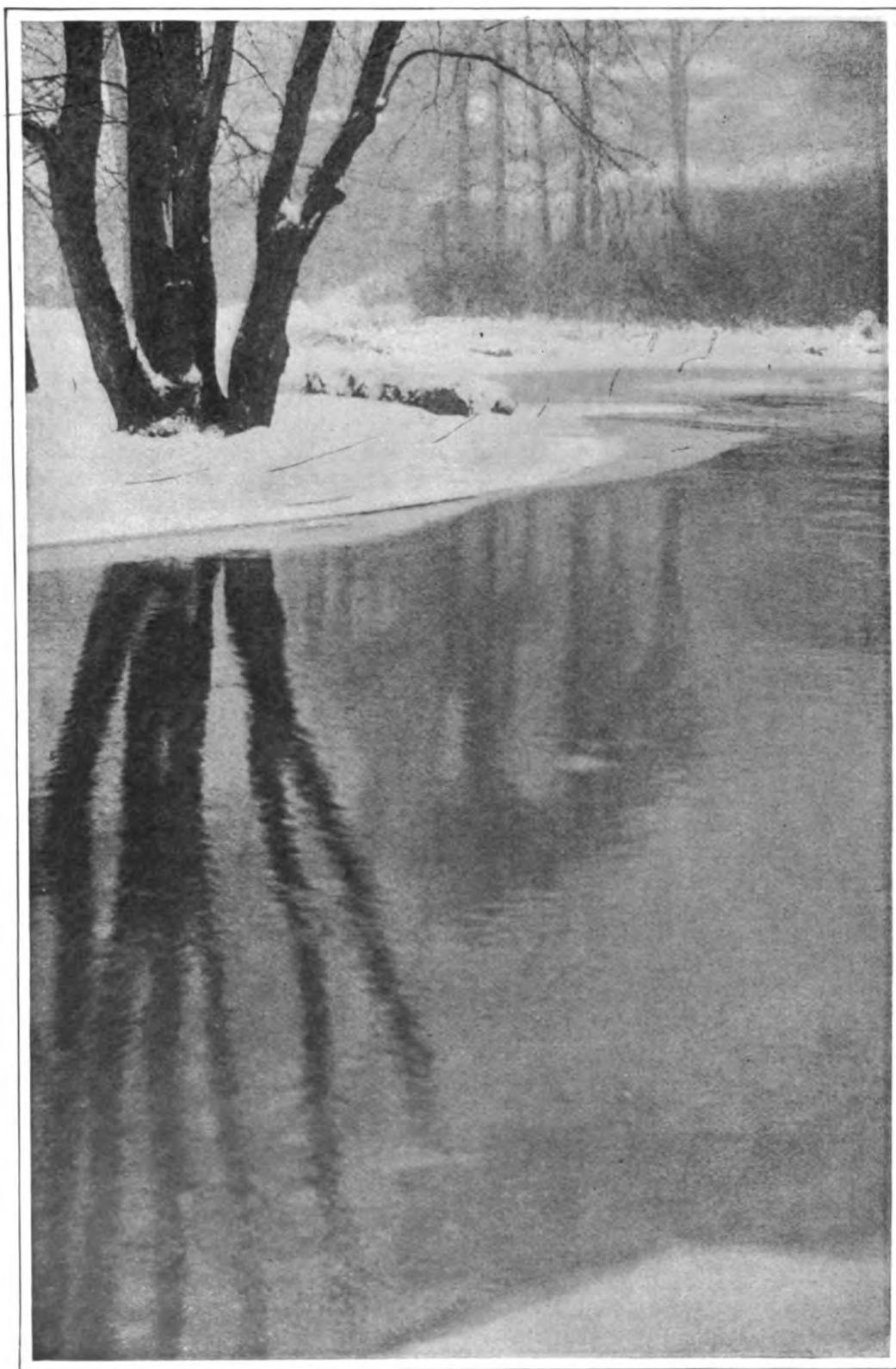
The first thing in the morning you look out of the window and see—nothing but snow; snow everywhere, on the ground, on the trees, covering the handle of the pump out of sight, making mere mounds of the smaller shrubs, bending down the limbs of the tall evergreens until they look like Chinese pagodas. No paths anywhere—mere slight depressions where the paths were last night. And the road as you see it from the window is still smooth and white from fence to fence. No sleigh track yet; no one has got through. Here is delightful excitement for children, and occupation and more or less exhilaration for every one. The first track is made by the hired man wading through the snow to the barn. Sausages and buckwheat cakes for breakfast on such a morning, and then path-finding, road-breaking, and shovelling all the rest of the morning, and all day long if the storm keeps on.

After it has snowed three feet on a level the storm begins to be a phenomenon, and there is hourly speculation as to whether it will break a record, and how much it will obstruct the railroads, and when the newspapers will come and tell all about it. For the time being it is the only topic. Presently the road-breakers come down the road, driving four or six wallowing horses before a lumber-sleigh, and once the snow stops falling, communication is soon resumed. But there are great heaps of snow, the result of shovelling,

which the children burrow into and excavate for snow houses, and these last until the next big thaw.

The fine snow driven hard and fast by a bitter north wind is just as interesting, though not so beautiful, because it does not stay on the trees. That combination makes drifts and packs tight, and means more hard work and much longer interruption of communication. A winter evening by a bright fire is better than ever when such a storm is raging outside, and when it blows and snows itself out by daylight, and the sun rises clear on a sparkling landscape, the sight of that, and to breathe the sharp, clean air, are something to live for and remember. Very beautiful, too, in their results, are the storms that coat the limbs of the trees and shrubs with ice that glitters wonderfully in the sunlight, and gives a fairy-palace effect to everything in sight. But the ice-storms, besides being harmful to the trees, have not the spiritual effect that the great silent snow-storms have. Death itself is not more tranquil than the noiseless fall of the flakes, and the great snow blanket, soft and spotless, is the most peaceful thing to look at in nature. It shuts out all ugliness, smooths all rough places, softens all harsh angles. The most material mind can hardly help being soothed and rested by it, and the contemplative spirit sees earth, for once, sweet, pure, and millennial.

The pictures of nature that most of us have most in our minds were stored there not with intention premeditated, but because they imposed themselves on our attention. The snow and the snow pictures are an unavoidable part of the country-dweller's winter environment, and whether he has little or much of the painter's appreciation of landscape, they do ordinarily take a hold on his mind. He may not be able to discourse to edification about his winters, as Mr. Kipling did about snowy Brattleboro, but the crispness of the snow and the creak of the runners on cold days penetrate his consciousness too. The pictures of landscape that stick most ineffaceably in our minds are those that took hold there when we were children. They become part of our capital stock of impressions, which we add to as long as our capacity for receiving visual impressions lasts.



THE STREAMS ARE NOT FROZEN TIGHT, YET

Human interests add very much to the attractions of the country in winter, and here in the East I suppose country life in winter is somewhat less rich in human interest, and consequently less brisk, than it was fifty years ago. All districts that are near considerable cities have increased in population, but it is, in winter at least, a village population. The true rural districts have everywhere suffered from the superior attractions of the towns, and that is natural. Since agricultural machinery has come to abound, fewer hands can do the work of a farm, and the surplus hands go elsewhere to other tasks. Would it pay now, do you suppose, to pile up the stone walls that are the familiar field boundaries all over New England? I suppose not. One of the charms of New England farms as playthings is that so much work has been done on them, and so little remains to be done that is commercially expedient.

The great steady winter jobs on an American farm in the North nowadays are, feeding the stock and keeping warm. And keeping warm nowadays means hauling coal. When I lived in the country it meant cutting wood. It meant, for our large family, constant teaming day after day from the woods to the wood-yard, and a wood-pile that must have covered quarter of an acre. It meant, towards spring, the coming of men with a horse-power and buzz-saw to cut fire-wood, and that was almost as interesting an operation as thrashing. It meant also a pretty constant procession past the front door of sleighs loaded with wood on their way to market, and a boy could hitch a hand-sleigh on behind any one of them and ride two or three miles down the road, returning at a better pace behind an empty one.

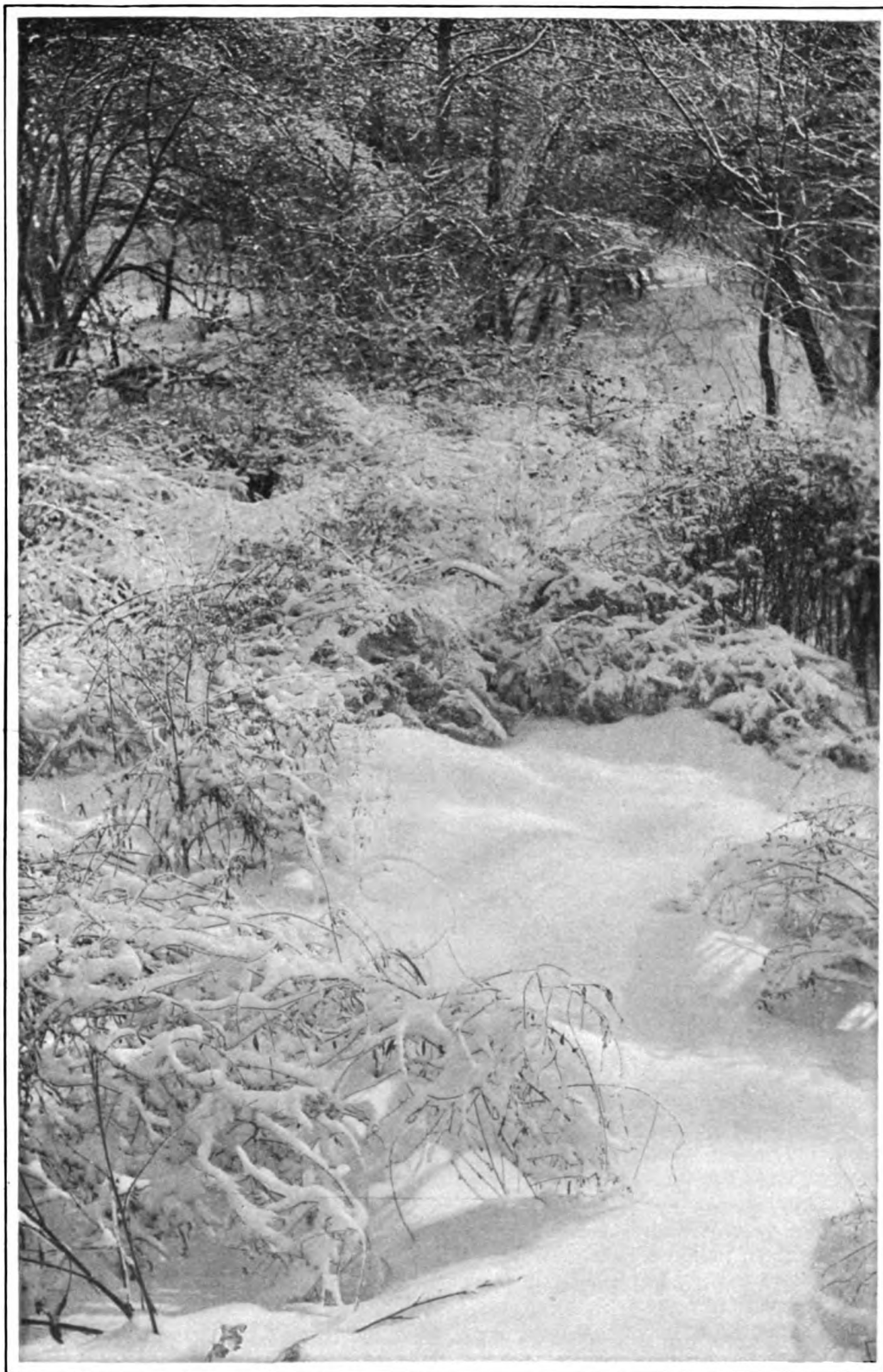
There were other stirring days when the lake had frozen hard and the ice-house was filled, involving ice-cutting, and more teaming, and more precarious hitching on behind loads and going back in empties. And early in the winter there was the momentous and gory killing of pigs. Oh, that was indeed a stirring time! They kill a pig every second, no doubt, in Chicago nowadays, but that is mere mechanical routine with no quality of sport in it. When we killed, there was a fire where the brook ran through the

big barnyard, and kettles hung over it from a pole, and water boiled in them. From time to time there were the horrifying shrieks of the murdered swine, which were pretty blood-curdling, though interesting as incidents. There were bladders to blow up, too; there was at last the row of pigs hanging stark, clean, and handsome in the crisp twilight; and following that, dissection, the salting down of pork, the curing and smoking of hams, the making of sausages, headcheese, and souse, and, at leisure, the eating of them.

There was nothing so very slow about the country winter in days as late as the civil war. I suppose soap-making as a domestic industry is as dead as household spinning. In those times of wood-fires and wood-ashes all self-respecting families made soap. Our family had an outstanding kitchen expressly for that use, with a big cisternlike hogshead behind it in which ashes were leached, and convenient tubs for holding the soft soap. A very handsome substance is soft soap of the proper consistency and complexion, and a pleasing exercise it used to be for the young to stir it with a stick and watch its undulations. All the superfluous fat of meat from our kitchen was eventually turned into soft soap in those near-by old times.

They really were better times to winter in the country than these days of ready-made and coal-oil incubation. Is an incubator interesting? Oh yes, commercially. Anything that makes money is interesting. But there is a personal charm about hens that no incubator can rival. The wiles of hens in secreting eggs, the finding of nests, and the cautious, light-fingered speculation as to the age and condition of the eggs in them used to help out the country winters.

We had, besides the stable, a big farm-barn, built to hold a lot of hay, and standing at a convenient height from the ground for perverse hens to lay under, and for other young bipeds to crawl under in search of eggs. Such a barn is a very desirable adjunct to winter country life. This one had a frame of great oak beams and an extension of connecting sheds, and when all its upper part had been filled with hay, the haymows were the finest places imaginable to play in in winter. All the various hide-and-seek



A DECORATION OF ASTONISHING BEAUTY



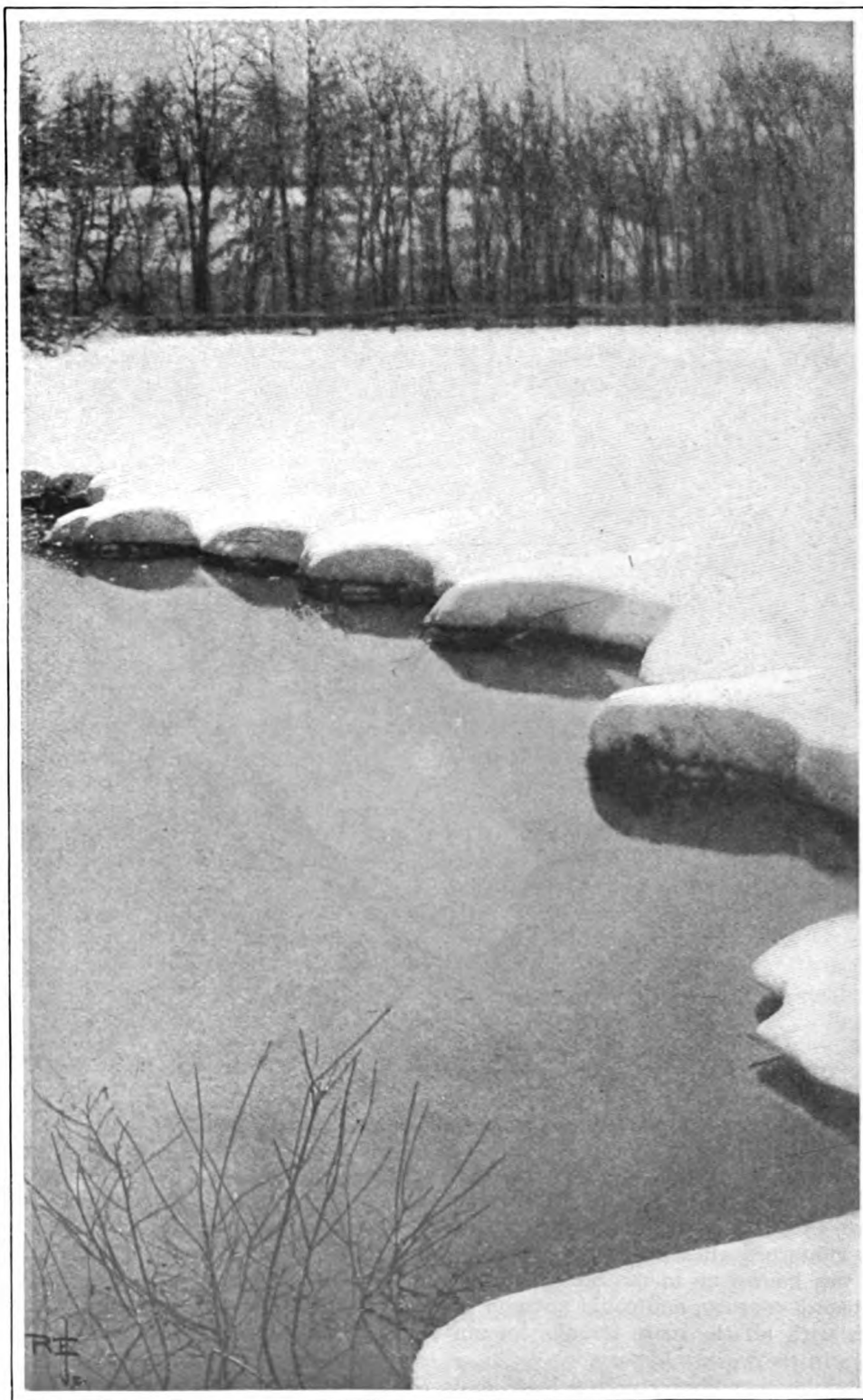
THE BROOKSIDE IN WINTER

games could be played to advantage in connection with them, and you could make dens and burrows in them where apples could be stored and suitable books deposited for consideration at times when for any reason it was prudent or convenient for one to stay away from the house.

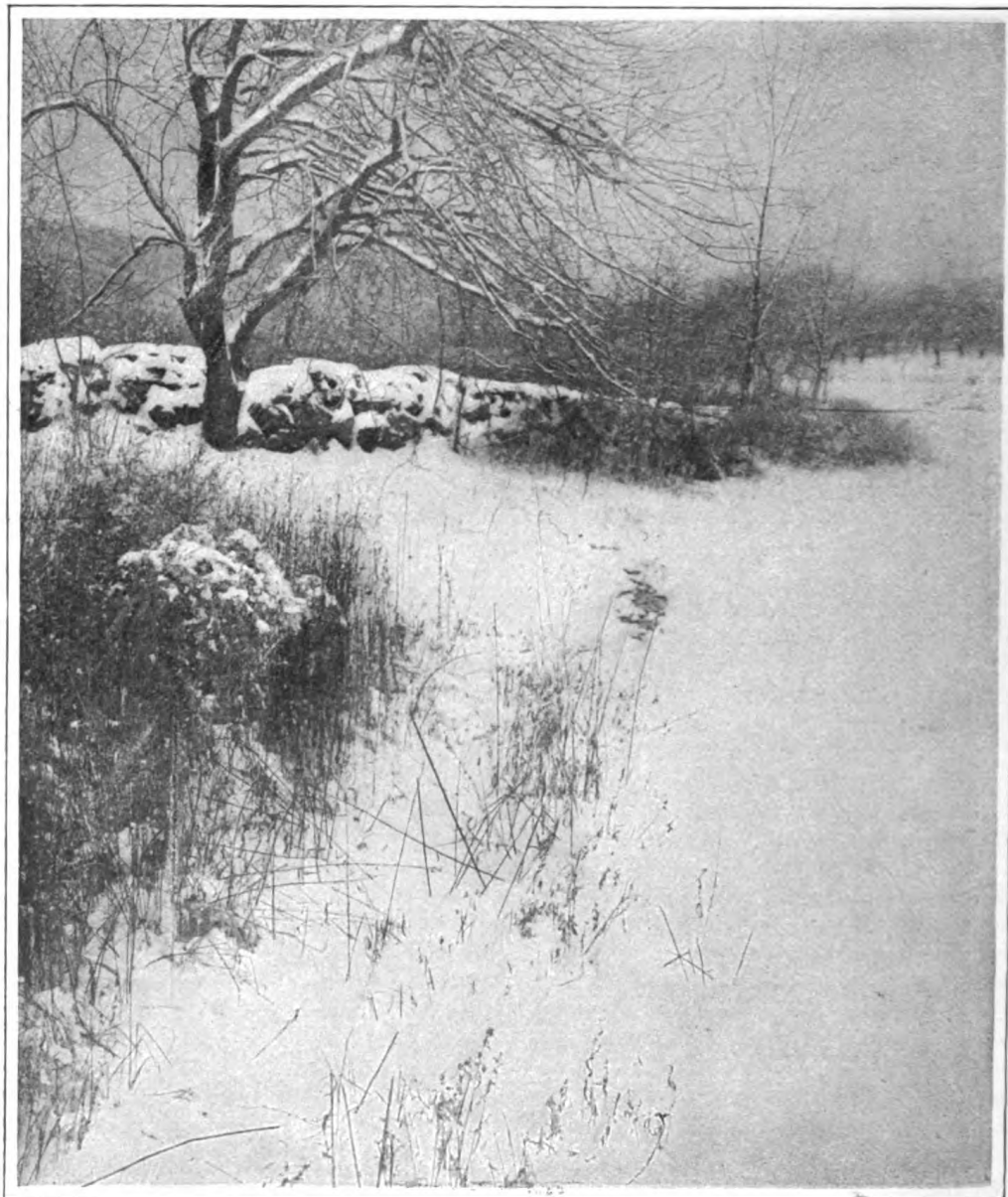
And of course the barn, being a farm-barn, was duly furnished with cows, and had a big strawstack in the barn-yard. Cows are excellent society in winter, if you see enough of them to give them a place in your daily life. All animals help out socially in the country in winter, and so may some of the vegetables. For my part, I used to find appreciable social advantages in the company of apples. A peck or two, or even a barrel or two, of apples from the grocer's can hardly be considered company, but thirty or forty barrels of various apples standing back in the cellar, with movable covers convenient for an inspector with pockets, are a different matter. They constitute a collection delightful to the eye, stimulating to the imagination, and affording

food for observation, reflection, and comparison, as well as convenient physical refreshment. Doughnuts have consoling characteristics, especially when taken with cider on a winter evening, but I never found in them the same sort of companionship that there was in apples. Perhaps they came too few in a batch, or lasted too short a time, or were all too much alike.

But, after all, the best and most companionable property of all that we had was the library. That was rather remarkable, not because it was so very big or so very valuable, but because of its scope and flavor. There were three or four thousand books in it, shelved almost from floor to ceiling, ranging from folios up to duodecimos, and from black letter up to the types of Franklin Square. Very few of the books were of later date than Macaulay's History, but it was a good, old-fashioned collection, gathered at his leisure by a lover of good books, from book-stalls and importers' counters. It held a deal of good reading and some bad; it was seasoned and homely and



AFTER A WINTER'S STORM



SNOW EVERYWHERE, ON THE GROUND, ON THE TREES

inspiring, and if it did not include the record of all human knowledge, it at least contained clues to pretty much all that was known up to the middle of the nineteenth century, and could put you in touch with all the more notable human beings in the world's history.

To sit in that library with a book, and look out from time to time across the snow to the ice-bound lake, or to sit there of a winter evening before the open wood-fire with good old books all about, was a de-

tail of human experience that I do not often see bettered in cities. If you have once got used to the town and its various stimulations, you may feel the need of reverting to it from time to time, even if it doesn't claim you altogether. But don't imagine that you really know the country until you have tried it, and tried it intelligently, in winter, when the flies are gone and the mosquitoes are all dead, and the great business of life is just to live and invite your soul.

A Play to the Gallery

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

THE girl sat back in the saddle lazily and held the reins loose in her right hand, while the nervous brown beast under her fidgeted and walked about beneath the trees, and stopped to paw at the sod with a delicate hoof. The rest were having lemonades and other things over by the Country Club piazza, but she had refused. She wanted to get on, to ride hard, to jump a fence or two, and have a sensation of excitement, of danger, that would dull, if only for a second, the restlessness and choked feeling that held her. Besides, lemonades made one ride badly. It was foolish to drink them on a ride—still more the other things. She looked across, a touch scornfully, at the gay group by the wide piazza, the figures shifting in and out as the horses moved here and there. Very picturesque they looked, as horse-back people always do,—the men mostly standing by their mounts, in their high russet or black boots and baggy, sporty-looking trousers; the women, more or less uniform in dark habits and white stocks, bending from their saddles to take the frosty glasses, and making cheerful little jokes as the quick-moving animals spilled a drop on skirt or cavalier. A very pretty picture indeed—but that was all. Twelve of them there were, and not one whom she cared a turn of her hand ever to see again. There was so little in the world that made any real difference. Except Annie, of course, her little sister,—she looked at the slim figure on the gray mare,—Annie was more her property than anything on earth. But the girl herself counted too much to be left to her reflections many minutes. Two tan-colored figures dashed across the bit of lawn, tinkling glasses in their hands.

"If you will be so exclusive—" began the foremost, and stumbled as he said it, splashing yellow waves of light out of the glass. "Jove!" he finished, and stared sadly at his spattered trousers.

"That's what you get for being in-temperate," said the other, triumphantly, as he brought up with an unspilled goblet by the side of the brown horse. "Here, my Lady Disdain,—here's your nice, wholesome, plain lemonade, good for man and beast," and he held it up.

"I'm neither." The girl on the horse shook her head. "Give it to Crackerjack." She patted the brown neck.

"There, then—who's turned down now?" demanded the spilled-drink hero. "You must know, my lady, that Jimmie and I had a bet as to what you'd take, and he went in for non-intoxicants; but I, on the theory that you were not like other girls, and full of spirit by nature, made so bold as to bring you something with a touch of spirits in it. Take it—there, do! It'll do you good. There's a long ride before us."

The girl, with a pleading cavalier on either side, looked from one to the other, and patted her horse again.

"Don't want either, thank you. Mr. Lyndon, you're very saucy to bring it. You must have had one before you dared. Take it back.—No,"—she put out her hand impulsively,—“give it to me.”

The group by the piazza were watching to see what she would do as she lifted the glass, and with a smile and a quick outward curve of pale gold the doomed drink scattered over the grass. There were clapping of hands and laughter from the step, and the girl laughed back, and Crackerjack turned uneasily. Then, under cover of the hilarity, she bent to Lyndon, standing a bit stiff and dignified.

"It was horrid of me," she said. "I knew they would laugh, and I wanted them to, but it was nasty to you. You deserved it, for you knew I wasn't that kind—but it was just as horrid of me. It was a play to the gallery, and I'm ashamed. Come and ride with me, and I'll make up."

Two minutes more and a dozen riders

and horses were streaming down the road, the prettiest sight in the world. Crackerjack led with his fast, effortless walk, and Lyndon by his side trotted his lean bay hunter to keep abreast of the alert, spirited brown head. Alert and spirited too, in the saddle, the girl tried hard to keep her word and "make up." With quick response and earnest questioning and ready sympathy she kept the man in play on the subject that interests every man—himself; and meantime prodded her spirit, that would not care, however hard she tried, for a single word he said. "He is so thoughtful and kind—yes, and bright and clever too," she told her flagging spirit, reproachfully. And the spirit answered, unimpressed, "Yes, and self-centred and uninteresting!" So the argument was not of much use. And like a pang of physical sickness came over her the quick, strong memory of another man who had ridden this road by her side. Lyndon talked incessantly, and talked well, and the other had been silent sometimes for miles. Yet to-day the big landscape ached with emptiness, while the last time—she remembered they walked the horses through this lane then too, and the brown earth rose up and sang beneath their feet. And through the memory Lyndon's satisfied voice rolled smoothly.

On a swift wave of impatience came the decision that she would not work over this man any longer. She had been rude to him for a minute—well, she had been civil for fifteen. It was enough. A quick pull at Crackerjack's light mouth brought him, snorting, to a standstill, and off she slipped. Lyndon, reining in more slowly, looked back in astonishment.

"What's wrong? Let me—" his leg slid over to dismount, but she stopped him.

"No, stay on—don't get down. I don't want you—truly I don't. It's just—" she laughed. "I don't know how to explain and be polite."

Lyndon was standing by his horse now, facing her, perplexity all over his fresh, good-looking face. The others were coming up.

"What is it? Any accident?" they called, and the girl turned and addressed the bunch, half laughing, half irritated.

"Can't I be unreasonable without stirring up everybody? I want to stop and camp out—and I'm going to. You all go on."

"I'll camp too, with pleasure," said Lyndon, with the kindly indulgence of a man determined to be a gentleman always, no matter what vagaries of woman may try him.

"And I will too!" "Send off those chaps and let me!" broke in other voices from the saddles above her.

"Oh no!" The girl grew impatient. "I won't have you—I don't want you. I don't want to break up the ride. I'm just going to stop here and think over my sins, and plan some more. I know it's foolish, but I wish to be foolish. I won't have any one wait with me—I simply won't."

Of course there was nothing for it but, with many protests, to give the girl her way. She had stopped on top of a high hill that sloped down to a rushing little river. Somebody spoke of the bridge—its safety had been questioned.

"Is the bridge all right?" Lyndon asked Jimmie Saintsbury. This part of the world all belonged to the Saintsburies.

"Father said this morning at breakfast that it was probably good for six months unless they begin to mend it. They start in by taking out the stringers or something underneath, so it will be out of commission at once then till it's all made over. They were to begin to-day, but there's nobody there, you see, so we're safe enough."

The girl leaned against the fence, with her arm through Crackerjack's bridle.

"Please everybody get killed before Annie," she said, and tickled the horse's head with the handle of her crop. "And please go on—you disturb my thinking."

"We'll go down over the bridge out to Everett, and back by the Blue Island road, and stop here for you, if you're still thinking," said Lyndon. "Seems to me you're mighty foolish not to let me think with you," he added, tentatively.

She stood with a hand on the horse's bent neck—Crackerjack was browsing busily—and watched them dash off across the bit of level road and then slow up as they started down the long, steep hill: the bay and black and gray and brown horses,

their sensitive ears twitching backward and forward, their clean-cut legs moving carefully, daintily, along the stony road.

Is there anything so good as to be on a good horse, with good roads and an afternoon before one? That there is "something about the outside of a horse that is good for the inside of a man" applies mentally as well as physically. There is no room in the saddle for Black Care, and if he indeed mounts behind the horseman, he is likely to fall off within the first mile. There is no better way to loosen his grip. Riders say that the animal feels his master's mood and personality through the touch of the reins and pressure of the body. As often, surely, the free, large nature of a horse flows back into the rider, and the world is for a human being in the saddle a kindlier, simpler, less complex affair than it is anywhere else. Yet the girl gave a sigh of relief as the chorus of hoofs clattered in distant thunder across the bridge and the last galloping figure disappeared over the top of the hill beyond.

"We couldn't stand them to-day, could we, Crackerjack? We're too lonely to have people about to-day, aren't we, beast?"

She twitched at the rein, and the horse raised a gentle, friendly face, gazed at her a moment from wondering, calm eyes, and lowering his head, set about munching grass industriously again.

"Crackerjack, you're such a help. Nobody but you knows enough not to talk," she said, aloud, and then moodily fell to thinking.

Mental battles need no very wide scene for their field of action. Here in this narrow lane, her back against the silvery old wood of a farm fence, and the sappy June grass deep about her, the girl was drawing out her lines for the greatest fight that had come into her life. For two months, while the outer flow of her days had been even and usual, her inner life had grown daily more unbearable.

"So now, if I have any self-respect and any will, I shall straighten this thing out, and make up my mind what to think, and think it, and live my own life—hard. And not whine."

Her face set into a look that promised a bad quarter-hour for the half of her-

self that wanted to whine. With a firm hand on the emotional side, she began to review the course of true love that had not run smooth. It was much like other love-affairs, with two great points of difference. It was her own—that puts a love-affair into a class by itself. And it had stopped as if a stream in flood had run dry. And the girl did not know why—there lay the sting and the humiliation. A year ago he had come, in June, and on a day like this they had taken their first ride. Horseback had made them comrades at once, but it was a long time before the girl had felt anything more than friendship in the delight of being with him. Then by imperceptible, rapid slips it had moved on and on, till the pleasant, irresponsible, light-hearted good-fellowship hung swaying, unbroken, yet with a thrill of danger in its poise, on the edge of a precipice at whose foot rushed the deep water, the happiness and misery of love.

One night, when they were left alone in the cool darkness and quiet of the Country Club piazza, had come the landslide. A dozen empty chairs stood about them as she leaned her arms on the railing in the far dark corner. A track of yellow light streaming out from the open door a hundred feet away blackened the shadows, and, inside, the ping-pong rackets tick-tacked delicately. Every one had gone back to town but these four, and the two players were absorbed; the girl and her lover were as much alone as in the heart of a wood. She went over and over the words he had said—very much what other men have said to other girls always, yet with no danger of monotony. And at the end she had felt his hands on each side of her face, holding it, and his mouth had touched her hair.

"That isn't so very wicked," he had said, and afterwards she wondered what he meant. Why was it wicked at all? A great rectangle of light had swept clanging up the dark road, and they had all rushed to catch the last car, and she remembered stumbling on it, dazed and quiet, knowing only that he sat next to her through the short four miles to town, but with hardly a word to say, as silent, as stirred as herself. There could be no mistake about that; no one could

pretend feeling so strong; no one could be an actor so perfectly. And as she thought of it she rejected such a doubt with scorn. However things were afterwards, he had been sincere, he had cared for her that night. Three days had gone after that, with no sign from him, and though puzzled she had not a gleam of distrust, and the memory of his voice and touch in the dark seemed almost enough. When she woke in the morning the flooding happiness of it met her, and when she went to sleep at night it floated her out on a shining sea of dreams. She could wait. And she waited for three days, saying to herself that his ways were not like other men's, that she would understand in a minute when he came, and that the king not only could but would do no wrong. And on the fourth day came a formal note of good-by. He was going away to live. He had hoped to be able to see her and tell her about it before he changed cities, a month from now, but most unexpectedly he was leaving for the West in the evening on a hunting-trip that would fill all the time between. He hoped that their paths might cross again some day, and in the mean time he could not thank her in words for the months past, but he would thank her always in thought, and would never forget them. That was all.

"Oh!" moaned the girl, aloud, and threw her arms sideways in the grass and her face on them as she felt again the dull ache and the sharp stab of reading his letter. Yet—she could not tell if she fancied it, but somewhere in those correct words she thought she could catch a note of the heartache and the pain they had brought to her. What did it mean? That was what she had set herself to-day to decide. With a clear brain she separated the *pros* and *cons* like a lawyer, and found three possible theories as the result. First there was the chance that he had been amusing himself at her expense—she put that in its pigeonhole. Then there was the chance that he had been carried away for the moment, and, touched perhaps by feeling that she might have shown for him, had said more than he meant and regretted it afterwards. She shivered as she pigeonholed that theory. Then—and this she liked best to think—there might be some

obstacle, some reason why he could not go farther, should not perhaps have gone so far. It might be any of a dozen possibilities; it might be another girl whom he had been bound to before he knew her. He had come from so far away that no one here knew his people or his friends, and though he had told her more than any one, he was reticent, and it was evidently hard for him to talk about himself.

"So there are three theories," the girl said, aloud. "Now I'll decide which one I'll believe," and she turned at the sound of hammering and stared over the hill. There were four men, down below, at work on the bridge. She started as she thought of what Jimmie Saintsbury had said, and then remembered that the riders were to come by the other road, crossing the stream miles away at a new and safe bridge.

Crackerjack had eaten all the grass within his tether, and was pulling toward pastures new, so she threw the bridle over her arm and walked to the brow of the hill. She pushed down the daisies that gleamed white against the shaded grays of the old fence, and sitting down, threw her gloves and her sailor hat beside her, and the breeze blew her blond hair about her face. Three theories, and the first was that he had been playing with her all the time—it took her half a minute to discard that idea. He was a gentleman, to begin with. The straight, sincere look of his eyes, the thousand and one acts of simple friendship that had filled those months, rose up to reproach her. No; that theory was impossible. Then could it be that she had mistaken mere friendship for love, and that he had seen the mistake and been touched to a warmer feeling from pure sympathy? Had he pitied her? The thought was unendurable. Yet there were such depths of gentleness and kindness in him, and they had been such friends—it might be that he could not bear to see her care for him without response. He might have tried to care for her in return, and have failed, and so left her as he did as the kindest way out of it. The girl's hair, yellow as corn, blew softly about her eyes in the light June breeze, and she pushed it aside quickly, as if she must see clearly. There was the third theory.

It seemed to-day that it would be utter happiness if she might believe that he cared as she did, and had gone away only because he must. If she only knew! She balanced the two possibilities in her mind over and over, this way and that. Surely the look in his eyes, the tone in his voice, the touch of his hands on her face, never came from an effort of duty; surely there was a quality in them not to be mistaken, that meant the greatest and the simplest feeling—love.

A peasant woman would not have hesitated; but as the keenness of sense, the exquisite sight and hearing, that belong to a savage are lost somewhere in the refining process of the ages between him and his twentieth-century descendant, so this woman, who was the high-water mark of civilization, had dulled in training the woman's sure instinct. The bias of a practised mind to refuse mere feeling as a reason, and a certain Spartan vein of courage that impelled her to choose the harder of two roads—these decided her. With a wrench at her soul she cast away the happier possibility, and was adjusting her life sternly, with trembling, determined hands, to the bitter belief of the other. He had pitied her; he had loved her only for a moment, only because he was good and strong, and was sorry. But to the generous, torn soul there was a word of comfort in that. He *was* strong and good—it would always be sacred to him, this unasked love of hers; she might always remember him as she wished, as the truest of gentlemen; she need never be ashamed that she had put him first in her world. He had done the one right and brave thing, and done it, with the quick resolution she had learned to expect of him, instantly. It was hard and cruel, but it was best, and there was a pleasure, knowing it was his way, in the pain of it.

From the far-away city, whose steeples and towers rose like clouds against the sunset, beyond the distant silver river, chimed out, softened by the miles between, the bells and whistles of six o'clock. Up the hill in the low sunlight, dark against the brightening sky, toiled two work-worn figures; and Crackerjack, raising his gentle, high-bred head from his long feast, gazed at them mildly. The girl nodded brightly.

"How do you do, Peter? I didn't know it was you hammering down there at the bridge. How do you do, Thomas?" Half the farmers in the country were her friends.

The men grinned with pleased faces, and asked if anything was wrong,—if they could help her on her horse. But she shook her head. No; Crackerjack would let her mount without trouble; they were old friends, she and Crackerjack. And the men, with a pat on the horse's shining neck, trudged along. But fifty feet away they stopped and turned.

"You ben't a-goin' to ride back over that bridge, be ye?" called the elder. "Because we've took out one of the stringers, that was rotted, and a dog couldn't go over it safe. Land! I 'most forgot to tell ye."

"No," said the girl, "I'm not going that way. But surely you've left it guarded in some way, haven't you?"

The men looked at each other guiltily, and were silent for a moment. The elder said, sheepishly:

"We shouldn't orter leave it even for a spell—I know that. But I done forgot the red lantern I had all fixed at my house, and we was both in a hurry to get home to-night, and nobody don't never come by here after six o'clock—never. So we let it go till after supper, and I cal'lated to send down little Pete with the lantern soon's he'd et his supper. I'll send him prompt, miss, I promise ye."

They were gone; and the girl, with a momentary thought that she was glad the party had planned to come by the other road, went back to the rearrangement of her life. Love was gone out of it, and, for the present, joy. But the girl knew that she could not be unhappy always, that it was of the essential part of herself to fight her way through clouds to sunshine as a diver pushes down the water to get back to the air that he must breathe or die. Life was full of good things, and only a coward would give up the battle because he might not win the best thing. She had still her work—the girl painted so well that people who knew foretold a future for her; she had still the brightness of other lives, close to her own, to consider; she had still the out-of-doors that she had loved always—



"BACK! BACK!" SHE CALLED

horseback and golf, the wide, free horizons, the dew-fresh mornings, the long, sunny afternoons, the streaming sunsets and the purple twilights that such things mean. Life was very full. While it might be made large and unselfish and brave and bright, it would be a pity, it would be a shame to her birthright of courage, if she should fail to live it with her might. The music might be silent in the march, but she could still walk with a swing, her feet timed to the memory of gay notes. And she would. The girl was not a coward, and as she faced,

there by the roadside, years to come that seemed to her all colorless and up-hill, with a resolution not merely of endurance, but of heart and action, it was a good courage and a strong will that brought so glowing a promise from such burning ashes.

"But if I only knew!" she whispered. With a long, trembling breath she rose and stood leaning against Crackerjack, and stared, as if at a new, hard, yet beautiful world, across the fields, where the long shadows lay in cool, uneven masses; back up the brown country road,

where the grass grew thick in the middle—thick over the prints of his horse's feet, made two months ago; and then down the hill to the rippling river and the treacherous bridge, lying shadowy in the hollow, and up the slope beyond, across whose crest the red and yellow sunset lay gorgeously dying into amethyst and rose.

"If I only knew!" she said again, aloud.

There was a dark blotch against the melted gold of the sky. The girl stood upright suddenly and gazed, her eyes wide. It moved; another had joined it; and another—half a dozen more. With quick, steady hands she caught the trailing bridle and threw it over Crackerjack's neck, and drew him to a little rise of the ground by the roadside. But the horse, fresh with his long rest, jumped mischievously aside as she put out her foot to the stirrup.

"Crackerjack, let me mount!" she pleaded aloud. "Oh, dear Crackerjack, don't you see they are coming back by the bridge, the broken bridge? Be still, horse. We have to save them."

The dark, dashing figures were well down the opposite slope, putting yards behind them with dreadful steadiness, before the skittish beast, unconscious of the desperate peril his skittishness meant, let her get near enough to spring to the saddle. It was only a minute and a half, but it seemed an hour. Then off she went recklessly down the rough road, and as she raced she called and waved her crop.

"Back! Back!" she called. "The bridge! The bridge!"

But the clatter of the many hoofs together, the noise and laughter as the riders shouted one to another, drowned her soft voice. They saw her now, and waved their crops at her, flying madly toward them, and more than one wondered a bit at her careless riding, but they did not catch any of the eager words on which death and life were hanging. Suddenly, as she rode, it came to her with a sick shock that she could not save them. They would not listen, would not be warned—it was useless. They would dash on the broken bridge, all together, and be drowned—it was too horrible! And then, in a quick, heroic flash, she

saw the way. If she got there first and rode on the bridge, they would see her fall, they would have time to stop. The bravest cannot face death at a turn of the hand without a great heart-throb. This girl was of the bravest, and she felt her pulses bound and stop for a second of time, then she looked deliberately across the valley at the bunch of riders, as Crackerjack's long, sweeping stride carried her every second nearer them. Annie was the only one she cared an atom for, and Annie was back on top of the hill—she could see the gray horse and the slim figure. Annie was safe in any case. It was her life for lives that meant nothing to her—and she suddenly laughed aloud.

"Am I a coward? Is there a question?" she asked, in proud self-scorn. And then words that she had read flashed across her brain: "There is no better thing to do with a life than to give it away." And then: "It is easier to die than to live. They will think me a heroine, when I don't mind—I hardly mind at all. It's just another play to the gallery." And then again, for the last time, the sob wrung from her heart—"If I only knew!"

Across the river the horses clattered merrily on, and they were still talking and laughing.

"Wait a minute!" shouted Lyndon. "Wait! There's something wrong; she's calling to us."

But the others did not hear, and he dashed along with them, and the race for death was begun in earnest. On the other side of the bridge the girl rode harder, pell-mell, down-hill. She struck the astonished Crackerjack with her crop,—Crackerjack, who never needed more than her voice.

"I must get there at least thirty feet ahead, or they can't pull up," she said, and the pure excitement of the race caught her.

On she came, a flashing vision of intense life, and as Lyndon's hunter forged ahead to meet her, Crackerjack gathered himself for the spring on the bridge, the girl waved her crop triumphantly, and the bright picture—the splendid horse with his kindly, eager face, the girl with her fair hair blowing, her cheeks glowing, her eyes shining with victory,



THE NEWCOMER PUT A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER

and the crop still lifted high in air—crashed through the bridge.

That night at twelve o'clock three men sat about a table in a corner of the big red room, luxurious with its deep warmth of crimson color, its heavy gilded rafters, of their club in New York. Two of them were commonplace enough; well bred, well dressed, low voiced, the outer edges of their personalities smoothed into the pleasant if monotonous uniformity that results from the steady friction of great cities. The third would have been conspicuous anywhere for the

beauty of his graceful head and strong and well-knit body, and for a quality of charm that shone from him the moment he spoke. He spoke little, as it happened, but it was as if fire smouldered behind the dark impassiveness of his eyes, and he was visibly the centre of the group. A high, thin glass stood before him, frosted, pale gold, light-shot, bubble-flecked. He shook it gently and tinkled the bits of ice within, then kept his hand about it as if the coolness were grateful.

To this table, down the length of the room, came winding rapidly through the

tangle of other tables a fourth man, with an excited, earnest face. The man watched him as he came, and when he met his eye a smile of such childlike radiance broke over his face that it seemed that the boy-angel who had shipped on the bark of his life some thirty-odd years before must be yet a passenger. It was easy to see, as he smiled up at his friend, why men and women loved him. The newcomer put a hand on his shoulder, but spoke to them all.

"I've just heard the most dreadful thing," he said. "Most horrible accident. I was dining at the Leavitts', and they had a telegram—cousins, you know. And immediately after, Lyndon, who was in the riding party, came in, pale as a ghost. He had run down on the train for the family. Jove! I didn't know there was such heroism to be found." He turned suddenly to the man on whose shoulder his hand still rested. "Jack, you must know them all," he said. "You knew the girl—I've heard you speak of her."

"What are you talking about?" asked

the man, bluntly, his sombre eyes facing his friend with a bewildered, startled look. And the others stared, silent.

A few words told it; they must needs be swift, dramatic; it had all been so quick that there was little to tell. And nothing to do now for the girl, who lay quiet, with the hard decisions of life lifted from her. It was very simple—one minute had settled everything. Perhaps had even answered that cry—"If I only knew!"

The men listened breathlessly, and when the story was finished, spoke with quick exclamations or questions, after their characters. But the man with the glass did not take his eyes from his friend's face for a long half-minute after the story was told. It was as if they had been petrified, glazed. Then his hand that held the glass tightened about it, he lifted the untouched shimmer of crystal and gold and drained it to the last drop; he rose slowly and pushed his chair aside, and unhurriedly, but without a word or a look, walked down the long room and out through the doorway.

The Artisan

BY ALICE BROWN

O GOD, my master God, look down and see
 If I am making what Thou wouldst of me.
 Fain might I lift my hands up in the air
 From the defiant passion of my prayer;
 Yet here they grope on this cold altar stone,
 Graving the words I think I should make known.
 Mine eyes are Thine. Yea, let me not forget,
 Lest with unstaunched tears I leave them wet,
 Dimming their faithful power, till they not see
 Some small, plain task that might be done for Thee.
 My feet, that ache for paths of flowery bloom,
 Halt steadfast in the straitness of this room.
 Though they may never be on errands sent,
 Here shall they stay, and wait Thy full content.
 And my poor heart, that doth so crave for peace,
 Shall beat until Thou bid its beating cease.
 So, Thou dear master God, look down and see
 Whether I do Thy bidding heedfully.

American Epigrams

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

IN the elaborate and scholarly introduction to Mr. Dodd's comprehensive collection of the "Epigrammatists" the author insists that the word *epigram*, being taken from the Greek, must preserve in English exactly the significance that it had in the language from which we have derived it. In Greek, *epigram*, *epigraph*, and *epitaph* have substantially the same meaning; and all three words were applied to brief lyrics elevated in thought and having the lapidary concision of an inscription. In Latin, Martial debased the epigram; and in his hands it is a metrical phrasing of an ingenious point or of a keen retort. It is Martial whom the epigrammatists of the modern languages have taken as their master; and therefore in English the primary meaning of epigram is no longer a tiny lyric, lofty in sentiment and graceful in phrasing. It now describes an ingeniously turned witticism adroitly rhymed.

It is not that English literature is deficient in brief poems having the special qualities that we find in the Greek epigram. Even in the Greek Anthology it would be difficult to discover a poem more delicately felicitous than the epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke:

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learn'd and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

And it would not be an arduous task to collect other instances where the poets of our language have rivalled the austere perfection of the Greek. But none the less has *epigram* come to indicate to us not a votive tablet, but a sparkling retort. Perhaps the best definition of what we moderns understand by an epigram is contained in one which is ascribed by

some to an unknown Latin writer, and by others to the Spanish fabulist Yriarte:

The qualities all in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be felt in its tail.

This is at once a definition and an illustration; and to be set by the side of it is an even terser attempt by an anonymous wit:

What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

One of these is Latin or Spanish, and the other is British; and to them may be added a third, by an American, Mr. George Birdseye:

The diamond's virtues well might grace
The epigram, and both excel
In brilliancy in smallest space,
And power to cut, as well.

Although we no longer demand in an epigram the ancient ingenuity of sentiment, preferring the modern wit that seeks to surprise, we ought not to debase the standard and to accept as a true epigram merely a rhymed pun or a versified anecdote. A rhymed pun, it is true, may sometimes have a certain unexpected felicity which is its own excuse for being. Here is a couplet from an anonymous American rhymester on the "Danse Macabre" of M. Saint-Saëns:

This dance of death, which sounds so
musically,
Was sure intended for the *corpse de ballet*.

And this couplet may be matched by a quatrain written by Mrs. Maria Lydia Child a half-century earlier, when a young friend of hers named Nathaniel Deering moved his residence to the town of Canaan:

Whoever weds the young lawyer at C.
Will surely have prospects most cheering,
For what must his person and intellect be,
When even his name is "N. Deering"?

Even the versified anecdote may attain the requisite pithiness of the true epigram; and perhaps as good an example as any that might be chosen is John Boyle O'Reilly's "The Lure":

"What bait do you use," said a saint to the devil,
 "When you fish where the souls of men abound?"
 "Well, for special tastes," said the king of evil,
 "Gold and fame are the best I've found."
 "But for general use?" asked the saint.
 "Ah, then,"
 Said the demon, "I angle for man, not men,
 And a thing I hate
 Is to change my bait,
 So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

But the naked pun in rhyme and the bare anecdote in verse belong to an inferior order of effort.

II

It is a curious fact that Mr. Dodd's collection of epigrams, which he sought to make as comprehensive as possible, and which must contain two or three thousand specimens from almost every literature, ancient and modern, does not include a single example by an American author. And it is almost equally curious that no American editor has as yet attempted to gather together an adequate representation of the epigrams of American authorship. This species of poetry seems to call for wit rather than humor; and the American gift is rather for humor than for wit. And yet there is no lack of epigrams of American authorship—of varying merit, no doubt, but permitting a selection not unworthy of comparison with what has been done of late years either by our kin across the sea in Great Britain or by the satiric poets of France. Many of the turning-points of American history have found record in the couplets and quatrains of the American epigrammatists.

For example, it happened that the motto on the colors of the Hessians who were defeated at Trenton was *Nescit Pericula*, and as their behavior on this occasion was not overvaliant, an American carelessly rhymed this uncomplimentary quatrain:

The man who submits without striking a blow,
 May be said in a sense no danger to know:
 I pray, then, what harm, by the humble submission
 At Trenton, was done to the standard of Hessian?

Another Revolutionary epigram was probably written by David Edwards, not long after the event it commemorates—Burgoyne's surrender:

Burgoyne, alas! unknowing future fates,
 Could force his way through woods, but
 not through Gates.

No one attempting to collect the most striking of American epigrams could afford to omit the quatrain of the Rev. John Pierpont on "The Ballot":

A weapon that comes down as still
 As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
 But executes a freeman's will,
 As lightning does the will of God.

It was probably Tweed of New York whose brazen career evoked from Lowell a biting couplet on "The Boss":

Skilled to pull wires, he baffles Nature's hope,
 Who sure intended him to stretch a rope.

III

Another epigram of Lowell's, written on his sixty-eighth birthday, falls within the later definition of the epigram, while it lies at ease also within the earlier definition, which insists rather on a serenity such as we look for in a Greek inscription:

As life runs on, the road grows strange
 With faces new,—and near the end
 The milestones into headstones change;—
 'Neath every one a friend.

With this austere quatrain of Lowell's may be contrasted another by Emerson, written originally in an album:

The man who has a thousand friends
 Has not a friend to spare;
 But he who has an enemy
 Will meet him everywhere.

In one of his letters Lowell describes a dull dinner in London with a dozen and a half speakers droning away till long after midnight, the only brilliant exception being Sir Frederick Bramwell,

who was called upon very late to respond to Applied Science, and who said that "at this time of night the only illustration of the toast I can think of would be the application of the domestic safety-match to the bedroom candle." Whereupon Lowell promptly handed him this impromptu, scribbled on a card:

Oh, brief Sir Frederick, might the others catch
Your happy science,—and supply your match!

This couplet of Lowell's improvised at a dinner may be followed by a quatrain of Longfellow's improvised in an inn album. At the Sign of the Raven in Zurich, Longfellow was overcharged for unsatisfactory accommodation; and he contributed to the landlord's book these four lines of warning to other travellers:

Beware of the Raven of Zurich,
'Tis a bird of omen ill,
With an ugly, unclean nest
And a very, very long bill.

IV

Woman has always been a shining mark for the hurtling shafts of the epigrammatists of all countries. It was Fitz-Greene Halleck who adapted from Goethe a sarcastic quatrain, which he called "Honor to Woman":

All honor to 'Woman, the Sweetheart, the Wife,
The delight of our homesteads by night
and by day,
The darling who never does harm in her life,—
Except when determined to have her own way.

Several of the epigrams of John G. Saxe are directed against feminine failings. Just now when so many women affect to be mannish there is perhaps a certain pertinence in the pair of couplets he called "A Dilemma":

"Whenever I marry," says masculine Ann,
"I must really insist upon wedding a man!"
But what if the man (for men are but human)
Should be equally nice about wedding a woman?

One of the most striking epigrams about women was written by a woman—the late Anna Reeve Aldrich,—who gave her lines the enigmatic title "Suppose":

How sad if, by some strange new law,
All kisses scarred;
For she who is most beautiful
Would be most marred.
And we might be surprised to see
Some lovely wife
Smooth-visaged, while a seeming prude
Was marked for life.

Another woman, Miss Mary Ainge De Vere, has put a certain feminine subtlety into her "Friend and Lover":

When Psyche's friend becomes her lover,
How sweetly these conditions blend!
But, oh, what anguish to discover
Her lover has become—her friend!

But it was a man, Mr. Gordon Campbell, who phrased an opinion more masculine in the quatrain which he termed "My Idol":

My idol fell down and was utterly broken,
The fragments of stone lay all scattered
apart;
And I picked up the hardest to keep as a token—
Her heart.

And it was another man, Mr. George Birdseye, who ventured upon the attempt to elucidate the wiles of "A Coquette":

Her pleasure is in lovers coy:
When hers, she gives them not a thought;
But, like the angler, takes more joy
In fishing than in fishes caught.

The same title served Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich for a most pungent and imaginative accusation against a type of woman not unfeminine:

Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all;
All's one to her;—above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.

And to Mr. Walter Learned we are indebted for one of the pleasantest of the many glancing shafts which have enlivened the merry war between the sexes. He has chosen to call it "Humility":

You say, when I kissed you, you are sure
I must quite
Have forgotten myself. So I did; you are right.
No, I'm not such an egotist, dear, it is true.
As to think of myself when I'm looking at you.

V

The relation between literature and life is so close that there is no need to discuss which of these it was Mr. Aldrich had in mind when he penned his quatrain on "Masks":

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
And shows you laughing lips and roguish
eyes;

But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
How wan her cheeks are, and what heavy
tears!

But it is easy to guess that it was the rude but powerful poems of Walt Whitman that Mr. Aldrich was criticising when he wrote his lines "On Reading":

Great thoughts in crude, unshapely verse
set forth

Lose half their preciousness and ever
must.

Unless the diamond with its own rich
dust

Be cut and polished, it seems little worth.

When water was first brought into Boston there was much discussion as to the healthfulness of the conduits through which it was conveyed; and this evoked from Longfellow these brisk rhymes:

Cochituate water, it is said,
Though introduced in pipes of lead,

Will not prove deleterious;
But if the stream of Helicon
Through leaden pipes is made to run,
The effect is very serious.

During one of the more heated periods of the absurd and unending discussion of the foolish suggestion that the plays of Shakespeare were in reality written by Bacon, the late T. W. Parsons, best known as a devout student of Dante, ventured into the arena with these convincing lines:

Shakespeare! whoever thou mayst prove to
be,

God save the Bacon that men find in thee!
If that philosopher, though bright and wise,
Those lofty labors did in truth devise,
Then it must follow, as the night the day,
That *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and each great
play

That certifies nobility of mind,
Was written by the "meanest of mankind."

And to this must be adjoined the suggestive quatrain of Mr. Aldrich, which he has wittily entitled "Points of View":

Bonnet in hand, obsequious and discreet,
The butcher that served Shakespeare with
his meat

Doubtless esteemed him little as a man
Who knew not how the market prices ran.

Another admirable quatrain of Mr. Aldrich's expresses his wholesome dissatisfaction with the bards of despair; this is the epigram which he terms "Pessimistic Poets":

I little read those poets who have made
A noble art a pessimistic trade,
And trained their Pegasus to draw a hearse
Through endless avenues of drooping verse.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was ever a facile and felicitous writer of occasional verse; and he was a master of *vers de société* with its subtly blended sentiment and humor; but he was rarely willing to limit himself within the narrow boundary of the epigram. Here is an amusing example of fanciful imagination which he chose to call "Cacoethes Scribendi":

If all the trees in all the woods were men;
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every shrub and tree
Turned to a sheet of foolscap; every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living
tribes

Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write, and write
and write,

Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round
its brink

Call for more pens, more paper, and more
ink.

There are many epigrammatic stanzas scattered through Holmes's occasional verses; but this is perhaps the only specimen of his effort in the briefer form with the severe unity of theme which the true epigram insists upon. Of the American poets, the two who are easily masters of this form are Lowell and Mr. Aldrich, the former having a bold vigor of his own, and the latter revealing rather an ingenious delicacy.

The Watchman of the Brunswick Mill

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

I

THE twenty men in the quartz-mill camp felt twenty different ways concerning the only woman there, but every way was one of yearning. They knew she was lonely by the token of her youth and innocence. And yet they loved her sturdy young husband for his tenderness.

The camp was in the canyon, which the mill filled to overflowing with the mighty cataract roar of its forty stamps, constantly falling. About the mill there were a number of cabins, scattered on the hills like so many dice tossed out in a careless throw.

To the one of these where April Mayo stood in the door, gazing across the gray sage-brush hills, a number of the rough, awkward men were leisurely strolling. Their hats came down like a flight of cumbersome birds. They stood near the door in poses variously expressive of nervous embarrassment.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Mayo," said the spokesman of the group. "The boys and me has come to say we're goin' on strike if we don't get a show pretty soon to show the way we feel to have a young woman like you in Brunswick camp."

"A strike?" said Mrs. Mayo, coloring prettily. "Why, Mr. Winnie, I am glad you all feel so kindly, but I—I—"

"Now don't say there ain't anything left we can do," said Winnie, interposing, "for Greeny and High Jack, and Smoky and Fatty and me, we're gettin' desperate, ain't we, boys?" He grinned and the others assented. "Now, what we want to know is, ain't there something we can fetch to you here to help you pass the time—something you'd like?"

She looked from her tall young husband to the men with a smile that made their yearning stir anew.

"You see," Winnie resumed, "it ain't as if you had Donald all the time. He's a bully boy with a crockery eye, but he's

got to work his shift the same as the rest of us, greasing that blooming old engine of his in the mill."

"I should like to suggest something if I could," said Mrs. Mayo, in her girlish way. "I shall have to think."

"I don't suppose you'd like us to catch you an Injun squaw?" ventured the spokesman. "Of course a squaw's a woman critter, but—" and he paused for lack of encouragement.

"Maybe we could rustle up a plant or a flower?" said High Jack, who was a very short person.

"Haw! Maybe we could catch a birdie," said Fatty, who thereupon attempted to retire his six feet of slender anatomy behind a neighbor.

"Oh," said Mrs. Mayo, impulsively, "I'd like to have a cat, or a kitten—if it wouldn't be too much trouble to get one."

"A cat?" said all the men in chorus. They looked each other in the eye blankly.

"A cat?" repeated Winnie. "You mean just a plain, unvarnished cat, of course? I wish I had one for you in my pocket."

High Jack said, "There uster be a yellor feller up to Tarnahan's bridge, which we could have stole."

"Say!" ejaculated Greeny, who had been dumb till now. "I seen one, two weeks ago, under the mill."

"That's so," said the chorus.

"Then I reckon he's yours, Mrs. Mayo, right from this minit," said Winnie. "We'll bring you that cat, if we have to feed him Fatty for bait."

"Haw!" said Fatty, and again he retreated.

"Now," said the spokesman, addressing the group, "we've got two clear hours before we take the shift, so come ahead for the cat."

"Wait," said young Mayo, from the cabin. "I'll come and help."

"No, you don't," said Winnie. "You've got plenty of chances to do what you can for the only woman in the camp, and this game don't count you in."

"All right, boys," said Mayo. "Go ahead."

"How kind they are," said his wife, as the men hastened eagerly to the mill. "They really try very hard to make it bright."

"But you are a little lonely, precious?" he said, as he pressed her hand against his heart. "Of course you couldn't help it—just a little at first."

"Well," she half assented, "but never when you are here," and she patted his hands. "And I love the dear old mill. When we came I couldn't sleep a wink, the noise was so dreadful, all night and day, but now I like the sound of the stamps. I can hum and hum all the songs I ever knew to the sound."

"I am glad you like it," he said. "There isn't so very much here to like.—Oh, look!—look at Fatty!"

April glanced across to the big dusty building, where Fatty was down on his hands and knees, alternately applying his eye to a chink and then digging a tunnel beneath the building by scratching like a dog.

On the opposite side were the others, calling out smothered instructions, while their heads were beneath the flooring of the structure.

"Where's my lunch-pail?" said Winnie presently. "Kitty, kitty,—nice kitty," and he cast bread, meat, pickles, and beans into the darkness.

"Haw!" yelled Fatty; "you've got to whistle to make him come."

"Hold on," said Smoky, approaching with a number of sacks; "you fellers ain't on to cats worth a cent. Here, take a sack and hold it acrost these holes, and then Fatty can scare him out, and one of us will nab him sudden."

"Good scheme," said Winnie. "High Jack, you go around and help make a noise to scare him out."

All being in readiness, Fatty and Jack yelled like Comanches and made a hideous din, pounding on the boards with rocks.

The cat remained indifferent to this demonstration.

"I'll tell you," said Winnie. "We'll

stop up all the holes but one, and you all go and help to make a noise."

Accordingly a more terrific din than before assailed the circumjacence and the ears of the cat, but to no avail.

Winnie joined the group for a consultation. "Boys," he said, "we're gettin' fooled. I reckon we could shoot the critter and poke him out, but maybe she wants him alive. I don't see anything left but for the thinnest man in the gang to crawl in under the mill." He paused, but no one volunteered. "Of course," he added, "the feller that goes and fetches him out gits all the glory."

"I am on to you duffers," said Fatty, "but I tell you right here I never was no quitter."

"That's what I like about Fatty," said Winnie. "Give us the shovel."

At length Fatty, with many a grunt and many a thump of his head on the nether side of the building's floor, wriggled through the rapidly excavated tunnel. They filled it full again then to prevent the cat's escape by that exit.

A poignant period followed.

"What are you doin' now?" bawled Winnie, through the hole where once more he was holding the sack.

"Gittin' him—ptew—cornered," came the smothered response.

Presently there arose a duet of yowls, curses, thumps, and rippings.

"Gittin' him, Fatty?" cried Winnie.

"Gittin'—hell!" roared the man. "Waouw!"

They heard a string of horrible noises, then like a shot something hurtled through the mouth of the sack and hit the end of it violently.

"Hoi!" shouted Winnie, in triumph. "I've got him—bless me Bob!"

The others came running, demanding a look.

"Blacker than a nigger's head at twelve o'clock on a cloudy night," asserted High Jack. "He's a beaut."

"Beaut?—well, I guess yes," said Winnie. "And we take him right to Mrs. Mayo immejit."

They filed into the cabin solemnly and shut the door.

"Mrs. Mayo," said the spokesman, impressively, "you open your eyes wide, for you're goin' to see a sight." He inverted the sack and gave it a shake.

The cat dropped out abruptly. Its tail was the size of a duster; its eyes resembled two ten-dollar gold pieces.

In less than a catch of breath it bounded across the table, under a chair, against a stool, and up the opposite wall to the ceiling.

Like an ebon demon it descended, cleared the floor, and climbed to the farther wall of the room at a leap.

"Kitty, kitty,—here, pretty kitty," said Winnie. But kitty saw the window. Enthusiastically she shot across the space intervening.

There was a crash, the visible tail of a black comet, a clatter of glass, and the cat was gone.

"Ketch him—ketch him!—kitty, kitty!" cried Winnie, and darting forth with the others, he ran for the mill with all his might.

An object, dusty, ragged, and scored with scratches, was painfully worming from a hand-scooped hole beneath the mill.

"You durn galoots!" it snorted, "to leave me in such a hole as that, and me the only fool in the gang which is game!"

"Go back, Fatty,—go back!" cried Winnie. "The kitty's got away!"

"Go back?" sniffed Fatty. "I wouldn't go back to fetch the devil hisself, nor for sixty cats and a hundred kittens, with a tiger thrown in to boot," and he turned away in scorn.

The whistle blew for the change of the shift. Reluctantly the men filed into the mill to reassume their daily portion of the toil of taking its precious hoard from the gold and silver ore.

II

It was three o'clock in the morning.

April Mayo, suddenly sitting up, awoke her husband.

"What is it?" she whispered, in a voice of awe. "What has happened?"

Donald listened. "Why," he said, "the mill has stopped."

"Stopped!" she echoed. "Oh, it didn't seem as if it really would—in spite of all they said."

"I did think the rock would last till morning," he answered. "But now I doubt if it will ever start again."

"Donald!" she said.

"No. The Sunnyside mine is the last

on the lode to close. There is no more quartz. . . . How still it is!"

"Yes," she whispered, clinging to his arm, "it is dreadfully still." She waited, as if in the hope that the great roar would recommence. "What will become of the men?" she finally asked.

"They are going to Taylor's Bend, on quarter-pay, if they can't do any better, till spring."

"And why do they keep you, Don," she asked, "with regular pay?"

"For your dear sake," he said. "They wouldn't leave the mill without a watchman, and all the boys said the job belonged to me."

"They are always so kind," she said. After a time she added, "It will soon be winter."

"You must go back to sleep, little wife," he told her at length.

But they slept no more that night. Something was gone from their lives.

In the morning the men trundled all the supplies of food to the Mayo cabin and locked all the other little houses, preparatory to the march.

Presently Fatty came ostentatiously parading to the door, bearing a small burden carefully screened by means of a sack. The others gathered about immediately, demanding to know what he had.

"This is a regular surprise party, got up by me," said Fatty, and throwing aside the sack, he revealed a box, with slats across the front, and behind them a tiny round ball of grayish down, with two startled eyes, and two enormously long ears laid doubtfully back.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Mayo, in girlish delight, "a baby rabbit! Oh, what a sweet, timid little thing!"

"Well, the old galoot Fatty!" grumbled Smoky; "if he ain't gone and rustled up a baby jack."

"Jack-rabbit, sure as kids has measles," said Winnie. "Fatty, I'm glad you got him, for you worked so hard to git the kitty."

"Look at him blush," said Greeny. "He does it up brown."

The bashful Fatty was indeed so mightily pleased that he could hardly endure the ecstasy of living. "Haw!" said he, and he got around behind them all in turn to hide.

"The darling little thing," said April

again. "Isn't he frightened? Thank you all—so much."

"I reckon he's scared of us rough cusses," said Winnie. "We'll trot along and let you get him quiet. So 'by, if I don't happen to see you again before we start. 'By, till spring. Don't forget the boys is your friends forever. Don, old man, so 'long."

"Oh," said April, "is it really good-by so soon?"

The men nodded.

"We've got to git a move," said High Jack.

"Why—I'm sorry," she told them. "But you will come back in the spring?"

"Of course we will," said Winnie. "Won't we, boys?"

"You bet!" said the boys.

In her wistful way she held out her hand to each of the men, who clasped it clumsily and as if in fear of breaking her slender fingers. Then they wrung Donald's hand the harder to keep their faces from twitching.

"'By," they called, as they started away down the slope.

"Good-by," said the two young people left behind, and April watched them till all were gone from view, her hand softly stroking the little round ball of a rabbit.

III

It was a strange, long week that passed in the canyon. There was rarely a sound to break the stillness. At times it seemed as if the bells of the ore-team jangled from afar, but the howl of a lone coyote was the only sound that was real. In the night a ghostly rumble might have started from the mill, but it always appeared to be frightened back if an ear were bent to listen.

The two young "watchmen" wandered hand in hand through the dusty, silent building, but April came to dread the uninhabited shadows. She was pale and tired. By the hour she petted and nursed the tiny rabbit, but beneath its fur its light little body wasted to delicate bones.

"I don't believe he is strong," she said to Donald once in the morning, and she sighed. "I know exactly how he feels."

In the evening she sat by the table, holding a matted little heap in her lap. She raised her head at last.

"He—is gone," she told her husband,

looking at him sorrowfully from her great, appealing eyes. "I guess he missed his mother. I know he must have missed her—dreadfully."

"Ah, well," he answered, brightly, "it is very hard to raise the little wild things of the brush. But this little tike had such a sweet lot of love and caresses."

She smiled at him affectionately. "Thank you, dear," she said; and then she added, "You won't mind, Donald, if I lie on the bed a little?"

"Mind?" said he. "You dear little gal, I'll carry you over, bunny and all."

For days the wind came wailing down from the ice-tipped summits. April looked with yearning eyes on that gray, deserted world. She sat in her chair resting for hours at a time.

One night a thought of nature found expression on the hills. When the morning broke, the light was reflected from the miles and miles of snow that lay like silver in *repoussé* over all the mountain world. Donald swept his path to the mill, yet in the afternoon the clouds came darkly over the sky and again the flakes descended. Throughout the night the silence seemed drifting deeper and deeper with the snow. The morning was only a wraith of a day.

"I think I would like to stay here a while," said April from the bed. "I feel so tired. Is it snowing still?"

"Yes," said Donald, cheerily; "it's going in for a good, big, old-fashioned storm. It's lucky we've got that pile of wood and tons of grub. You rest and sleep and have a real nice time, and I'll rustle up a breakfast in a hurry. Won't we be snug? Chipmunks, aren't we, dear, in a warm little nest?"

"Yes," she said, "waiting for the spring and the sweet warm days."

He spread her breakfast on a box that he had placed on the bed.

"Can't you eat a little more?" he coaxed, after a time. "Just a tiny bit."

"I can't," she answered. "Don't make me, will you, dear?"

"Of course I won't, precious. There, there, don't cry, little gal,—my brave little girl. She don't feel very well this morning."

He knelt beside her, slowly stroking her silken hair, till she sighed in a troubled catch of sleep.

Later he was out working like a demon in the path, that was constantly filling anew. He glanced around at the snowed-in world.

"We couldn't get out to save our souls," he muttered. He leaned on the shovel heavily. "Oh, April dearest," he said, "just till spring."

For the next ten days, in fitful flights, the snow whirled down in the canyon. The cabins were rounded humps in the white desert. Only the mill loomed large, and even it seemed drawn beneath the still and frozen mantle.

One evening the cat came shyly creeping to the cabin, where her presence was hardly noted.

A flush was apparent on April's cheeks. She tossed about in a weary manner in the blankets, smiling wanly in the face that bent so lovingly near.

"I am warmer, dear," she told him, with a ray of hope about her eyes. "In a day or two I shall help you so much. If only I could sleep as I did at first. . . . Is my little rabbit there?"

"Right here," said he, producing the crude result of his patient attempt at taxidermy. "He never runs away."

She shook her head slowly. "No, he is too tired to run any more," she said. She held it close against her cheek on the pillow. "It seems as if he would make me sleep, but I never can."

"Oh, you will, right away, dear heart," he told her, cheerily, smoothing her tangled hair. "Just cuddle close, and maybe you can, while I sit here beside you and hum."

She smiled as she raised her soft red lips to be kissed, and closed her eyes in hopeful obedience.

It was far in the night when Donald started from his fitful slumber where he still sat beside her bed.

"What is it, dear?" he asked her, gently. "What is wrong?"

She was sitting erect, moaning almost inaudibly, and weaving to and fro as she held her hands against her ears.

"Oh, the stillness sounds so loud," she said. "It rings and rings."

"What can I do for my chipmunk?" he crooned. "Shall I bang around and make a noise? Shall I hammer and shout? Tell me, dearest, what shall I do?"

"I—don't know," she said. "Do you think the mill—will go in the morning?"

"Yes!" he cried. "It will! I know it will. I'll make it go! Would you like it, dear, if I made it go to-night?"

She patted his hand and nodded her head. "Poor, dear Donald," she said.

"Oh, I think it's fun to do such a little thing for my sweetheart," he declared. "Do you mind being here alone a little while, dearest, while I go and start the steam?"

"Oh no; hurry, dear," she said. "Make it go. It seems as if I can't stand it to have it still any more."

With his lantern in his hand he climbed through the window of the boiler-room from the level of the snow. The wood was still piled against the wall.

The water-gauge showed nothing in the boiler. He turned in the stream and hurried into the furnace a mass of shavings and splinters of wood.

All the valves, pipes, and connections were swiftly inspected. The water appeared in the glass; the fire began to roar in the box. The glow painted all the room with its cheerful light. The comforting sound of the water beginning to heat at length arose like the magnified singing of a kettle.

He raced to the engine to dash the bearings and fill the cups with oil. Back he hurried to feed more fuel to the furnace. Like an eager boy, his gaze searched the face of the steam-gauge before it could possibly register a thing.

Again to the engine and again to the boiler he ran with his lantern. The steam-gauge seemed paralyzed. He cuffed it smartly with his heavy palm. Its hand gave a spasmodic leap, but it settled again on the pin at nothing.

More and more of the wood he heaved to the pit of exultant heat. For a space he forgot to look at the gauge. When he did his heart bounded. The hand had crawled to ten and was creeping upward.

Now he was hither and thither, in feverish excitement, rubbing, oiling, crooning to the engine, patting the boiler, feeding in the wood. He hurried away, to the echoing shadows of the battery, to throw off the lever that "tied up" the stamps.

By this time the steam was at sixty pounds pressure, and jets were hissing

from a dozen heated joints. The man was panting as he darted once more to the engine.

"Now, my old partner," he cried to the mechanism—"now for the love of all the days we have spent together—save my little wife!"

He grasped the wheel of the throttle-valve and turned it slowly, a half-revolution.

A purring came from the cylinder, a tremor from the giant machine. His heart was leaping. He gave another turn to the wheel.

Slowly, with the snap of ancient oil and with far-away creaks and groans of starting belts and wheels—with almost a sigh, as of something awakening,—the whole mill lived again and stirred.

A boom suddenly went roaring through the stillness. It was a monstrous sound, after all those days of silence. It echoed and clattered through the startled building.

A stamp had dropped!

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" came the fast-succeeding sounds.

Faster, faster sped the piston in the engine. Swifter flew the spokes of the great fly-wheel next the wall. Crackling and snapping, the great belt went swaying out and crawling back.

With eyes ablaze the man at the wheel gave more and more of the steam of life to the pulsing steel.

The roar of the mill—triumphant, tremendous, majestic—was itself again, reverberating far across the silent miles of snow and mountains!

Donald rushed to the boiler, and cramming it full of the fuel, vaulted through the window and ran to his cabin.

Like the coming in of a shadow for silence, he opened the door and approached the bed. The light of his lantern revealed the sweet white face of his wife, flushed in two little spots on the cheeks, but composed in a girlish smile of peace and sleep.

The great lullaby had calmed her to slumber again at last.

For an hour Donald sat beside her, watching her face and listening to her breathing. For an hour the thunderous chorus of the mill was undiminished.

April's eyes then opened. She smiled and stretched her hand to his.

"Thank you—dear!" she whispered. "I feel so—sleepy now," and she nestled on her pillow with a sigh. Presently her lips were wreathed again in a smile. "Sing me—'baby bunting,'" she coaxed.

Donald was dumb for a moment, failing to comprehend. He was clinging in despair to the soft, hot hand. Then he knew. So he sang the childish lines as once he remembered to have heard them sung to himself:

"Bye low, baby bunting,
Papa's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin,
To wrap the baby in."

"The mill sings—'baby bunting,'" she told him at the end.

The stamps were falling with a cadence that was slower, less exultant.

"I must go and make it run faster!" he said, in eager excitement. "It mustn't stop! Oh, precious, it mustn't stop!"

"Don't—go," she said, as her hand gave a fluttering pressure to his. "Don't go—again. I've almost—caught the—dear little rabbit. . . . Let the mill sing—slow."

With a groan of despair he knelt beside the bed. "April—my own little chipmunk," he coaxed. "Don't go far—don't go away. I'll make it sing! I'll keep it going night and day!"

He cried to her out of his heart, but she could only smile in her wan, affectionate way. He knew she was sinking with the slowing of the mill.

Slower, slower throbbed the great mechanism. From April's hand he felt the feeble pulse departing.

"Give me—sweet—kiss," she said to him, faintly. Then she made a sound of sweet, far-away laughing. "So—sleepy," she murmured. "Good night—old—mill. . . . Good night—dear—heart."

With a last great burst, hesitating, struggling, the stamps added yet one mighty note to the thunderous chorus—and all was terribly still. . . .

The cat came stealing to the kneeling man. She rubbed her soft, dark side against his foot and purred and mewed in odd companionship.

The New Problems of the Universe

BY SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D.

THE achievements of the nineteenth century are still a theme of congratulation on the part of all who compare the present state of the world with that of one hundred years ago. And yet, if we should fancy the most sagacious prophet, endowed with a brilliant imagination, to have set forth in the year 1803 the problems that the century might solve and the things which it might do, we should be surprised to see how few of his predictions had come to pass. He might have fancied aerial navigation and a number of other triumphs of the same class, but he would hardly have had either steam navigation or the telegraph in his picture. The older readers of this magazine may remember an article which appeared in 1856, depicting some features of life in A.D. 3000. We have since made great advances, but they bear little resemblance to what the writer depicted. He did not dream of the telephone, but did describe much that has not yet come to pass and probably never will.

The fact is that, much as the nineteenth century has done, its last work was to amuse itself by setting forth more problems for this century to solve than it has ever itself succeeded in mastering. We should not be far wrong in saying that to-day there are more riddles in the universe than there were before men knew that it contained anything more than the objects they could see.

So far as mere material progress is concerned, it may be doubtful whether anything so epoch-making as the steam-engine or the telegraph is held in store for us by the future. But in the field of purely scientific discovery we are finding a crowd of things of which our philosophy did not dream even ten years ago.

The greatest riddles which the nineteenth century has bequeathed to us relate to subjects so widely separated as the structure of the universe and the structure of atoms of matter. We see

more and more of these structures, and we see more and more of unity everywhere, and yet new facts difficult of explanation are being added more rapidly than old facts are being explained.

We all know that the nineteenth century was marked by a separation of the sciences into a vast number of specialties, to the subdivisions of which one could see no end. But the great work of the twentieth century will be to combine many of these specialties. The physical philosopher of the present time is directing his thought to the demonstration of the unity of creation. Astronomical and physical researches are now being united in a way which is bringing the infinitely great and the infinitely small into one field of knowledge. Ten years ago the atoms of matter, of which it takes millions of millions to make a drop of water, were the minutest objects with which science could imagine itself to be concerned. Now, a body of experimentalists, prominent among whom stand Professors J. J. Thompson, Becquerel, and Roentgen, have demonstrated the existence of objects so minute that they find their way among and between the atoms of matter as rain-drops do among the buildings of a city. More wonderful yet, it seems likely, although it has not been demonstrated, that these little things, called "corpuscles," play an important part in what is going on among the stars. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that there do exist in the universe emanations of some sort, producing visible effects, the investigation of which the nineteenth century has had to bequeath to the twentieth.

For the purpose of the navigator, the direction of the magnetic needle is invariable in any one place, for months and even years; but when exact scientific observations on it are made, it is found subject to numerous slight changes. The most regular of these con-

sists in a daily change of its direction. It moves one way from morning until noon, and then, late in the afternoon and during the night, turns back again to its original pointing. The laws of this change have been carefully studied from observations which show that it is small at the equator and larger as we go north into middle latitudes; but no explanation of it resting on an indisputable basis has ever been offered.

Besides these regular changes, there are others of a very irregular character. Every now and then the changes in the direction of the magnet are wider and more rapid than those which occur regularly every day. The needle may move back and forth in a way so fitful as to show the action of some unusual exciting cause. Such movements of the needle are commonly seen when there is a brilliant aurora. This connection shows that a magnetic storm and an aurora must be due to the same or some connected causes. Our readers who are acquainted with astronomical matters know that the number of spots on the sun goes through a regular cycle of change, having a period of eleven years and one or two months.

Now, the curious fact is, when the number and violence of magnetic storms are recorded and compared, it is found that they correspond to the spots on the sun, and go through the same period of eleven years. The conclusion seems almost inevitable: magnetic storms are due to some emanation sent out by the sun, which arises from the same cause that produces the spots. This emanation does not go on incessantly, but only in an occasional way, as storms follow each other on the earth. What is it? Every attempt to detect it has been in vain. Professor Hale, at the Yerkes Observatory, has had in operation from time to time, for several years, his ingenious spectroheliograph, which photographs the sun by a single ray of the spectrum. This instrument shows that violent actions are going on in the sun, which ordinary observation would never lead us to suspect. But it has failed to show with certainty any peculiar emanation at the time of a magnetic storm or anything connected with such a storm.

A mystery which seems yet more im-

penetrable is associated with the so-called new stars which blaze forth from time to time. These offer to our sight the most astounding phenomena ever presented to the physical philosopher. One hundred years ago such objects offered no mystery. There was no reason to suppose that the Creator of the universe had ceased His functions; and, continuing them, it was perfectly natural that He should be making continual additions to the universe of stars. But the idea that these objects are really new creations, made out of nothing, is contrary to all our modern ideas and not in accord with the observed facts. Granting the possibility of a really new star,—if such an object were created, it would be destined to take its place among the other stars as a permanent member of the universe. Instead of this, such objects invariably fade away, after a few months, and are changed into something very like an ordinary nebula.

A question of transcendent interest is that of the cause of these outbursts. It cannot be said that science has, up to the present time, been able to offer any suggestion not open to question. The most definite one is the collision theory, according to which the outburst is due to the clashing together of two stars, one or both of which might previously have been dark, like a planet. The stars which may be actually photographed probably exceed one hundred millions in number, and those which give too little light to affect the photographic plate may be vastly more numerous than those which do. Dark stars revolve around bright ones in an infinite variety of ways, and complex systems of bodies, the members of which powerfully attract each other, are the rule throughout the universe. Moreover, we can set no limit to the possible number of dark or invisible stars that may be flying through the celestial spaces. While, therefore, we cannot regard the theory of collision as established, it seems to be the only one yet put forth which can lay any claim to a scientific basis. What gives most color to it is the extreme suddenness with which the new stars, so far as has yet been observed, invariably blaze forth. In almost every case it has been only two or three days from the time that the existence of such

an object became known until it had attained nearly its full brightness. In fact, it would seem that in the case of the star in Perseus, as in most other cases, the greater part of the outburst took place within the space of twenty-four hours. This suddenness and rapidity is exactly what would be the result of a collision.

The most inexplicable feature of all is the rapid formation of a nebula around this star. In the first photographs of the latter, the appearance presented is simply that of an ordinary star. But, in the course of three or four months, the delicate photographs taken at the Lick Observatory showed that a nebulous light surrounded the star, and was continually growing larger and larger. At first sight, there would seem to be nothing extraordinary in this fact. Great masses of intensely hot vapor, shining by their own light, would naturally be thrown out from the star. Or, if the star had originally been surrounded by a very rare nebulous fog or vapor, the latter would be seen by the brilliant light emitted by the star. On this was based an explanation offered by Kapteyn, which at first seemed very plausible. It was that the sudden wave of light thrown out by the star when it burst forth caused the illumination of the surrounding vapor, which, though really at rest, would seem to expand with the velocity of light, as the illumination reached more and more distant regions of the nebula. This result may be made the subject of exact calculation. The velocity of light is such as would make a circuit of the earth more than seven times in a second. It would, therefore, go out from the star at the rate of a million of miles in between five and six seconds. In the lapse of one of our days, the light would have filled a sphere around the star having a diameter more than one hundred and fifty times the distance of the sun from the earth, and more than five times the dimensions of the whole solar system. Continuing its course and enlarging its sphere day after day, the sight presented to us would have been that of a gradually expanding nebulous mass—a globe of faint light continually increasing in size with the velocity of light.

The first sentiment the reader will feel

on this subject is doubtless one of surprise that the distance of the star should be so great as this explanation would imply. Six months after the explosion, the globe of light, as actually photographed, was of a size which would have been visible to the naked eye only as a very minute object in the sky. Is it possible that this minute object could have been thousands of times the dimensions of our solar system?

To see how the question stands from this point of view, we must have some idea of the possible distance of the new star. To gain this idea, we must find some way of estimating distances in the universe. For a reason which will soon be apparent, we begin with the greatest structure which nature offers to the view of man. We all know that the Milky Way is formed of countless stars, too minute to be individually visible to the naked eye. The more powerful the telescope through which we sweep the heavens, the greater the number of the stars that can be seen in it. With the powerful instruments which are now in use for photographing the sky, the number of stars brought to light must rise into the hundreds of millions, and the greater part of these belong to the Milky Way. The smaller the stars we count, the greater their comparative number in the region of the Milky Way. Of the stars visible through the telescope, more than one-half are found in the Milky Way, which may be regarded as a girdle spanning the entire visible universe.

Of the diameter of this girdle we can say, almost with certainty, that it must be more than a thousand times as great as the distance of the nearest fixed star from us, and is probably two or three times greater. According to the best judgment we can form, our solar system is situated near the central region of the girdle, so that the latter must be distant from us by half its diameter. It follows that if we can imagine a gigantic pair of compasses, of which the points extend from us to Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, we should have to measure out at least 500 spaces with the compass, and perhaps even 1000 or more, to reach the region of the Milky Way.

With this we have to connect another curious fact. Of eighteen new stars

which have been observed to blaze forth during the last 400 years, all are in the region of the Milky Way. This seems to show that, as a rule, they belong to the Milky Way. Accepting this very plausible conclusion, the new star in Perseus must have been more than 500 times as far as the nearest fixed star. We know that it takes light four years to reach us from Alpha Centauri. It follows that the new star was at a distance through which light would require more than 2000 years to travel, and quite likely a time two or three times this. It requires only the most elementary ideas of geometry to see that if we suppose a ray of light to shoot from a star at such a distance in a direction perpendicular to the line of sight from us to the star, we can compute how fast the ray would seem to us to travel. Granting the distance to be only 2000 light years, the apparent size of the sphere around the star which the light would fill at the end of one year after the explosion would be that of a coin seen at a distance of 2000 times its radius, or 1000 times its diameter—say, a five-cent piece at the distance of sixty feet. But, as a matter of fact, the nebulous illumination expanded with a velocity from ten to twenty times as great as this.

The idea that the nebulosity around the new star was formed by the illumination caused by the light of the explosion spreading out on all sides therefore fails to satisfy us, not because the expansion of the nebula seemed to be so slow, but because it was many times as swift as the speed of light. Another reason for believing that it was not a mere wave of light is offered by the fact that it did not take place regularly in every direction from the star, but seemed to shoot off at various angles.

Up to the present time, the speed of light has been to science, as well as to the intelligence of our race, almost a symbol of the greatest of possible speeds. The more carefully we reflect on the case, the more clearly we shall see the difficulty in supposing any agency to travel at the rate of the seeming emanations from the new star in Perseus.

As the emanation is seen spreading day after day, the reader may inquire whether this is not an appearance due to some other cause than the mere motion

of light. May not an explosion taking place in the centre of a star produce an effect which shall travel yet faster than light? We can only reply that no such agency is known to science.

But is there really anything intrinsically improbable in an agency travelling with a speed many times that of light? In considering that there is, we may fall into an error very much like that into which our predecessors fell in thinking it entirely out of the range of reasonable probability that the stars should be placed at such distances as we now know them to be.

Accepting it as a fact that agencies do exist which travel from sun to planet and from star to star with a speed which beggars all our previous ideas, the first question that arises is that of their nature and mode of action. This question is, up to the present time, one which we do not see any way of completely answering. The first difficulty is that we have no evidence of these agents except that afforded by their action. We see that the sun goes through a regular course of pulsations, each requiring eleven years for completion; and we see that, simultaneously with these, the earth's magnetism goes through a similar course of pulsations. The connection of the two, therefore, seems absolutely proven. But when we ask by what agency it is possible for the sun to affect the magnetism of the earth, and when we trace the passage of some agent between the two bodies, we find nothing to explain the action. To all appearance, the space between the earth and the sun is a perfect void. That electricity cannot of itself pass through a vacuum seems to be a well-established law of physics. It is true that electromagnetic waves, which are supposed to be of the same nature with those of light, and which are used in wireless telegraphy, do pass through a vacuum and may pass from the sun to the earth. But there is no way of explaining how such waves would either produce or affect the magnetism of the earth.

The mysterious emanations from various substances, under certain conditions, may have an intimate relation with yet another of the mysteries of the universe. It is a fundamental law of the universe that when a body emits light or heat, or

anything capable of being transformed into light or heat, it can do so only by the expenditure of force, limited in supply. The sun and stars are continually sending out a flood of heat. They are exhausting the internal supply of something which must be limited in extent. Whence comes the supply? How is the heat of the sun kept up? If it were a hot body cooling off, a very few years would suffice for it to cool off so far that its surface would become solid and very soon cold. In recent years, the theory universally accepted has been that the supply of heat is kept up by the continual contraction of the sun, by a mutual gravitation of its parts as it cools off. This theory has the advantage of enabling us to calculate, with some approximation to exactness, at what rate the sun must be contracting in order to keep up the supply of heat which it radiates. On this theory it must, ten millions of years ago, have had twice its present diameter, while less than twenty millions of years ago it could not have existed except as an immense nebula filling the whole solar system. We must bear in mind that this theory is the only one which accounts for the supply of heat, even through human history. If it be true, then the sun, earth, and solar system must be less than twenty million years old.

Here the geologists step in and tell us that this conclusion is wholly inadmissible. The study of the strata of the earth and of many other geological phenomena, they assure us, makes it certain that the earth must have existed much in its present condition for hundreds of millions of years. During all that time there can have been no great diminution in the supply of heat radiated by the sun.

The astronomer, in considering this argument, has to admit that he finds a similar difficulty in connection with the stars and nebulae. It is an impossibility to regard these objects as new; they must be as old as the universe itself. They radiate heat and light year after year. In all probability, they must have been doing so for millions of years. Whence comes the supply? The geologist may well claim that until the astronomer ex-

plains this mystery in his own domain, he cannot declare the conclusions of geology as to the age of the earth to be wholly inadmissible.

Now, the scientific experiments of the last two years have brought this mystery of the celestial spaces right down into our earthly laboratories. M. and Madame Curie have discovered the singular metal radium, which seems to send out light, heat, and other rays incessantly, without, so far as has yet been determined, drawing the required energy from any outward source. As we have already pointed out, such an emanation must come from some storehouse of energy. Is the storehouse, then, in the medium itself, or does the latter draw it from surrounding objects? If it does, it must abstract heat from these objects. This question has been settled by Professor Dewar, at the Royal Institution, London, by placing the radium in next to the coldest medium that art has yet produced—liquid air. The latter is surrounded by the only yet colder medium, liquid hydrogen, so that no heat can reach it. Under these circumstances, the radium still gives out heat, boiling away the liquid air until the latter has entirely disappeared. Instead of the radiation diminishing with time, it rather seems to increase.

Called on to explain all this, science can only say that a molecular change must be going on in the radium, to correspond to the heat it gives out. What that change may be is still a complete mystery. It is a mystery which we find alike in those minute specimens of the rarest of substances under our microscopes, in the sun, and in the vast nebulous masses in the midst of which our whole solar system would be but a speck. The unravelling of this mystery must be the great work of science of the twentieth century. What results shall follow for mankind one cannot say, any more than he could have said two hundred years ago what modern science would bring forth. Perhaps, before future developments, all the boasted achievements of the nineteenth century may take the modest place which we now assign to the science of the eighteenth century—that of the infant which is to grow into a man.

The Perfidy of Mr. Ebless Frazee

BY ALICE MACGOWAN

THE hearth was wide—overwide for the two chairs, a little one and a big one; and the man and the boy who sat in them, no doubt feeling this, drew very close together. The child in the tiny green chair sometimes reached his little hand up, and it lay clasped upon the father's knee by both of the old man's; or the father's hand was stretched down and rested in the little fellow's lap, held in the two childish hands.

The hearth was both wide and deep. In its cavernous recess great logs burned through varying seasons upon this, which is a perpetual altar in mountain homes. In the winter season flames leaped and danced, roaring splendidly; throughout the spring and autumn—and even in midsummer—they smouldered, to be brightened into a cheery warmth for the cool mornings and evenings. But never they went out. They saw the tiny green chair exchanged for a middle-sized splint; and that again for a stout hickory with curious skeleton arms, the mate to the father's. But Mr. Ebless Frazee, merchant, and in some senses magnate, of Hepzibah, the little village nestling at the foot of the Turkey Tracks, never asked any of the expectant marriageable females of his neighborhood to come and occupy another chair upon his hearthstone and provide owners for the tiny green "cheer" and the middle-sized splint which the little boy had successively discarded. The child sufficed for him—so eminently companionable were father and son, so identical were their feelings, thoughts, and interests.

Ebless Frazee had wedded late—a mountain girl, who left him, after six years of peaceful married life, with the five-year-old Virgil. So far as the relations between father and son were concerned, the mother's death affected them little, for Ebless had always been more like a mother than a father to the child. As they sat thus, evenings, when the store

was closed and the day's work over, they were endlessly garrulous together. To the little Virgil's mind pappy's wisdom was always adequate; and the father watched the dawning intelligence and treated the opinions of the child with a grave respect which women are apt to find infinitely amusing in the relations of men to children, but which they would do well oftener to imitate. In all except years and a little narrow experience of men and life in a mountain village the two were equal. They had alike been nowhere and seen nothing—the world was all before them, virgin and alluring, for them to speculate upon. They hunted in all its forests, fished all its waters, made acquaintance with its nations of people, explored with equal passion its vast deserts and its populous and ancient cities; more often than anything else they inventoried its treasures. Upon the extent and splendor of these hoarded treasures, especially those of the Orient, they dwelt with untiring childish delight.

"That there Shash of Persia" (Virgil pronounced it to rhyme with hash), "do you reckon he counts all them di'mon's an' pearls hisse'f, pappy, an' locks 'em up of a night?"

"Well, no, honey, I reckon he sho'ly has a harlin'," (the hireling is ever a figure in mountain conversation). "I reckon he do sho'ly have a harlin' to do all o' that. I 'low he jest keeps the keys hisse'f."

"And them yatches, pappy—do you reckon they is jes boats—same as ships?"

"Yes, son, same as ships; only I reckon they're smaller, fer one feller gin'ally owns 'em."

There was an uneasiness in Virgil's mind upon the subject of seed-pearls. Would they sprout and grow and bear crops of pearls? If not, why were they called seed-pearls? Finally he approached the matter obliquely in one of the long

evening talks. "Pappy, they's seed-co'n, ain't they?"

"Yes, son, seed-co'n."

"An' seed-'taters?"

"Yes, honey, seed-'taters."

"Well, pappy, they's seed-pearls, too. What is they? Is they to plant? Is that the way ye gits pearls? Why, I should think they'd be mighty cheap, then, ef ye can raise 'em from seed!"

The old man moved a little and shifted his gaze in the fire. "I tell ye, son, I've thought about that matter right smart myse'f. They don't raise pearls. They gits 'em outer the bottom of the sea—outer oyshter shells. Divers goes down an' fatches 'em up. But these yere seed-pearls, I don't rightly know, less'n hit's 'at they're jes leetle weenty bits o' ones, no bigger 'n seeds. Yass, that's what hit must be—jes leetle weenty pearls, size o' seeds; an' so they call 'em seed-pearls."

Many an evening was enriched with the discussion of rubies and diamonds and their relative value. The diamond was the most precious thing in the world until these two discovered that the ruby of large size was still more precious.

"Your Aint Mirandy, she had a red breastpin—rubies is red, you know, son,—but I don't sea'cely reckon Mirandy's breastpin could 'a' ben rubies. Now I think of hit, I caain't be certain was hit red or green. I declar' I caain't be shore which 'twas."

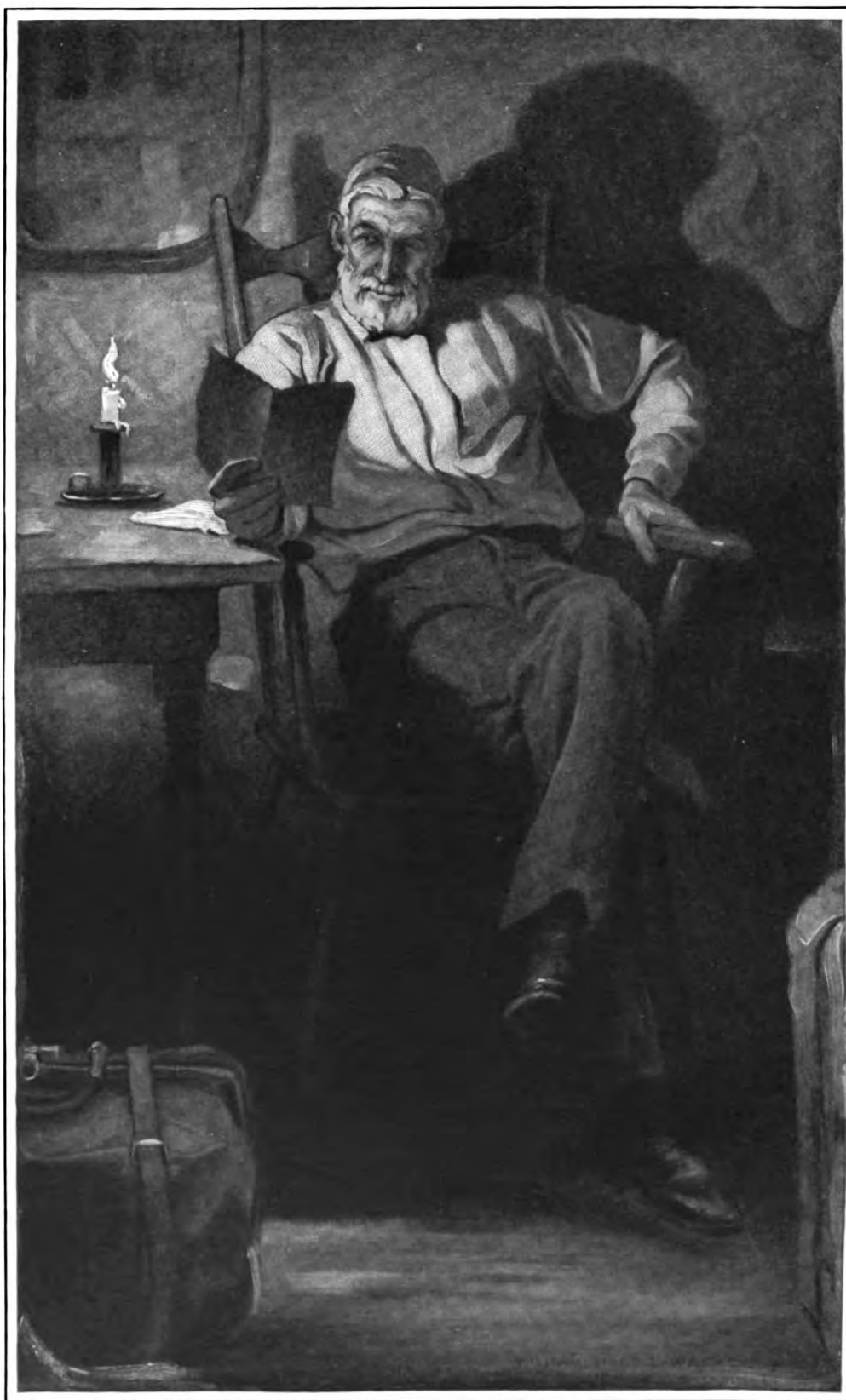
The Eskimos in their ice and snow huts; the people in equatorial lands—"an' monkeys 'at sneaks in an' steals their cocoanuts"; storied wonders of Old World cities, such simple and childish accounts of these as might come down in little geographies, in primary histories, mellowed, colored, kept alive and interesting by many repetitions from lip to lip—these were the things which occupied the evenings, winter and summer.

Mr. Ebless Frazee was that most shrewd of Yankees a Southern Yankee. A bit of a wisacre, he loved to say enigmatic things that made people come back for explanation. Keen he was, a reader of human nature and its motives; shrewd at a bargain—as shrewd as a good man could well be,—and with a touch of the antic in his disposition; rather below medium size, light and active, with

close-curved dark hair and beard, which from the time little Virgil could remember had been grizzled with white, and when the boy was sixteen had come to be almost an even silver. He was never given to hilarity; but his face had for so many years been puckered into the quizzical, humorous half-smile he so often wore, his eyes had grown so accustomed to twinkle, that, altogether, it was a merry countenance from which Ebless Frazee's soul looked out upon the world, with just a gleam of innocent slyness to give it pungency. Some few "likely widders" had thought it would be the proper thing for the boy's father to give him a stepmother—there had been one or two who had even essayed the undertaking. But commonly he was a man who impressed his neighbors and all who came in contact with him as knowing, even more certainly than most, exactly what he wanted; and so he was left by them in a large and chartered liberty.

All his life the merchant had intended to go to Baltimore to buy goods. When the young Virgil was eighteen he went. The lad had just returned from a year at Mount Pisgah, the little country college sixty miles from Hepzibah, during which he had shot up from boy to young man, his head now considerably topping that of his father. After the year's separation, the two had much to say to each other. All day long the boy was with his father busy in the store; in the evenings they sat as aforetime on the broad hearth, hand in hand, talking, talking, talking far into every night. And at the end of two weeks, when Virgil had learned the ways of the store, his father left him in charge and set forth upon the long-contemplated journey. It was a very great time to the two. The wonderful world which they had for so many years explored here upon their own hearthstone was about to open its doors to one of them, and the farewell was both solemn and joyful.

In spite of their fondness for communicating orally, father and son wrote few letters to each other; they were not of the class which has the writing habit. The father had been in Baltimore some time buying goods, seeing the city's wonders, kindly treated by the courteous old-fashioned wholesalers as a well-to-do



A BOMB FROM VIRGIL IN THE SHAPE OF A LETTER

country merchant and a shrewd, companionable old fellow, and was nearly ready to return, when there arrived to him a bomb from Virgil in the shape of a letter. This letter was unlike any which had preceded it. It was conceived in a lofty vein, and expressed itself in splendid and roundabout phrases, wrapping its meaning darkly in a cloud of words, anon bringing it forth in a glory of shining yet obscure utterance. When the father had labored through this production and had thought upon it for a time, it was made fairly clear to his mind that his eighteen-year-old boy, sole heir to his very respectable wealth, had engaged himself to marry a Miss Pendrilla Staggart, a tailoress from over Garyville way, who, as well as the old man could remember, would be now about thirty years old—a chronic and unsuccessful husband-hunter.

In constructing his letter the lad had evidently been bolstered by a "Ladies and Gents' Complete Letter-writer" (there was such a volume, the old man recollected, on a high, dusty shelf in the store); but at the end Virgil himself burst through, declaring, warmly, if crudely: "She will love you as well as I do. She has promised that, or I wouldn't have her. Though she is an angel."

That night Mr. Ebless Frazee sat and stared into his candle flame until it flared high, guttered and guttered, and died down and went out. During that time the wrinkled face wore many varying expressions—the eyes twinkled and darkened and twinkled again. When, a week later, the old man stepped down from the train at the distant railroad station his son knew him not. Only when his father spoke to him could Virgil be made to believe in his identity. The junior's jaw fell, his eyes widened. "W'y—w'y—pappy!"

"Don't you like 'em?" cheerfully inquired the senior, lifting his hat. The boy well-nigh dropped the carpetbag from his hand. His father's scanty locks, almost white, and his close-curling beard of the same silver, were now a deep, glossy purple-black, which gave him a startlingly spruce air, yet imparted a sinister twist to his aspect.

"I reckon I'll—I reckon I will, pappy. I jes ain't usened to 'em yit, an'—"

Mr. Frazee smiled suddenly; this time the carpetbag went to the ground. "Oh!" observed his son.

"W'y, sonny, you knowed I was a-gwine to git me new teeth in Baltimo'."

"Oh yes," assented Virgil, eagerly. "Yes, that's so, pappy. I jes didn't know they was a-gwine to be so wh—wh—white, an' so—well, so many of 'em," he finished, weakly.

"There hain't none too many, son—jes the usual count," his father assured him cheerfully, as he picked up the carpetbag and they climbed into the wagon. And now once more the elder Frazee was behind his own counter, where all might behold the charms of his renovated person.

Between father and son a somewhat singular state of things obtained. The long evening talks began again, the two sitting once more hand in hand upon the hearth. While the elder related the wonders he had beheld in the distant city, the boy questioned, surmised, suggested, or listened in rapt delight to replies and explanations; no mention was ever made of Virgil's matrimonial intentions. The elder resumed their intercourse exactly at the point where it had been broken off; the boy was too timid to introduce the subject which was always present in his mind. And so once more they talked far into the night, the boy uneasily studying his father's face when the old eyes were safely fixed upon the fire; and still that matter lay untouched between them.

Before a week was gone, it was whispered all over Hepzibah, and carried up into the mountains, that old Mr. Ebless Frazee was "a-settin' up to Miss Pendrilly Staggart." At the end of two weeks it had gone from end to end of the whole Turkey Tracks region that Pendrilla had "fotched it this time; she'd started in on the boy, but wound up by gittin' the old man." It was known beyond dispute that Mr. Ebless Frazee, with his wonderful purple hair and whiskers, his thirty-two chiny teeth, his store clothes an' shiny boots, had been seen a-settin' on the po'ch with the tailoress of an evenin'; and the question was forever settled by his beauing her openly to meetin' to hear Mr. Polk Dillard preach of a Sunday morning.

And what of Virgil? The first time

the lad had gone to see his inamorata after his father's return he was met by Mrs. Elder Dance (as he had been met before when he came upon courting expeditions); but this time the good woman, with a strangely flurried manner, hustled the boy clean out of the house before he realized what was being done to him, clucking: "Miss Pendrilly's got company, Mr. Virgil. She's got company in the parlor." As he passed the parlor window he could scarcely help seeing his own father sitting over across from the lady in what would have appeared to any unprejudiced eye full courting trim. With a petted only son's assurance, Virgil believed that here was the answer to his letter, and told himself that his father had come privately to see the divinity and to make all smooth to his son's feet. Yet there was a qualm about it, somehow; and when that evening, the two sitting as usual before their fire, the father said no word upon this subject, when, moreover, he headed off the boy's several timid attempts to introduce it, Virgil's heart sank.

He was that sensitive thing a boy on the verge of manhood. Ashamed to confess that if his father's apparent position of suitor were genuine it would be a relief to him, he was wholly concerned with his own appearance in the matter, and flushed and trembled all to himself at the thought that he should be supplanted—belittled,—and by his own father. A second time he sought his promised bride; again he found his father had forestalled him, beaung the charmer to church, where the significance of his attitude could no longer be blinked nor concealed. On top of all this, a boy called after him a gibe about stepmothers and their superiority over mere sweethearts! Virgil's cup of life overflowed with gall.

Through many sleepless nights, when the lad had lain interrogating the dark, demanding of the cosmos why it had apparently laid aside all other matters to give itself fully to the rendering of this one boy wretched, he had been bringing his courage slowly and with great difficulty to the sticking-point. To be jilted, to be passed over—put aside,—and by her who had wooed him in such honeyed terms! Did he want her now—did he still desire her? He shied wildly at the

thought. No—no! She had come to seem to him just a smirking, disagreeable old woman who had wormed herself in and made this dreadful breach between him and his father.

Ah, his father! there was the wound. The boy burned with shame to think how those two must regard him—like a dog or cat,—as though a promise to him did not even count. And so upon that day when Mr. Ebless Frazee had beaung Miss Pendrilla Staggart to church, the boy, wrought to the necessary degree of desperation, followed them from afar to Miss Pendrilla's temporary home at Elder Dance's. It was quarterly conference. Elder Justice, Brother Polk Dillard, and three other preachers, with seven or eight laymen, were guests of Elder Dance; and besides these, there were some half-dozen young people invited in for dinner. Yet Mrs. Dance, with all the elderly matron's fury for match-making, had kept the parlor sacred to Pendrilla and her suitor. The young people stood sniggering about in groups, making errands past the door where Mr. Ebless Frazee, in the full splendor of his purple hair and whiskers and his glittering store teeth and boots, sat rigidly erect, and Miss Pendrilla, fairly dripping with sentimental satisfaction, showered him with languishing glances till he was like a man at a mark.

The courtship had proceeded about as far as mountain courtships go before the preacher or justice is called in—that is to say, Mr. Frazee had said that "no wife o' his'n should ever break her back over an up-an'-down churn," that he would never allow a woman to "chop kindlin'," that it would be "a blessed time fer him—an' fer Virgil—when they had a womern's keer," the which they had sorely lacked these many years, and had accompanied these statements with what Miss Pendrilla considered the glances proper to them. It was enough at least for that young lady; she proposed coyly, yet practically, to return upon the morrow to her brother at Garyville in order to make her "settin' out o' clo'es"; and Mr. Ebless Frazee smiled upon her without a word. It was at this moment that Virgil came into the house.

It would be more than Mrs. Elder Dance that would stop him to-day! He made

straight for the parlor door; when he jerked it open sharply, Pendrilla jumped up and endeavored effusively to push him into the hall, with her voluble, "W'y, Virgil honey! W'y, Virgil, I—"

Ebless Frazee, stark and splendid, looked reprehendingly at the familiar hands she laid upon his son. Virgil seized those hands (and in that action showed to his father's eye that the boy had become a man), drew her masterfully in, and closed the door behind her. "Pappy, this is the lady I wrote to you about—when you was in Baltimo'. You never said nothin' about my letter; but—I reckon you got hit?"

Pendrilla was silenced for the moment, and fear was in her eyes. "Yes, son; yes, Virgil, I got hit; but seein' as all that is changed—seein' as how we have been makin' other arrangements, Miss Pendrilly an' me—"

"Yes, honey," Pendrilla broke in, nervously, "we 'lowed—yo' pappy an' me—that seein' ez how them things is all changed—ez yo' pappy says so p'intedly an' so truly" (and she smiled tenderly upon the purple whiskers),—"ez we have made different arrangements, we jes s'posed hit would be best to let bygones be bygones—we 'lowed that was what you was a-thinkin' yo'se'f."

"Bygones!" ejaculated Virgil, bitterly. "They are bygones, are they? Nobody told me anything, or asked my ruthers, any more than as if I'd been—"

He choked. Mr. Ebless Frazee sat back with an expansive smile upon his face. Miss Pendrilla fluttered wildly about Virgil, torn with apprehension as to what he might reveal, anxiety to placate one so influential, and anger at his intrusion. But she told herself that she had not lived hard, faced humiliation and failure for thirty years, to be beaten by a fool boy and an infatuated old gump of a widower. Once let her be Mis' Frazee, and if the sassy boy—sp'ilt till he's rotten—won't come down,—w'y the old man must. Virgil could behave himself, admit her sway, or he could leave.

She smiled upon the boy, a sickly smile. "I fo'give yo', Virgil honey. I do so," she declared, making to lay her hands upon him once more, but the boy shrank from her touch. "I do sho'ly fo'give yo', Virgil—a boy what's ben

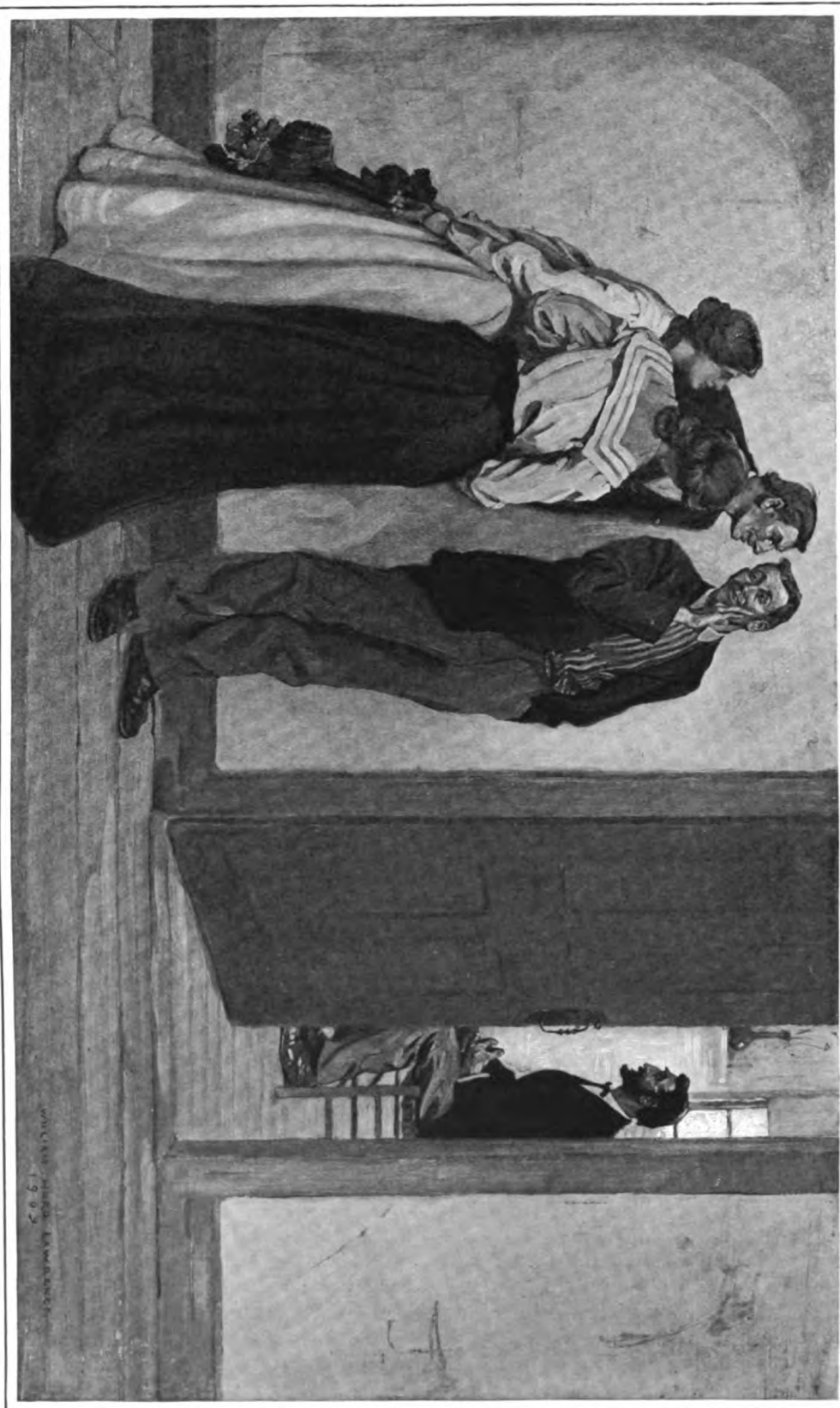
fotched up without nair mother. Me an' yo' pappy air about to mend that. I'm a-gwine home to-morrow to Garyville to make my settin' out"—the boy shivered, Miss Pendrilla smirked, and over Ebless Frazee's enigmatic face a curious expression went—"an' you shain' be without air mother—"

"No mother!" cried the boy in a voice which broke fiercely. A feeling of utter bereavement and desolation was upon him, as he looked at the caricature of his father's face smiling woodenly. He put his hand behind him and threw the door open, revealing the groups of curious faces outside. "No mother!" he repeated in a sort of heart-broken voice. "No, I've got nair mother—and *nair father*, *neither*, ef this is the way of hit!" and he strode back through the guests, who drew apart to let him pass.

After Miss Pendrilla had closed the door upon Virgil, she found her suitor curiously silent and distrait. He gave little answer to her voluble deprecations, and made but the one satisfactory observation (though to even Miss Pendrilla's not oversensitive mind he made it strangely for a lover) that she would hear from him in Garyville. Then he too passed out, and was in his turn made way for. When he got home he found a pathetic little scrawl from Virgil. The lad had taken the carpetsack and gone afoot up through Little Turkey Track and to the Fur Cove to his Aunt Faithful Bushares, Ebless Frazee's sister. He would never come home, he said—not if "they" married. He never wanted to see that woman's face again—no, nor his father's either, if he married her.

That evening the old man sat by his fire alone, the little scrawled note upon his knee, patting it occasionally as though it had been Virgil's hand. The picture was before his eyes of Rhody Bushares, Sylvanus's young niece, a girl of about Virgil's own age. "As purty a little trick," he murmured, "as you could want to look at; an' likely every way. And the boy's jes hurt an' sore enough—yes, hit 'll be all right—the two children 'll make it up betwixt 'em—we-all will be all right yit."

Three weeks later the two chairs again sat side by side upon the broad hearth,



THE YOUNG PEOPLE STOOD SNIGGERING ABOUT IN GROUPS

father and son gazing as of old into the flickering flames, the boy's hand clasped close in both those of the old man. They had talked and talked of the sweetness, the good looks, and the "likeliness" of the little Rhody, until one might have supposed the subject fairly well exploited. Peace and comfort and satisfaction spoke in every line of the two figures. Yet nothing had been explained. The boy had only begun to understand in a roundabout way that there was to be no marriage between his father and Miss Pendrilla Staggart, and, filled and running over with his own joy, had come home to share it with his one lifelong friend. At last a little silence fell; and then, turning to his father, Virgil asked, "Pappy, what air you gwine to do about Miss Pendrilly?"

"Why, I hain't a-gwine to do nothin', son. I've done did!" answered Ebless Frazee, slapping the boy's hand softly between his own and smiling his quizzical smile.

The boy glanced doubtfully at his father. "She's a mighty overcomin' lady—Miss Pendrilly is," he said, with a reflective look on his face. "How—how could ye git away from her, pappy?"

"Aw, law, yes, she may be all o' that, honey, but no ol' two-fisted gal ain't a-comin' betwixt you an' me. I'll tell ye, son. Miss Pendrilly, she jes p'intedly tuck me fer granted. She was a-gwine to marry me—fer what I had. She didn't no mo' love me than I loved her—and the Lord He do know that that was little enough! Ez fer you, honey," the twinkling eyes dwelt fondly upon the lad, "I reckon that in her mind you had to walk a chalk line, or to git out."

"What," whispered Virgil, with eyes of wonder—"what did ye do?"

"Well, I wrote a letter to her brother. Staggart's a fa'r man. I can deal better with a man person than with a lady."

"W'y, that's so," echoed the boy, gazing with the admiration of his childish days upon his father, contemplating the depth of his wisdom.

"Yes, I can deal better with a man person. I jes wrote Miles Staggart the hull story o' Miss Pendrilly's doin's here. I tried to tell it fa'r—an' I said to him 'at he better jes keep her to home."

There was another silence, then the boy

asked again, "But, pappy, ain't a man 'bleeged to keep a promise?"

"Yes, son; but, ye see, I never made no promises of no kind to Miss Pendrilly, 'ceptin' that she'd hear from me in Garyville." He smiled a little. "I jes talked to the lady about what I'd do fer a woman—ef I had one. I spoke about them air up-an'-down churns, an' said I wouldn't 'low no woman to break her back over one of 'em. I meant hit—Rhody sha'n't never have no up-an'-down churn." Both faces were smiling now. "But Miss Pendrilly, that was enough fer her. She 'lowed (like every one else done) the minute she seed me with my store teeth and shiny boots and my dyed whiskers, comin' an' settin' on her po'ch, 'at I was one o' these yere ol' fool widders, jes a-gallop' after her to marry her. I didn't have to make nair promise, son."

Pap Overholt, the only living creature to whom the matter was ever broached, demanded,

"What did ye go sech a long way round to break the boy's fool match fer? Hit was like ye, Eb Frazee, with yer jimcracks an' yer monkey doin's. Ye know the boy would put his hand in the fire fer ye—why didn't ye ast him out straight to give up sech a onsuitable—"

"Yes, an' have him a-thinkin' all his days 'at he'd missed the one womern the Lord had made p'intedly and pertic'larly fer him! No, sir! I knowed a better way. Hit was wuth a little trouble—"

"Trouble nothin'!" interjected Pap John, and the two old friends laughed genially together.

"Hit was wuth a little thinkin' out and a little actin' out, and—well, we'll say, a little trouble to Miss Pendrilly Staggart—to let the boy find, beyant all doubt, that he didn't want the lady—nor she hadn't wanted him."

On the hearth before father and son the flames slackened, died down, the logs smouldered and glowed. Hour after hour went past; still the two sat as they had been sitting ever since the boy was big enough to occupy the little green "cheer," hand in hand, exchanging innocent confidences and hopes, voicing their inmost beliefs and convictions. So, indeed, it was to be as long as they both should live.

London from a 'Bus-Top

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

IT came rushing and rocking over Albert Bridge when I first saw it, and stopped within a yard of me, obedient to the distant command of an old woman and her basket. The conductor stepped down with the leisurely patience of one whose time belongs to the world; the passengers took it as the fortune of war, with scarcely a glance behind; and the tempestuous figure fifty yards away, loaded with the week's washing and flurried by some insoluble bonnet-strings, bore down in little waddling sprints upon the 'bus. She was relieved of her burden with the finish of a cotillon-leader, helped up the steps, and found or made an expansive seat inside. The conductor whistled, the brakes were loosened with a bang, and after a straining stamp or two the horses felt their load and started off.

It was the noise and briskness of the movement that decided me. In London, with a day on one's hands, one needs these outside promptings even to loaf with the right receptivity. And just where I stood, at the foot of Albert Bridge, it seemed particularly worth while. For Albert Bridge cuts into the heart of London's Montmartre, the imperishably alluring Chelsea, where in a mile and a half's walk you may wander down all English history from the Roman invasion, most of English literature, and much of whatever is best in modern English art. I was trying to picture it as it must have been when a rumor of the plague gave Pepys such a terrible fright, when More sang in the choir of the old church, when Charles II. and Nell Gwynn came over from Fulham to view the site of the Pensioners' Hospital, when Horace Walpole frisked off to Ranelagh from his father's house near by, when Franklin sailed from Blackfriars for a day's outing and swam back again, and when Chelsea was really a village of palaces, instead of a London suburb; I was wondering what Gay and Swift and Smollett

and Addison and Steele and Dr. Johnson would think of it could they revisit it as they used to; and I was particularly wondering what Carlyle would have said to the factory on the opposite bank—when the 'bus came. It was quite an ordinary 'bus, with its full equipment of primary colors and advertisements, and but for the accident of its having to wait for the washerwoman, might have swung idly out of my existence. The pause and the reason for it and that Chesterfield of a conductor, interested me if only by the flagrancy of their contrast to Broadway; something stirred in response to the stamping of the horses, and when the 'bus moved I was on it and climbing up-stairs to the roof. The hansom may be, as Disraeli called it, the gondola of London, but the 'bus is the old three-decker to which all else must dip its colors. From its triumphant loftiness you

Do overpeer the petty traffickers,

and by so much conceive yourself their superior. Hansoms, broughams, victorias, landaus, motors, vans, wagons, carts, the coster's barrow, do but fall in on the lower spectacular plane, are but items in the sliding, tangled pageant,—extra touches to its variety.

I might have guessed as much: we are heading for the Bank. The 'bus swings grandly into King's Road, Chelsea, pointing Citywards. The right-angled turn is taken with the sureness of the president of the Four-in-Hand Club. No Londoner ever seems too old or too young to drive, and to drive well. The crowded, crooked streets of this "province in brick," seamed with a traffic that makes New York in reminiscence a mere country village, are the best of all driving-schools. None but a first-class whip could live in them. And you have only to watch a 'bus-driver handle the ribbons for ten seconds, you have only to see him hugging his horses down a muddy incline, coaxing them up

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Ludgate Hill, or flicking his whip at the pull-up, to be sure he knows his business. There is the professional air, the professional stamp, all over him. He is a wit, too, as all his forebears have been, since first men took to coaches; and in the wondrous *camaraderie* of the London streets he has chance enough to show it. For the brothers of his order, for the drivers employed by the same company, there is the correct salute of the whip and an exchange of greetings, a swapping of pleasantries, that no passenger has yet got the hang of. Anyway, no sooner are two 'buses of the same line within twenty yards of each other than both drivers are at it, in the thick of it, with hilarious whip and shaking shoulders. They will crane round and carry it on long after the 'buses have passed and separated. What it is all about, you never know; you are utterly out of it; tantalizing fragments alone reach your understanding, but to piece them together is hopeless. The two veterans have it all to themselves and keep it there.

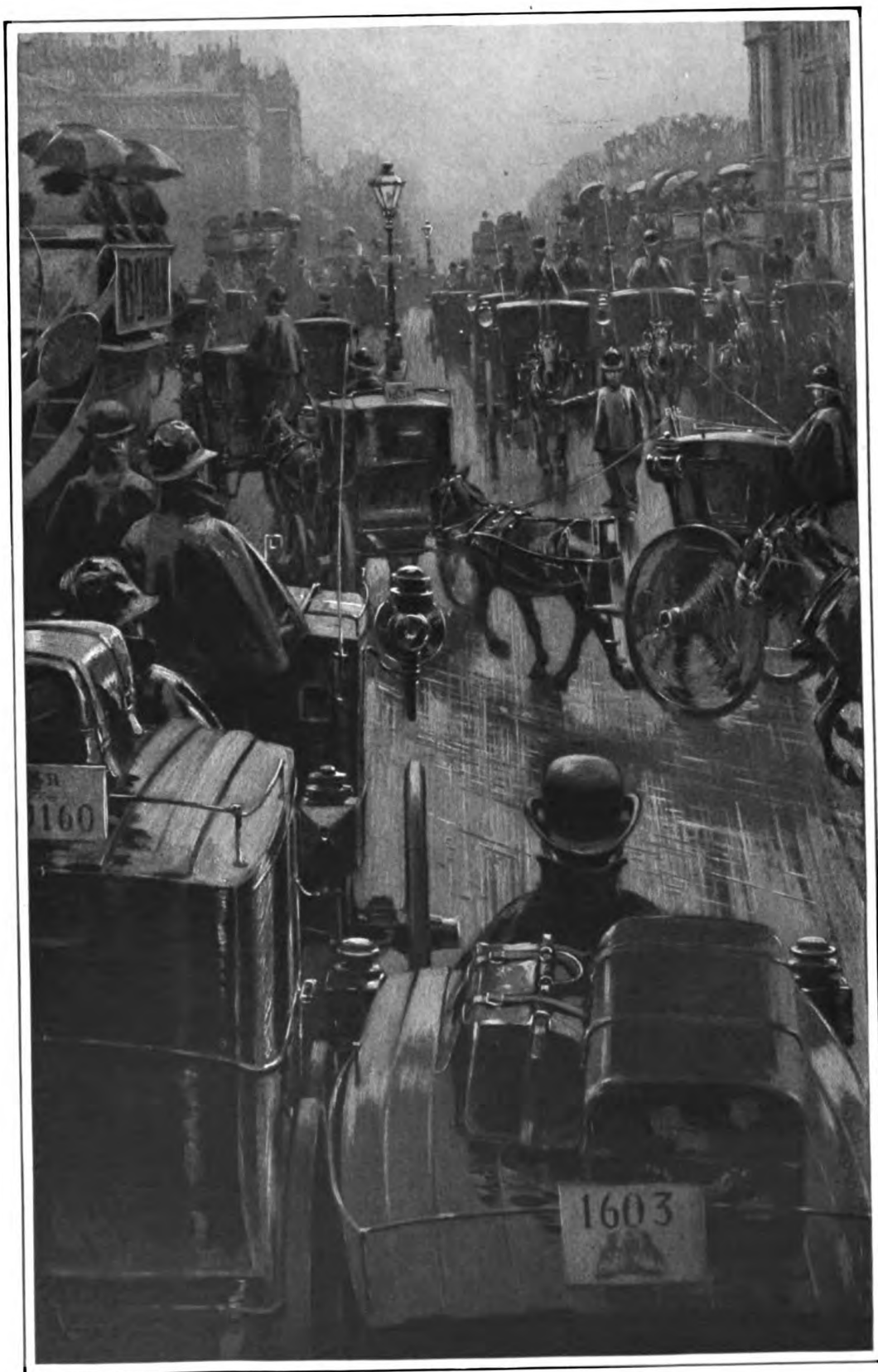
But catch a driver when a clumsy drayman has fouled his wheels or blocked his way, or when a rival 'bus has stolen a march on him. Then you will understand the Londoner's boast that the cockney is the readiest, the wittiest, of all his Majesty's subjects. The tongue is not his only weapon. I remember once starting from the Mansion House on a 'bus the driver of which had been maddened by some remark of the conductor on the 'bus just in front of him. The two belonged to rival companies and were travelling the same route. They talked it over with pungency and zest from the Mansion House to St. Paul's. At the top of Ludgate Hill, one of the regular stopping-places, the driver made up his mind he could stand it no longer. He got down from his seat and pummelled the conductor heartily for two minutes. It refreshed him so much that at the next stopping-place he did it again. By the time Charing Cross was reached it had become a habit with him. Whenever the 'buses stopped there would be a brisk set-to, the intervals between the halts being filled with an exchange of prophecies as to what would happen at the next.

A driver who has been passed by a rival 'bus, or, worse still, for it shows

he is running behind his schedule, by a 'bus of his own company, will not waste much time talking. 'Buses, be it understood, are like Atlantic liners: they "never race." But there are conditions under which one might almost fancy they go quicker than usual; and this is one of them.

Without, of course, racing, the driver will, in a quiet way, do what he can to win back his lost priority. It is about as exciting and baffling a bit of work as a man may well engage in. Just as he sees his opening and the whip is playing freely, the conductor rings the bell and a precious minute has to be lost in depositing or taking up a passenger. (The London 'bus must always stop whenever and wherever it is hailed.) The rival adds alarmingly to his distance; but in an instant he too is brought to a standstill, by a careful old lady on the sidewalk, who is not, at her time of life, going to get on a 'bus while it is in motion. We are nearly on level terms again; if the driver dare but to pass that "isle of refuge" to the right instead of the left, he would be ahead. But the London 'bus-driver, though he may break every other law, keeps the rule of the road to a hair. We yield, are forced inwards, and so another chance is gone. But only for a moment. A hundred yards away all traffic has ceased as though a barrier had been drawn across the street. A thin, ceaseless line of vehicles passes before it from a side street across our route. We are held up to allow its exit. Now is the time when a dexterous driver, wedging in and out among the crowd, may beat his rival at the start and get away.

Nothing shows the exhaustless variety, the appalling wealth of London, like these "blocks." Nothing, too, shows its orderliness so palpably. For the barrier is but "the uplifted arm of the policeman," on which the late Mr. Bayard used to enlarge with so much enthusiasm. Not a man dare poke his horse's nose beyond the line of those outstretched fingers. On a summer's afternoon at Hamilton Place, or lower down by Devonshire House, a jungle of all conceivable conveyances, wheels all but touching, twelve to fifteen deep, will stretch away for a quarter of a mile or more. Every type of vehicle that ever ran on wheels, every



THE ARM OF THE LAW
Regulating traffic at Hyde Park

sort of horse that ever stood between shafts, is there. Below you as you peer over the side of your 'bus is a magnificent landau; next to it, a coster's barrow; farther on, a doctor's brougham, a tradesman's delivery van, a ramshackle four-wheeler with baggage on the roof and a nervous little woman in black inside, hansoms beyond counting, express-wagons, automobiles gasping, 'buses towering like painted turrets, a four-in-hand back from Bushey playing for position with a lorry, and here and there men and women on horseback feeling their way to the front. Wealth, fashion, pleasure, and the infinite gradations of business—all waiting obedient on the "man in blue." It looks like the start of some impossible race, the beginnings of a universal "reliability test," open to all comers. At last the arm falls, its owner steps negligently to one side, and the whole cavalcade breaks away with a roar. Then you may learn what city driving can be. There is nothing in all Europe and nothing in America that will begin to compare with this demoniac plunge down Piccadilly.

But I was forgetting—we are still in King's Road, Chelsea. A mediocre, unlovely, bourgeois street, which even its memories barely redeem; a street sprung from a royal footpath through fields, trodden down by King Charles on his visits to Nell Gwynn. Here, as often in London, the name is all that is left to snatch from the unsuggestive present and conjure with. . . . A turn, and we are in the land of substance, red-bricked, comfortable Sloane Street, hesitating between shops and houses, but evidently determined that whichever wins it shall be good of its kind. . . . Another, and we round into the gut of Knightsbridge, rising through it, with Rotten Row on the left, to the gray spaciousness of Hyde Park Corner. Here is the one really joyous scene that London holds, a veritable splash of freshness and color on its rusty drab. Looking over the Park railings from your secure height, you see first of all the double stream of carriages

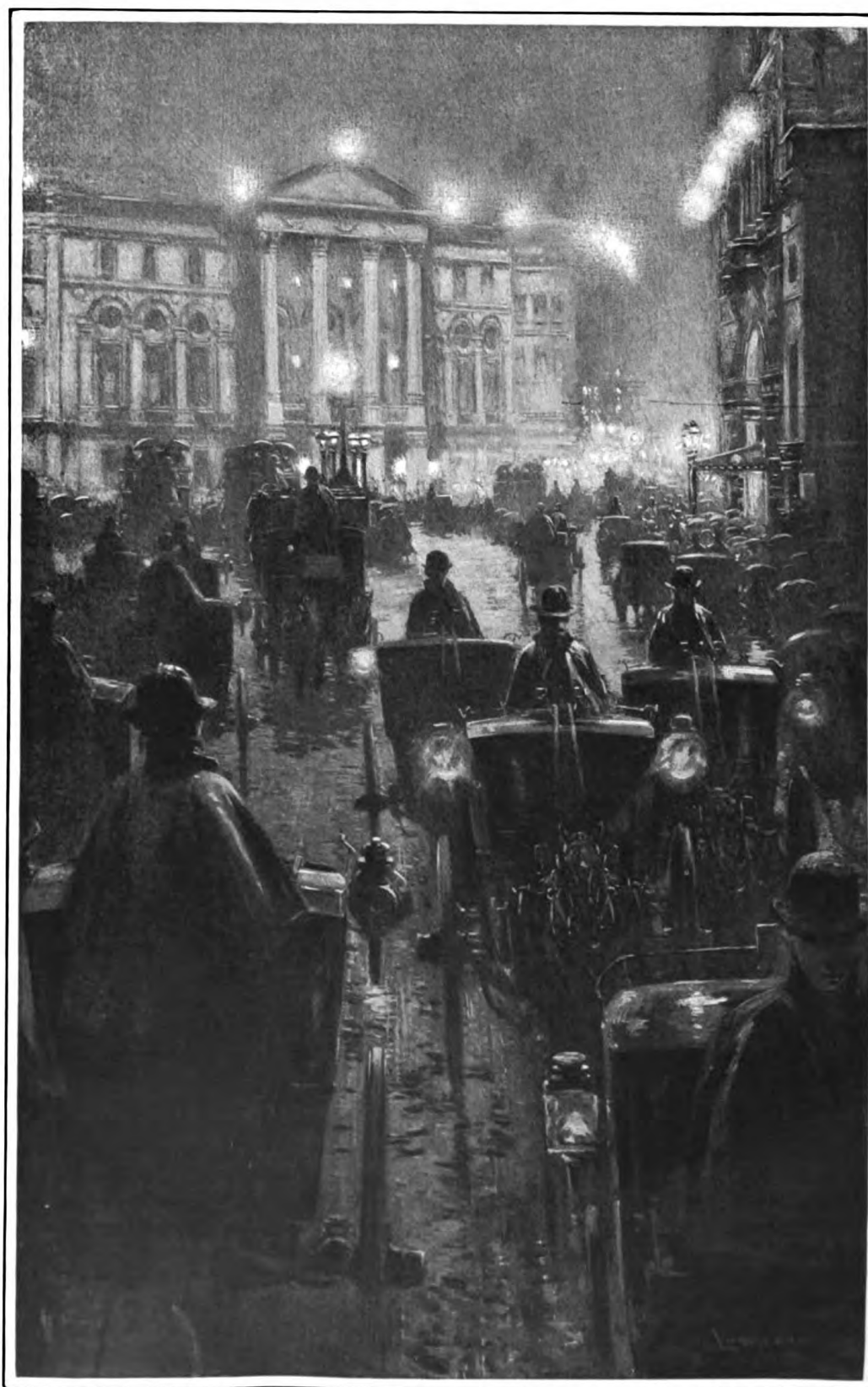
Quick-glancing to the sun;

beyond them, sitting or walking under the trees, the massed concourse of

fashionable idlers, flirting their parasols and dresses in exquisite clusters; farther still, the green pastoral witchery of the Park, dissolved in the distance into that indescribably softening blue-gray mist that is the atmospheric note of London. Here are luxury, leisure, bright movement, an infectious glow of brilliancy, in an almost sylvan setting.

Piccadilly seems cold and blatant by contrast as one charges down it. Yet even here, be the sunshine ever so bright, the visitor is crowned in the pearly haze that tones, attenuates, unifies most if not all of London, that haze that has tantalized and defeated how many artists! Even over Piccadilly, even over this the most mundane of all London streets, it throws its saving glamour. Indeed the whole splendid avenue might serve for a studio, not for its values alone, but for the complexity of the types that throng it. It is the quintessence of London, the distillation of all London humanity, to be studied nowhere so narrowly as from a 'bus-top. Perfect du Mauriers in the original approach, pass by, and are left behind, or stand in groups looking from the club windows; Phil Mays in the life swarm beneath one, and characters from Thackeray and Dickens jostle unsuspectingly on the sidewalk. It is like a perennial subscription to *Punch*. The clubs alone, which never look so thoroughly clubbable as when hastily glanced at from a passing 'bus, will store one's memory with a hundred recognizable types. All England, all the empire, indeed, sooner or later finds its way to Piccadilly. One cannot pass down it without a sight of some glittering, turbaned, alien figure, majestically isolated, majestically unheeded. Regent Street may claim a grander sweep, and by virtue of its shops a more devoted femininity; but it is along Piccadilly that the tide of social London flows brim full.

The night does but seal its supremacy. From seven in the evening till two in the morning London, or all of London that counts, is Piccadilly. Then, like the city for which it stands, it is prodigal of its happiest effects. London is no daylight city. Sunshine, pageantry, merely betray it into a maze of incongruities, startle without relieving its sooty grayness, its perpetual look of thunder. But see it,



PICCADILLY CIRCUS ON A WET EVENING

see Piccadilly, at night and from the perspective of a 'bus, when the lamps show orange-yellow through the blue darkness, and the lights of a thousand hansoms come bowling towards you, and you snatch a glimpse of white dresses, whiter arms and necks gleaming in the blackness. London is pictorially the best because practically the worst lit city in the world. That incomparable artist, its atmosphere, makes even the electric globes forgivable, and adds to the street lamps a softening saffron glow that is never so vulgar as to "dance" or "twinkle." They in turn throw over the nightly pleasure-going stream of beauty, riches, gayety, a recoiling mellowness.

The plangent whirlpool of Piccadilly Circus receives us, fretting and moaning with the confluence of five mighty tributaries. It is the terminus and the starting-point of the West End, where the 'buses from all points meet and load and unload and are scrambled for in rushes of feminine virulence. On a wet evening these rushes reach the point of ferocity. The inhumanity of woman to woman, when it is a question of a seat inside or a thirty minutes' battle with the blue drizzle on the roof, is of more than masculine intensity, as, indeed, it has a right to be. Even so, the Circus yields a sort of dreamy exhilaration, a titanic vapor-bath effect. The lights of lamp and shop front with their murky glimmer, the steaming horses, the hopeless swish of the rain, the drivers twinkling in their oilskins, the tops of the 'buses either a dripping desert or huddled beneath a canopy of umbrellas, and below you, at each stopping-place, this Amazonian fight for shelter, swaying round the 'bus in front, your own 'bus, the 'bus behind, muffled, muddled, despairing—one almost has the sense of a rescue at sea.

But to see Piccadilly Circus, indeed to see all London, at its best, one needs a fog,—not a black fog or a "London particular," but a yellowish mystifying haze of the kind that veils without quite obscuring. The 'bus becomes a balloon forthwith, sailing through a cloudland of unrealities. You look down on phantasmal figures and make of them anything you please. The ordinary silk-hatted, frock-coated Londoner, of

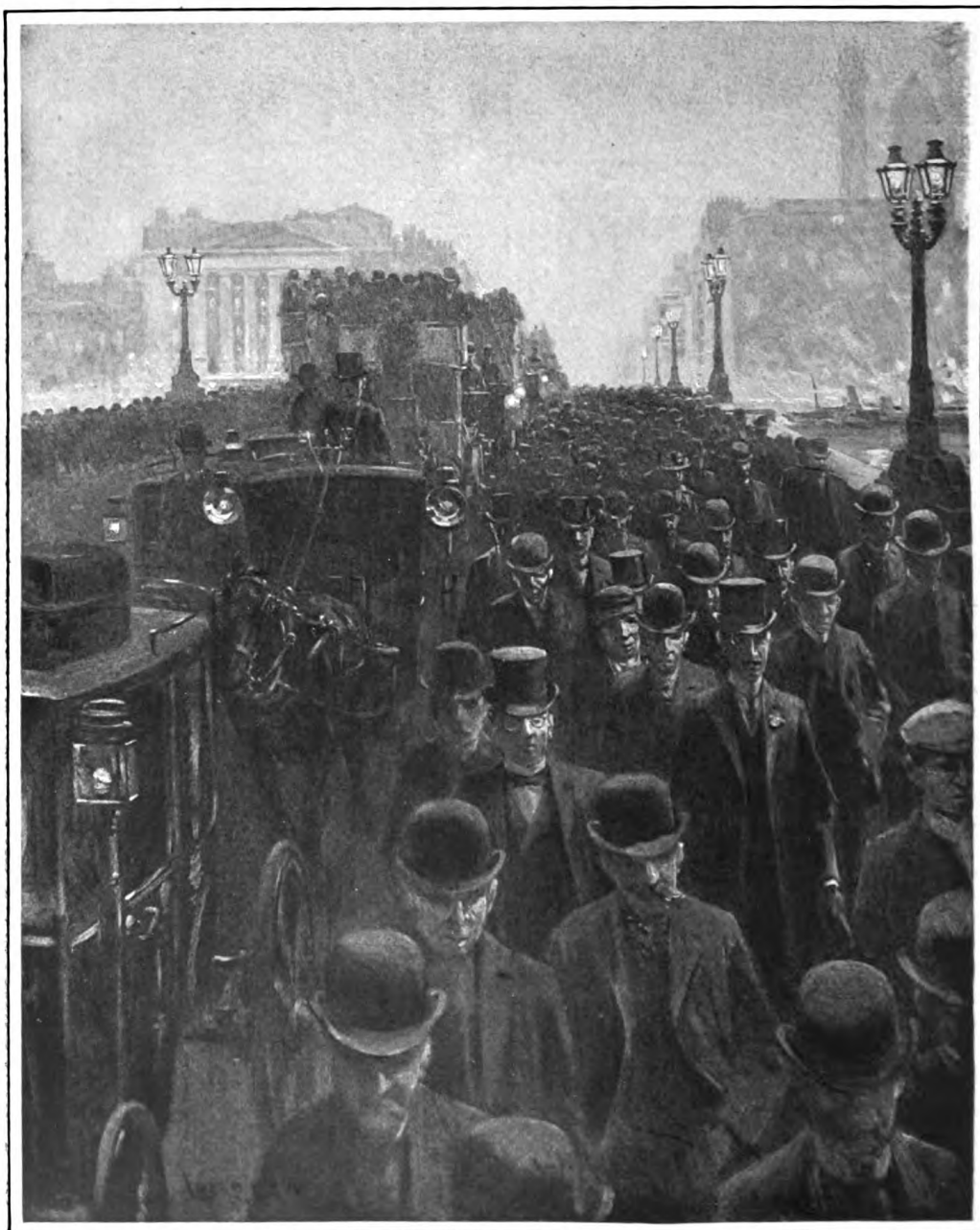
whose uniformity one so heartily wearies by daylight, is transmuted in a fog into a presence of immense possibilities, as he glides below you out of shadow, and is gone before you have made up your mind whether you really see him. Even the 'buses looming up beside you take on an immeasurable ghostliness. On such a day, when all the edges are rubbed out and the outlines of things quiver before one's eyes, there have been those who positively mistook the National Gallery for a fine building. But to-day as we see it across the waste of Trafalgar Square it wears the pepper-box squatness that shook Mr. Henry James's pen to mockery. "The finest site in Europe," say Englishmen. The dreariest, say most foreigners. On the whole, one is glad to escape from the need of decision into the fury of the Strand.

From here to the Bank the 'bus is indisputably supreme. Absolutely unsuspected buildings, in the shadow of which one has walked unknowing a thousand times, reveal themselves from the 'bus-top; not a few of Wren's best churches can only be seen from its elevation, and by its help alone can one call up the eighteenth-century picturesqueness of the narrow, tortuous streets. Between Charing Cross and the Mansion House the flood of humanity is too composite, too overwhelming to have character. If Piccadilly is the Court Guide, the Strand is the entire Post-office Directory. There are, of course, distinctive patches here and there,—round the Law Courts, for instance, and the lower end of Fleet Street,—but to select or summarize or even describe is hopeless. One takes the whole rushing sombre torrent in mass, as something beyond analysis, and too restful to be imperilled by a close scrutiny.

It is not until St. Paul's is past and one nears the Mansion House that the sidewalk throngs become in a way distinguishable, homogeneous. One is conscious of a restrained gait, a weightier aspect, a more measured and graver carriage, befitting men who live at the heart of the world's credit. Here it is rather the roadways that are multitudinous. But if you slip from this down the moneyed air of Lombard Street and on to London Bridge, when the evening



PICCADILLY IN THE SEASON



THE HOMEWARD TIDE—LONDON BRIDGE

exodus from the City is pouring southwards, it is to be dazed with a double immensity, of vehicles as well as people—a sedater Brooklyn Bridge during the “rush hours,” but more variegated, more overpowering, with a flow and swell like an ocean in flood. And the view from it again demands the focus that only the ’bus-top can bring to bear, the view

of the “Pool of London” with its myriad masts against a Turner sunset,—of all London views, without question, the most entrancing.

Primarily, no doubt, the ’bus is just democracy on wheels—and even so it is endlessly rich in character and humor; but there is always room for the artist on the front seat.

"An Exceeding High Mountain"

BY MARGARET DELAND

I

ROBERT GRAY'S first wife, Alys (Old Chester had hard work to swallow her name; "but it's better than any of your silly 'ie's,'" said Old Chester)—this first Mrs. Gray was a good deal of a trial to everybody. She was not only "new," but foreign; not only foreign, but indifferent to Old Chester. Indeed, it took all Old Chester's politeness and Christian forbearance to invite Mrs. Robert Gray to tea—with the certainty that the invitation would be declined. She was an English girl whom Robert met somewhere in Switzerland; a heavy-eyed, silent creature, certainly a very beautiful woman, but most inefficient and sickly;—and there were so many nice, sensible girls in Old Chester! (However, there is no use saying things like that: as if a man ever married a girl because she was sensible!)

Yet young Gray certainly needed a sensible wife; his wealth was limited to character and good manners plus a slender income as tutor in the Female Academy in Upper Chester. Excellent things, all; but a wife with sense (and money) would have been an agreeable addition to his circumstances. Whereas, this very beautiful English girl was a penniless governess, left stranded in Germany by an employer, who had, apparently, got tired of her. Robert Gray had met the poor frightened creature, who was taking her wandering way back to England, and married her, frantic with rage at the way she had been treated. When he brought her home, he was so madly in love that he probably did not half appreciate Old Chester's patience with her queer ways. But the fact was that, for the few months she lived, she was so miserable that Old Chester could not help being patient, and forgiving her her half-sullen indifference, and her silence, and her distaste for life;—even in Old Chester!

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For in spite of Robert's adoration, in spite of all the ready friendliness about her, in spite of the birth of a baby girl, she seemed, as it were, to turn her face to the wall. She died when the child was about a week old. Died, the doctor said, only because, so far as he could see, she did not care to live.

"You ought to try to get better for the baby's sake," said Miss Rebecca Jones, who had come in to help nurse her. And the poor girl frowned, and shook her head, the heavy white lids falling over her dark eyes.

"I don't like it."

And Rebecca (who had too much good sense to be shocked by the vagaries of a sick woman) said, decidedly: "Oh, you'll learn to like her. Come, now, just try—!"

But she did not seem to try; even though Robert, kneeling with his arm under her pillow, holding her languid hand to his lips, said, sobbing, "Oh, Alys, Alys—for God's sake—don't leave me—"

Then she opened her beautiful eyes and looked at him solemnly. "Robert," she said, "I am sorry. I am—sorry. I—am—"

"What for, precious?" he entreated; "sorry for what?—to leave me? Oh, Alys, then live, live, dear!"

"I—am—" she began; and then her voice trailed into eternity.

Miss Rebecca Jones hung about the house for a few days, to make the poor gentleman comfortable; then he was left alone, with the child (purchased at so dreadful a cost) and one servant, and his daily work of teaching the polite languages at the Female Academy. Miss Rebecca's hard face softened whenever she thought of him; but all she could do for him was to go often to see the poor seven-months baby,—which seemed for a time inclined to follow its mother.

Now it must be understood at once that Rebecca Jones was not a schemer,

or a mean or vulgar woman. She was merely a hard-headed, honest-hearted product of years of public-school teaching, with a passion for truth and no grace in telling it. She was sorry for Mr. Gray, and sorry for the poor baby, who was being allowed, she said to herself, to grow up every which way; and sorry for the comfortless house left to the care of what she called "an uneducated servant-girl." So, after school, and on Saturday mornings, she used to go over to Mr. Gray's house, and bustle about to the bettering of several things. Indeed, old Mr. Jones told her more than once that he didn't know what that there widower would do without her! And Rebecca said, truthfully enough, that she didn't know, either. And when she said it, her heart warmed with something more than pity.

As for Robert Gray, dazed and absent, trying to do his duty at the Academy during the day, and coming home at night to look blankly at his child, he, too, did not know what he would have done that first year without Miss Rebecca's efficient kindness. He was so centred in his grief, and also of so gentle a nature, that he took the kindness as simply as a child might have done. Like many another sweet-minded man, he had not the dimmest idea of the possible effect of his rather courtly manner and his very delicate courtesy, upon a woman of slightly different class, whose life had been starved of everything romantic or beautiful. He became to sharp-tongued Miss Rebecca Jones a vision of romance; and, somehow, quite suddenly, about eighteen months after his wife's death, he discovered that he was going to marry her. In his startled astonishment, he realized that he had himself led up to her avowal of willingness by some talk about her kindness. Perhaps she had misunderstood his words; if she had, Robert Gray was not the man to offer an explanation. . . . However, after the first shock of being accepted, he was gently explicit:

"I realize that the child ought to have the care of a good woman, and therefore I—"

"I'll do my duty by her," Rebecca said.

"I want her brought up to love and reverence her mother. I want her

brought up to be like her. It is for the child's sake that I—I marry again. I speak thus frankly, Miss Rebecca, because I so entirely respect you that I could not be anything but frank."

Rebecca's square face flushed over the high cheek-bones to the gaunt forehead and the sparse hair; then her eyes looked passionately into his. "I understand. Yes. I understand. And I will be good to your child, Mr. Gray."

And so he married her; and, when you come to think of it, it was a very sensible thing to do. Even Old Chester said he was very sensible. A man of thirty, with a baby,—of course he ought to marry again! "But why on earth," said Old Chester, "when there are so many girls of his own class!—not but what Rebecca Jones is a very worthy person."

Meanwhile, Rebecca, with hard conscientiousness, set herself to bring the child up. She trained her, and disciplined her, and made a painful point of talking to her about the first Mrs. Gray,—according to her promise to teach her to "love and reverence her mother." The discipline sometimes made Robert Gray wince; but it was wise, and never unkind; so he never interfered,—but he left the room when it was going on. Once he said, nervously,

"I scarcely think, Mrs. Gray, that it is necessary to be quite so—so severe."

"She must be made a good child," Rebecca answered.

"I am not afraid that she will not be a good child," Robert Gray said; "she is her mother's daughter."

"Well, she is her father's daughter, too," Rebecca declared, briefly. And her husband, shrinking, said:

"Light is stronger than darkness; Alice's mother was a creature of light. I am not afraid of her inheritance of darkness."

As for Rebecca, she went away and shut herself up in the garret. "'Creature of light!'" she said, sitting on the floor under the rafters, and leaning her head on an old horsehair-covered trunk wherein were packed away Mr. Gray's winter flannels,—"well, I am a good wife to him, if I ain't a 'creature of light.'"

Yes, she was a good wife. . . . How carefully she put his flannels away in May; how prudently she planned his

food; how she managed to make the two ends of his little income meet,—yes, and lap over, so that every summer he could go away from her for a two months' vacation in the woods! Not once did he find a button lacking; not once had he put on a clean pair of stockings and then pulled them off because of a hole in the heel. Can our lords say as much, my mistresses? I trow not! Yes, a good wife: that lovely being who left the world with a faint, unfinished regret upon her pitiful lips, could never have made him so comfortable.

Indeed, the whole household revolved upon Robert's comfort. Every domestic arrangement had reference to his well-being. That he did not become intolerably selfish was not Rebecca's fault, for, like many good wives, she was absolutely without conscience in the matter of self-sacrifice; but Robert escaped spiritual corruption, thanks to his own very gentle nature and his absolute unconsciousness of the situation. Perhaps, too, Rebecca's tongue mitigated the spoiling process. She never spared him what she considered to be the truth about himself or Alice. But her truthfulness stopped here; she spared the dead,—perforce. For what could she say ill of that beautiful creature whose only wrong-doing lay in dying? But she knew, with shame, that she would have liked to speak ill of her!—in which reprehensible impulse to remove a fellow being from a pedestal, Rebecca showed herself singularly like the rest of us.

In this bleak air of unselfishness and truth-telling, Robert Gray became more and more aloof. Gradually he retreated quite into his past, doing his daily work at the Academy—where successive classes of young ladies adored him for his gentle manners and his mild brown eyes,—and living very harmlessly with his memories, which he kept fresh and fragrant by sharing them with Alys's daughter, who, it must be admitted, being young and human, was not always intensely interested;—but Rebecca had trained her too well for Alice ever to show any weariness! Robert kept his little collection of pictures and photographs of his first wife shut behind the curtained doors of an old secretary. If his second wife found him standing, his hands clasped behind

him, his eyes wandering from one lovely presentment to another, he never displayed an embarrassed consciousness,—but he shut the doors. He accepted Rebecca's devotion respectfully; he was never impolite, still less unkind; in fact, in all their married life he had never, she used to tell herself, spoken unkindly save once;—and then his words were nothing more dreadful than, "We will not discuss it, if you please, Mrs. Gray." Just at first he had, very gently, made some grammatical suggestions; and she had profited by them,—though, being a true Pennsylvanian, she never mastered "shall" and "will." Grammar, however, was as far as Robert Gray went in any personal relation. He addressed her, in his courteous voice (always a little timidly), as "Mrs. Gray"; and he kept as much as possible out of her way. Meantime, Rebecca (remembering why he had married her) did her duty by the child, and never failed to mention, in her hard voice, that Alice must try to grow up like her mother.

"Make me a good girl," Alice used to say in her sleepy prayers every night,—*"make me a good girl, like my dear mother."* Once, of her own accord, the child added, "And make me pretty like her, too." Rebecca, listening to the little figure at her knee, said, sternly, when Alice got up and began to climb into the big four-poster:

"Don't be vain. Don't ask God for foolish things. Beauty is foolish and favor is deceitful. Just ask Him to make you as good as your mother was."

And, indeed, it must be admitted that the child did not inherit her mother's wonderful beauty. At first her father had expected it; he used to take liberties with his Horace, and say,

"O filia pulchra matre pulchriore."

But as Alice grew older, Robert Gray had to admit that the dead woman had taken her beauty away with her. The child had just a pleasant face; eyes that were gray or blue, as it happened; a commonplace nose, and uncompromisingly red hair. In those days red hair was thought to be a mortifying affliction, and poor Alice shed many tears over the rough, handsome shock of hair that broke into curls about her forehead and all around the nape of her pretty white neck.

II

But in spite of red hair, and what Old Chester religiously believed to be its accompanying temper, Alice Gray was a lovable girl, and at twenty, behold, she had a lover; indeed, she had more than one (not counting Dr. Lavendar); but Alice never gave a thought to anybody but Luther Metcalf. Luther was a good boy, Old Chester said; but added that he would never set the river on fire.

Certainly he did not use his incendiary opportunity; he had a small printing-office, and he owned and edited Old Chester's weekly newspaper, the *Globe*; but neither the news nor the editorial page ever startled or displeased the oldest or the youngest inhabitant. The *Globe* confined itself to carefully accredited cuttings from exchanges; it had a Poet's Corner, and it gave, politely, any Old Chester news that could be found; besides this, it devoted the inner sheet to discreet advertisements, widely spaced to take up room. All Old Chester subscribed for it, and spoke of it respectfully, because it was a newspaper; and snubbed its editor, because he was one of its own boys—and without snubbing boys are so apt to put on airs! Poor Luther was never tempted to put on airs; he was too hard-worked, and too anxious about his prospects. He and Alice were to get married when he and the *Globe* were out of debt; for his father had left him a mortgage on the office-building, as well as an unpaid-for press. When Luther was particularly low-spirited, he used to tell Alice it would take him five years to pay his debts; and, to tell the truth, that was an optimistic estimate, for the *Globe* and the printing-office together did very little more than pay the interest on the notes and Luther's board.

So, when they became engaged, waiting was what they looked forward to, for, of course, Robert Gray could not help them; it was all Rebecca could do to stretch his salary to cover the expenses of their own household. But the two young people were happy enough, except when Luther talked about five years of waiting.

"We've been engaged two years already," he said, moodily; "I don't want to be another case of Andrew Steele."

"I'm not afraid!" Alice said. "Why,

if you get the new job-press, and get that Mercer work, think how much that will help!"

"Well," Luther said, "yes; but if I get the press, there's another debt. And if I don't get it, I can't get the work; so there it is. A vicious circle."

This question of the purchase of a new press, before the old press had been paid for, was a very serious and anxious one. "I wish father could help," Alice said;—they were walking home from Wednesday-evening lecture, loitering in the moonlight, and wishing the way were twice as long.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of such a thing," the young man declared; "we'll pull out somehow. He's gone off to the woods, hasn't he?"

"Yes, he went this morning; he's so pleased to get away! He won't be back till the Academy opens."

"I suppose he hates to leave you, though," Lute said.

"Yes,—but I can see that the getting away is a great relief. I keep his pictures dusted, and take the flowers up to the cemetery for him; so he knows things are not neglected."

"But," Luther said, thoughtfully, "I think she's sorry to have him go?"

"Oh yes; sorry, I suppose," Alice admitted. "She's fond of him—in her way."

"Then why—" Luther began.

"—My dear, she's *jealous* of my mother."

"Oh, Alice!"

"Well, you know," Alice explained, "my mother was so beautiful;—and poor Mrs. Gray! But I must say, Lute, she's the justest person I know. She's always told me that my mother was perfect. And of course she was;—but when you're jealous, it isn't so easy to acknowledge things like that."

"But I don't see how you can be jealous of the dead," Luther ruminated.

"Oh, I do! I could be jealous of some girl who was dead, if you'd loved her, Lute." And then the boy put his arm round her, and they kissed each other there in the shadows of the locust-trees overhanging a garden wall. "I'm so glad there isn't anybody, dead or alive," Alice said, happily; "though I'd rather have her alive than dead. If she was

alive, you'd have quarrelled with her, and stopped loving her. But if she was dead, she would keep on being perfect. Yes; I'd rather marry a man who had been—been *divorced*," said Alice, lowering her voice, because the word was hardly considered proper in Old Chester, "than a man whose wife was dead, because he would always be thinking what an angel she was, and what a sinner I was!"

"He would think you were an angel!" the boy told her, blushing at his own fervency.

But the fervency died on his ardent young lips when they got into the house, and sat decorously in the parlor with Mrs. Gray. Rebecca was sewing; her hard, square face a little harder than usual. Mr. Gray had gone away on that annual fishing trip; gone, with a look of relief growing in his eyes even as he stepped into the stage and pulled the door to behind him;—pulled it hurriedly, as though he feared she would follow. Then, baring his head politely, he had looked out of the window and said:

"Good-by. You will send for me should you, by any chance, need me? I trust you will be very well."

"I don't know that I have ever had to interrupt your fishing trip with any of my needs," Rebecca had answered, briefly. She spoke only the truth; she never had interfered with any pleasure of his; and yet Robert Gray had winced, as if he had not liked her words. Now, alone, in the parlor, darning his stockings, she wondered why? She never said anything but the simple truth; but he looked at her sometimes as a dog looks who expects a blow. He was truthful himself, but he never seemed to care much to hear the truth, she thought, heavily. Once he told her that truth was something more than a statement of fact. "The statement of a fact may be a lie," he had said, smiling whimsically; and Rebecca used to wonder how a fact could be a lie? She recalled the time when, with brief accuracy, she had mentioned to him in what condition of ragged neglect she had found his wardrobe after the "creature of light" had left him; and how he had seemed to shrink not from the shiftless dead, but from her. And she remembered painfully that one unkindness: She had

told him that, to her mind, not even the weakness of death was quite an excuse for saying you didn't like your own baby; and he had said, with a terrible look, "We will not discuss it, if you please, Mrs. Gray." She had never spoken of it again; but his look had burned in her poor, narrow, sore mind; she thought of it now, moodily, as she sat alone, her heart following him on his journey. If his first wife had only not been so perfect, she said to herself, she could have borne it better; if she had had a bad temper, even, it would have been something. But she had often heard Robert tell Alice that her mother had an "angelic temper." Rebecca wished humbly she herself could be pleasanter. "I don't feel unpleasant inside; but I seem to talk so," she thought, helplessly. She was thinking of this when the two young people came in; and looking up over her spectacles, she said, coldly:

"Did you remember to wipe your feet, Luther? You are careless about that. Alice, I found a flower on my daphne; carry the pot up to the cemetery when you go."

"Yes, ma'am," Alice said. She took up her sewing (for Rebecca would not have idle hands about); sometimes she glanced at Luther, sitting primly in the corner of the sofa, and once caught his eye and smiled; but there were no sheep's-eyes or sweet speeches. They were Old Chester young people, and such things would have been considered improper; just as sitting by themselves would have been thought not only indecorous, but selfish.

"Oh! Alice," Luther said, suddenly, "I meant to ask you: wasn't your mother's name spelled 'Alys'?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, it's such an unusual name that it struck my attention when I saw it in the paper."

"What about it?" Alice asked. "Oh dear, why didn't father spell me 'Alys' instead of 'Alice'? It's so much prettier!"

"Prettiness isn't everything; and 'Alice' is a sensible name," Rebecca said. "Don't criticise your father."

"It was an advertisement in one of the *Globe's* exchanges," Luther explained. "I was scissoring things, and the name

caught my eye. It was information wanted. Of course it's just a coincidence, but it's queer, because—here it is," said the editor of the *Globe*, fumbling in his pocket. "I cut it out and meant to show it to you, but I forgot. Then he read, slowly, "*Information wanted, of one Alys Winton—*"

"Why, but Winton was my mother's name!" cried Alice.

"—one Alys Winton, who married sometime in 1845; husband thought to be an American, name unknown. She (or a child of hers, born in 1846) is requested to communicate with Amos Hughes, Attorney at Law," etc.

Alice stared, open-mouthed. "Why, Lute!" she said; "why, but that must be my mother!"

Lute shook his head. "I don't think there's anything in it. Do you, Mrs. Gray?"

"Might be," she said, briefly.

Alice took the crumpled cutting, and holding it under the lamp, read it through to herself. "But, Lute, really and truly," she said, "it is queer. Perhaps some of my mother's rich relations have left her a fortune! Then we could pay off the mortgage. Only I'm afraid my mother hadn't any rich relations—or poor ones, either. I never heard of any. Did you, Mrs. Gray?"

"No," Rebecca said.

"She was a governess, you know, Lute, in some horrid English family; the wife didn't like her, and she discharged my poor little mother; then the family went off and left her all alone in Germany. Perfectly abominable!"

"Don't be unjust, Alice; you don't know anything about it," Mrs. Gray said. "She was very young. Perhaps she couldn't teach the children to suit their parents. Though it was unkind to leave her unprovided for," she added with painful fairness.

"I guess it was!" cried Alice. "Oh, how angry father gets when he talks about it! He says she was in such terror, poor little thing, when he met her. And yet she was very forgiving, father says. He says she wrote and told the gentleman that she was married. I wouldn't have. I'd have let him think I'd starved, so he would have suffered remorse,—the wretch!"

"I hope you would not have been so foolish or so selfish," her stepmother said.

"You see, she had no relations to turn to," Alice explained to Luther; "if father hadn't come, dear knows what would have become of her!"

"I suppose she could have earned an honest living, like anybody else," Mrs. Gray said.

"Well, anyway," Alice said, thoughtfully, "this advertisement is queer. She had no relations that father ever heard of; but there might be some one. What do you think, Mrs. Gray?"

"There might be," Rebecca said. She thought to herself that it was very probable; that first wife had brought Robert Gray beauty and love; it only needed that she should bring him money to make it all perfect! In her bleak mind a window of imagination suddenly opened, and she had a vision of what wealth would mean to her husband, coming as a gift from those dead hands. She set her lips, and said: "Better find out about it, Luther. Write to the man and say that a person of that name before her marriage died here in Old Chester, leaving a child;—and don't keep your hands in your pockets; it's bad manners."

"Do you really think it is worth while, ma'am?" Luther said, incredulously.

"Of course it is!" said Alice. "Suppose it should be some inheritance? Such things do happen—"

"In story-books," Lute said.

"Well, then, I'd like to be in a story-book," Alice said, sighing. "Just think, Lute,—we might pay for the press, and pay off the mortgage!"

"Golly!" said Lute.

Then they fell to making all sorts of plans, gayly, each tripping the other up with the prosaic reminder of improbability.

"Or, if it *should* be anything," Luther said, "it won't be more than a hundred dollars."

"Well, that's something; it will meet two monthly payments on the press."

"It will pay for a diamond ring for you," Lute said.

"Nonsense! We'll buy father a horse."

"And who will buy the oats?" Rebecca said.

"I could give you a big oleander, Mrs. Gray," Alice told her, smiling.

"You could put the money in the bank, like a sensible girl," Rebecca said, severely;—"don't speak of this outside, either of you. Mr. Gray wouldn't wish his wife's name talked about."

"And don't let's write anything about it to him," Alice said; "let's have it a surprise!—if there is anything in it; only, of course, there isn't anything," she ended, sighing; "but you might write to the man, Lute."

"Of course there isn't anything," Lute agreed, sensibly. "I'll write if you want me to; but I wouldn't build on it, Ally," he said, as he got up to go. And when he paused a minute in the darkness on the porch, he added, softly, "If you get rich, maybe you won't want a poor printer?"

And she laughed, and said, "Maybe I won't!"

Then he kissed her just under her left ear, and said, "Money isn't everything, Ally."

III

Money isn't everything, but it has so much to do with most things that even a dim, story-book vision of it stirred Alice's imagination. Luther, having no imagination, dismissed the vision from his mind after writing a letter to "Amos Hughes, Attorney at Law." Indeed, Luther had more practical things to think of than possible legacies, poor fellow. His balance-sheet for that month of June was very dark. More than once, after the office was closed for the day, he sat at his desk in his shirt-sleeves, hot and tired and grimy, poring over his ledger by the light of a swinging lamp. Alice grew worried about his pallor and the hollows in his cheeks; but there was nothing she could do, though she chafed against her helplessness to help, and revolved all sorts of schemes in her impractical girl-mind. Indeed, she went so far as to pour out her heart to Dr. Lavendar, in the hope that he could make some suggestion. She found the old man sitting in the wistaria arbor near his beehives, smoking peacefully, and throwing sticks to Danny, who needed exercise and scrambled after them into the tall grass, bringing them back with fatiguing alacrity.

"Look here, sir," said Dr. Lavendar,

"don't find 'em so quick. I'm worn out pitching them!"

Then Alice Gray came down between the box borders and said she wanted his advice; and Dr. Lavendar, glancing up at her, saw an uncertain lip and heard a catch in her voice; whereupon he told her to give Danny a run. "The scoundrel has kept me working for the last half-hour!" he complained.

When she came back, flushed and laughing, and sat down on the arbor step, her voice was quite steady; so he listened placidly to her story.

"You want to get some work to help Lute, do you, good-for-nothing?"

"Yes," Alice said, eagerly. "Oh, Dr. Lavendar, *can* you think of anything? I wanted to go into the office and learn to set type, but Mrs. Gray—"

"Well?"

"Mrs. Gray said I had better learn to keep house economically. She said father wouldn't like it."

"Mrs. Gray would always think first of what your father would like."

Alice scratched lines in the gravel with one of Danny's sticks. "I suppose she would," she admitted.

"And what did Lute say?"

"Oh, he wouldn't listen to it! But I thought maybe you could make him, Dr. Lavendar?"

"I?" said Dr. Lavendar. "No, thank you! Do you think I'd rob the boy?"

"Rob him?"

"Of his self-respect. A boy wants to stand on his own legs; he doesn't want a girl propping him up. You let Lute alone. He'll manage. And you're young yet, anyhow. It won't hurt ye to wait. Mrs. Gray is right. You learn to be as good a housekeeper as she is; and though you mayn't put money into Lute's pocket before you're married, you'll not be taking it out after you're married!"

Alice sighed. "Oh, I wish I could help Lute; I wish I had a lot of money."

"A lot of sense is better," Dr. Lavendar said, chuckling. "Oh, you women! You steal a man's unselfishness and self-respect, and you put it down to *love*! Love? You're a pack of thieves, the lot of you! You ought to be prosecuted. I'd do it, if I had time. Hey, Danny! bite her; she's like all the rest of 'em."

Alice hugged him, and defended her-

self. "You're just an old bachelor; you don't appreciate us!"

"Appreciate ye? I appreciate you! Maybe that's why I'm an old bachelor."

But though he discouraged Alice's projects for assisting Luther, Dr. Lavendar went plodding up the printing-office stairs the next morning. Luther, emerging from behind a press, brightened at the sight of his caller, and ushered him into a small closet which he called his private office; and when Dr. Lavendar asked him to print some more missionary-meeting notices, he said he would put them in at cost price.

"Don't you do it!" said Dr. Lavendar, thumping the floor with his umbrella. "Look here; I'll have to teach you the first principles of business: make your profit—and don't go to 'pauperizing the church,' sir! There's too much of that sort of thing," he added, with reminiscent crossness. "Some scalawag of a bookseller wrote and offered to sell me books at thirty-three per cent. discount because I was a *parson*! There's no more reason why a parson should get a discount than a policeman! I told him so. I tell you so. Print those slips, and *print 'em better than you did the last lot!* Do you hear that? You forgot a comma on the second line. How's business, Lute?"

Lute's face fell. Then they talked things over, to the boy's great comfort; and at the end of the talk Lute straightened his shoulders and drew a good breath.

"By George, sir, if hanging on does it, I'll hang on—I!" he stopped, and looked round, in answer to a knock. "Well?" he said, impatiently.

But the gentleman who stood in the doorway was not rebuffed.

"Are you Mr. Metcalf, the editor of the *Globe*?"

"Yes, sir," said Luther.

"I called in relation to an advertisement—" Luther was instantly alert, and Dr. Lavendar, scenting a customer, was about to withdraw;—"an advertisement in a New York paper, requesting information of a certain person—"

"What?" cried Luther. "I had forgotten all about it!"

"My name is Carter. I am from the office of Mr. Amos Hughes. Messrs. Pritchett, Carver, and Pritchett, Barris-

ters at Law, of London, are our principals. The advertisement was in relation to a person called Alys Winton."

Luther, stumbling in his astonishment over his words, began to explain. "Mrs. Gray is dead," he ended. "And Alice is her daughter;—isn't she, Dr. Lavendar? She asked me to write to you."

"Well, well; this is very interesting," said Dr. Lavendar. "I hope your object in seeking to obtain information is to benefit this young lady? She's one of my children."

Mr. Carter, still standing in the doorway, smiled, and said, "Do I understand that this Miss Alice is the daughter of the person named Alys Winton?"

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar. "You can easily satisfy yourself on that point by consulting my parish records."

"And her mother is the lady you advertised for!" cried Luther. The boy was red with excitement. It was just as Alice said—a story-book! And they could get married right away! For it would be a lot of money—perhaps \$5000; people in England didn't advertise for information of a person dead for twenty-two years for any small amount; well,—even if it were \$4000, they could get married; even if it were \$3000. "How m—" he began, and stopped; of course that was not a proper question. "Alice's mother is the lady you advertised about," he said, lamely.

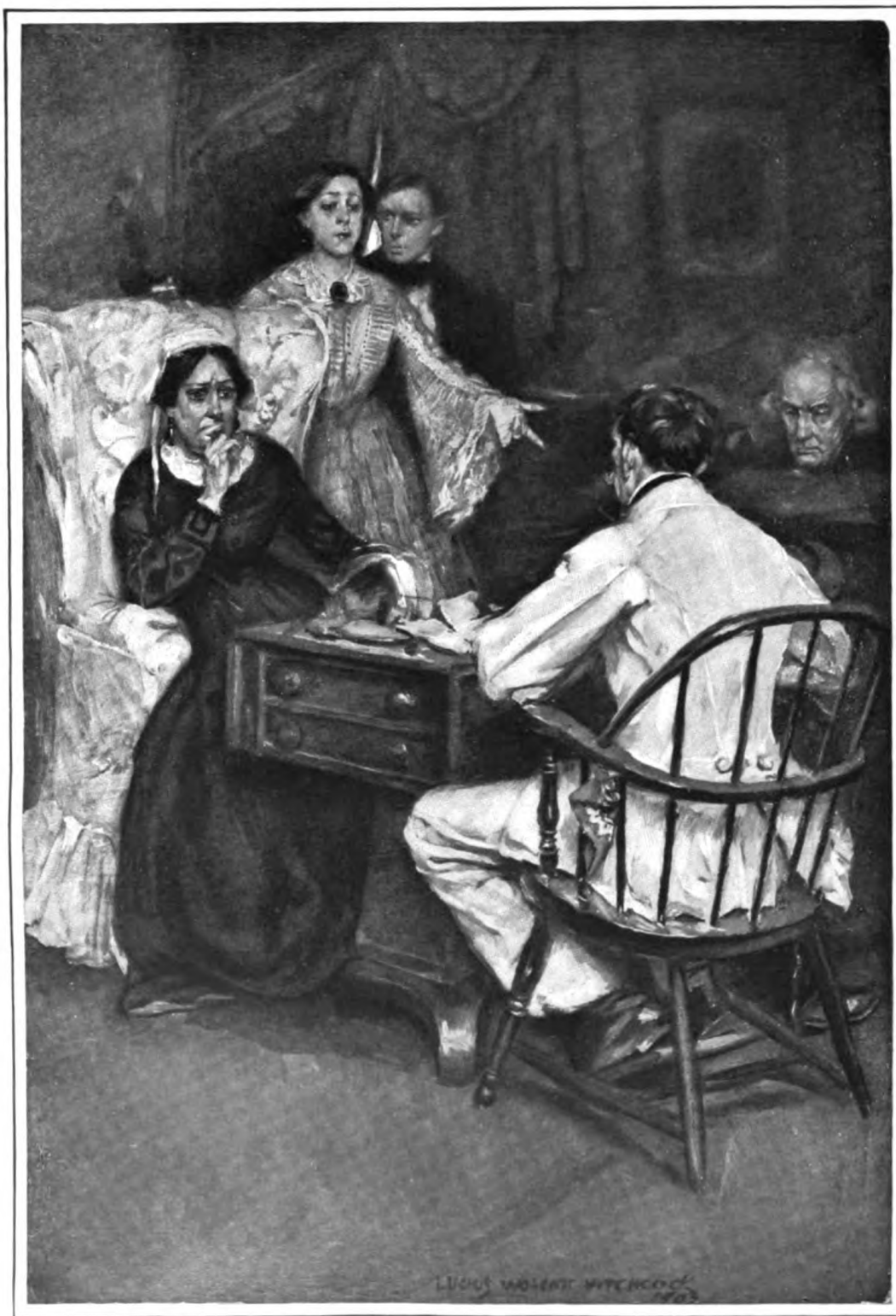
"Well, that does not follow, young gentleman; but the coincidence of the name was of sufficient interest for our firm to feel that I might, perhaps, just look into it. There may be dozens of Alys Wintons, you know."

"Oh," said Luther, so blankly that Dr. Lavendar laughed.

"Perhaps before beginning at the beginning you might save time by looking at the end," he said to the lawyer. "If you will step over to my church, you will see that our little Alice here is the daughter of Mr. Robert Gray and a lady named Alys Winton."

"A very good idea, sir. You, I infer, are a clergyman in this place? Ah, yes; just so. Lavendar? Ah, yes. I shall be pleased to look at the records, as you suggest, sir."

Luther, rather abashed, longing to accompany them, stood waiting for an in-



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

"WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE KIND PERSON?" ALICE SAID

vation. But none came. Dr. Lavendar went pounding down the stairs, followed by Mr. Carter, and Lute heard them talking about the roughness of the road from Mercer, over which Mr. Carter had come on the morning stage.

"Confound the road!" said Lute to himself. "Hi! Davidson! I'm going out. The first page is all made up; you can close up the fourth—" Then he dashed down the creaking stairs and out into the hot sunshine. He had a glimpse up the street of the church, and Dr. Lavendar bending down fumbling with the key of the vestry door; it was evident that Luther's presence was not considered necessary. "I don't care!" the boy said to himself, joyously, and started at a swinging pace out over the hill: "I'll be the one to tell her, anyhow!" His face was all aglow. As he hurried along he made calculations as to the rent of a little house. To be sure, he was reckoning on Alice's money; but the boy was so honest, and so in love, that he had no mean self-consciousness of that kind. "*We can get married!*" He had no room for any other thought.

Mrs. Gray was sitting on the back porch shelling peas; there was a grape-trellis running out from the porch roof, and under it the shadows lay cool and pleasant on the damp flagstones. Rebecca, absorbed in the lulling snap of pods, looked up, frowning, at the interruption, for the young man burst in, breathless, swinging his cap, his eyes shining.

"Oh, Mrs. Gray, where's Alice? Oh my, such news! I never was so excited in my life!"

"That is not saying much," Rebecca told him; "you've not had a very exciting life. Alice is in the dining-room. Alice! come out here. Here's Luther. He says he never was so excited in his life; and I hope he won't be again, for he has upset my bucket of pods."

Luther, full of apologies, began to pick them up. "I'm so sorry, but I was so dreadfully excited—"

"Dreadful is a large word," Rebecca said. "I doubt whether either you or I have ever seen anything 'dreadful' in our lives. Don't exaggerate, Luther."

"Yes, ma'am," Lute said. "Oh, there's Alice! *Alice!*—" He stood up, his hands full of pods, his face red. "Oh,

Alice, what do you suppose has happened? You'll never guess!"

"The advertisement man!" cried Alice. Luther's face fell a little, and he laughed.

"Well, you're pretty smart! Yes, it is—"

"*What?*" said Rebecca Gray. As for Alice, she whirled out on the cool flags and jumped up and down.

"Oh, Lute, tell us! tell us! What does he say? Has he sent some money? Oh, how much is it? Oh, Lute, we'll pay for the press. Lute, is it—is it \$1000? Tell us; hurry, hurry!"

Upon which Lute began to subside. "Well, it isn't quite—I mean, he didn't—he hasn't said just exactly how much. I mean, of course, I suppose it isn't certain; but I'm sure there isn't a particle of doubt; only—"

"Now, Lute, begin at the beginning and tell us." Alice sat down, breathlessly, beside her stepmother, and began, mechanically, to shell the peas.

"Don't," Rebecca said; "I will do my own work. You'd better get your tablecloth and finish that darning." Her face had grown quite pale. She saw the fabric of her life crumbling at the base; if through that first wife money should come into the family, what use for her patient economies? What use for her existence? That first wife, yet more perfect, would crowd her further from his life. In her heart, used to the long, dull ache of unloved years, rose up a murderous hatred of the dead woman. At first she hardly heard Luther's story, but as it went on she began to listen, and the pain in her tightened throat of unshed tears lessened. It might not be. As this Mr. Carter said, there might be dozens of Alys Wintons. Her hands, motionless after the first shock, went at their work again.

"You're the daughter of a lady of that name," she said, coldly; "but she may not be the lady they want. Better not count on it." Alice looked rather blank for a moment; and then she burst into even more than Luther's confidence.

"Do you suppose it will be \$2000? Oh, Lute, just think, we'll pay for the new press right down."

"No, we won't, either," Lute said, stoutly. "I'm not going to let you spend your money on printing-presses!"

"Nonsense!" Alice cried, laughing and stamping her foot.

Rebecca frowned and looked at her over her glasses:

"Don't be unladylike, Alice."

"No, 'm," Alice said; and then she laughed at her own excitement: "It may be only \$100!"

"It may be nothing at all," Rebecca Gray said, and got up and took her pan and bucket and went into the house. It seemed to her that if she had to hear any more of Alys Winton she would speak out and say some dreadful thing about her. But what could she say with any kind of truth? What could she say ill of that poor creature, so beloved and so harmless? For, after all, though a woman ought to see that a man's buttons are sewed on, you can't say that mere shiftlessness is a sin. Besides, she was sick for those few months. "Perhaps if my health hadn't been good, I would have been careless myself," Rebecca thought, with painful justice. But she went up-stairs to her own room and locked the door. She felt sure that it was as Alice and Luther said; there would be money, and she would be of still less consequence to her husband; for what did Robert Gray, nervously polite, really care for her economies and her good housekeeping?

"Not *that*!" she said to herself, bitterly.

IV

"You will stay and have dinner with me," Dr. Lavendar had told the lawyer, hospitably, "and then Goliath and I will take you up the hill to Mr. Gray's house."

And so, in the early afternoon, Goliath brought Mr. Carter to the Grays' door. Alice, who was on the porch, insisted that Dr. Lavendar should come in too; she leaned into the buggy to whisper, joyously, "If it is anything nice, I want you to hear it."

But for once Dr. Lavendar did not laugh and give her a kiss and call her his good-for-nothing; he got out silently, and followed Mr. Carter into the parlor where Luther and Mrs. Gray were awaiting them. There was a tense feeling of expectation in the air. The two young people were together on the sofa, smiling and laughing, with small whispered jokes of presses and diamond rings and mort-

gages. Rebecca sat by the table, her worn hands in a trembling grip in her lap; she sat very upright, and was briefer and curter than ever, and she looked most of the time at the floor.

"You have been informed of my errand, madam?" said Mr. Carter; "it is unfortunate that Mr. Gray is not at home, but perhaps you may be able to give us some information on certain points, which will at least instruct me as to whether the facts in the case warrant further reference to him for confirmation. I will ask a few questions, if you please?"

"Go on," Rebecca said.

"The late Mrs. Gray, the mother of this young lady," said Mr. Carter,—“do you happen to know her nationality?"

"English."

"Ah, yes. Just so. And do you know the date of her marriage to Mr. Gray?"

Rebecca gave it.

"If any facts in regard to her occur to you—" the lawyer began.

"I've heard Mr. Gray say that she was a governess in the family of a Mr. Urquhart," Rebecca said; and added, "They discharged her in Berlin."

Mr. Carter, glancing at a memorandum, his face keen with interest, said, eagerly, "Pray proceed, madam."

"I don't know much more; Mr. Gray met her in Interlaken. They were married three weeks afterwards."

"Ah, Switzerland? That explains;—there was no record of a marriage at the Embassy. Can you tell me anything of the parentage of the lady?"

"Her father's name was George Winton," Alice broke in; "and they lived in a place called Medfield. He was a clergyman. Her mother's name was Alys, too. Father has a prayer-book belonging to my grandmother; it has her name in it, and my mother's. Would you like to see it, sir?"

"Exceedingly," Mr. Carter said; and while Alice ran to get the book, he studied his memorandum so closely that no one dared to ask him a question,—if, indeed, any one wanted to. Rebecca had answered him dully, looking out of the window part of the time;—part of the time at the floor. Dr. Lavendar, on the other side of the room, his hands on the head of his cane, sat silently staring down at

the carpet, his face heavy and rather stern. Lute, radiant, twirled his cap in his hands, and resolutely held his tongue.

Alice, as she handed the prayer-book to Mr. Carter, stopped on her way back to Luther and squeezed Dr. Lavendar's hand. "Isn't it wonderful?" she whispered; and he shook his head a little impatiently.

"Go and sit down, my dear," he said.

Mr. Carter, glancing at the name on the fly-leaf, looked at his notes again, and then at Alice. "And this young lady,—can she give me the date of her birth?"

There was a little laugh, and Luther and Alice gave it together, eagerly.

There were two or three more questions, and then Mr. Carter folded his memorandum and slipped it within its rubber band with a snap; then he smiled. Rebecca looked at him drearily. "Of course," he said, addressing himself to her, "a question of identity cannot be decided offhand; it is necessary to have certain affidavits which the surviving husband of the deceased (who is asserted to be the person in question) would be obliged, legally, to furnish. I think, however, that I am not going beyond the line of discretion and propriety if I say that if Mr. Robert Gray can produce such proofs (which I think I am not unwarranted in saying I believe he can)—then this young lady is the heir to a very considerable fortune. I think I have the right to say that if these proofs are forthcoming, the amount to be paid to the daughter of Alys Winton is £5000."

Rebecca Gray put her hand to her mouth and stared blindly at the floor. Dr. Lavendar thrust out his lower lip, and frowned. As for Alice, she laughed aloud; then burst out crying.

"Oh, *Lute!*" she said, tremulously; and, somehow, the two children found themselves holding hands. "It's—it's so much!" she faltered.

"Five thousand pounds is—is \$25,000!" the boy said, turning pale. There was a pause; no one seemed to know just what to say. Then Lute, suddenly: "Is it your mother's father that left it to you, Alice?"

She turned to Mr. Carter, drawing in her breath like a child. "Is it?"

"Ah—no," he answered, briefly.

"But I didn't know my mother had any relations?" Alice said, in a dazed way; "I thought father said—I'm sure he said—she hadn't any relations? Perhaps—perhaps it is a mistake, after all?"

"The testator was not a relative of the Alys Winton in question," Mr. Carter said. He glanced uneasily at Dr. Lavendar, who lifted his head and looked at him searchingly. "It will be best to leave further explanations to Mr. Gray," Mr. Carter said, hurriedly.

"But who has left the money to me—if it is to me?" Alice said, bewildered. "Can't I ask that? What is the name of the kind person? I think I might ask that?"

"The name of the testator was Urquhart," Mr. Carter said; "but—but, you know, my dear young lady, the identity is not yet legally authenticated; so—therefore—perhaps—I think, Dr. Lavendar, I had best go now. I think you mentioned that the stage leaves at four?"

"Urquhart?" Alice said; "the man who was so unkind! Oh, Lute, I suppose he repented. Oh, how astonished father will be! He'll have to forgive him now."

"It's a pretty late repentance," Luther said, with a chuckle; "and how did he know about you, Alice? I don't see why he should leave you money, even if he was a brute to your mother. Still," said the boy, gayly, "I guess we won't complain?"

"Gracious!" cried Alice—"that is queer. Well, he *was* a kind person!"

Rebecca Gray stared, frowning, at the lawyer. "He knew, this Urquhart—that she had a child?" she said, slowly.

Mr. Carter was gathering up his papers. "Yes," he said; "yes; he—knew it."

"What?" said Rebecca, in a very low voice—"what?"

"In view of the fact that, legally, the matter is still undecided," Mr. Carter said, "perhaps we need not take this point up? At all events, not here."

"Sir," said Rebecca, "why does Mr. Urquhart leave £5000 to Robert Gray's daughter?"

"He was sorry he was unkind to my mother—" Alice said, her voice quivering. ("Oh, Lute, \$25,000!")

"Alice," her stepmother said, in a loud, harsh voice, "you had better leave the room. Luther, go with Alice, please."

The two young people, bewildered, got up with blank faces, and with obvious reluctance obeyed. "But why should I be sent out, Lute?" Alice said, hotly, when they were in the hall. "It's my money—if I'm the person."

Luther stopped, and stood, frowning. On the boy's open, honest face came a perplexed look. But Alice said, again, in injured tones, that she didn't know what Mrs. Gray meant.

In the parlor the three elders looked at each other in silence. Mrs. Gray had risen, and stood leaning forwards, her trembling hands flat on the table.

"I don't—understand?" she said.

"Mr. Carter," said Dr. Lavendar, "certain remarks of yours on our way up here made me apprehensive. I see that my friend, Mrs. Gray, is also—apprehensive. I would suggest that you have a few words with her alone. I will leave you."

"No," Rebecca said; "hear the end of it!" Her hard face was red and hot. "Why does Mr. Urquhart leave the child of Robert Gray £5000? Why?"

"It is as I think you surmise, madam," John Carter said, gravely.

Rebecca recoiled, with a broken exclamation of horror.

Dr. Lavendar drew in his breath. "Oh, my poor Robert!" he said.

"It is so stated in the will," the lawyer went on; "there is no disguising it; nor, as far as I can see, can it be hidden from the legatee. The directions for finding this heir make the thing explicit. The testator states that he received information of the expected birth of his child *after* the marriage of the person in question, who did not mention her married name;—hence our difficulty in tracing her."

Rebecca, her eyes narrowing into a cruel smile, sat down and rocked backwards and forwards in her chair.

"Dreadful; dreadful; dreadful," she said, aloud, exultantly.

V

The last quarter of an hour, packed with tragic revelation, lost Mr. Carter the stage.

"I hope you will put up at the Rectory, sir," Dr. Lavendar said as they drove away from Robert Gray's door.

"I thank you, sir," said Mr. Carter.

Then they fell into silence; Mr. Carter from politeness, Dr. Lavendar from horror. He was going back in his memory with painful effort; but it was all very vague. . . . He had hardly known her; she had been ill for those months that she had been in Old Chester, and she had made it very clear that she did not care to see people. He thought of her beautiful, sullen face; of Robert Gray's passionate devotion; of Old Chester's silent disapproval. . . . He groaned to himself, and John Carter looked at him sidewise.

After supper at the Rectory, they sat down to smoke in heavy silence; Mr. Carter respected the old man's distress, but wondered if he should not have been more comfortable with Van Horn at the tavern. The glowing July day had darkened into rainy night, with a grumble of thunder back among the hills; but in the midst of a sudden down-pour they heard footsteps on the path, and then some one pushed open the hall door, and flapped a wet umbrella on the steps before entering. A minute later Luther Metcalf stood, hesitating, on the study threshold.

"Dr. Lavendar,—"

The old man got up, hurriedly. "Yes, Lute. Come into the dining-room. You will excuse me, sir?" he said to Mr. Carter. He put his hand on Lute's arm, in a friendly grip, for there was a break in the boy's voice.

"I know about it," Lute said. They sat down at the dining-room table; Lute swallowed hard, and pulled with trembling fingers at his hatband; he did not lift his eyes. "And—and I want you to tell her not to take it."

"How is she, Lute?"

"I haven't seen her. She wouldn't come down-stairs. She sent me a little note," Luther said, taking it out of his breast pocket, and then putting it back again, tenderly. "Course I won't pay any attention to it."

"Saying she'd release you, I suppose?"

"Yes; but that's nothing. I'll make her understand the minute I see her. But, Dr. Lavendar,—I don't want that—that money!" the boy ended, almost with a sob. "I want you to tell her not to take it."

Dr. Lavendar was silent.

"At first I thought—I couldn't help thinking—we could get married, right off. We could get married and have a home of our own; you know, we'd be rich people with all that money. And I suppose, honestly, that as things are now, there's no chance of our getting married for a good while. But I—I tell you what, sir! I'd rather never get married than—than touch that money!"

Dr. Lavendar nodded.

"You won't let her, sir? You'll make her give it back?"

"My dear boy, I can't 'make' Alice do anything. The money is hers."

"Oh, but Dr. Lavendar, won't you go and talk to her? It may be a temptation to her, just as it was to me, for a minute. We could just make the office hum, sir! We could put it right on its feet; we could have a real Daily. I know she'll think of that. I just thought we could get married. But Alice will think about helping the office, and me."

"Of course the money would bring ease to her father,—” Dr. Lavendar stopped abruptly; "Oh, my *God!*" Lute said, and dropped his head on his arms,—“bring ease to—to the family,” Dr. Lavendar ended, lamely.

"You know Mr. Gray won't touch it," Lute burst out; "and I can't let Alice, either. Dr. Lavendar, I thought maybe you'd let me hitch Goliath up and drive you out to the house?"

"Not to-night, Lute. Alice has got to be alone. Poor child, poor child! Yes; we've all of us got to meet the devil alone. Temptation is a lonely business, Lute. To-morrow I'll go, of course. Did you answer her note?"

"Oh yes; right off. I just said, 'Don't be foolish,'—and—and some other things. I didn't tell her we mustn't take the money, because I hadn't thought of it then. Mrs. Gray said she wouldn't come out of her room. Oh, just think of her, all by herself!" Luther bent over and fumbled with his shoelace; when he looked up, Dr. Lavendar pretended not to see his eyes.

When the boy went away, Dr. Lavendar went back to the study and asked John Carter some legal questions: Suppose he had not found this child, what would have become of the money? Suppose the child

should now decline to take it, what then?

"Well," said Mr. Carter, smiling, "as a remote contingency, I suppose I might reply that it would revert to the residuary estate. But did you ever know anybody decline £5000, Dr. Lavendar?"

"Never knew anybody who had the chance," Dr. Lavendar said; "but there's no telling what human critters will do."

"They won't do that," said John Carter.

What a long night it was, of rain and wind and dreadful thought! . . . Rebecca had told Alice, with kindness, but with such a grip upon herself lest exultation should tremble in her voice that she seemed harsher than ever. Then she told Lute. He pleaded that Alice would speak to him, and Mrs. Gray had gone to the girl's room and bidden her come down-stairs.

"Come, Alice. You must control yourself. Come down and talk to Luther."

Alice shook her head. "I'll—write him a note."

Mrs. Gray carried the note back to Lute, and brought up the answer, which Alice read silently. Rebecca watched her; and then, with an effort, she said:

"Alice, remember we are not to judge. We don't understand. We must not judge. Good night." She opened the door, and then looked at the child, seated, speechless, with blank eyes, on the edge of the bed. "Good night, Alice. I—I'm sorry for you, poor girl!" and she came back, hastily, and kissed her.

At that, even in her daze of horror, a glimmer of astonishment came into Alice's face. But she did not look up, nor speak. When it grew dark, she began mechanically to get ready for bed; she knelt down, as usual, at the big chintz-covered winged chair and began to say her prayers—her mind blind to her own words: "Bless dear father—" then she cried out, suddenly and dreadfully, and covered her poor shamed head with her arms, and prayed no more. Then came a long fit of crying, and then a dreary calm. Afterwards, as the night shut in with rain and rumble of thunder, the shame lightened a little; for, though she could not read it in the darkness, she held Lute's little note against her lips and kissed it,

and cried over it, and said his words over to herself, and felt that at any rate there was one bright spot in it all:—Lute would never have any more anxieties. Of Robert Gray she thought pitifully, but with not much understanding. Oh, dreadful, dreadful! But he had loved his wife so much (so the child thought), he would surely forgive her. Not knowing how little forgiveness counts for when a star goes out. Sometimes, sitting there on the floor, listening to the rain, she slept; then woke, with a numb wonder, which darkened into cruel understanding. *Shame; shame;*—but Lute wouldn't be worried any more; Lute would be rich!

So the night passed. . . .

Rebecca Gray did not sleep. When the house was still she went up-stairs, eager to be alone. She shut her bedroom door softly; then she put her brass candlestick on the high bureau and looked about her. . . . Everything seemed strange. Here was her old-fashioned bed with its four mahogany posts like four slender obelisks; there was the fine darn in the valance of the tester; the worn strip of carpet on which she had knelt every night for all these twenty years; it was all the same, but it was all different; all unfamiliar. The room was suddenly the room where that woman had died—the old four-poster was the bed of that heart-breaking night, with sheets rumpling under a wandering hand, and pillows piled beneath a beautiful, dying head; not her own bed, smooth and decorous and neat, with her own fine darn in the tester valance. She did not know the room as it was now;—she did not know herself; nor Robert; nor that—that *that woman*. She sat down, suddenly a little faint with the effort of re-adjusting a belief of twenty-two years.

"She was a wicked woman," she said, out loud; and her astounded face stared back at her from the dim mirror over the mantelpiece.

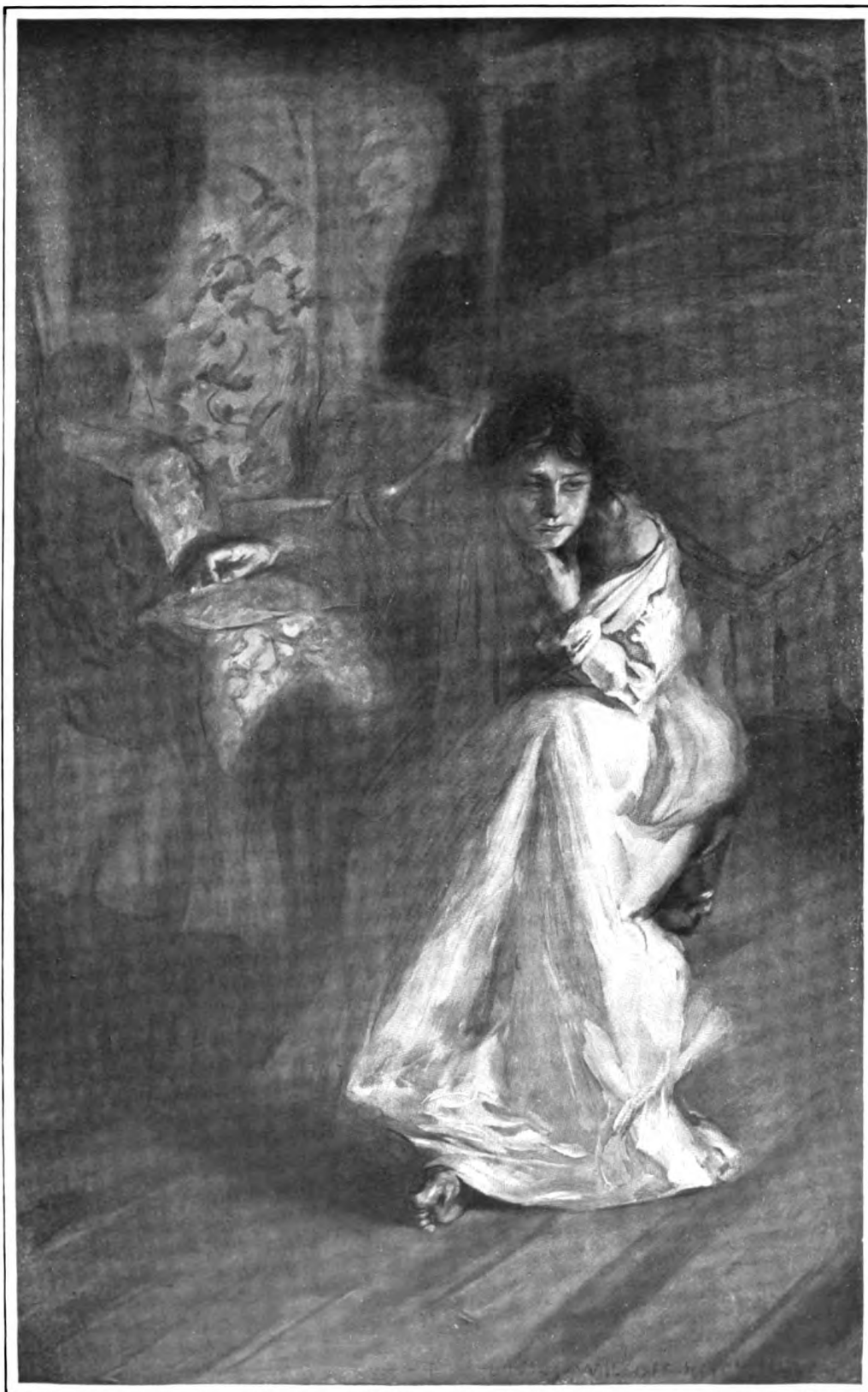
After a while she got up and began to walk back and forth; sometimes she drew a deep breath; once she laughed. "A wicked woman!" . . . Now he would know. Now he would see. And he would loathe her. He would hate her. He would—her lip drooped suddenly from its fierce unconscious smile,—he would—suffer. Yes; suffer,

of course. But that couldn't be helped. Just at first, he would suffer. Then he would hate her so much that he would not suffer! Not suffer? It came over her with a pang that there is no suffering so dreadful as that which comes with hating. However, she could not help that. Truth was truth! All the years of her hungry wifehood rose up, eager for revenge; her mind went hurriedly, with ecstasy, over the contrast; her painful, patient, conscientious endeavor to do her best for him. Her self-sacrifice, her actual deprivations,—*"I haven't had a new bonnet for—for four years!"* she thought; and her lip quivered at the pitifulness of so slight a thing. But it was the whole tenor of her life. *She* had no vacations in the mountains; she would have liked new valances, but she spent hours in darning her old ones to save his money: she had turned her black silk twice; she had only had two black silks in twenty years. All the great things she had done, all the petty things she had suffered, rose up in a great wave of merit before her;—and against it—what? Hideous deceit! Oh, how he would despise the creature! Then she winced; he would—suffer? Well, she couldn't help that. It was the truth, and he had got to face it. She was walking up and down whispering to herself, a sobbing laugh on her lips, when suddenly, as she passed the mirror, she had a dim, crazy vision of herself that struck her motionless. A moment later she took the candle, and with one hand clutching for support at the high mantel-shelf—for her knees were shaking under her—held it close to the glass and peered into the black depths. Her pale, quivering face, ravaged with tears, stared back at her, like some poor ghost more ugly even than in life. "*A wicked woman.*" Yes; yes; yes; and he would have to know it. But when he knew it, what then? If his eyes opened to sin, would they open to—

"I have tried to make him comfortable," she said, faintly.

Suddenly she put the candle down, and sank into a chair, covering her face with her poor, gaunt hands. . . .

And so the night passed. . . . The dawn was dim and rainy. It was about four o'clock that Alice, sitting on the floor, sleeping heavily, her head on the



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

SO THE NIGHT PASSED

cushion of the chair, started, bewildered, at the noise of the opening door. Rebecca, in her gray dressing-gown, one hand shielding the flare of her candle, came abruptly into the room.

"Alice," she said, harshly, — and stopped by the empty bed; then her eyes found the figure on the floor ("you ought to be in bed," she said, in a brief aside); then: "Alice, I've been thinking it over. You can't take that money."

"I—don't understand?" Alice said, confused with sleep and tears.

"You can't take that money. If you do, your father would have to know. And he never must,—he never must."

Alice pulled herself up from the floor, and sat down in her big chair. "Not take the money?" she said, in a dazed way; "but it's mine."

"That's why you needn't take it! Thank God, it was left to you, not just to 'her heirs.' Alice, I've gone all over it. I—I wanted you to take it," Rebecca's voice broke; "yes, I—did."

"Well, it's mine," Alice repeated, bewildered.

Rebecca struck her hands together. "Yours not to take! Don't you see? You can save your father."

Alice, cringing, dropped her head on her breast, with a broken word.

"Don't be a fool!" the older woman said, trembling. "He's been your father ever since you were born. And it would be a pretty return for his love to tell him—"

Alice burst out crying; her stepmother softened.

"I am sorry for you, you poor girl! But, oh, Alice,—think, *think* of your father." She clasped her hands, and stood trembling; she took a step forward, almost as if she would kneel.

"If he would feel so dreadfully," Alice said at last, "why—we needn't tell him where the money comes from."

"Now, Alice, that is absurd. Of course he would know. He would have to know. A girl doesn't inherit £5000 without her father's knowing where it comes from. And, anyway, Mr. Carter said that he would have to make a statement and swear to it. Of course he would—know."

"Do you mean you don't want me to have it at all?" Alice said, blankly.

"I've just explained it to you," Re-

becca said, her voice harsh with anxiety. "You *can't* have it."

"But it's my money; I have a right to it. And it would make all the difference in the world to Lute. If he is going to take a girl—like me, he ought to have the money, anyhow."

"And kill your father?" Rebecca said. "Alice! Don't you see, he must go on believing that she is"—her voice grew suddenly tender,—"that she is 'a creature of light'?"

"I want Lute to have the money," Alice said.

"Alice!" the other exclaimed, with dismay, "don't you think of your father at all? And—for your mother's sake,—"

Alice was silent; then, in a hard voice, "I don't like her."

"Oh!" Rebecca cried; and shivered. There was a pause; then she said, faintly—"For your own sake?"

Alice looked up, sullenly. "Nobody need know; we would only say it had been left to—her. Nobody would know."

Suddenly, as she spoke, despite the plain face and the red hair, Alice looked like her mother. Rebecca stepped back with a sort of shock. Alice, crying a little, got up and began to pull down her hair and braid it, with unsteady fingers. Her stepmother watched her silently; then she turned to go away; then came back swiftly; the tears were running down her face.

"Oh, Alice, it is my fault! I've had you twenty-two years, and yet you are like— See, Alice, child; give her a chance to be kind to him,—in you. I—I don't know how to say it;—let her have a chance! Oh—don't you see what I mean? She said she was sorry!" All the harshness had melted out of Rebecca's face; she was nothing but gentleness, the tears falling down her cheeks, her voice broken with love. "Alice, be good, dear. Be good. Be good. And I—I *will* be pleasanter, Alice; I'll try,—indeed, I'll try—"

VI

"Well," said Mr. Amos Hughes, a week later, in the cool dusk of Dr. Lavendar's study, just before tea,— "this is a most extraordinary situation, sir!"

"Will ye have a pipe?" said Dr. Lavendar, hospitably.

John Carter, his feet well apart, his back to the fireless grate, and his hands thrust down into his pockets, said, looking over at his partner,

"Amos, Dr. Lavendar once remarked to me that there was no telling what human critters would do."

Dr. Lavendar chuckled.

"Very true," Amos Hughes admitted, putting one fat knee over the other; "but I must say that I never before knew a human critter throw away £5000."

"I'm sorry you haven't had better acquaintances," said Dr. Lavendar. "I have. I'm not in the least surprised at this child's behavior. Mr. Carter, are you looking for anything? You'll find a decanter on the sideboard in the next room, sir. This is a pretty good world, Mr. Amos Hughes; I've lived in it longer than you have, so you'll take my word for it. It's a pretty good old world, and Miss Alice Gray has simply decided to do the natural and proper thing. Why, what else could she do?"

"I could mention at least one other thing," said Mr. Carter.

"Extraordinary situation! but I suppose the residuary legatees won't make any objection," murmured Amos Hughes.

Dr. Lavendar rapped on the table with the bowl of his pipe. "My dear sir, would you have a girl, for a paltry £5000, break her father's heart?"

"Her father—?"

"Mr. Gray would not, in my judgment, survive such a revelation," said Dr. Lavendar, stiffly.

"May I ask one question?" John Carter said.

"G'on," said Dr. Lavendar.

"What I would like to know is—how did you bring Miss Gray to look at the thing in this way?"

"I didn't bring her!" said Dr. Lavendar, indignantly; "her Heavenly Father brought her. Look here, sir; this business of the law is all very well, and necessary, I suppose, in its way; but let me tell you, it's a dangerous business! You see so much of the sin of human nature that you get to thinking human nature has got to sin. You are mistaken, sir; it has got to be decent. We are the children of God, sir. I beg that you'll remember that; and then you won't be surprised when a child like our Alice

does the right thing! Surprise betrays you, Mr. Carter."

Mr. Carter laughed, and apologized as best he could for his view of human nature; and Dr. Lavendar was instantly amicable and forgiving. He took Mr. Amos Hughes's warning that he should as a matter of duty lay very clearly before the young lady the seriousness of what she proposed to do, and that not until he had exhausted every argument would he permit her to sign the papers of release which (as a matter of precaution) he had prepared.

When the evening came the three men went up to Robert Gray's house.

It was a long evening. More than once Dr. Lavendar trembled as he saw the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them spread before his child's eyes. But he said no word, and once, sternly, he laid his hand on Rebecca's arm to check some word of hers.

"Let her alone," he said.

It was eleven o'clock before there came a moment of solemn silence. Alice bent over a paper which John Carter had read aloud to her, and signed her name. Luther and Rebecca and Dr. Lavendar witnessed the signature. Then Rebecca Gray took the girl in her arms.

"That young man has got something to him," Mr. Amos Hughes said, as they went back to the Rectory.

"If you could put some printing in his way, it would be a favor to me," said Dr. Lavendar.

"I shouldn't wonder if I could," the lawyer said.

"The girl is a fine creature, poor child," said Mr. Carter.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Lavendar, "they are both good children, and they have behaved well; but there's somebody else, let me tell you—"

However, he did not tell them. Perhaps he kept his opinion for Robert Gray's ears, for once, in Rebecca's presence, he said, smiling,

"Robert, this wife of yours is a noble woman."

Mr. Gray, a little surprised, said, politely, looking with kind eyes at Rebecca, "Mrs. Gray is a very good wife, sir."

And Rebecca went up and hid herself in the garret, and cried with joy.



THE MARKET

A City of Leisure

BY OTTO VON GOTTBERG

PICTURESQUE Caracas," an "earthly paradise," the "Little Paris" of South America,—so the capital of Venezuela has been called by enthusiastic tourists.

Picturesque enough the city appears indeed, but not quite as a paradise, unless our dreams thereof include Yellow Jack and myriads of mosquitoes. As to the name of Little Paris, one might remark that the Caracas of Castro's days has largely vanished. There was a time when it could boast of grand opera in winter and horse-races in summer. At present life there is as dull as in a New England village outside of the track beaten by the wandering showman.

The sober-minded visitor, standing in the centre of the town, on the Plaza Bolivar, and in the shadow of the brass picture of the "Great Libertador,"—made in Germany, as the inscription announces,—may well imagine himself at the bottom

of an immense soup-tureen. A round and narrow cordon of blue mountains completely surrounds Caracas. Peaks fully seven thousand feet above the sea-level tower over its streets, and up to clouds forming the cover of the tureen. The soup is steaming when the thick fog, gathering in the morning and hovering for hours around the mountain-sides, rises to mingle with the clouds. Not alone Yellow Jack, or rather a near relative of his—"la fiebre perniciosa,"—lives in these clouds.

The climate of Caracas is not unlike that of the city of Mexico, and is particularly beneficial in pulmonary complaints; there is little catarrh or rheumatism. But the unacclimated foreigner rarely escapes an attack of fever, and if stricken will readily believe the Venezuelan physician's cheerful assurance that many cases end fatally. The learned "dotor" carries mysterious herbs in his

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THE PATIO OF AN OLD SUBURBAN HOUSE

pockets, after the fashion of Indian medicine-men, and often himself prepares those dark concoctions in the bottles he leaves by the sick-bed.

An English newspaper correspondent was visited by a species of violent fever and sent for the doctor. He came, shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You must come to my house."

"Why?"

"Because it might greatly damage my professional reputation if one of my patients died here at the hotel. Everybody in town would hear of it. Now if you will agree to be transferred to my house, you will receive all necessary attention and care. Should I succeed in restoring you to health, I would of course expect a remuneration. But if you should die, I would bear the expenses of a decent though very quiet funeral which could attract no attention."

The patient agreed to this bargain, outwardly with keen appreciation of its generosity, answering, "I call this true Southern hospitality."

Caracas is laid out in regular squares of uniform size, filling the bottom of the Chaçao valley, from the rapidly running and loudly chattering little river Guira on the south, to the height of several hundred feet up the slope of the mountains on the north. The streets are well paved but narrow; in fact, only on the Plaza Bolivar are the sidewalks wide enough to make it possible for two persons to walk abreast. So family parties saunter everywhere in single file. If you meet one of the colored dandies of the town, take to the gutter, and do it quickly.

He might ask by

what right you, a man in straw hat and white duck suit, should fail to give way to a caballero in high hat and frock coat. If, on the other hand, two whites of the native population meet on the same narrow sidewalk, one may witness an entirely different scene. Both will slip to the gutter and stand, hat in hand, each assuring his *vis-à-vis* with Spanish-American politeness that the sidewalk is "at his disposition."

Everything seems "at your disposition" in Caracas—the family of your host, as he will tell you, his picture, or the family jewelry that you admire on account of its old age. One day I entered the Federal Council Chamber—a sort of national picture-gallery. Coming to look at the paintings, I found the big hall occupied by a bridal party. Some city official stood ready to perform the marriage ceremony. Why it

should take place just here it would be useless to ask. You soon learn in Caracas, or, for that matter, anywhere in Venezuela, that anything is done anywhere. System, law, rules, or regulations rarely influence actions here, and official life is singularly free from red tape.

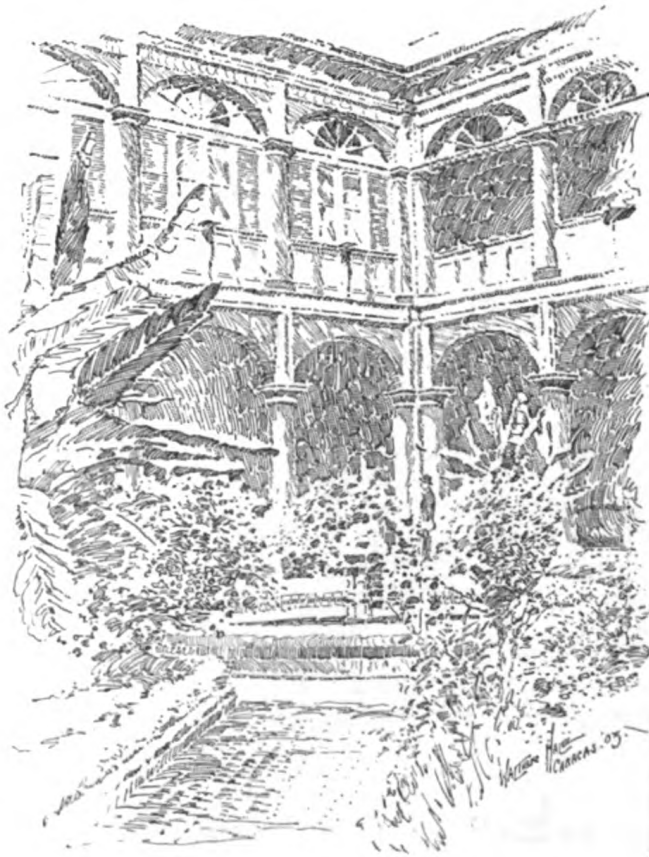
Of course the visitor intended discreetly to withdraw from the presence of the possibly blushing bride. This was, however, reckoning without Venezuelan politeness. Six señores, seemingly convinced that the stranger had come to look at the bride, assured him that she, the hall, pictures, and all were "at his disposition." He was less persuaded than compelled to remain.

The ceremony was long, and the general embracing that followed lasted longer. The men freely partook of it, slapping each other on the back while they exchanged kisses. This offered an opportunity to look at the pictures, among which is an oil-painting by a French artist, representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence of July 5, 1811. A late envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Colombia and to Venezuela has rightly and very humorously told how the whole scene shown here is a fable.

"The document that you see on the green table never existed," he said. "A messenger carried the original paper from house to house to obtain the signatures. Likewise the illustrious assembly in knee - breeches and powdered wigs never was convened. Miranda, the tall, white-haired, and rosy-cheeked central figure, was in reality a bald-headed and yellow-faced little man."

Another painting shows General Castro, sword in hand, on a white steed he never rode, in a dazzling uniform he never wore, leading gorgeously clad cavalry squadrons, that never existed in Venezuela, on to victory and eternal glory.

Still, there is little danger that posterity through this harmless fraud will be misled to believe Castro a war lord. These walls have borne the picture of many a dictator-President. Destroyed, it disappeared usually on the same day that saw the great man whom it represented set sail for Paris if he had succeeded in saving millions, or for Curaçao if his pilferings amounted only to hundreds of thousands. "Thou shalt have no other gods beside me" was the principle guiding his successor when he ordered such an execution in effigy. The order was hardly necessary, for if anything reminds the public eye here of former dictators, the people themselves will in the course of time do away with it.



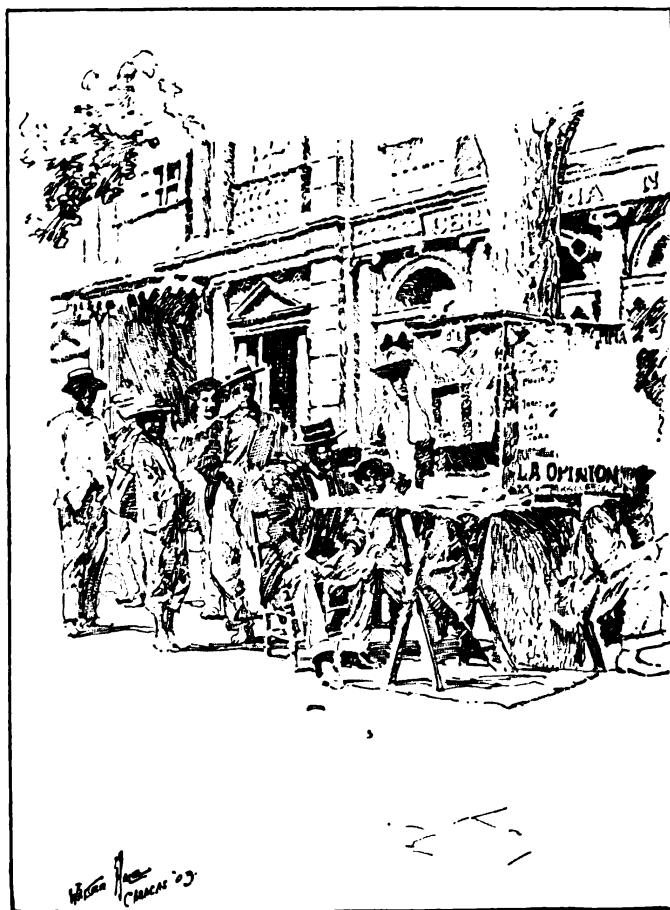
PATIO OF THE CASA AMARILLA

Wanton destruction has always been one of childhood's fondest delights, and Venezuelans are children. A walk through the many beautiful public parks and flower-gardens of Caracas will enable the visitor to discover everywhere traces of their fondness of destruction. These flower-beds under old trees are usually named after the great men of the country, and are often decorated with their statues. There is a Plaza Bolivar, a Plaza Guzman, and a Plaza Miranda, for instance. Guzman's monument fell in 1889, chopped to pieces by a mob of students. Nor are historical buildings safe. The Liberals pulled down the new capitol in 1871 as a jollification over their victory at the polls. Another equestrian statue of a national hero was hurled down and destroyed, in order to celebrate enthusiastically the accession to power of Rojas Paúl.

Venerable institutions have met with the same fate as venerable monuments. Well could once Venezuela and all South America be proud of the National University in Caracas. As Pontifical Seminary, and later as university, it enjoyed world fame and great independence. Mob decree, however, made this seat of learning during the revolution of 1870 a mere branch of the Ministry of Public Instruction, and it has been, ever since, nothing but a source of income for politicians. As a school it might bear comparison with a Haitian kindergarten, should one exist.

If the people of Caracas were called children, it must in justice be added that they appear to the stranger as exceedingly well-bred children. Their only fault seems their vanity. Vain they are almost more than any other South-Americans. To please the eye they

don heavy frock coats when the thermometer registers 100° in the shade, and to please through their words, and appear clever, they change opinions as fast as they meet friends in the street who hold views different from their own on the topics of the day. Sitting among Venezuelans around one of the little marble tables in the café of La India, near the Plaza Bolivar, you may hear your neighbor agree with the señor by his other side that Castro is a pirate, a robber, or a thief, after he has just informed you that he is a warm friend of the President, as well as of his administration. He thought probably you were an admirer of the little



THE NEWS-STAND, PLAZA BOLIVAR



PLAZA SAN PABLO, AND MUNICIPAL THEATRE

yellow dictator, and especially as you are a stranger Venezuelan politeness compels him to agree with your views. With this often childlike and always gentle politeness you will meet in Caracas everywhere. A white stranger may walk out of any restaurant without paying for his meal. No indignant waiter will try to get hold of his coat tail. But after he has again frequented the same restaurant several times and not forgotten to pay his check, the smiling and bowing proprietor will perhaps approach him with the casual question,

"Did you only forget to pay the other day, or did you wish me to enter the amount you owe me on my books?"

Of course it must be understood that every stranger is known to every citizen of Caracas almost from the hour of his first appearance on the Plaza Bolivar.

Invariably he is nicknamed. So are all men of importance in Venezuela. An American, who rarely went out without his kodak, became known as "The Photographer." Few people will know whom you refer to if you ask for the president of the "Great Venezuela Railroad," but speak of "Mustache," and any bootblack will point out his house. The



THE CAB-STAND NEAR THE FEDERAL PALACE



A GRADED ROADWAY, AVENIDA OESTE

"Long-nosed" is a German merchant. The governor of Caracas, after issuing his proclamation against the "Barbarians of the North," namely, the two recently allied powers, was promptly baptized by his country "The Barbarian of the North."

An error it would be, however, to assume that their politeness compels Venezuelans to keep social engagements or business appointments. The foreign merchants in Caracas, who highly prize the native's honesty, are nevertheless not in the least surprised when he fails to make his payments on the day they become due. They know they may expect him or his check, but when, nobody could tell. It will take weeks perhaps, though in the mean time the money is ready to be transferred from debtor to creditor.

You may expect at your hotel some señor who the day before placed himself "at your disposition" to show you the

town. He will start out to live up to his promise, only to take a stroll with the first friend he meets in the street. And these people are aimless, shiftless in every other way. Leisurely they look into life. They do not lose health or breath in hunting for the useful dollar. The cafés of Caracas are filled with care-free gentlemen of a meagre income just large enough to provide them twice a day with a portion of ice-cream. The latter is the only refreshment taken during a four hours' sitting, but the guest is satisfied with that, and so is the proprietor of the café.

Work has little fascination for the Venezuelan, and if in business, he voluntarily retires as soon

as he has accumulated enough to just keep the wolf from the door for the rest of his days.

The women of Caracas lead a still more quiet and restful life. Ladies are in daytime seen rarely on the streets, and then wear only black. They rise early and go to morning mass, but make up for the loss of their beauty-sleep later, for their siesta lasts till well near sundown. It is only then that they put on light-colored gowns, and paint and powder their faces in a surprisingly generous way. When this is done, the shutters that have sheltered the front windows from sunlight all day long are opened, and by lamplight the family gathers around the dinner table, sitting in plain view of every passer-by in the street. Publicity certainly can have no horrors for the people of Caracas. After the meal is finished, the "padre" may go to his club or café, while the ladies betake

themselves to the large open bay-window. Lamps are placed near them, and as you wander through the streets you plainly see everywhere, at the height of your own eyes and quite near enough for a handshake, long rows of these groups of women, now gayly and often brilliantly dressed, thickly powdered, and bedecked with the quaint old jewelry of the country.

Then, by and by, a young man appears in front of almost every window and converses with those inside. In most cases he is the suitor for the hand of one of the daughters of the house. Evening after evening he thus pays his respects to her family, standing for hours on the sidewalk, till the day arrives when the mother of his adored one believes the fact of his courting her daughter sufficiently advertised to the neighbors, as well as to the community at large. Then only the doors

of the house are thrown open to him, and now he may enter the parlor.

On one of the two narrow sides of this family sanctum stands a sofa. At right angles to the latter two rows of chairs are placed. Mistress and master of the house seat themselves on the sofa, while the row of chairs to their right is occupied by the daughters or female relatives of the family, who face the male visitors sitting on the chairs opposite among the sons and the future son-in-law. In this cozy intimacy, and also under close observation from the ladies looking out of windows across the street, the suitor may now pay court; but never before marriage is he allowed to speak a word of love that is not overheard by others.

This leisurely every-day life is interrupted by frequent balls during the social season. Venezuelans, like all



IN THE PATIO OF THE FEDERAL PALACE

Southerners, are fond of dancing. But for eight long months of the year only the public concerts on Saturday evening furnish entertainment. Then it is that, in single file, families flock after dinner from all parts of the town to the Plaza Bolivar. The padre, of course, heads the procession, and rents upon arrival at the park at five cents apiece one chair for each adult and one for two children.

The concert is free—a weekly gift from an otherwise exacting government to a grateful populace. The military band plays well and in the open air. The length of the intervals is a necessity, as the distance to the nearest café is quite long. Besides, there is only one waiter in white apron to serve fifty musicians. But the audience on the plaza never betrays signs of impatience should the fiddlers even choose to linger over their refreshments. The men stroll up and down under the tall old trees, frankly staring at the ladies sitting

in the glare of electric lights, and everybody listens with childish delight to the music.

After the concert every family files home again. Some may in a rare spirit of recklessness visit the ladies' room of one of the cafés where women sip their ices. But usually in restaurants and cafés only men are seen, and they, too, go home early. By eleven o'clock the town is dark, and at midnight even the many gambling-houses—open to everybody—close their doors. Gambling is a favorite pastime of men of all classes, and the women also buy at least the lottery tickets that every bootblack and news-vender has for sale.

Of immoderate drinking one sees little; but as for smoking, no Venezuelan's picture would be complete without a cigarette between his lips; and even with the women it is, at least in the privacy of their homes, a favorite pastime to roll one after another and blow blue rings into the air.

Love's Day

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

LO, thou art gentle, passionless and sweet
 As silence, solacing the soul distraught.
 Thy tender moonlight, though it warm me not,
 Gracious the gleam. Following thy silvered feet,
 walk in quiet, passive, healing, meet
 For him that longs to set the world at naught;
 Serenity enfolds me, white peace, caught
 Of pure cool skies, above earth's dross and heat.
 Goddess benign, thine is the realm of rest,
 Of sleep and kindly dream; yea, thine the land
 Of night. But oh, love's day is never done!
 Beauty broods, waiting, in thy faded west—
 Beauty, not love. Free me; yea, loose thine hand;
 Love lives but in the morning and the sun.

Wainwright's Ward

BY MARIE VAN VORST

WAINWRIGHT in the early forties was typically modern, typically a New-Yorker. A brilliant, successful financier, he had absorbed himself in the making of money, until the things of touch inevitably captured all his ambition and he became dull to the gamut of more human sensations. The stock-broking life is not conducive to sentiment, and the first subtle temper of the blade was turned in this instance. It had unfalteringly held its keenness against obstacles antagonistic to his success, but the day arrived when a rose stem could have turned the edge, could have elastically daunted it. This mediæval figure may appear to be incongruous when considering New York stock-brokers in general; it is congruous to Richard Wainwright. Circumstances at a certain period demanded the play of qualities Mr. Wainwright had ignored, and he found himself placed in a position to fill which his education and his manners of life had not prepared him.

He was still a very young man when an extraordinary addition was made to his family. One afternoon he returned to his Washington Square house earlier than usual, and a letter in a familiar handwriting was handed to him with the information that a young lady was waiting in the drawing-room.

"A young lady?"

"A little young lady—with a person."

The letter Wainwright tore open and read; he turned it over and over. With much sentiment and feeling he digested its contents, conscious for a long time of nothing but the news thus brought him. He had lost his best and dearest friend—Wyndam was dead! It took the New-Yorker several minutes to read farther, and to comprehend that Wyndam had left his daughter Beatrice (last and only will and testament) to Wainwright. Wainwright found himself thus con-

stituted guardian. He folded up the letter, put it in his pocket, spoke a few words to his servant, giving directions about the future installing of a guest, and went into the drawing-room.

He accepted his legacy with grace and good judgment. Under wise supervision, with every advantage money and good sense could suggest, Beatrice Wyndam developed from girlhood to womanhood, the sole element of youth in the lonely house, from which its master was absent most of the hours of the twenty-four. She was distinguished amongst her few companions as being a very enviable little girl—ward of the most eligible and popular bachelor in the blue books of the Four Hundred.

Wainwright found it best to have her educated at home. He did not send her to school, but surrounded her in his own house with teachers and masters of the best order. His aunt lived with them, and made a suitable chaperon for the establishment. When Miss Beatrice attained her fourteenth year her guardian sent her to continue and finish her education in the convent of the *Sacré Cœur* in Paris, and later she travelled through Europe with her teachers, until—

"Confound it," her guardian said, "she has grown up! I must do something with her present and look out for her future; I can't keep her eternally travelling, like a Cook's tourist."

The last time he had taken leave of her was in the *parloir* of the *Sacré Cœur*; she was scarcely more than a pretty little girl, still in conventual dress, a trifle *gauche*, very blushing and timid. When he met her at the steamship pier he scarcely knew her, and if she had not possessed more sangfroid at the moment than he, it is probable that he would have passed her by and sought some younger woman,—although she was young enough! He regarded her with anxiety, seeing himself

thus guardian of Beauty undoubted, which must take New York by storm.

It is not too much to affirm that Wainwright was the blindest of all who looked at Miss Wyndam. During the future seasons she did not take *him* by storm. She was greatly wooed and constantly sought, but her guardian discovered her charms with sentimental indifference. He was himself in love with another woman.

Miss Wyndam was displayed and labelled with more accuracy than are most daughters of American millionaires. These priceless treasures of the new civilization are dowered and disinherited at will. It was generally understood and confirmed that Wainwright would settle several millions on his ward.

Despite her own and her fortune's attractions, she remained lamentably in the charge of her guardian, until one day he found himself with a young woman of twenty-six on his hands, despairingly heart-whole, and as resistant to love as the heroine of a fairy-tale who waits for an impossible chevalier to work miracles in order that he may be rewarded by the heart!

The death of Wainwright's aunt made him gravely consider the future of his ward. He sent for her one evening to come to him. He was to dine at the club, and she was destined to dine alone. Her dress, severe and deep mourning for Miss Wainwright, suited the girl's blond good looks to perfection. Harsh and uncompromising, her crape collar came up around the lily of her throat. Wainwright was impatient that she had done so little for herself toward assuring her future.

"I did not wait to dress for dinner," Miss Wyndam said. "They told me you wanted to see me at once."

There was at once a difference in their ages and a proximity. He was eighteen years her senior. It had been everything in the beginning, but year by year had grown to be less; whether because she for her age was mature, or he for his young, cannot be said.

"Yes," Wainwright replied, "I did want to see you." He had only a few times required Miss Wyndam's presence, like this. To the young woman, at least, their tête-à-têtes were memorable. He

would have been surprised had he known how faithfully she kept memoranda of everything he saw fit to say to her when they were alone.

"I know what you are going to talk to me about," she said. "It's like history, and will faithfully repeat itself."

He raised his brows in doubt, and replied: "If you know, I wish you would save me the necessity of saying it. Answer me, then, before I speak."

Miss Wyndam seated herself before the table and folded her hands lightly together. Wainwright imagined that because of his indifference he was able to consider her impartially. He was obliged to confess that flattering reports of her were not exaggerated. "She is very cold, however," he decided, "and certainly, toward me, undemonstrative." He compared her unwillingly to the woman who had absorbed him for the last two years—the absent one gained in his favor by the comparison. It gave him a tightening at the heart and a pang.

Miss Wyndam said:

"I have answered already what you have to say. I have explained. In the intervals between our talks I have really tried to do what you want." She shook her head a little, as though in annoyance. "I hate to feel that you wait, as it were, to see me fall in love. Even worse, I hate to feel that you are waiting for me to marry without love. It is very embarrassing, to say the least."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed her guardian, smiling.

"Please let me go back to the convent. The gardens are lovely. I would not in the least mind being a Sister there."

"Rubbish!"

"I would far rather than marry a man I hate."

"Is it as definite as that? Do you hate them?"

She said, with pretty paradox, "Yes, if I have to love them."

Wainwright passed his hands across his brow, as though he would disperse the wrinkles Wall Street and the world had creased and render his forehead something similar to the pure brow of the girl before him,—as indeed, since he had determined on his present plan, he would have liked to erase all other thoughts and memories from his heart.

"Do you think I sent for you to ask you to marry some one of the men you hate, Beatrice?"

"Yes."

She regarded him as he stood looking down at her; and far from remotely guessing his idea, accustomed to the knowledge that to him she was his ward, little different from a child of his, she dared to say:

"I know you want me to marry,—and I owe you so much—I will do what you say, of course; I will marry any one you choose for me."

The quick decision Wainwright had taken, he told himself at this moment, he would never allow himself to regret. He said, slowly:

"I do want you to marry, but not a man you hate. . . . Will you marry me, Beatrice?"

She made no sign that the words he said stirred her to the profoundest feelings of which she was capable. Therefore how could he guess her mind? His proposal revealed nothing that should warrant from her ecstasy—or, on the other hand, revulsion. She raised eyes he had heard people rhapsodize about. They were deeply blue, tranquil as inland seas.

"Do you want me to marry you? . . . Would you like to have me?"

Wainwright smiled in spite of the moment's gravity. Her response, then, left to him all the burden of the decision! He sighed, mentally, as he assumed it. Whether he hoped that what he said would reveal to him some sentiment on the part of the woman, whether he was, on the other hand, devoutly glad that there was no emotion displayed, at all events he accepted the burden of the whole affair as he had accepted his charge of her since she was a little girl, and replied to her firmly and with assurance:

"I would like it better than anything."

At his first step toward her—for he made one—Miss Wyndam rose like a flash and stood behind her chair, as though in self-defence. Now she began in good truth to alter; she was another creature. Wainwright came forward, put out both his hands as though in them he offered to her all he had to give—indeed, although she did not know it, all he had to

give was there and evident. He could not give her his heart. Miss Wyndam had a question uppermost in her mind which she nearly asked. She halted in its expression:

"Why—do you . . ."

No other words passed the first edges of her lips. Possibly she dreaded his reply, or longed too much to hear it; she did not finish her query.

Wainwright said to her: "You have not answered me. I have always left you quite free to do as you like. You love no one else?"

"No."

"I do not want to hasten you. Give me your reply later on."

She put her hands over her face; her attitude moved him far more than his own plea had done. He gently took her hands away, and saw how the cold and reserved woman he so little understood could blush. He kissed her hair, and thus he betrothed his ward.

After a few moments he left her, and sitting back in his hansom, on the way to his club, he smoked and pondered, and made to himself at the end of his meditation a reflection singular for a lover—"I am afraid she loves me."

In Mrs. Wainwright's opinion the pith of the tragedy (or the comedy, whichever it should declare itself to be) revealed its dramatic point in the hour her husband left her alone in Paris, to return to America. They had been married eight months. A crisis in Wall Street called for Wainwright's immediate presence, so he chose to think. He could run over to New York for a fortnight. That he should "run over," and alone, was the plan he submitted for his wife's approval. She accepted obediently, and dutifully accompanied him to the Gare St.-Lazare. As she waited for the train to roll out from the station she lingered at the side of the coupé in whose window her husband sat. This man she had regarded with interest for the greater part of her life, with admiration, and with what other feelings will not here be stated. The sentiment now uppermost in her, as she looked at him, was wonder. He was alert, his eyes glowed, his smile was agreeable; he suggested leave-taking, certainly, but not the

departure of a lover from his mistress, or a bridegroom from his bride. He was too unflatteringly bound towards a desired haven. Leaning out from the car's open window, he said:

"I will wire you from Havre and again from New York. Buy some pretty clothes and amuse yourself."

"How long before the train starts?"

"About three minutes."

Her tone surprised him to the extent that without hesitation he left the window and came out on the platform. She was there at the steps and took his arm between her slender hands. In a voice which convention and natural control combined to make a delightful, well-ordered instrument, she said:

"I do not in the least mind going to America just as I am—I mean to say, without luggage. Please take me with you now."

Regarding the caprice as more humorous than anything else, he smiled indulgently: "I wish indeed it were possible!" And she saw that it was not possible, in his eyes at least; although in her own it was more than expedient—one of those daring decisions which if oftener made would turn more currents with splendid sweep into proper, righteous channels.

"En voiture." Her hands slipped from her husband's arm. Indeed, a guard was pushing his way between Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright.

"If I find I am detained, I will send for you," and with this promise he kissed her cheek: it was cold. Mrs. Wainwright stood close to the line of heavy travelling carriages, and he resumed his position of a few minutes before. He felt a twinge of conscience, a sense also of irritation. It is well, presumably, that because of the perfect envelope the human being is, the complete disguise each man and woman presents, the soul's epistle is unread by the world. Sure it is that if Wainwright had properly seen his wife's heart at this moment, he would once more have left his car, to remain, or to have taken her at her feminine word—with him!

Wainwright, in the framing of his window, was blurred to the eyes of the woman on the platform. His fine, clear-cut features and broad shoulders grew indistinct as she raised her swimming

eyes. The slow roll of the carriages took the train several feet beyond her. In place of his window, the one before her held an ugly old woman, whose undisguised grief, flowing tears, and convulsed face made a hideous impression on Mrs. Wainwright. She waited until the last car had passed. At the end shone ruddily the crimson lanterns. They peered at her demoniacally through a sooty blackness, leering at the fact that they were taking so much out of her life. Finally she was the last person on the quay,—she could have said, in the world, for the desolation possessing her amounted to physical pain. The tears that had blurred the sight of her husband dried on her lashes; no more followed them. She walked slowly down the platform, her head bent, her dress held up in one white-gloved hand; in the other she had her umbrella, with which she mechanically tapped the stones as she walked. Thus she passed through the gateway into the outer station and back into the *Salle des Pas Perdus*. It was damp, rainy and cold; wet feet had trailed their evidences across the paving of the great room. Mrs. Wainwright delicately chose her way, her dress held well above her high-heeled patent-leather boots. Suburbans bound for Versailles and St.-Germain hurried through their various gateways. In the street below she knew her brougham waited for her, to take her—where? All Paris was hers now, to seek as she liked—a place in which her natural protector had seen fit to leave her without providing any sequence of occupation or entertainment for her. He had told her, with Anglo-Saxon clean-minded disregard of anything but the word's most simple significance, to "amuse" herself.

Back of the veil she had drawn down over her pale cheeks and humid eyes she mused:

"It can't be really possible that Richard has left me alone like this!"

At eleven o'clock that evening she found herself in her salon, the seclusion of her surroundings seductive to reverie and a challenge to memory. Her thoughts went back to her advent into the home and life of Richard Wainwright. She vividly recalled the first

impression made upon her by the man her father had chosen to charge with the directing of her life. She heard him speak in the hall, a word or two, to a departing somebody, and the voice, slow and vibrant, thrilled her, child as she was; when he entered, finally, her excitement was keen to the extent of blurring her vision like tears. She had bitterly resented the idea that any one should take the place of her father. Wainwright greeted her not as a little girl, but as a woman. With great delicacy and charming courtesy he took her hands in his and said:

"I am so glad you have come to me. Your father was my best friend, and I am going to make his daughter happy all her life."

These words, whose meaning and promise the man did not realize, assumed tremendous importance in the mind of his ward. She repeated them over and over again. They became a sacred vow. In the troubles of childhood they were a prayer. Later in her romantic girlhood she wore them like an amulet whose potency she did not herself fully understand. She always looked to him to fulfil his word.

Without changing the routine of Mr. Wainwright's household, Beatrice Wyndam tranquilly pursued the tenor of her motherless and fatherless life; very conscientious and reserved, slow to confide, and too profound to be understood in a day. She was much apart from her guardian, and not only an enigma to him, but a book with uncut pages. She accepted his suggestions, followed the course of existence he planned, with an adoration of him and a gratitude of which he was sublimely unaware.

The groove made in her mind by his phrase was a channel for her thoughts. If questioned, she would have said, during her early years, that he had, "of course, of course," fulfilled his promise. One day she awoke to the alarming and delicious knowledge that he was more than any one in the world;—with this came the chagrin that she was *not* more to him than any one in the world;—and from that moment Wainwright signally failed in keeping his word. Never did he more utterly fail than on the night in which he asked her to marry him.

This memory coming to her now before her fire in her Paris salon, she blushed, and repeating the gesture with which she had greeted his proposal ten months ago, she covered her face with her hands.

In a silver vase on the mantel a bunch of violets made a circle of purple color; the fire had demanded of them all their perfume. On her entrance into the house she had found these flowers with a card. In the fireplace the logs slowly fell to snowy ashes; one of them lay across the andirons, a bar of fragile whiteness. Little caves, amber and lilac hearted, formed in the burning wood; slender lines of scarlet flame ran the logs' length, until serpentine tongues of living heat devoured all they touched. The bar dwindled to a wand, softly broke in the centre, and fell in a mass of delicate flakes that folded down and melted into the red heart of the flame.

Mrs. Wainwright's thoughts of her husband began now to combine reproach and irritation. . . . For the very first time she analyzed the man, whom she had, as she told herself, far too greatly loved. He had prodigally expended his money upon her. He was wonderfully generous, and very kind; otherwise absorbed, impersonal, certainly cold in his demonstrations of— She paused—brought her thoughts to a standstill,—what her husband had given her she could not call love. He had married her, then, for what reason? To protect her? Unnecessary sacrifice of herself and him! An extravagant, natural revolt and shame made her long to put her things on and go away, this very night of his departure, that when he should return he would find himself free of the matrimonial charge his ward had become. The word "ward," in her thoughts, showed her the situation more practically. He had done (no one could say to the contrary) his duty by her, at least. What a poor return to him would be the desertion of the place in which he had seen fit to leave her. After all, there was no tragedy unless she made one in the fact that her husband did not love her. Other women had awakened to like conclusions,—to more bitter ones, for she did not believe he loved any one else. . . . She must make what she could of her life.

The fact of "making what she could of her life" gave her a new phase of reflection. Her hands had fallen in her lap; the firelight touched their whiteness redly and played in the scintillations of her rings. She drew her brows together and closed down her eyelids, so that only a fine, shining line could be seen beneath her lashes. Make what she could of her life! This she had a right to do; if in truth she could create existence out of the stuff of which amusement is composed,—was it not legitimate? Her fortune was evidently told—all that fate had to do with the making of it. If there were further change to be made, she must engineer it. By this time her recollection of her husband was growing faint, as do most memories when opposed against the crude, brilliant outlines of a new event. A new event she was by no means ready to concede. She acknowledged to herself only the fact that she was *triste*. She rose and went from the salon into her own bedroom. A few moments later the maid came into the deserted drawing-room and put out the lights, and pushed back the ashes of the fire over the last little sparks. On the chimney-piece was a bunch of violets in a silver vase. These were the flowers madame had asked for? They must be. The maid took them in to Mrs. Wainwright.

This much for the woman. For the man? He was absent in all from Paris three months. Six weeks of them flew; six weeks of them dragged lamentably. On his arrival in New York, Wainwright learned that Mrs. Bellairs was in town. He heard this news with quickening pulses, for he had firmly believed her to be the one and only woman he had ever loved. During the period of his courtship and marriage she had become a widow. For the first six weeks of his stay he went to see her every day on his way up-town from Wall Street. One night he had dined with her and was taking his leave. She put her hand on his arm and said, "Don't come to-morrow."

"Why not, pray; you are tired of me?"

Mrs. Bellairs shook her head and smiled. "I am tired of your wife. You love her."

Wainwright, in sheer surprise at this

decent and loyal fact, presented to his consideration for the first time, was on the verge of a terrible defection, but he stopped short the words on his lips. She had reason to look for a denial that failed to come.

He did not return to see her the next day. He cabled his wife to come to him.

The affairs toward whose solution he had travelled three thousand miles complicated at this juncture. He could not leave New York, and this fact he cabled. The reply from Mrs. Wainwright in Paris dropped from his hand:

"Unless your return is indefinite, I prefer to remain in Paris."

If his ward had ever had a will of her own, she had not hitherto displayed it. Beatrice Wyndam grew up, as it were, in her guardian's eyes, and the wife thoroughly startled her husband. Suddenly grown indifferent to their mighty portent, he hurried his business affairs, and when he could at length take ship, it was with an eagerness that would have done credit to first love in the twenties.

To Wainwright, who sat smoking like a chimney in the corner of his compartment, the *Transatlantic* from Havre to Paris appeared paralyzed. It was toward the end of December, and the French country sombre under the autumn fog. In the poplars hung the parasite mistletoe like sea-foam caught in the bare branches of trees that rose fine-veined, black as seaweed. From the chimneys of the little farmhouses the smoke—thin, blue, translucent—seemed held motionless in the heavy atmosphere.

Wainwright did not choose to let his memory dwell on his leave-taking from his wife. It was vastly more pleasant to look forward to a meeting that should establish their new, gloriously happy relations. She would be somewhere between the gate and the platform. She always dressed so well; he could imagine her slender, distinguished figure in its furs and dark cloth gown. She would reduce the rest of the waiting world to an aspect of utter commonplaceness. The sea-voyage had been for the financier six days in which he considered for the first time in his life nothing but his relations to a woman. He had brought himself to the conclusion that he had never loved any one but his ward. His

frame of mind grew with what he gave it to feed upon, and whereas he had left Paris indifferent, he returned ardently enough in love.

Before the train reached the station he was standing, his luggage gathered together around him; before the cars came to a standstill he sprang out on the platform, cast an eager look over the crowd of waiting people. All manner of people were waiting, but of them Mrs. Wainwright was not. Walking down the platform towards the gates, he searched every face. Ah, there she was! at the curb, speaking to an omnibus official! With a precipitation unlike him he seized her arm.

"Beatrice!"

The woman turned a startled and perfectly strange face to him. Wainwright made his chagrined apologies.

Mrs. Wainwright had not come to meet her husband. When he had properly assured himself of this most disappointing fact, without casting a thought to his luggage or his traps, he hurried out of the station, sprang into the first vacant cab, and gave the man a big *pour-boire* beforehand.

"Drive to 10 Avenue Matignon as fast as your horse can go," and Wainwright sat on the forward extreme edge of the seat in a state of mind quite new to any he had hitherto known.

She was ill, of course. Some horrible disaster, of which there had been no means to inform him, had kept his wife. At his apartment his *maître de hôtel* welcomed him. Wainwright cut his volubility short.

"Where is madame?"

"Monsieur did not, then, see madame at the Gare?"

"No; they had missed each other."

Wainwright went into the fragrant, inviting drawing-room. The fire in the hearth cracked and flared up brightly to greet him. Books and a few familiar objects greeted him, but there was nothing human to give him welcome. It was useless for him to return at once to the station and pass his wife on the way, as he probably would have done.

"Monsieur would have supper? Madame had ordered supper to be prepared."

Monsieur would have a whiskey and soda, nothing more.

And the man was ordered off at once for Wainwright's luggage, and for news, if there was any, of Mrs. Wainwright. The unwelcomed husband sat before the fire, in a state of mind as unenviable as had been his deserted wife's a few weeks before. The salon was full of flowers. He remembered that violets were favorites of his wife. If these had been sent to celebrate some festival, they could not more luxuriously or lavishly have greeted it. Possibly it was Beatrice's birthday! He could not recall exactly, but he had marked the date on his pocket-calendar. . . . December 30,—yes; her birthday had been yesterday; she was twenty-seven years old. He lit a cigar, and tried to wait with patience the entry so desired. The "first fine, careless rapture" of his return was dissipated, and he was jealous of it. The lonely entrance had chilled his interest. The flower-filled room disquieted him; its atmosphere so clearly told him that his wife had not been always desolate.

We should not be so naïve, so unsophisticated, as to imagine that the ecstasies we sometimes permit ourselves in prospect to enjoy are legitimate, or that any realization could be in accordance with their scope. For example, in Wainwright's case, only a like state of mind to his own in the woman would have sufficed to perfect his dream; and when do such equalities occur? He came, as it were, a flame, to be extinguished by the cold draught of his reception. He wandered into the dining-room, where the buffet bore evidence of good living, of good repasts late enjoyed, *petits-fours* on silver dishes, yellow wine thick as oil in the decanters; wines blood red in their glistening carafes. He observed these details with further disquietude. He next sought his wife's room. For the first time in his life he entered that charming, quiet apartment with emotion. On the table an open book caught his attention; a paper-cutter was between the leaves. Wainwright picked up the novel; it was famous. A phrase on the open page, underlined, intrigued him; he read:

"C'est vrai que ce n'est jamais bien prudent de laisser une femme seule.

"Les lèvres qui sont souvent baisées ne vieillissent jamais."

Keeping the book, he went back into the salon and sat down, with these frank epigrammatic phrases, so troubling and so wise, before his eyes. He could not put his attention on the book, however, on French psychology. Every passing carriage distracted him; every time a bell tinkled near the curb he went to the window and looked out. But despite his nervous tension, he failed to hear the desired approach: in a few moments the bell rang; he sprang up and opened the door for his wife.

"I am so sorry, so awfully sorry! Of course I was at the Gare! I must have arrived just as you left; why didn't you wait a moment? You didn't go to the Customs. I met Benoît with your keys, and hurried, of course, directly home."

The two were in the centre of the salon, and the husband had not taken her in his arms; he had not even kissed her. She had, on entering the door, quickly extended her hand. He held it still, searching her face, looking her through and through, devouring her with his eyes. She withdrew slowly; she made her hand gently free from his. This was not the woman whose cold cheek he had bent to indifferently kiss a few months ago. It was not the woman he had known since her childhood. He bent and kissed her cheek; it was warm, and fragrant as a rose.

Wainwright had not spoken; he was afraid of his voice, and the choice of words proper to express his feelings bewildered him; but Mrs. Wainwright talked without effort:

"You must have supper; it is ordered. I will sit with you while you eat. Was it a good crossing? What wonderful time your boat made!"

"Beatrice!" His hand was on her arm, for she had started to go into the dining-room. "Don't call Benoît; don't go—I don't want you to stir. I want you." And this time he drew her into his embrace, so overcome himself that he could not see her face. But he felt her whole body turn from him; indeed, she actually tore herself away.

"Some one is coming. Please! Please!" And with a smothered exclamation Wainwright was forced to set her free.

Before the perfect supper she had

planned for him he sat silent; whilst across the table his wife, more conversational than he had ever known her to be, told him much, vividly and gayly, of her past months, but he knew it was alone the thing she in no wise touched upon which was of importance.

Stung finally by her beauty, intangible to him and seemingly not his possession, he said,

"It agrees with you to be alone."

"It agrees with no one, I think," she returned. And her answer pleased him.

"You are right," he hastily agreed. "I should never have left you. It shall be known by us both for the only time."

And here Mrs. Wainwright rose quickly from the table.

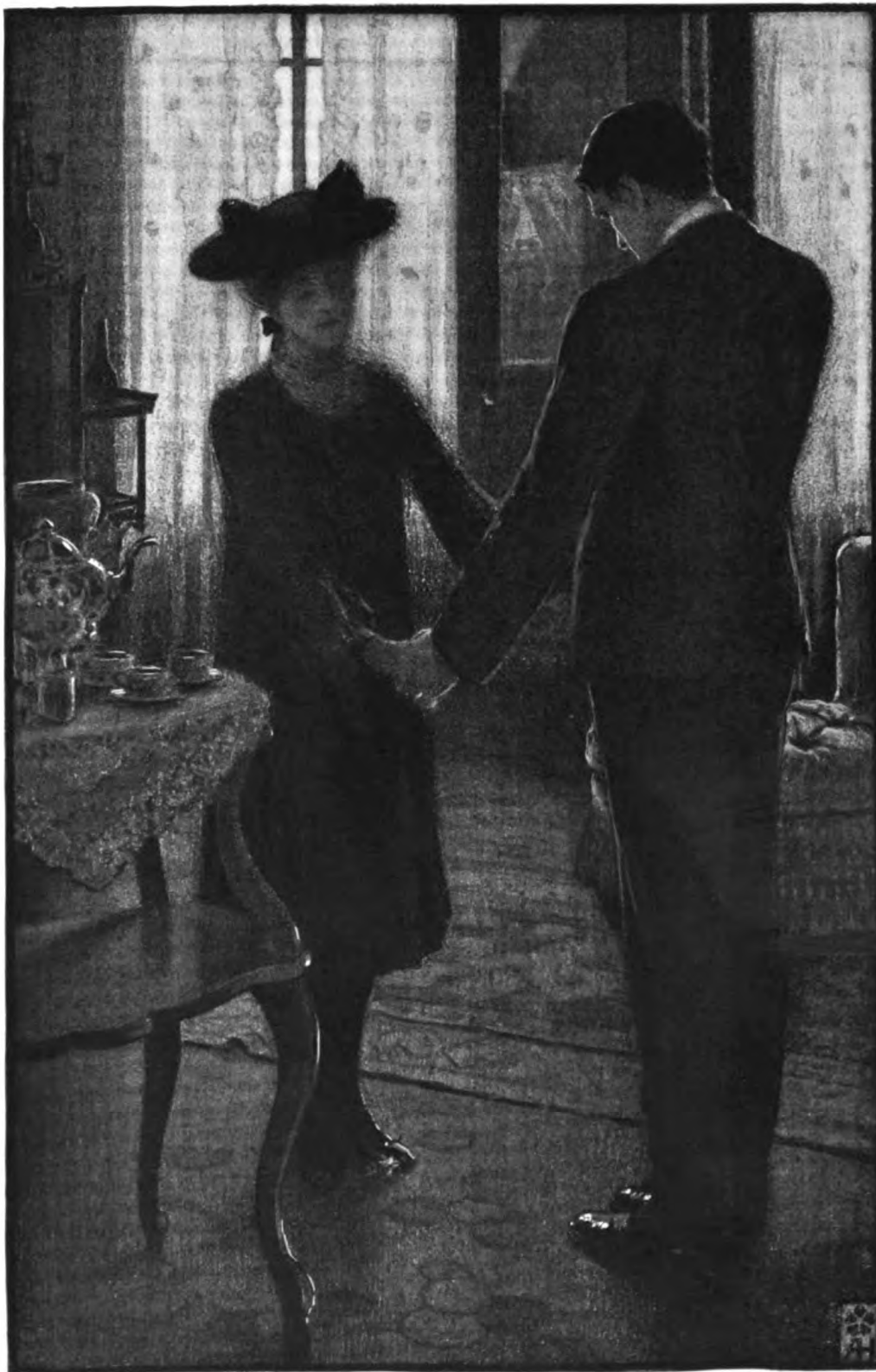
"I am very tired," she said. "I have been for a long day in the country. The excitement of your coming—and of missing you at the station—has quite done me up." She came over to where her husband sat. "Good night." She held out her hand.

On his lips was a torrent of words, of questions, of protestations and pleadings. He controlled himself and only took the hand she held out, saying,

"You are awfully done up, of course; go to bed; I shall not be long myself."

It was, however, long after midnight when he went to his room. He watched for a few moments through his window, which gave on the avenue, the night traffic in the misty streets, then traversed the floor to the door between his own and his wife's apartment, took the knob in his hand, noiselessly turning it. It turned and caught definitely: the door was locked.

Wainwright was so clever as not to imperil all chance of future happiness by reluctant clutching after a bliss that hung too high—so high indeed that an impetuous hand alone could secure it. That hand, although the owner's, could never be Wainwright's. He chose to observe his wife in silence, effacing himself, and considering only her moods and her caprices, which were countless. She avoided him; she contrived as much as possible that they should never be alone together. This condition of affairs, which one frank demand, one complete explanation, would have made clear,



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HE TOOK HER HANDS IN HIS

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Wainwright accepted, choosing to wait until he should himself have discovered the reason for the situation. He did not desire nor force an issue which his wife too evidently evaded. This stoic acceptance would have been impossible to any one so ardently in love as was Wainwright, not given the entire complication of the circumstances. He could not acquit his own cause. During these strange days he walked miles through Paris. A tall, erect Anglo-Saxon figure, a reserved American, suffering possibly more keenly than were capable the Latin lovers who thronged the metropolis.

On one of these promenades a lucky thought—if such it could be called—made him turn on his heel, hail a cab, and drive home. His wife was not in, and he waited her entrance with eagerness.

"Beatrice, I have something to ask you."

Mrs. Wainwright grew pale; she showed for the first time since his arrival a distinct, sudden emotion.

"Answer me frankly. Have you heard anything of my stay in New York which could give you pain?"

Relief swept over her expressive face,—a relief unflattering and fatal to Wainwright's cheerful hope.

"Any rumor about you? Why, no; what could there be?"

Her response was so sincere, anything dimly reflecting jealousy so barred from her attitude of mind, that Wainwright felt no need of confession. To his chagrin and despair, he saw that it would be indifferent to his wife.

People by whom in their Parisian home they were surrounded interested him little. At all times idleness bored him to extinction. The *ennui* he felt, once out of New York and away from his high-tensioned financial occupation, made him restless. He smoked continually, read French faithfully, and accompanied his wife to walk sometimes in the Bois at noon; and when she went out after breakfast for a long afternoon of innumerable *courses*, Wainwright, *désœuvré*, wandered hither and thither, keeping his eye on watches and clocks until the hour should come when he might meet his wife for tea at the Ritz, or wherever their rendezvous chanced to be.

One late afternoon, on her return from a day spent in Versailles, Mrs. Wainwright found her husband pacing to and fro in the semilight of the salon, his cigar for company. As she came in, went over to the chimney-piece, unfastened her veil, drew off her gloves, laid aside her furs, he said to her,

"Beatrice, I want to talk with you a little while."

"Yes?" she interlocated. "It was cold at Versailles, dreary." She put up her foot toward the blaze. Her dress, close-fitting, displayed to the best advantage her roundness, her suppleness, and her slenderness.

Wainwright could not have hoped for a more perfect abetting of his desire for an uninterrupted tête-à-tête with his wife.

"It rained a little there," she said. "Did you have a shower?"

"Yes, I believe there were a few drops," he replied.

"I was in the woods near the Trianon," she continued, "and the leaves were a protection."

"With whom did you go to Versailles?"

She regarded the foot she held up to the fire, turned it to the warmth. "With no one."

Her pause was too long for her husband. "And were you alone all day there too?"

"No."

Then, before he could ask her anything further, she said, "Why did you leave me here in Paris last autumn, Richard?"

Before he could answer,— "Why? Some day some woman you love will make you see, dread, fear, jealously avoid leaving her forgotten. It is terrible! Those first few days after you went, I can relive them now; that week you were at sea will always haunt me. Paris was a sort of witchcraft; I cannot explain it. I *wanted* to be lonely, since it seemed to be the decent thing to do. I did not want to distract myself; I wanted to pass the time as well as I could waiting for you. Be patient with me"—she put out her hand a little toward him,— "I have a great deal to say. If I am long in saying it, it is because I want to amply justify myself. I need the brief to be complete."



MRS. WAINWRIGHT THOUGHT OF HER HUSBAND

To justify herself! The word hurt him like a hot iron. "Justify?" That word only presages a wrong supposed; it has a horrible importance, particularly to the judge who longs above all things to render a clear verdict. Wainwright wanted to say to his wife: "Hush! please say nothing to me. I ask you no questions but one." He was silent; he saw that his inclination in the matter was not to be even taken into consideration; that her very cause, guilty or innocent, was dear to her, even as she pleaded it.

"Paris was a witchcraft," continued Mrs. Wainwright. "Whenever I came home, at whatever hour, there was a consoling voice to greet me, and I never came in but I found some gift awaiting, —a gift I could in no wise take amiss,—a book or flowers. Chiefly there were letters that prayed to be answered. I never went out, as I did, into the streets, where every one seemed gay and happy, but I knew that if I was forgotten and solitary it was by choice—for I needed but to say a word."

Wainwright drew a chair forward to the fire. "Won't you sit down, please?"

His wife obeyed him, taking the offered chair.

"You landed, and forgot to cable me for three days. I knew the ship was in, of course, for I looked to see. I have your first letter." She put her hand in her muff, drew her card-case out, and found the folded sheets of a letter and handed it to him. Wainwright at a glance remembered writing it at his club, just in time to catch the mail. He had come in from Mrs. Bellairs. "I read that letter many times. It was a curious document to me."

"Why?" asked her husband.

"Because, I said to myself, if I ever feel the need of permission to do what the world calls wrong, I think this letter will give it to me."

She put it back in the little case, which she kept in her hands. She appeared to be quite able to ignore the flesh-and-blood reality of the man whose name she bore.

"I had just finished a note to—a friend"—Mrs. Wainwright paused over the words; they had come into the conversation at last with all they possessed of personality—"to tell him for the twentieth time not to come to see me. When

this letter arrived from America I tore up the note I had written."

She paused. Wainwright's lack of sentimental education was unavailing to handicap his feelings. This woman, who unfolded to his eyes and to his suffering heart her annals of the past months, had no suspicion of the passion stirring for her in the man who listened.

"When he came," she went on, "for the first few times I felt how foolish, how puritan, I had been to refuse myself the pleasure this friendship was. Indeed, I thought of nothing but of being a little less desolate." If the words had any pathos in them, her tone had none. "When the three weeks were passed and your promise to return was broken, when six weeks went and you cabled me to go to you—"

"Why—why didn't you come?"

"I had ceased to want to go."

She did not speak again, but sat with half-closed eyes, her head thrown back on her chair. Wainwright thought that in her silence she had paused actually to delectate over her memories. It was beyond his endurance.

"Beatrice!"

"Yes?" she sighed, and continued the sequence of her story. "I did not wait and look for your letters after that as I had done. Indeed, I did not wait for them; they came more frequently, but I must confess to you that often I did not read them through." Her pause this time was so long that her husband broke it again.

"Do you want to tell me anything more?"

"A great deal. My father made you my protector, and you constituted yourself my husband. You know, Richard, that if you were not just what you are, I could not talk to you like this. If you loved me . . . how terrible it would be!"

He loved her so greatly, his jealous fury was so aroused, that he did not dare let himself move or speak. He would have seized her in his arms, demanded of her, torn from her, as it were, a complete confession, no matter what its grief and anguish must be to him.

Strangely enough, she did not seem to him so irrevocably to belong to another that all his rights had slipped from

him. Possibly the atmosphere of his own feelings set the current quivering between them. Controlling his voice, he said, "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to help me."

"How?"

"Take me away at once,—to-morrow."

More fatal than anything she had said hitherto was this request.

"If he follows, you will take me farther. You must protect me against—"

"What?"

"Myself."

"You love him!" Wainwright accused.

She said, slowly and very inaudibly, "I suppose you have a right to ask."

He exclaimed,—and then said: "I rescind it; I do not ask the question. You need not answer."

They were both silent for a few moments.

Then Wainwright said: "Although I am listening to what is a death-blow to a man, to his honor, and to his heart, still I claim nothing. Whatever the past three months have been, they were my creation. I consider that the blame is mine, only please do not tell me anything further."

Mrs. Wainwright looked at him for a second, then withdrew her eyes. "It pains you,—I understand that; it shakes you terribly,—it is a poor return—"

"Return!" he exclaimed, in scorn; "that word has no place in our conversation; and as for pain, the expression is inadequate."

He paused and tried to collect his thoughts; he did not wish to tell her he loved her; his honorable, righteous suit should not follow hard on this *amour* that outraged his sense of moral, and when he considered its existence in the life of the woman he adored, it seemed to kill his soul.

He said, "We will leave Paris to-morrow, and after a few months I will let you get a divorce."

She caught her breath (with joy, it seemed to him). But when she spoke there was no joy in her tone. "You will let me get a divorce? To do what with my freedom?"

"To marry this man."

She made a swift gesture, and then said, passionately:

"Marry him! I would never marry

him! If I wanted his *love*, would I tell you what I am telling you now?"

She looked fully at her husband, and no sooner had he caught the spark from her eyes than she let her lids fall. Wainwright rose and came toward her.

"I demand it . . . answer me!"

His tone transfigured him. The woman saw what she had never seen in him. He had become her master, her lover, determined, insistent; and if she thought for a moment to stay his purpose, she might as well have put forth slender icicles into flame as to have extended her hands against his embrace.

He took her in his arms. "Answer me," he whispered; "speak to me; do you love this man?"

"I must have love; I must be loved; all women need it; some crave it . . ."

"You shall have as much as man can give," he returned.

"Beware of me . . ." she evaded. . . .

"I never dreamed what love was before. Richard! I shall follow it—"

"To my heart!" he said; "to no other place, Beatrice."

He felt the figure he held sway in his arms.

"If you leave me again!—"

And he answered: "Death alone shall dare," searching her eyes with his. "Answer me, answer me; do you love this man?"

She was not ready to tell him. "You had nearly lost me, Richard; if you had delayed one hour longer, if I had not found you here when I came in that night from the *Gare*—"

"Hush!" he said, death-white—"hush! I shall try to kill him," and she put her hand over her husband's lips.

Its fragrance, the soft palm, so much of her,—more than he had long possessed,—overcame his last reserve. He kissed her hand, holding it close to his lips. He kissed her brow; her eyes closed under his caresses that fell soft and fast; but at her lips he paused, although he saw she did not forbid him.

"Answer me."

She said: "I have loved one man all my life. When I found he did not love me, I ceased to care what became of me."

"And what," said her husband, "*has become of you?*"

She drew herself from his arms. "Let



SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND HIM

me finish before you kiss me, Richard. The night of your return from America, he was waiting for me." Wainwright's arms fell from her. "I have never made excuses in my story. I make none. When I need an excuse it is here." She lifted again the little case in which his letter lay. "I told him I must see my husband again, that I could not go away forever without seeing you again. Richard, think of it: we were at the Gare St.-Lazare, you and he and I. I left him there and came home to you."

Her calm recital, her confession, asked for no condoning; and the justice that, however warped might be her morale,—the justice she felt she had on her side, her husband was bound to concede her. His eyes filled; grief, terrible and strong as his love, rose in him. He turned away from her, went over to the chimney-piece, bent his head and hands upon it.

"I came home to you, Richard, to tell you then that night what I intended to do; and even as I crossed the door-sill of my house and saw you standing there, I knew"—he waited, and she as well—"I knew *I could never go from a place that held you*. All that evening I watched you, and at every turn I saw that you had changed. I realized that in this interval you had grown to care. What it was to me that night I shall not even let you know yet. I had suffered too much, you understand! I had been in too great need and danger. I had lived too much in the atmosphere of a love that declared itself with abandon to rush into your arms, although they were my husband's."

Her words hurt him so even through his grief that he turned brusquely and revealed his anguished face to her.

"Do you dare to speak so to me? What terms you use! A love that declares itself in abandon? Why, do you *realize* your words?"

"I realize," she said, quietly, "that I was left alone and forgotten for three months."

"No," he said, "not forgotten for three months," but he ceased to plead for honor left in her hands, trust and confidence betrayed. He could not accuse her; he had but to summon the remembrance of himself, of his first six weeks

in New York, in order to have honest shame burn his petty ships of false phrases; he was therefore silent. Mrs. Wainwright came over to her husband and stood by his side.

"You have loved me such a little while, and I have adored you all my life. It was not fair that you should come over when you had tired of all the rest of your interests and demand me high-handed, after having left me to whatever sport or caprice I might be victim. It is not through you—oh, the pity of it!—that I have learned how a man can love a woman; and I determined that not until you grew to love me, and to show it and prove it, would I come again to you. The night of your return I locked the door between our rooms. I knew that I was weaker than my judgment. To save myself from myself I threw the key out of the window, and when in the night you tried the door, you will never know how my heart was beating, Richard, for you. Do you hear me?" she repeated, her face near to him: "I have never done you any wrong. Do you hear? Never any wrong."

She put her arms around him, soft, tender, gentle. She put her cheek against his; there were tears on her husband's cheek. Here he turned brusquely and took her in his embrace, straining her to him, words of gratitude, endearment, and devotion coming fast and warm from his lips.

In spite of his holding of her and of the beating of her heart on his, she asked, "Do you want me, Richard?"

It was long before she spoke again.

In this moment of ecstasy Wainwright did not realize the full tragedy of the affair. Not through him had his wife grown to know, understand, and love love; but Fate, kind in all things to Wainwright, so willed it that through him alone could she know happiness,—and this she exquisitely told him:

"Do you remember when I came to you a little girl fourteen years ago? You said to me, 'I will take care of you and make you happy all your life.'"

"God help me for my blindness. I will keep that promise now to the end."

"You did not even say that you would *try* to make me happy; you said, 'I will.'"

"Believe me; trust me."

"I do," she said. . . . "And the solemn part of it is, if you don't make me happy, no one else ever can in the world!"

And the egotism of man is so colossal, his jealous development of pride in his own possessions so great, that this complete assurance was music to Wainwright's ears. Its ring of suffering, its cry of appeal, its veracity, banished for him the figure of the other man completely, at least for the present.

"We are leaving Paris to-morrow, you know . . ."

Mrs. Wainwright looked at him in surprise. "*Leaving Paris?*"

"Didn't you ask me to take you away?"

"I did," acknowledged his wife. "But wouldn't it be much more convenient and simple if *he* should go around the world—should make a tour of the world on his yacht?"

Her husband said nothing. He regarded with something like scorn the unknown man whose soul and spirit had been used, a torch as it were, to kindle an alien flame, and who now for a woman's caprice was dismissed with a hand's wave for a tour around the globe.

"It is nine o'clock," Mrs. Wainwright said; "we must ring for dinner, and not dress."

Wainwright had another suggestion to make. "Don't let us dine here; we will slip out of the house and dine at Paillard's in a room by ourselves."

Later Benoît discreetly opened the drawing-room door to discover whether or no his masters were ever to eat. They had forgotten his existence, and the hour's and time's existence, and all the everyday sequence of well-ordered lives. The salon was empty, the fireside deserted. A flashing cab, one amongst thousands, no different to its fellows, was whirling the husband and wife through the evening streets. They were lovers in a city where, the saying tells us, one can the most easily dispense with happiness because of the beauty of which the place is created; but where, on the other hand, if one chance to be on good terms with Love, everything is prepared to make gala the feast.

The Scientist and the Food Problem

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

IT has been said that mankind is never more than three months removed from abject starvation—an old truth that must always be new and startling. That is, if all sources of food production in the world should be suddenly cut off—the wheat-fields failing to give forth their usual crops, and the pastures withering under the feet of the flocks and herds,—the existing store of food would supply mankind barely a quarter of a year, and even before that hunger would have pinched thousands of the poor. In this day of overflowing abundance such a statement as this comes with something like a shock: it shows by how fine a thread the life of mankind is suspended.

It has been pointed out by the pessimistic philosopher that the wheat-fields of the world are failing year by year,—slowly, it is true, but failing; that in many countries the land is being “cropped to death,” and already we are hearing of worn-out land in Dakota—the paradise of the wheat-producer. The problem, therefore, as seen by these pessimists, is simple: The world is reaching the limits of its capacity for food production, while the population continues to increase enormously: How soon will starvation begin?

While these philosophers have been making dire predictions, however, science has been quietly but perseveringly at work to prove that mankind has only just begun to sound the world's capacity for food production, and that it is practically limitless. The mistake of the pessimists has been that they based their arguments on the present knowledge of soil-culture, forgetting that science might make discoveries which would change every condition and suggest entirely new possibilities.

Somehow, when man seems just at the limit of his resources, science and invention step in and open new fields, literally as well as figuratively. A comparatively few decades ago no one had

thought of using artificial fertilizers; now a young man in Paris is putting up fertilizers in little pressed tablets, a different kind for each different plant. They are accompanied by directions indicating how often the doses must be given and at what times. This, of course, is the extreme application of a new system; but the manufacture of artificial fertilizers for supplying the soil with just the elements that it needs to produce large crops has now become a great business enterprise, and with a constantly decreasing cost of manufacturing power; the harnessing of waterfalls like Niagara, the use of the tides, and the possibility of the direct application of the energy of the sun promise still cheaper fertilizers and still smaller expense of transporting them to the farmer. All this will tend to maintain and even to increase food production. And then there is the possibility, and it is now more than a possibility, of making artificial food outright—that is, of combining the familiar chemical elements of which food is composed and producing a food substitute that will sustain life.

No one need go farther than the laboratory of Professor Berthelot of Paris to be convinced of the great possibilities in this branch of scientific activity. The work is already under way, and science stands ready, the moment the world lacks a complete dinner, to help out with wonderful new food products harvested from retorts and crucibles.

I have barely mentioned these two branches of scientific effort to lead up to the wonderful experiments of Professor Nobbe of Germany,—experiments which give an insight into the unfathomed possibilities which lie at the hand of the scientific investigator.

Tharandt, in Saxony, where Professor Nobbe has carried on his investigations for over thirty years, is a little village set picturesquely among the Saxon hills,

some half-hour's ride by railroad from the city of Dresden. Here is located the Forest Academy of the kingdom, with which Professor Nobbe is prominently connected, and here also is the agricultural experiment station of which he is director. He has been for more than forty years the editor of one of the most important scientific publications in Germany, he is chairman of the Imperial Society of Agricultural Station Directors, and he has been the recipient of many honors. But the greatest of all his work is his remarkable discovery of a method for inoculating the soil with bacteria to make it yield richly where it lay barren before. In times past investigators of soil and plant culture devoted their attention largely to studying the composition of various kinds of soil, to the improvement of fertilizers, and in suggesting new systems of drainage and water-supply. Professor Nobbe has gone a step farther in advance, declaring that plants will grow, under certain conditions, just as well without soil as with soil. At first glance this may seem strange enough, yet here are trees, from eight to ten inches in circumference at the base of the trunk, growing in clean water, without a sign of soil of any description. They stand in rows just back of the Forest Academy and near Professor Nobbe's greenhouse. Each tree is suspended in a large glass jar surrounded by a green-painted case. When this case is opened one may look through the glass and see the roots of

the tree hanging there in the clean water. The oldest of the trees was planted, or rather the seed was immersed in water, in 1878, and it has grown to full size without even touching soil. Leaves and blossoms have

come in the spring, and in the winter the water and the roots have frozen solid all these years, and the tree still thrives. Indeed, some of its seeds were immersed in water, and trees of the second generation have been grown to considerable size. Then their seeds were immersed, and there are now growing small trees three generations removed from the soil—certainly a clear proof of Professor Nobbe's assertion that actual contact with soil is not essential for plant growth. In order to produce such results, how-

ever, it was necessary to keep the trees supplied with artificial food. This Professor Nobbe prepared in his laboratory—a certain definite amount of chlorate of potash, sulphate of magnesium, phosphate of iron, phosphate of potassium, and a nitrate. A small quantity of this mixture was dissolved in the water of the jars every four weeks, and thus the trees have been kept flourishing all these years, showing that there was no element in the soil necessary to plant growth that man could not manufacture at will.

Nor was this all that the experiment showed. Professor Nobbe knew to the last gramme how much food he had given to the plant through the water; he also knew that the water before adding the chemicals named was absolutely



PROFESSOR NOBBE, OF THE FOREST ACADEMY

pure; yet when he came to analyze some of the plants thus grown he found that they contained much greater quantities of various elements than he had supplied through the water. This constituted a proof positive that the plant drew largely upon the air for its nourishment,—a fact well known to science, but not before positively and quantitatively demonstrated. The proportion of substance drawn from the air was found to be very large. It is said that of every one hundred pounds of wheat harvested from our fields barely one pound is actually drawn from the soil, the remainder coming from the free air and the water. And yet the effort to supply this one-hundredth of the plant's food has caused most of the wars and conflicts of the world, has led to the discovery and settling of new continents, and forms to-day the foundation of commerce and finance.

As soon as science had convinced itself of the great truth that plants are fed largely from substances in the air, it began at once to study the problem as to *how* the plant is able to appropriate this aerial food. The chief chemical elements in all vegetable substances are oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen. Added to these are small quantities of potassium, phosphorus, iron, sulphur, magnesium, and calcium. Of all these elements the only ones about which there is any difficulty are nitrogen, potassium, and phosphorus. The others the plant obtains without difficulty, but the supply of nitrogen, especially, too often runs short. When land is said to be worn out, the meaning is that the supplies of nitrogen, potassium, and phosphorus have been exhausted by too constant cropping, by taking much away from the soil and returning nothing to it.

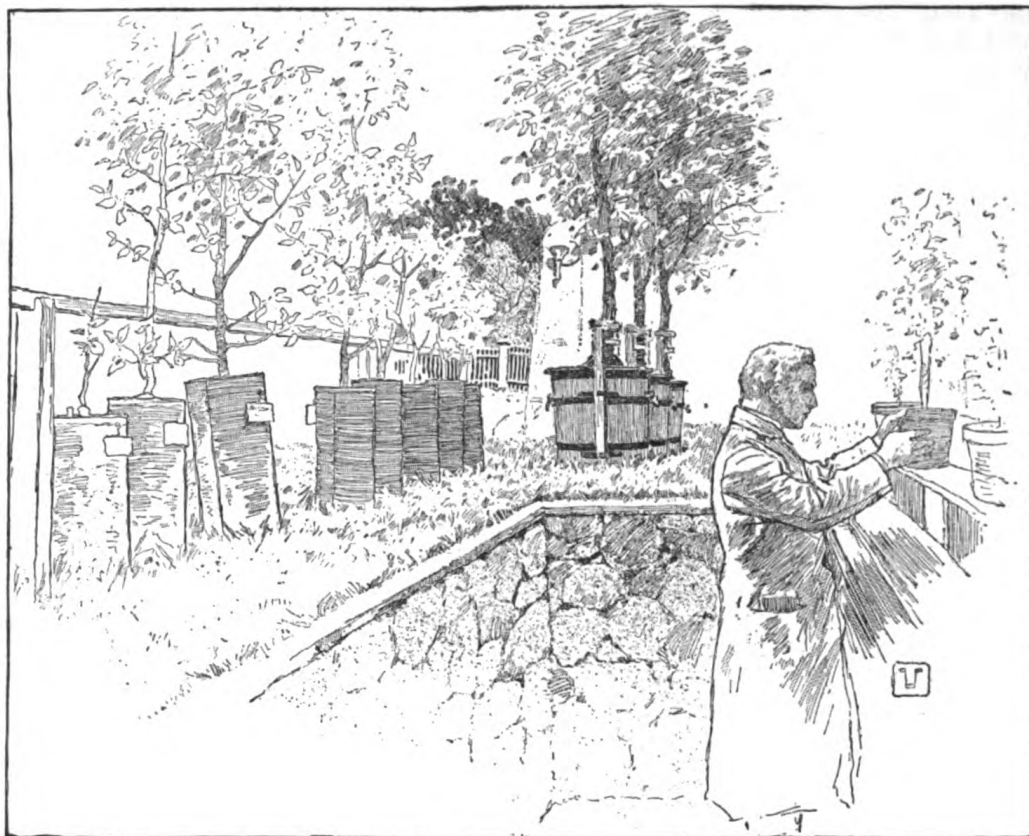
Manure and fertilizers which are rich in these lacking elements, especially those which, like barn-yard manure, are rich in nitrogen, are thus applied to the land, thereby restoring its producing capability. Nitrogen is the all-important element. Potassium and phosphorus are usually present in abundance, or they can be easily supplied in the form of wood-ashes and other fertilizers, but nitrogen is more expensive and more difficult to restore. Nitrogen is what

makes the muscles and brain of a man; it is the essential element of all elements in the growth of animals and plants; and, significantly enough, it is also the chief constituent of the gunpowder and other explosives with which the wars of the world are waged. A single discharge of a 13-inch gun liberates enough nitrogen to produce many scores of bushels of wheat. This fact may become, in the future, a greater deterrent of war than we can now imagine.

The failure of the nitrogen of the soil and the inability to supply it in sufficient quantities by artificial means has formed the basis of the predictions of coming starvation made by Sir William Crookes and others. Indeed, if the world ever starves it will be from lack of nitrogen; and yet if such starvation takes place it will be in a world full of nitrogen. For there is not one of the elements more common than nitrogen, not one present around us in larger quantities. Four-fifths of every breath of air we breathe is pure nitrogen—four-fifths of all the earth's atmosphere is nitrogen. If mankind dies of nitrogen starvation, it will die with food everywhere about it and within it.

But, unfortunately, plants and animals are unable to take up nitrogen in its pure form as it appears in the air. It must be combined with hydrogen in the form of ammonia or in some nitrate. These facts have been well known to science for many years. At the same time it has been known, as a matter of experience among farmers, that when land is worn out by overcropping, with wheat or oats, for instance, both of which draw heavily on the earth's nitrogen supply, certain other crops would still grow luxuriantly upon it, and that if these crops are left and ploughed in, the fertility of the soil will be restored, and it will again produce large fields of wheat and other nitrogen-demanding plants. These restorative crops are clover, lupin, and other leguminous plants,—a classification including beans and peas. Every one who is at all familiar with farming operations has heard of seeding down an old field to clover, thereby restoring its fertility in a degree.

The great importance of this bit of the wisdom of experience was not appre-



GROWING TREES IMMersed IN WATER

ciated by science for many years. Then several German experimenters began to ask why clover and lupin and beans should flourish on worn-out land when other crops failed. All of these plants are especially rich in nitrogen, and yet they grow well on soil which has been robbed of its nitrogen. Why was this so?

It was a hard problem to solve. Botanists had already discovered that the roots of the leguminous plants—that is, clover, lupin, beans, peas, and so on—were usually covered with small round swellings, or tumors, to which were given the name nodules. The exact purpose of these swellings being unknown, they were set down as a condition, possibly, of disease, and no further attention was paid to them, until Professor Hellriegel of Burnburg, in Anhalt, took up the work. After much experimenting, he made the important discovery that lupins which had nodules would grow in soil devoid of nitrogen, and that lupins which had no

nodules would not grow in the same soil. It was plain, therefore, that the nodules must play an important though mysterious part in enabling the plant to utilize the free nitrogen of the air. That was early in the 80's. His discovery at once started other investigators to work, and it was not long before the announcement came—and it came, curiously enough, at a time when Dr. Koch was making his greatest contributions to the world's knowledge of the germ theory of disease—that these nodules were the result of minute bacteria found in the soil. Professor Beyerinck of Münster gave the bacteria the name *Radiocola*.

It was at this time that Professor Nobbe took up the work with vigor. If these nodules were produced by bacteria, then the bacteria must be present in the soil; and if they were not present, would it not be possible to supply them by artificial means? In other words, if soil, even worn-out farm soil,—or, indeed,

pure sand, like that of the seashore,—could thus be inoculated, as a physician inoculates a guinea-pig with anthrax germs, would not beans and peas planted there form nodules and draw their nourishment from the air? It was a somewhat startling idea; but all radically new ideas are startling, and after thinking it over, Professor Nobbe began, in 1888, a series of most remarkable experiments, having as their purpose the discovery of a practical method of soil inoculation. He gathered the nodule-covered roots of beans and peas, dried and crushed them, and made an extract of them in water. Then he prepared a gelatine solution with a little sugar, asparagine, and other materials, and added the nodule extract. In this medium colonies of bacteria at once began to grow—bacteria of many kinds. Professor Nobbe separated the *Radiocola*—which are oblong in shape—and made what is known as a “clean culture,”—that is, a culture in gelatine consisting of billions of these particular germs and no others. When he had succeeded in producing these clean cultures he was ready for his actual experiments in growing plants. He took a quantity of pure sand, and in order to be sure that it contained no nitrogen, nor bacteria in any form, he heated it to a high temperature three different times for six hours, thereby completely sterilizing it. This sand he placed in three jars. To each of these he added a small quantity of mineral food—the required phosphorus, potassium, iron, sulphur, and so on. To the first he supplied no nitrogen at all in any form; the second he fertilized with saltpeter, which is largely composed of nitrogen in a form in which plants may readily absorb it through their roots; the third of the jars he inoculated with some of his bacteria culture. Then he planted beans and awaited the results,—as may be imagined, somewhat anxiously. Perfectly pure sterilized water was supplied to each jar in equal amounts. The seeds sprouted, and for a week the young shoots in the three jars were almost identical in appearance. But soon after that there was a gradual but striking change. The beans in the first jar, having no nitrogen and no inoculation, turned pale and refused to grow, finally dying down completely—

starved for want of nitrogenous food, exactly as a man would starve for the lack of the same kind of nourishment. The beans in the second jar, with the fertilized soil, grew about as they would in the garden, all of the nourishment having been artificially supplied. But the third jar, which had been jealously watched, showed really a miracle of growth. It must be remembered that the soil in this jar was as absolutely free of nitrogen as the soil in the first jar, and yet the beans flourished greatly, and when some of the plants were analyzed they were found to be rich in nitrogen. Nodules had formed on the roots of the beans in the third or inoculated jar only, thereby proving beyond the hope of the experimenter that soil inoculation was a possibility, at least in the laboratory.

With this favorable beginning Professor Nobbe went forward with his experiments with renewed vigor. He tried inoculating the soil for peas, lupin, vetch, acacia, robinia, and in every case the roots formed nodules, and although there was absolutely no nitrogen in the soil, the plants invariably flourished. Then Professor Nobbe tried great numbers of difficult test experiments, such as inoculating the soil with clover bacteria, then planting it with beans or peas, or *vice versa*, to see whether the bacteria from the nodules of any one leguminous plant could be used for all or any of the others. He also tried successive cultures—that is, bean bacteria for beans for several years—to see if better results could be obtained by continued use. An outline description of all the experiments which Professor Nobbe made in the course of these investigations would fill a small volume, and it will be best to set down here only his general conclusions.

These wonderful nitrogen-absorbing bacteria do not appear in all soil, although they are widely distributed. So far as known they form nodules only on the roots of a few varieties of plants, mostly leguminous.

In their virginal form in the soil they are neutral—that is, not especially adapted to beans or peas or any one particular kind of crop. But if clover, for instance, is planted, they straightway form nodules, and become especially

adapted to the clover plant, so that, as every farmer knows, the second crop of clover on worn-out land is much better than the first. And, curiously enough, when once the bacteria have become thoroughly adapted to one of the crops—say, beans—they will not affect peas or clover, or only feebly.

And a strange feature of the life of these little creatures, which has a marvellous suggestion of intelligence, is their activity in various kinds of soil. When the ground is very rich—that is, when it contains plenty of nitrogenous matter,—they are what Professor Nobbe calls “lazy.” They do not readily form nodules on the roots of the plants, seeming almost to know that there is no necessity for it. But when once the nitrogenous matter in the soil begins to fail, then they work more sharply, and when it has gone altogether they are at the very height of their activity. Consequently, unless the soil is nearly worn out or very poor to begin with, there is no use in inoculating it: it would be like “taking owls to Athens,” as Professor Nobbe says.

Having thus proved the remarkable efficacy of soil inoculation in his laboratory and greenhouses, where I saw great numbers of experiments still going forward, Professor Nobbe set himself to make his discoveries of practical value. He gave to his bacteria cultures the name “Nitragen”—spelled with an a,—and he produced separate cultures for each of the important crops—peas, beans, vetch, lupin, and clover. In 1894 the first of these were placed on the market, and they had a considerable sale, although such a radical innovation as this, so far out of the ordinary run of agricultural operation, and so almost unbelievably wonderful, cannot be expected to spread very rapidly. The cultures are now manufactured at one of the great commercial chemical laboratories on the river Main. I saw some of them in Professor Nobbe’s laboratory. They were put up in small glass bottles, each marked with the name of the crop for which it is especially adapted. The bottle was partly filled with the yellow gelatinous substance in which the bacteria grow. On the surface of this there was a mossylike gray growth, resembling mould. This consisted of in-

numerable millions of the little oblong bacteria. A bottle cost about fifty cents, and contained enough bacteria for inoculating half an acre of land. It must be used within a certain number of weeks after it is obtained, while it is still fresh. The method of application is very simple. The contents of the bottle are diluted with warm water. Then the seeds of the beans, clover, or peas, which have previously been mixed with a little soil, are treated with this solution and thoroughly mixed with the soil. After that the mass is partially dried so that the seeds may be readily sown. The bacteria at once begin to propagate in the soil, which is their natural home, and by the time the beans or peas have put out roots they are present in vast numbers, and ready to begin the active work of forming nodules. It is not known exactly how the bacteria absorb the free nitrogen from the air, but they do it successfully, and that is the main thing. Many German agriculturists have tried Nitragen. One, who was skeptical of its virtues wrote to Professor Nobbe that he sowed the bacteria-inoculated seeds in the form of a huge letter N in the midst of his field, planting the rest in the ordinary way. Before a month had passed, that N showed up green and big over all the field, the plants composing it thriving so much better than those around it.

Prompted by these experiments, a valuable series of tests has recently been made by the United States Department of Agriculture, and an improved method for distributing the bacteria has been devised. Instead of a moist culture in glass tubes the bacteria are put up in a small dry mass that resembles a yeast-cake. These may be sent anywhere without deterioration; a little soaking is all that is needed to prepare them for use in the soil. The department is now formulating a plan for introducing these cultures extensively in localities in this country which are deficient in nodule-forming germs.

But the farmer must know the exact disease from which his land is suffering before he applies the remedy. If it is deficient in the phosphates, bacteria cultures will not help it, whereas if it is deficient in nitrogen, bacteria inoculation is just what it needs.

The Last Word

BY ZONA GALE

HERE I sit with eighty years
Buried somewhere in my bones.
I can only see the world
Move along in monotonies.
All the peril of the sun
And the laughter too are done.
(Hear the fools there in the passage
Talk of larger vision won!)

Grace o' God, can they not see
That the wisdom comes too late?
Oh, my heart is bitter full
Of reflections delicate
On the beauty that is truth,
On the art that saves, forsooth.
(Hear the fools there in the passage
Mourn the blindness of their youth!)

I have lived the utter life,
Loved the color, loved the word,
Let no light die unresisting,
Let no far flute fail unheard.
All my days and nights are lit
With a secret exquisite
(Hear the little voice come calling
All the weary pain of it!)

Little voice that used to laugh,
Little voice that used to sing—
Somewhere in those eighty years—
Lullaby and love-longing.
I must listen, I must weep
For the voice I could not keep.
(Oh, the silence of the darkness
Where was breath of her asleep!)

Here they come to bring me praise,
Here they come, there they go,
Lauding loud the work I've done,
Books a-many in a row.
And they envy me and sigh,
And they think those books are I.
Fools there, with some heart to love you,
Pass the larger wisdom by!

The Great Cat's Nursery

BY OHIYESA—A SIOUX INDIAN

(CHARLES A. EASTMAN, M.D.)

A HARSH and hateful cry of a sudden broke the peace of a midsummer night upon the Bear-runs-in-the-Lodge. It told many things to the red hunter who, though the hour was late, still sat beside the dying camp-fire, pulling away at his long-stemmed pipe. "Ugh!" he muttered, as he turned his head in the direction of the deep woods and listened attentively. The great cat's scream was not repeated. The hunter resumed his former attitude and continued to smoke. The night was sultry and threatened storm, and all creatures, especially the fiercer wild animals, become nervous and irritable when thunder is in the air. Yet this fact did not fully explain to his mind Igmutanka's woman-like, almost hysterical complaint. Having finished his smoke, he emptied the ashes out of the bowl of the pipe and laid it against the teepee-pole at his back. "Ugh!" the hunter once more muttered to himself, this time with a certain complacency. "I will find your little one to-morrow. That is what you fear."

The Bear-runs-in-the-Lodge is a deep and winding stream, a tributary of the Smoking Earth river, away up at the southern end of the Bad Lands. It is, or was then, an ideal home of wild game, and a resort for the wild hunters, both four-footed and human. Just here the stream, dammed of many beaver, widens its timbered bottoms, while its high banks and the rough country beyond are studded with dwarf pines and gullied here and there with cañonlike dry creeks. Here the silvertip held supreme sway over all animals, barring an occasional contest with the mountain-lion and with the buffalo bull upon the adjoining plains. It is true that these two were as often victorious as he of the big claws and sharp incisors; yet he remained the terror of that region, for he alone takes every opportunity to fight and is reckless in his

courage, while other chiefs of the Wild Land prefer to avoid unnecessary trouble.

Igmutanka, the puma mother, had taken her leave of her two little tawny babes about the middle of the afternoon. The last bone of the buffalo calf which she had brought home on her last hunt had been served for dinner. Polished clean by her sharp teeth, it lay in the den for the kittens to play with. Her mate had left her early on that former hunt and had not returned. She was very nervous about it, for already she feared the worst.

Since they came to Bear-runs they had been together, and their chance acquaintance had become a love-affair, and finally they had chosen and made a home for themselves. That was a home indeed! Wildness, mystery, and beauty combined in its outlook and satisfied every craving of the savage pair. They could scarcely say that it was quiet; for while they were unassuming enough and willing to mind their own affairs, Wild Land is always noisy, and the hubbub of the wild people quite as great in its way as that of the city of man.

The stream was dammed so often that Igmu did not have to jump it. The water-worn cliffs, arching and overhanging every turn of the creek, were dark with pines and cedars. Since her babies came she had not ventured upon any long hunts, although ordinarily she was the more successful of the two.

Now Igtin was gone and she was very hungry. She must go out to get meat. So, after admonishing her babies to be still during her absence, and not to come out of their den when Shunktokecha, the wolf, should invite them to do so, she went away.

As the great cat slunk down the valley of the Bear-runs, she stopped and glanced nervously at every tree-root and grinning ledge of rock. On the way to Black-tail creek she had to cross the divide,

and when she had attained the Porcupine butte she paused a moment for a survey, and saw a large herd of buffalo lying down. But their position was not convenient for an attack. There was no meat for her there.

She entered the upper end of the Black-tail and began to hunt down to its mouth. At the first gulch there was a fresh trail. On that very morning three blacktail deer had watered there. Igmu withdrew and re-entered the valley lower down. She took her stand upon a projection of the bank almost overhanging the stream—a group of buffalo-berry bushes partly concealing her position. Here they will pass, she thought, in returning to the main stream. Her calculation proved correct. Soon she saw a doe with two yearlings coming toward her, leisurely grazing on the choice grass.

The three were wholly unconscious of their danger. Igmu flattened her long, lanky body against the ground—her long, snaky tail slowly moved to and fro as the animals approached. In another moment she had sprung upon the nearest fawn. A shrill scream of agony and the cracking of tender bones mingled with the gladness of satisfying the pangs of hunger. The mother doe and the remaining fawn fled for their lives over the hills to the next creek, knowing well that she would not expose herself in an open chase.

She stood over the lifeless body for a moment, then grabbed it by the neck and dragged it into the dry bed of a small creek, where she was not likely to be disturbed at her feast. The venison was delicious, especially as she was very hungry and had to nurse her babies. Having eaten all she wanted, she put her claim-mark on the deer and covered it partly up. It was her practice to cover her game to season, and also to make it plain to all animals that know the laws of Wild Land that it is her game—Igmutanka's. If any one disturbs it he is running great risk of a pitched battle, for nothing exasperates her family like the theft of her game.

She could not carry any of it home with her, for even while she feasted she had seen an enemy pass by on the other side of the creek. He rode a long-tailed elk (pony), and carried a bagful of those

dreadful winged willows, and the crooked stick which makes the winged willows fly. Igmu stopped eating at once and crouched lower. "Don't you dare come near me," was the thought apparent through her large round eyes. The man passed without discovering her retreat.

"My babies!" thought Igmu. "They are all alone!" The mother-anxiety seized her. It was dangerous now to cross the open, but her desire to get back to her babies was stronger than fear. She ran up the ravine as far as it went; then, seeing no one, ran like a streak over the divide to the Porcupine butte, where there were large rocks piled one upon another. Here she watched again under cover. "Aw-yaw-yaw!" burst from her in spite of herself. There were many cone-shaped teepees, which had sprung up since the day before upon the wide plain.

"There are the homes of those dreadful wild men! They always have many black dogs with them. These will surely find my home and babies," she thought. Although her anxiety was now very great and the desire to reach home almost desperate, she yet kept her animal coolness and caution. She took a winding ravine which brought her nearer to Bear-runs, and now and then she had to run swiftly across the openings to gain more concealed points.

At last she came to the old stream, and the crossing where the Bobtail Beaver had lived for as long as she knew anything about the country. Her dam was always in perfect order, and afforded a good bridge. To be sure, they had never been exactly on calling terms, but they had become accustomed to one another as neighbors, and especially whenever there is any danger upon the Bear-runs there is a certain sense of security and satisfaction to each in the presence of the other.

As she passed hurriedly over the dam she observed a trap. Igmu shivered as she recognized the article, and on a closer examination she detected the hated odor of man. She caught the string attached to it and jerked it out upon dry land, thus doing a good turn to her neighbor Sinteksa.

This discovery fully convinced her of the danger to her home and children. She picked her way through the deep woods, occasionally pausing to listen. At



SHE TOOK HER STAND UPON A PROJECTION OF THE BANK

that time of the day no people talk except the winged people, and they were joyous as she passed through the timber. She heard the rushing of water over the cliff, now vibrating louder, now fainter, as she listened. Far beyond, toward the wild men's camp, she heard the barking of a dog, which gave her a peculiar shiver of disgust.

A secret path led along the face of the cliff, and there was one open spot which she must cross to get to her den. "Phur-r-r!" she breathed, and dropped to the ground. There stood one of the dreaded wild men! No sooner had she put her head out of the woods than his quick eye caught her. "Igmutanka!" he exclaimed, and pulled one of the winged sticks out of his little bag.

Igmú was for once surprised and fear almost overcame her. The danger to her children and the possible fate of her mate all came into her mind in a flash. She hesitated for one instant, and in that instant she felt the sting of the swift arrow. She now ran for her life, and in another moment was out of sight among the gray ledges. "Ugh! I got her," muttered the Indian as he examined the spot where she had stood.

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Igmú never stopped until she reached her den. Her wild eyes gleamed as she paused at the entrance to ascertain whether any one had been there since she went away. When she saw and smelled that her home had not been visited, she forgot for the moment all her fright and pain. Her heart beat fast with joy—the mother-joy! Hastily she crawled into the dark cave.

"Yaw-aw-aw!" was the mother's greeting to her tawny babes. "Yaw-aw-aw!" they replied in chorus. She immediately laid herself down in the farthest corner of the den, facing the entrance and inviting her babies to come and partake of their food. Doubtless she was considering what she should do when the little ones had appeased their hunger.

Presently the bigger baby finished his meal and began to claw the eyes of his brother. The latter pulled away, smacking his lips, and blindly showing fight.

"Hush!" said the mother Igmú. "You must be good. Lie down and I will come back soon."

She came out of her den, still carrying the winged stick in her back. It was only a skin wound. She got hold of the end between her teeth and with

one jerk she pulled it out. The blood flowed freely. She first rolled upon some loose earth and licked the wound thoroughly. After this she went and rubbed against pine pitch. Again she licked the pitch off from her fur; and having applied all the remedies known to her family, she re-entered the cave.

Igmú had decided to carry her helpless babes to a den she knew of upon Cedar creek, near the old Eagle's Nest—a wild and remote spot where she felt sure that the wild men would not follow. But it was a long way to travel, and she could carry only one at a time. In the mean time the hunters and their dogs would certainly track her to the den. In her own mind she had hit upon an expedient. She took the smaller kitten in her mouth by the skin of the back and hurried to her neighbor Sinteksa's place down on the creek. There were some old tumble-down houses which had been long deserted. Without ceremony she entered one of these and made a temporary bed for her babe. Then she went back to her old home for the last time, took the other kitten in her mouth, and set out on her night journey to Cedar creek.

It was now dark. Her shortest road led her near the camp of the red people; and as she knew that men and dogs seldom hunt by night, she ventured upon this way. Fires were blazing in the camp and the red men were dancing the coyote dance. It was a horrible din. Igmú trembled with fear and disgust as the odor of man came to her sensitive nostrils. It seemed to her at this moment that Igtin had certainly met his death at the hands of those dreadful people.

She trotted on as fast as she could with her load, only stopping now and then to put it down and lick the kitten's back. She laid her course straight over the divide, down to the creek and then up toward the sources of the stream. Here, in a wild and broken land, she knew of a cavern among piled-up rocks that she intended to make her own. She stopped at the concealed threshold, and after satisfying herself that it was just as she had left it several months before, she prepared a bed within for her baby, and having fed him, she admonished him to be quiet and left him alone. She must return at once for the other little cat.

But Igmú had gone through a great deal since the day before. It was now almost morning and she was in need of food. She remembered the cached deer on the Blacktail creek, and set out at once in that direction. As usual, there were many fresh deer tracks, which, with the instinct of a hunter, she paused to examine, half inclined to follow them; but a second thought apparently impelled her to hurry on to her cache. The day had now dawned and things appeared plain. She followed the creek bed all the way to the spot where she had killed her deer on the day before. As she neared it, her hunger became more and more irresistible; yet, instead of rushing upon her own, when she came within a few paces of it she stopped and laid herself prone upon the earth, according to the custom of her people. She could not see it, for it was hidden in a deep gully, the old bed of a dry stream. As she lay there, she switched her tail slowly to and fro, and her eyes shot yellow fire.

Suddenly, Igmú flattened out like a sunfish and began to whine nervously. Her eyes became two flaming globes of wrath and consternation. She gradually drew her whole body into a tense lump of muscles, ready to spring. Her lips unconsciously contracted, showing a set of fine teeth—her weapons; while the very ground upon which she lay was deeply scarred by those other weapons, the claws. Eagerly she listened once more—she could hear the cracking of bones under strong teeth!

Her blood now surged beyond all discretion and control. She thought of nothing but that the thief, whoever he might be, must feel the punishment due to his trespass. Two long springs, and she was on top of a wicked and huge grizzly, who was feasting on Igmú's cached deer! He had finished most of the tender meat, and had begun to clean his teeth by chewing some of the cartilaginous bones when the attack came.

"Waw-waw-waw-waw!" yelled the old root-digger, and threw his immense left arm over his shoulder in an effort to seize his assailant. At the same time her weight and force knocked him completely over and rolled him upon the sandy ground.

Igmú saw her chance, and did not for-

get the usage of her people in a fight with his. She quickly jumped aside when she found that she could not hold her position and there was danger of Mato slashing her side with either paw. She purposely threw herself upon her back, which position must have been pleasing to Mato, for he rushed upon her with all the confidence in the world, being ignorant of the trick.

It was not long before the old bear was forced to growl and howl unmercifully. He found that he could neither get in his best fight for himself nor get away from such a deadly and wily foe. He had hoped to chew her up in two winks, but this was a fatal mistake. She had sprung from the ground under him and hugged him tight by burying the immense claws of her fore paws in his hump, while her hind claws tore his loins and entrails. Thus he was left only his teeth to fight with; but even this was impossible, for she had pulled herself up close to his neck.

When Mato discovered his error he struggled desperately to get away, but

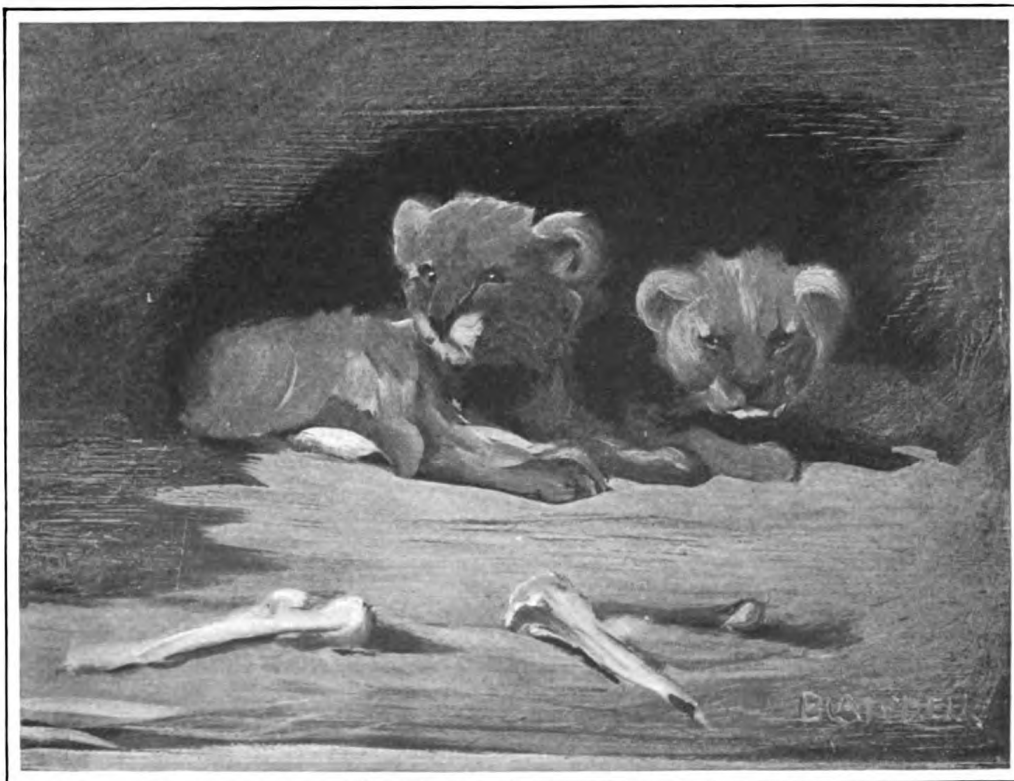
his assailant would not let go her vantage hold.

"Waw-waw-waw!" yelled the great boastful Mato once more, but this time it was the tone of weakness and defeat. It was the cry of "Murder! murder! Help! help!"

At last Igmutanka sprang aside, apparently to see how near dead the thief might be. She was all the time lashing her long, snaky tail in slow, dignified indignation.

"Waw-waw, yaw-waw!" moaned and groaned the grizzly, as he dragged himself away from the scene of the encounter. His wounds were deadly and ugly. He lay down in sight of the spot, as he could not go any farther. He moaned and groaned more and more faintly; then he was silent. The great fighter and victor in many battles is dead!

Five paces from the remains of the cached deer the victor, lying in the shade of an immense pine, rested and licked her blood-soaked hair. She had received several ugly gashes, but none of them necessarily mortal. Again she applied



THE CUBS LAY AWAITING HER RETURN

her soil and pitch-pine remedy and stopped the hemorrhage. Having done this, she realized that she was still very hungry; but Igmu could not under any circumstances eat of the meat left and polluted by the thief. It was the custom of her people and she could not break it.

So Igmu went across from Blacktail to the nearest point upon Bear-runs-in-the-Lodge, her former home, hoping to find some game on the way. As she followed the ravine leading from the creek of her fight, she came upon a doe with her fawn. She crouched down and crawled up close to them, then jumped upon the fawn. The luscious meat—she had all she wanted!

The day was now well advanced, and the harassed mother was growing impatient to reach the babe which she had left in one of the abandoned homes of Mrs. Bobtail Beaver. The trip over the divide between Blacktail and Bear-runs was quickly made. Fear, loneliness, and anxiety preyed upon her mind, and her body was weakened by loss of blood and severe exertion. She dwelt continually on her two babes, so far apart, and her dread lest the wild men should get one or both of them.

If Igmu had only known it, but one kitten was left to her at that moment. She had not left the cave on Cedar creek more than a few minutes when her own cousin, whom she had never seen and who lived near the Eagle's Nest upon the same creek, came out for a hunt. She intercepted her track and followed it. When she got to the den it was clear to Nakpaksa (Torn Ear) that this was not a regular home, so she had a right to enter and investigate. She found to her surprise a little Igmutanka baby in there, and he cried when he saw her and seemed to be hungry. He was the age of her own baby which she had left not long before, and she was not sure but that he was her own and that he had been stolen. He had evidently not been there long, and there was no one near to claim him. So she took him home with her. There she found her own kitten safe and glad to have a playmate, and Nakpaksa decided, untroubled by any pangs of conscience, to keep him and bring him up as her own.

It is clear that had Igmu returned

and missed her baby, there would have been trouble in the family. But, as the event proved, the cousin had really done a good deed.

It was sad but unavoidable that Igmu should pass near her old home in returning for the other kitten. When she crawled along the rocky ledge in full view of the den, she wanted to stop. Yet she could not re-enter the home from which she had been forced to flee. It was not the custom of her people to do so. It is only the home that they vacate by chance that they may re-enter and even reoccupy—but never the home which they were forced to leave. There are evil spirits there.

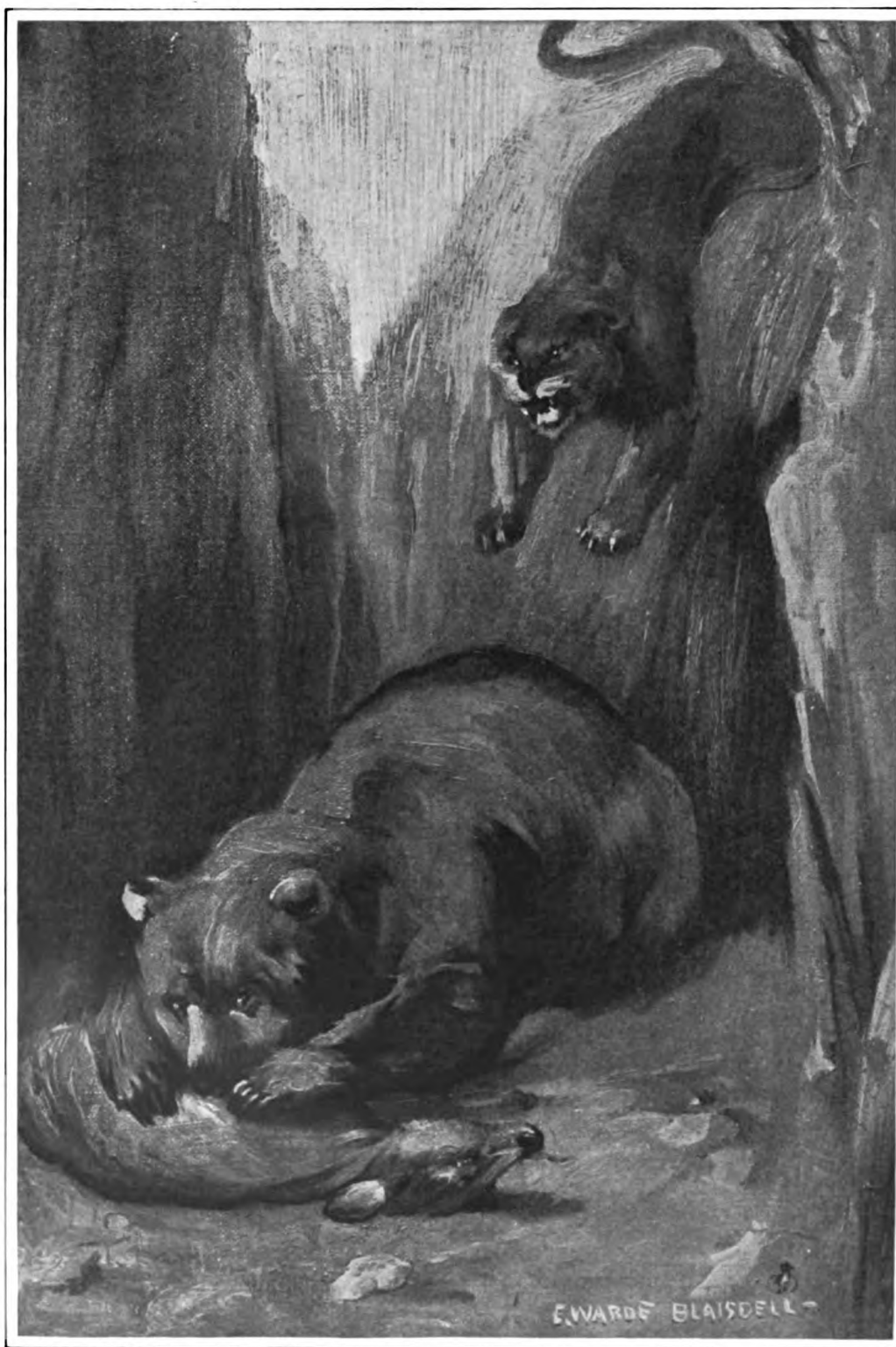
Hurt and wearied, yet with courage unshaken, the poor savage mother glided along the stream. She saw Mrs. Bobtail and her old man cutting wood dangerously far from the water, but she could not stop and warn them, because she had borrowed one of their deserted houses without their permission.

"Mur-r-r-r!" What is this she hears? It is the voice of the wild man's coyotes! It comes from the direction of the kitten's hiding-place. Off she went, only pausing once or twice to listen; but it became more and more clear that there was yelling of the wild men as well.

She now ran along the high ledges, concealing herself behind trees and rocks, until she came to a point from which she could see the trouble. Quickly and stealthily she climbed a large pine. Behold, the little Igmu was up a small willow-tree! Three Indians were trying to shake him down, and their dogs were hilarious over the fun.

Her eyes flamed once more with wrath and rebellion against injustice. Could neither man nor beast respect her rights? It was horrible! Down she came, and with swift and cautious step came within a very few paces of the tree before man or dog suspected her approach.

Just then they shook the tree vigorously, while the poor little Igmu, clinging to the bough, yelled out pitifully, "Waw-waw-waw!" Mother-love and madness now raged in her bosom. She could not be quiet any longer. One or two long springs brought her to the tree. The black coyotes and the wild men were surprised. They fled for their lives.



TWO LONG SPRINGS, AND SHE WAS ON TOP OF THE GRIZZLY

Igmú seized and tore the side of one of the men, and threw a dog against the rocks with a broken leg. Then in lightning fashion she ran up the tree to rescue her kitten, and sprang to the ground, carrying it in her teeth. As the terrified hunters scattered from the tree, she chose the path along the creek-bottom for her flight.

Just as she thought she had cleared the danger-point, a wild man appeared upon the bank overhead and quick as a flash sent one of those winged willows. She felt a sharp pang in her side—a faintness—she could not run. The little Igmú

for whom she had made such a noble fight dropped from her mouth. She staggered toward the bank, but her strength refused her, so she lay down beside a large rock. The baby came to her immediately, for he had not had any milk since the day before. She gave one gentle lick to his woolly head before she dropped her own and died.

"Woo, woo! Igmutanka ye lo! Woo, woo!" the shout of triumph resounded from the cliffs of Bear-runs-in-the-Lodge. The successful hunter took home with him the last of the Igmú family—the little orphaned kitten.

False Impression

(A Prison Poem from Paul Verlaine)

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

LITTLE lady mouse,
Black upon the gray of light;
Little lady mouse,
Gray upon the night.

Now they ring the bell,
All good prisoners slumber deep;
Now they ring the bell,
Nothing now but sleep.

Only pleasant dreams,
Love's enough for thinking of;
Only pleasant dreams,
Long live love!

Moonlight over all,
Some one snoring heavily;
Moonlight over all
In reality.

Now there comes a cloud,
It is dark as midnight here;
Now there comes a cloud,
Dawn begins to peer.

Little lady mouse,
Rosy in a ray of blue,
Little lady mouse;
Up now, all of you!

Champlain

EARLY AMERICAN PIONEERS.—I.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

CHAMPLAIN, of all the Europeans who came to America on voyages of discovery or of adventure, was the first thorough explorer. He is known as the Father of New France, and this means that he was the first to establish a settlement in the part of the North-American continent that is now known as Canada. Others followed him, who established more liberal, more progressive, more intelligent and successful settlements, but Champlain was the first of the Europeans who trod this continent to plant a colony with the intention that its people and their descendants should become the inhabitants of the new country. That his colony did not flourish was due partly to his own limitations, and partly to the French government's incapacity to colonize,—in the face, at least, of English opposition. It is doubtful if any French colony could have existed against this opposition; it is certain that Champlain was not the man to overcome the hard political conditions which faced him, and to become the founder of a French empire in virgin woods which invited the race to rise above its traditions and to seize upon the fresh and rich opportunities of a new continent. The man was neither born nor bred to it, and the race could not comprehend the significance of the promise.

Champlain was born amid the civil and religious strifes of France in the sixteenth century. Somewhere about 1567 he came into the world, at Brouage, which is in the province of Saintonge. The town was the busy centre of the salt industry, and, besides, was a strongly fortified place where much fighting went on between the partisans of Henry of Navarre and of Charles, Cardinal of Bourbon. He came of the dutiful and loyal race of men who officered the French navy, which had been greatly built up not so many years before by

Francis the First. He was a Provençal; but the exuberant race has produced others whose excitement has been qualified by their loyalty to conservatism. His father was an officer of the marine, and so likewise was an uncle, whose rank and talents were soon to be of great service to the youth.

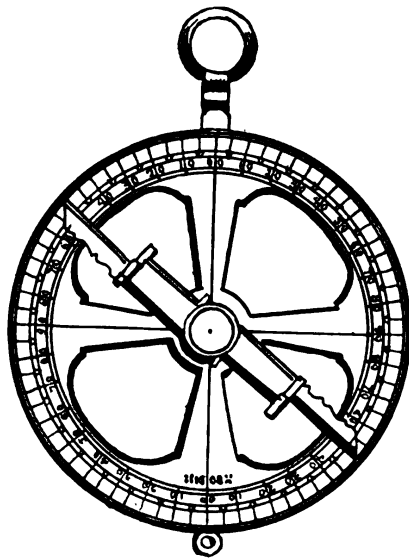
His time and his country bred not only strife, but visions, mysteries, superstitions, and all went, partly at least, to the fanning of angry passions. The existence of sorcery was recognized, and a statute of Henry VIII. had solemnly provided punishment for those who dealt in magic arts. Somewhat later, the ignorant and the malicious prevailed upon the pious and upon the courts in Massachusetts, in consequence of which honest men and women were hanged as witches. The air was full of voices like those which summoned Jeanne d'Arc to the redemption of France. These voices, with the dreams and portents which stirred the imaginations of the men of the sixteenth century, were interpreted according to the desires of the immediate subjects, or in harmony with the purposes and inclinations of others. Sometimes the subject of the spiritual visitation read the auguries for himself; then the conclusions were likely to be honest, although they might be foolish. Sometimes outside soothsayers were consulted, and then it was as likely as not discovered that the supernatural visitors foresaw what the interpreter wished would come about. It was the age not only of the mystic, of the dreamer, of the ardent imagination, of the devoted zealot, of the militant soldier of Catholicism or of Puritanism, but naturally also the age of the charlatan and the pretender; the age of the captain who willingly spent his life in the forests for the "glory of God and the honor of his king"; and the age of the missionary who suffered the tortures of the ingenious and cruel Iroquois in the

hope of extending the jurisdiction of his Church.

In this age of spiritual disorder and unreason, when the intellectual movement which was awakening the yeomen of England was hardly known to the nobleman of France, Champlain was born. Brouage was near to La Rochelle, and was therefore a centre of religious controversy between Catholic and Huguenot. The family was Catholic, but it belonged to that moderate school which joined with the Huguenots in support of Henry against the Catholic League. Champlain's character was therefore formed in the midst of religious strife in which the extreme men of each side firmly believed that the glory of God and the welfare of His people upon earth depended upon the conversion or extermination of the misguided people of the other theological party. The town of his birth was taken and retaken; it was fortified and the fortifications were destroyed again and again during the first twenty-two years of his life. He came to manhood a product of conditions that made for bigotry of one sect or another or for skepticism, but with a mind unmarked by extravagant prejudices, with a heart not hardened by the cruelty that was then common, with the training, the spirit, of an adventurer, with a body capable of enduring the fatigues and

hardships of the life which he chose and followed to the end, and with a sympathy with untamed nature which, according as those who feel it differ from one another, makes of men poets, hermits, hunters, or explorers.

Champlain began his active career as a soldier of Henry IV., and served his time in war among the pious Bretons. After the peace of Vervins was made, in 1598, he was unemployed. He had received excellent training for his future career. He was sailor, soldier, and man of business. He had inherited a love of navigation, and always counted it the chief of occupations for a brave man. He had fought in the wars, and, as quartermaster, had learned how to obtain supplies for a hungry body of men from an impoverished country. He was unemployed for a long time, but his mind was occupied with the dreams of his time. He was looking westward across the ocean to the land which had been found a century before, and which was appealing strongly to all sorts of men in the Old World. The Spanish colonies beyond seas were exciting the cupidity of gold-hunters. Basque, Norman, and Breton fishermen were annually sending their fleets to Newfoundland, which the Basques had named Baccalaos—their word for codfish. Adventurers had brought home furs from the woods of Canada and of Norumbago,—furs that were bought for cheap ornaments from easily gratified savage hunters, and sold for large sums of money to Europeans. The problem of the Northwest Passage was always in the mind of men, and Cartier's discovery of the St. Lawrence, two generations before Henry came to his throne, encouraged men to think of this great stream as the way by which their ships might sail to the regions of Cathay. The religious controversy in Europe stimulated longings for lands beyond the sea where the true faith might flourish unhindered and unpersecuted. The spirit of colonization had also been aroused, and this was the spirit which was to inspire the movements of England and France in America for a century and a half, and finally to result in the disappearance of the one race from the continent and the building up there of great nations of the other.



CHAMPLAIN'S LOST ASTROLABE
Unearthed near North Renfrew

Champlain was not obliged to wait long for his opportunity to begin his career in the New World. Prudent and methodical, a man who never moved, if he could help it, without preparation, he wanted to know what Spain was doing in those mysterious, guarded colonies in South America. Spain treated her possessions as her great treasure-box, and jealously protected them from the intrusion of curious foreigners with a fleet of war-ships. Annually a protected merchant fleet set out from Cadiz to gather the treasures of her gold and silver mines and what other wealth might be ready for transmission, and to bring them home to the kingdom which seemed so rich, but which was swiftly losing its strength. Champlain, waiting impatiently in the town of Blavet, afterwards St.-Louis, soon had his chance. The Spanish allies of the League were waiting to be taken home to their country, and finally they went, under a convoy ordered for them by the Marshal de Brisson. Of this convoy, the largest ship was the *St.-Julien*, a French vessel, commanded by Champlain's uncle, an old Brouage mariner, known as the "Provençal Capitaine," so that Champlain easily set forth on his journeys. The ship going to Spain was chartered by the Spanish for their annual treasure-fleet. Champlain continued in her, and soon he was in America. He visited Cuba, Mexico, and the Isthmus of Panama, and he saw with a minuteness and he reasoned about what he saw with a practical good sense that had not characterized the observations and reports of former voyagers. He studied carefully

the characteristics of the lands he visited, examined their resources, made investigations of the habits and manners of the natives, and after an absence of a little more than two years, returned to Europe



MONUMENT TO CHAMPLAIN. QUEBEC, 1898

with a careful report to Henry IV., which made him a favorite and a pensioner of that monarch. Among the other suggestions which were made by him is one now of especial interest. He advised the building of a canal at Panama, saying that thus the journey westward would be made shorter than that

around Cape Horn by fifteen hundred leagues. His report was accompanied by drawings, of which much sport has been made by writers who have applied the canons of art to the work of this rude draughtsman. It is true that Champlain drew with an infantile ignorance of perspective, but he had a surveyor's



Champlain—

feeling for the value of accuracy, while his drawings and maps, with their descriptive notes, are very valuable features of his narratives, and help to illustrate not only the strange countries and peoples that he visited, but his own patience, thoroughness, carefulness, and the great intelligence with which he disclosed to the people at home the character of the New World and the manner of men who dwelt there.

Whether Champlain, in addition to his pension, now received his patent of nobility is not known; but he was much at the court of the quick-witted and adventurous monarch, and met there the Commander Amyr de Chastes, Governor of Dieppe, one of the ports of France

whose sailors were tempting fate by going for fish to Newfoundland. De Chastes had been to Canada, and had a mariner's and an adventurer's desire to exploit the new land. Champlain's report on the Spanish colonies whetted his appetite for rivalling in the north the achievements and the gains of the Spanish in the south. He believed in the wealth-producing capacities of the northern colonies, which, with all the rest of America, had been conferred upon three nations—Spain, England, and France. French kings had already given their subjects monopolies for trading and for spreading the gospel, which had failed. Cartier, who was a simple navigator, had discovered the St. Lawrence, but Roberval, with a monopoly, had done nothing; de la Roche, with another monopoly, had merely left a handful of convicts on Sable Island, there to lose most of their wretched number; de Chauvin was a successful fur-trader, but he died on the eve of a projected voyage, which would have been his third.

In 1603, Champlain went with Pontgravé, a successful fur-trader of Rouen, on a voyage of reconnaissance for de Chastes, who was kept at home by official duties. The voyage was successful. Champlain passed Tadousac, Quebec, the site of Montreal—called Hochelaga by the Indians, who had disappeared since Cartier's day from the land under the shadow of the mountain which the distinguished Malouan navigator first called Mont Royal. Champlain made his way to the foot of the falls of St. Louis, which he was unable to pass. He met some Algonquin savages, with whom he had pleasant relations, as he always had with Indians against whom he did not make war. They showed him a piece of copper, which may have come from the great mines of Lake Superior—not very dis-

tant as distances are measured in these days, but too distant to be visited by any of the voyagers whom France then sent to America to further her cause and the cause of her national religion.

Champlain had now come in contact with the people of the American woods, and had made fair entry upon the work of his life. He was in his thirty-sixth year when he first went to Canada, if the conjectured date of his birth be the true one. He had been sent out, with the authority of the King, as the explorer of the expedition. He was not captain, or a navigator, nor was he intrusted with any task of command or of government. He was observer for the King and for his friend de Chastes, who died while Champlain was in Canada. At thirty-six he had thus established his fame. A new expedition was formed in 1604, and from now on, during several years, Champlain was the cautious, trustworthy, adventurous explorer for the Huguenot de Monts. In this service he explored some of the coast included in the generous grant of France to de Monts. This grant reached from Philadelphia to the remotest north. Champlain partly explored and mapped the coast of Maine, discovered and named the island of Mount Desert, calling it Monts Deserts, found the Bay of Fundy, the Bay of Annapolis, the country subsequently bestowed upon Pourtrincourt, the capture of which, with the destruction of Port Royal by the English, has been made famous by the verses of Longfellow; then, later, he sailed still farther south along the New England coast, and found his way into the mouths of the Kennebec, dwelt a moment at Saco Bay, passed the three islands off Cape Ann, and looked in at Gloucester Harbor; sailed farther south and glanced at the site of Boston that was to be; went still farther, rounded Cape Cod, and stopped his journeyings along the coast of what is now the United States in the neighborhood of Woods Holl. In all these journeyings he and his associates traded with the natives, feasted with them after their savage customs, and were apparently cordially received by the idlers of the Montagnais, by the warriors of the Hurons, and by the more peaceable Algonquins farther south. Some Indians on

Cape Cod alone attacked the wandering company, but all betrayed characteristics—such as suspicion, treachery, quickness to wrath, instability, and lying—which made them unsafe allies and companions for white men. Champlain, however, it is to be noted, was from first to last a trusted favorite of all those Indians with whom he lived and in whose wars against the Iroquois he allied himself and his country, to the eventual disaster of France.

At last the monopoly of the fur trade was taken away from de Monts. The Basque and Breton mariners and traders whose operations had been interfered with by him had made loud complaints at home, and free trade in peltries was the royal order. Champlain was becoming more and more interested as difficulties thickened. He founded Quebec in 1608, and from that time until his death in 1635 was a Canadian. He went to France from time to time, but his business there was to urge upon the people in authority the value and necessities of New France, to which he gave all his own efforts. His story is intensely interesting, and is best told in his own accounts of his voyages. He took for France the country immediately north and south of the river St. Lawrence. As a Canadian, he joined with the Indians of Canada in their warfare against the fierce Iroquois, and these never forgot their introduction to powder and shot at the hands of Champlain. In that battle of Ticonderoga of 1609, the first of a series of battles fought by French against Indians, by English against French, and by New England against old England, Champlain startled Iroquois ears with a new weapon of war, and lodged in Iroquois hearts a hatred for the French which lasted until the colony established by Champlain was finally surrendered to England in the middle of the following century. He begged France to aid him, but France was exhausted by civil and foreign wars. The King was interested but poor. The new colony was left to traders. First the King gave the monopoly to individual traders. Then, under pressure, threw open the trade to all comers, and to the loss of all. Then Champlain secured the countenance and leadership of noble princes for his Cana-

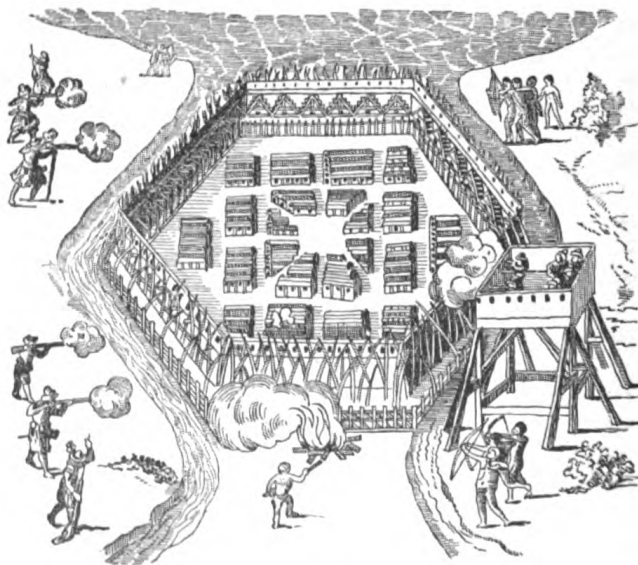
dian project. Charles de Bourbon, the Comte de Soissons, became Viceroy of Canada, and died. Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, father of the great Condé, succeeded. He sold the leadership to the Duc de Montmorency, and he in turn sold it to Lévis, Duc de Ventadour. Merchants of St-Malo and of Rouen unwillingly took shares in the venture, really preferring the chances of cut-throat competition. The Huguenots of La Rochelle declined the share offered them. The government gave no men nor money.

It was the fashion in those days to establish colonies by private enterprise. Neither the government of France nor that of England undertook to do the planting. The merchants, adventurers, religionists, ventured on their own account. But there was a difference. The colonies to the south flourished. The colony on the St. Lawrence wasted away. The energy and the thrift of the one wrought wonders, while the quarrels of Catholic with Huguenot, the dissensions of rival traders, the policy of excluding immigrants from Canada in order that there might be the less competition in the fur trade, as opposed to the hospitality of the English, stamped the French effort with failure from the start. Englishmen formed settlements in which in-

dependent freemen wrought for their own welfare and governed their own homes and their new country. French Huguenots came to the continent to trade in furs and to make money to be enjoyed in France. French Catholics, mystics, Récollets, Jesuits, and the faithful Champlain came hither to convert the savages to their faith, to rear the cross in the wilds, to colonize if the poor, struggling, distracted country at home would only protect and help them. It is to these early days of the sixteenth century that we must look for the most obvious lesson of the comparative merits of a people bred to individual freedom and of a people leaning on paternalism. The most striking illustrations of this difference—a difference which has meant success or failure in all colonial enterprises—are the English colonies of New England and the French colony of New France. But plain as the lesson is, there are still minds that have not learned it and minds that cannot be enlightened.

At last Richelieu was persuaded to take an interest in the struggling fifty or sixty Frenchmen on the rock at Quebec, and formed the company of one hundred associates. The great Cardinal, great in war and in diplomacy, was not great in colonization. He made a trading company, but it did not contain self-govern-

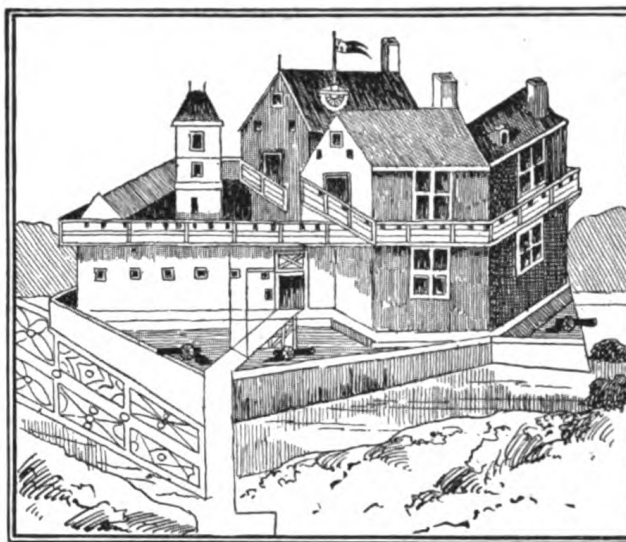
ing men nor enjoy self-governing powers. It was a company of profit-sharing capitalists, and the adventurers were hirelings, under the fatherly control of Champlain, who was lieutenant. It was the fashion in the earlier voyages to send out convicts for settlers; then it became the policy to discountenance settlement in order that the company's agents from home might find more furs to purchase. Then at last Richelieu yielded to the influence of Champlain and of the Jesuits who had gone to Canada in aid of the Récollets, and tried colonization.



ONONDAGA FORT
From a sketch by Champlain

But he shut the doors of Canada in the face of all the world but Frenchmen, and in the face also of the Huguenots, who were the best industrial blood of France. He made a colony dependent on France, and denied it the support of the parent's strong arm. It is no wonder that the colony withered, its gain in strength to about one hundred people being a mere mockery. Champlain died in Quebec, an unsuccessful man, and his burial-place is not now distinguishable. Almost his last cry to France was contained in a letter to Richelieu, in which he pointed out the great work which France might do in Canada if only the great Cardinal, or his King, would spare a small body of men and some money. The men and the money were not given, and France fell in America, the work of Champlain himself, in his endeavor to construct a united Canada of French and Indians, hastening the fall.

Notwithstanding his failure, Champlain is one of the noblest characters of early American history. He was one of the great navigators of a time when a voyage across the Atlantic was taken at the risk of life. He was a persevering and patient worker, a keen judge of men, and a careful and accurate observer. He was an excellent man of business. He was enthusiastic and inspiring, and had wonderful self-control. He was devout and religious, but long experience bred in him a philosophical indifference to theological disputes. He had no vanity, and was unselfish and self-sacrificing. He was humane. He was possessed of the mysticism and superstition of his time; not so deeply, however, that he could not meet with conquering ridicule the deeper mysticism and the more childish superstitions of his savage friends. He was not only a good and courageous navigator, but he was a brave and skilful soldier. Above all, he not only inspired men with his enthusiasm, but invited their confidence, from the King, nobles, and merchants of France to the savages



HEADQUARTERS AT QUEBEC
From a sketch by Champlain

of the woods. In some degree, even as it was then given to Frenchmen to understand the art of politics, he was a statesman; he could settle disputes justly and satisfactorily, and he could administer the affairs of the community under his charge with the requisite skill. Moreover, he had a plan for the adoption of the colony by the King.

His book on navigation shows his knowledge and his appreciation of his art. His maps and descriptions prove his carefulness and thoroughness as an explorer, and he was undoubtedly the first of all the explorers of his age. His mystic nature and his love of adventure led him to pass his life among primeval forests. The revival of the French movement to Canada was due to his inspiring words and example. His bravery and resourcefulness as a soldier were exhibited in battles against the Iroquois. His perseverance and patience were illustrated in his long journey from Montreal in search of the salt sea which Vignan had falsely professed to have discovered; by his tiresome journey still farther to the country of the Hurons to bring them back for the struggle with their enemies; by his unwavering faith in his American enterprise amid the awful winters at the island of St. Croix, at Port Royal, and at Quebec. No failure discouraged him until the last, when the English priva-

teer Kirke had taken Quebec, and no scourge sickened his resolution. From beginning to end his example heartened adventurers and followers. Men showed their confidence in him by intrusting him with money, with ships, and with their very lives, notwithstanding the fact that the story of this early movement to Canada was one of failure, lightened by few successes. Confidence was also shown by Pontgravé and the Basque interloper of the fur trade when they asked him to compose the differences between them. It was shown again when Hurons and Algonquins referred to him as arbitrator the question of war or peace between them. His humanity made him so obviously wretched at the sight of torture that his Huron friends permitted him to shoot an Iroquois prisoner in order to save him from further torture. His knowledge of human nature is shown by his comment on the mutually insulting braggadocio with which the opposing forces of Indians passed the night before the first battle of Ticonderoga,—“As we are wont to do,” he observes, “at the siege of a city.” His self-control was especially noteworthy on two occasions,—once in the Duval conspiracy against him, and again when Vignau had deceived him, and compelled him to take his long and painful journey up the Ottawa. The conspirators could not keep their secret. Champlain had them tempted on board a vessel by an offer of wine, and of this he says, “Voyez donc mes galants bien estonnez.” The ringleader he hanged for an example; the others he sent to France to be dealt with by the courts under the law. He was always referring French matters to French authority in France—the necessity which controlled a perfectly fair and law-abiding French colonizer.

His religion deepened as he grew older, but it never made him harsh and intolerant as became the age. He was shocked to find that his young wife, whom he had married when she was twelve, while he was more than fifty, was a Huguenot. He was a sufficiently devout Catholic to set about her conversion; he was sufficiently philosophical and cool-hearted to permit her to separate from him and to go to a nunnery when he found her, with the zeal of a new convert, catechising the Indians unduly.

As he grew older he believed that fur-trading might be aided by religious teaching, and so invited the Récollet fathers from a convent in his native town of Brouage. He was not partial to the Jesuits, but they were invited by the Récollets, who found their task too heavy for them. That he was charitable to those who injured him is shown by his remark touching the Basques and Bretons who prevailed upon the King to take away the monopoly from de Monts. “God pardon those whom He has taken,” was Champlain’s pious exclamation, “and mend those who are still living.” His skill as a paternal governor of men was shown by the manner in which he managed the affairs of his various companies and composed their quarrels, and by his efforts to form a united Canada and to induce the government of France to aid it and to protect it. He was a great explorer, a bold navigator, a brave and skilful soldier, a man of noble character and of personal power. He was of a country, however, which did not possess the genius for colonization, whose laws and government were hostile to colonists, and whose practices were death to colonies. He was bound by paternal, restrictive, clerical France, and he was willingly bound.



The Preacher's Son

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

A MARVELLOUS circus was coming to town. All the boys were going; they had planned for weeks, disputing about the many acts on the show-bills. The preacher's son had joined in as much as he could, yet deep in his heart he knew that he would not be allowed to go. Sometimes he felt that he was wrong in letting the fellows think he was going. Sometimes he wished that the circus wouldn't come to Greenfield at all, but just spread its splendid bills all over town; that would have been enough for a preacher's son, who couldn't go. Now, on this last evening, he sat on the stoop of the parsonage, his chin in his hands, his bare toes curling over the edge of the bottom step. The circus would be there in the morning. He had asked his father again, for the last time, at the supper table. His father, of course, had said no. The preacher's son didn't know what he was going to do. Some of the fellows had whistled for him back in the alley, but he wouldn't answer. Besides everything else, it was prayer-meeting night, and that by itself was enough to make him sad.

The first bell had just rung, and it yammered away long after it should have left at peace a world that was trying to be happy; that is, as happy as it could be under the circumstances, considering that its centre had to be a preacher's son and live next door to a church, and be marked out as different from all the other boys in the world. Old Griffin, the sexton, had opened the church door—or half of the church door, knowing that a half-opened door would admit all who would come to prayer-meeting,—and now was lighting up the basement. The people, a very few of them, were coming to church. On entering they took seats far apart, so as to avoid each other. They sighed now and then, and sometimes groaned, as they had to do if they wished to be truly

good. The preacher's son had realized long ago that he never could be truly good. He had a certainty of conviction that he had been conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, though he did not put it in those terms. There seemed to be some legend of ill omen, like those about certain families in books he had read, which had come down to him as the last of a tragic line of victims—all preachers' sons. Everybody had a way of saying, when he was around,

"Preacher's son, you know—always turn out bad."

The evening had grown quite dark, and the bill-boards across the street were lost in shadows. The second bell rang; there it was again, scolding the world for wishing to go to circuses, or to the Opera House, or trying to have any fun. The father of the preacher's son came out of the house with his Oxford Bible under his arm, shaking out his handkerchief so as to have it all ready. He would not budge an inch for his father to get down the steps; he felt just that way toward him that night.

"Coming in?" his father said to his mother.

"No, not to-night," his mother said; "I'm very tired."

He marvelled at times at his mother's independence of the church.

His father stepped off the side of the stoop and hurried across the lawn. The bell had ceased to toll—he would not have to hear it again until Sunday morning, and that was something; or would have been were it not for the circus. His mother came out and sat down beside him. In the church they were getting ready to pray; he could hear his father's voice, and he knew he was saying,

"Brother Doane, will you lead us?"

The preacher's son would not edge up to his mother's side the least bit.

"What is my little boy thinking of?" asked the mother presently.

"Nothin'."

"Hadn't he better run up to bed?"

He made no reply. They need not think that he was going to be pleasant and agreeable, and laugh and talk, just as if nothing had happened.

"You'll want to be up early in the morning, you know," she went on.

His heart gave a little leap.

"What for?"

"To see the parade."

This was too much; this was what is called adding insult to injury. To deprive him of the circus, and then to expect him to be tamely satisfied with the parade, which anybody could look at for nothing! He would show them; he would run away with the circus; the circus would be glad to have any boy who was abused at home; then some day he would come back and forgive them, and send them free tickets so they could see him perform in his pink tights and spangles. He thought of this for a few moments,

but felt that he ought to give them another chance.

"Mamma, why can't I go?" he asked.

"Because, dear, papa does not think it best."

He stamped his bare feet and cried: "Well, I don't see why. All the other fellows can. I could get in for a quarter. I'm not *much* more'n twelve."

The mother had no reply. After waiting an instant he whined:

"Aw, please let me go. I'll never ask again."

"Don't tease mamma, dear," she said. "Run on now and wash your feet. It's bedtime."

This was another of their cruel impositions; they did it on purpose, just to be mean. His feet would get every bit as dirty to-morrow.

"Run along," urged the mother.

The preacher's son slowly rose and limped painfully around the house, walking, as to his left foot, on his toes, to spare his stone-bruise. He went to the cistern and pumped water on his feet, and then stole into the house by the back way. But he heard a call:

"Did you wash your feet?"

"Yes, 'm."

"And aren't you going to say good night?"

"Good night," he said, reluctantly.

"But, my dear—" He heard his mother coming. She took him up-stairs. She got water and towels and soap, and kneeling before him as he sat on the edge of his bed, she bathed his feet herself and made him say his prayers, then tucked him in, kissed him, and left him in the dark.

Lying there, thinking of the circus, after a long while he heard the sounds that told him prayer-meeting was over. He heard his father bid someone good night at the gate. Then he heard his



"PREACHER'S SON, YOU KNOW--ALWAYS TURN OUT BAD"

father and mother talking. He knew that they were talking of him. He strained his ears to hear. He heard his father say, "Poor little chap."

And then his father began again: "Sometimes I—" But he stopped there.

After a while the minister went up to the room where his boy lay, and placed his hand on the child's brow.

"Good night, my little son," he said, gently.

The preacher's son felt the lump suddenly come into his throat, but he didn't answer.

Greenfield awoke early for circus day. Before the preacher's son could snatch his breakfast the country people were coming to town; their horses were hitched to the racks along Main Street, and Klaus's feed and sale barn was full, the muddy buggies standing in the yard, lifting their shafts into the air, with the holdbacks dangling from them. But the preacher's son was full of business; he was hurrying along toward Cannon's lot, where the show-grounds were. The big wagons, covered with mysterious canvases, were being hauled from the railroad; as they jolted along their heavy little wheels clucked in a way that no wagon other than a circus wagon ever could. The preacher's son tried to decide which were the chariots, which the band-wagon; when he saw the cages, he had a sense of breathless mystery in thinking of the wild beasts that cowered within. The men who sat far up on the boxes of these monstrous wagons swayed and jolted with them; from their fists radiated bewildering masses of reins. They did not see him, of course.

The preacher's son broke into a little trot; his sore heel was forgotten; he went nimbly. Cannon's lot was all alive when he got there; everywhere stood



EIGHT TIMES HE MADE THAT TRIP

those big wagons, some still hooded with their tarpaulins, others uncovered and discharging seats and poles painted that delicious blue. And everywhere men were rushing about under the direction of a large and burly man. This man, it was understood, was the boss canvas-man, and he swore. The preacher's son regretted this; it seemed somehow to go against his theory that circuses were highly moral. The bills said so; the pink pamphlet that mysteriously showed itself all over town a month before the circus came laid great stress on this point of morality; to judge from the pamphlet, the circus must be some superior sort of travelling evangelist. The preacher's son was disappointed by this flaw in the boss canvas-man. It would be just as well not to tell about him at home. So the preacher's son edged away. He had hoped to see the centre pole raised; all of the boys had intended getting up early to find out how it was done. But now the

centre pole was up; there it stood, tall, immense, and blue, guyed with innumerable ropes, a flag already drooping at its peak. He wished he could see them make the ring. The boys had often discussed this; the wonder was how they got it so round. At times they had come across a ring in Cannon's lot, and were glad as scientists who have found the bones of some extinct animal. As scientists they built up in their imaginations the whole circus; they stood here and there within the ring, saying to themselves, "Here the clown, here the ring-master stood," testing the sensation; and there fell upon them a kind of awe, full of the regret of things irrevocable and past.

But now he was afraid to go too close. He could only stand afar off and watch the whirling disk the men made with their mauls as they drove the stakes into the ground. Down at the farther end of the lot he could see the long rows of low tents out of which the tails of the horses were switching in the sun. He wanted to study the Shetland ponies, but there was much to do, and he had to watch out for the camels and elephants. Then they ought to be getting ready for the parade; this would be at ten o'clock, and there was not much time, though the circus men did not seem to be bothered about it. He wondered how they could take it so coolly.

While he was trying to make up his mind, he stopped to look at eight big horses, perfectly white, that stood munching their feed just like the common horses of Greenfield. The man in charge of them leaned against one of the tent-poles, wrapping a rag about his hand; the hand was bruised and bloody. Doubtless the man had been bitten by one of the animals. In his fascination the preacher's son drew nearer. Suddenly the man turned.

"Say, kid," he said, "want a job?"

The preacher's son was overwhelmed. The man came out from the tent.

"I've hurt my hand. You water my horses for me and I'll take you in."

It was to be, then, after all! He would get to see the show! His conscience checked him; and then he got mad at his conscience: he just had to go now, after this, sin or no sin. He took the man up

right there, and in the beating sun he toiled back and forth from the well of the Irish woman who lived on the edge of the lot. Eight times he made that trip, the blue bucket bumping against his legs as he strained to prevent any of the water spilling. He saw the great tents slowly rise and swell in the little wind; he saw the flags of all nations flutter to their white pinnacles; he even saw far off the elephants, ponderous and sedate, marched here and there by their keepers,—he could not see them as closely as he had planned, but it didn't matter now. The parade was forming, but that didn't matter either. All the people, the farmers' sons and everybody, would think he belonged to the circus. He acted as if it were nothing to him to be watering those horses.

He stood by while the man threw the white leather harnesses on the horses; the bridles had red blinds. The man let him lead two of the horses out to the chariot; the man led, somehow, the other six himself. When they stepped into their places, he did as the man told him, and fastened a buckle here and there. Three or four of the kids appeared from somewhere. He didn't even look at them; and of course they didn't dare to speak. They knew now that he was going to run away with the circus! The common belief about preachers' sons strengthened the notion.

The man got out his uniform and put it on; and he stuck the plumes in the horses' bridles. Then he told the preacher's son to come around at one o'clock, mounted to his seat, and gathered up his bewildering white reins. Far off a cornet trilled. The chariot moved; the procession was about to start.

The preacher's son flew across the lot and down the street, far ahead of the procession. Then he took his post in the gutter and waited. The parade came by, its banners shaking, its chariots jolting with that strange cluck of the wheels.

He watched it carefully, the bands, the ladies and gentlemen riding their piebald horses, the clown in his cart, the elephant and camels, all gayly caparisoned; at last, bringing up the rear, the calliope. Then he flew ahead to Main Street, and reviewed it all once more. He kept his eye out for his friend of the chariot.

There he was, driving the eight white horses! The preacher's son had his hand ready to wave; the man looked once his way, but—no, he did not see him. Of course it was hardly to be expected. He had intended to go back and see the grand free entertainment which would be given on the show-grounds immediately after the parade, but the Court-house clock was striking twelve, and it was dinner-time. He thought maybe he had better not go home; he might not be able to get away again; it would be just the luck of a preacher's son. But it was bad enough to go to the circus. He would let his guilt concentrate itself, as it were, on this one necessary deed.

They were just sitting down to dinner when he got there. He felt like a guilty wretch, but it *must* be done. He could not stop to count the cost; though, looking ahead, he knew how he would suffer when it was all over. He would have to go about with this wicked secret in his heart all the days of his life, for ever and ever!

He could scarcely eat; food choked him—though there was cherry pie that day. He hurried through his dinner, and made ready to bolt before they could think up anything for him to do. And then—his mother told him to come into his bedroom. He knew it would turn out just that way.

"My dear," she said, "do you wish to go to the circus so very badly?"

He looked up, and he had to wonder why his mother stopped and kissed him so suddenly.

"You know, dear, that your father does not approve of circuses."

He nodded hurriedly. There was no use to talk about that now; especially as his father had seen at last that he was wrong about circuses.

"But he has decided," his mother went on, "that you may go this once."

And she gave him a silver half-dollar.

"You can now see for yourself, dear," his mother said, with a twinkle in her eyes, "what a very wicked thing a circus is."

He could hardly stop for her kiss.



"YOU MAY GO THIS ONCE"

The preacher's son ran all the way to the show-grounds. The great tents were still there; the crowd, spread all over the lot, gathered in a knot around the ticket-wagon, and then flowed on into the menagerie tent. The side-shows, with their pictures, tempted him; the men in front assured the crowd that the big show would not begin for an hour. Had his faith in men been stronger, he might have gone into the side-shows, but he had his doubts about his friend of the chariot.

Whenever he looked at the ticket-wagon he could squeeze his half-dollar

and feel safe. He could buy a ticket; if the man doubted his age, he could buy a full-priced ticket. More than all, his father and mother had said he could go; at times, in order to retain the joy of this, he almost wished that his doubts of his friend of the chariot would come true, so that he would have to pay his way in. But he had a scheme of finance, and it had, somewhere, a taint of dishonesty. His conscience told him that, after all, he was plotting the same deceit he had intended to practise from the beginning; but he couldn't stop for his conscience now.

The eight white horses turned from their canvas troughs to look at him out of their pink eyes. The man lay asleep on a truss of hay in the shadow of the tent. The preacher's son was afraid to wake so great a man, but he drew nearer and nearer, his bare feet rustling in the straw. His friend of the chariot was a man whose slumbers were necessarily light, and too often broken, no doubt, to say nothing of having his hand bitten, and so it was that he started up quick-

ly. The preacher's son grinned, and shook with dread. The man scrambled to his feet.

"Come on," he said.

The preacher's son felt that he had done the man an injustice, and he longed to make amends. He stole to the man's side, and somehow found his hand in the great horny one that could hold so many reins.

"Now, does your other hand hurt you much?" the preacher's son asked.

"Well, enough," the man said.

"Did, now, the zebra bite you?"

The man looked down into the face of the preacher's son, a smile in his eyes.

"It wasn't the zebra," the man said; "it was the hippopotamus."

The boy's eyes widened.

"Behold now behemoth," the man said; "he eateth grass as an ox."

The man chuckled. There must have been in the words, for him, something droll, comic, for he repeated them, giving each syllable its full measure:

"Behold now behemoth; he eateth grass as an ox."



"IT WASN'T THE ZEBRA," THE MAN SAID



HE SAT MUNCHING HIS PEANUTS AND HIS POP-CORN

Could it be that the man knew his father was a preacher? It seemed as if he never could get away from that. They made for the blank wall of the tent; they went under the guy-ropes. The preacher's son, watching out for the man with the club who keeps boys from sneaking in under the tent, kept close to his friend's side, and his friend pressed right on. He lifted the drop of the tent; the preacher's son glanced about him; at last he was there! It was hot and sultry in the tent, yet the shade made it cool to him. There was the strange circus smell, compounded of the smell of trampled grass, of peanuts, the overpowering smell of wild beasts; the people were strolling about, he could hear their voices, but they seemed away off; he could hear the chattering of the monkeys, the shrill caw of parrots, the soft tread of animals, the clang of iron bars as they lunged against the sides of their cages; and right beside him, there were the elephants, and chief among them the mighty Bolivar, shackled to four stakes. The preacher's son was secretly glad that Bolivar was shackled; he was rocking uneasily from side to side, his trunk in

constant nervous motion, thrusting here and there, rummaging in the hay at his feet. Now and then he tossed earth and straw upon his back.

The preacher's son was studying how he should spend his money. It would be wise, he thought, to save at least a quarter in case they should put him out. He bought a bag of peanuts, and pressed up to the rope before Bolivar. The elephant recognized a friend and strained on his chains. The preacher's son shrank from Bolivar's trunk; there was something appalling about it; it was like a snake. He shrank even more as its cold wet end touched his hand, but as it slowly curved and carried the peanut up to the little red triangular mouth the preacher's son grew more confident, and gave Bolivar another peanut and another, until he had fed them all to the trunk, and the trunk had fed them all into the elephant.

The preacher's son laid out a dime in peanuts for himself, and then, feeling thirsty, he bought a glass of the red lemonade that came so highly recommended, holding the tall glass in both hands to drink it. Then he bought some more peanuts for the monkeys, and made

a tour of the cages, examining each animal carefully. There were signs that the performance was about to begin. He followed the crowd down the long tent and entered the circus. He was tempted to take a reserved seat, but he still felt that he had better keep a quarter for an emergency. He could not yet be quite certain; he was sure that something must happen to spoil his afternoon. Some superstition, some inherited instinct of the impermanence of happiness, of the calamity that lurks in every joy, made him careful. He risked another nickel on pop-corn, and passed thoughtfully to his seat.

With the grand entry he settled down to a long afternoon of delight. His little face, red with the heat, and rimmed by his straw hat, looked out from the other faces, older than his and mostly vapid, that were massed along that side of the tent. He sat munching his peanuts and his pop-corn, and his little world faded away as he lost himself in the splendors that were unrolled before him. Each new act came as a surprise, but when he remembered the act as one he had seen on the bills, the joy of surprise gave way to the subtler joy of recognition. He had almost forgotten the Siegrist Family, though the fellows had been half crazy over them for two weeks, and when the little boys in their pink tights, with their hair smartly combed, capered into the ring and kissed their hands right and left, and then began their surprising tumbling, his joy mounted to an ecstasy of bliss, mingled with an ecstasy of regret that he could not have been one of those highly favored brothers. For him these hours would quickly pass, Greenfield would sink back into her normal slumber, the boys would resume their common life, but for the boys of the Siegrist Family there would be an unending circus. He felt a pang of jealousy because of the Siegrist Family; it pained him to think of them in the midst of other multitudes, out of his presence forever, yet smiling in pink tights, with their hair smartly combed, and tumbling, though he could not be there to see.

Romeo Sebastian, the pad-rider, and Ferdinand Sigrino, who was announced by the ringmaster as about to present an act of changes representing Pickwick

characters, were satisfactory, but they could not come up to the Siegrist Family. When a vender announced the old clown's song-book, containing all the latest and most popular songs and ballads of the day, the preacher's son bought one, intending it for a gift to his mother. He meant, however, before giving it to her, to learn all the songs by heart, and to surprise both her and his father by singing them. He felt just then capable of high and perfect deeds; nothing seemed beyond his powers, and he had no doubt that he could sing those songs as imitatively as the old clown himself, such is the inspiring effect of art.

The acts passed in a succession all too rapid, the tumbling, the riding, the trapeze-performing, the leap for life from the apex, or dome, of the large tent, until a man with a handkerchief tied about his neck stepped into the ring, and standing near the centre pole, began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, at this stage of our entertainment it is customary to announce the grand concert, which occurs immediately after this performance in the large tent."

The preacher's son awoke with a start. He had a sickening conviction that this meant the end, and nothing could shake this conviction, not even the man himself when he said:

"We do not make this announcement at this time to indicate that the performance is concluded, for it is not one-half begun, but merely to enable you all to obtain tickets from the polite and gentlemanly ushers who will now wait upon you."

The band struck up briskly, the ringmaster cracked his whip, the calico horses jingled their sleigh-bells, the performers began again with a new enthusiasm, but the illusion was gone; the preacher's son could see through their hypocrisy. He was not afraid now of being put out, and he had ten cents left to buy a ticket from one of the polite and gentlemanly ushers, who were already swarming over the tiers of seats. He tried to believe that the concert would be as good as the circus itself, but he hated to see the people climb down from their seats; it seemed that they should have sat still until the last act was performed. His consolation was in

thinking of how the fellows would look up to him the next day; none of them had ever got in under the tent, or stayed to the concert.

The concert was not all it might have been; the dancers that clattered their clogs on the hollow stage, the burnt-cork minstrels, the painted women who sang in cracked voices, were all in a hurry to get through, and meanwhile the circus men were shamelessly getting things ready for the evening performance. There was a little spasm of interest when the attendants ran into the ring with a tank, and Lulu the Water Queen tilted in after them on her toes. She ducked herself in the tank and pretended to knit under the water, but she was soon out again, bowing and throwing kisses. The boys were not impressed by her. They could stay under water themselves, and if they couldn't knit, it wasn't because they couldn't stay under long enough. The water in Mad River wasn't clear enough to let you be seen anyway. Some of them, indeed, declared that Lulu didn't sit in the tank, but behind it, so you could see through the water and the glass; others had private information that she wore a rubber suit, though they couldn't have told how she got her breath even if it had occurred to any of them to ask.

The act of Lulu the Water Queen ended the concert, and the circus was over. The preacher's son would have liked to linger in the menagerie tent, but the animals were all sleepy, and their attendants had a manner that made him hasten on. He wished then that he had waited until night. Perhaps if he had saved his money he might have gone again; maybe his father and mother would have let him. He remembered to have heard that the animals were wilder at night; that was when they hunted their prey. He wished he could see them

with their fiery eyes and alert ears; it would be more dangerous. But now he must go, and in another moment he was blinking his eyes once more in the sunlight of Greenfield.

All the way home he began to have morbid doubts about his honesty, and the first thing he did was to tell his mother. She only smiled, and his father seemed to see something funny in it. He was surprised but glad. In the evening they all sat out on the stoop. The preacher's son told over and over again the jokes of the old clown, or such of them as he could recall; the points of most of them seemed somehow to have got away from him. Now and then, on the grass, he tried to give them some realization of what they had missed in the way of the tumbling of the Siegrist Family; he could do it better when he got some snake oil to make him limber.

Far away he could hear the strains of the circus band, and at last the clatter of the seats as they were being taken down. Then the town was silent, save for the jolting of the loaded wagons as they rumbled back to the railroad. The preacher's son had grown sleepy and had to go to bed. His mother was tucking him in, when suddenly his father called:

"Look out the window!"

In the soft dust of the street below, the elephants were shuffling by, great, ghostly, and silent. Their forms swayed as they paced swiftly along; their keepers walked sleepily at their heads; now and then one of the men spoke some little command. Bolivar led,—the preacher's son could tell him anywhere; behind him came the others, down to the little baby elephant, which, in the morning, he had felt he would like to own. He watched them in silence until they had disappeared. And then he crawled back to bed, and in the middle of his mother's good night he fell asleep.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is a danger in recurring to a theme of the past which every writer is aware of, and which the periodical writer has peculiarly to guard himself against, if he would appeal to his readers with the freshness which he would like to have, or seem to have, for them. It is then quite with the understanding that we now approach from a new quarter that we take up the question, somewhat debated here a year ago and more, whether poetry was as much read now as it once was. At that time we remember expressing a mild surprise, and perhaps a touch of rash regret, that our inquiry for a general opinion on the point, had met so little response. Out of some fifty States of the Union we noted that only some eight had made any sign of interest in so vital a matter, and that the balance against the prevalent indifference was imperfectly dressed by the fact that certain of the States which spoke at all, had spoken twice. What did it avail that two voices rose from New Jersey, if none were heard from the broad commonwealths bordering on the Great Lakes, and but one from those on the Mexican Gulf, with none again from those stretching their vast levels from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, or sloping down from their snowy tops to the surges of the Pacific? The September number of last year's Magazine had hardly had time, however, to reach its innumerable readers in every part of the country, when others of the dormant republics roused themselves, and began to pour out and to pour in a volume of conviction and conjecture, which had dwindled only the other day to a final rill from Indiana, contributing the belief that poetry was read by a great many more men than would own it, because they were generously, or ungenerously, ashamed of indulging a fondness unbecoming their years and sex. In the chorus that arose, the varying accents of New York, Ohio, Colorado, Minnesota, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Michigan, West Virginia, Kansas, Indiana, Massachusetts, the District of Columbia, New Jersey, and Iowa, dis-

tinguished themselves, for the first or second time, and from several of these States the response was duplicated and triplicated. But even this much larger return left the great majority of the States to be heard from, and the South was as solid in the silence which it preserved, on the question of the present reading and liking of poetry, as in its opposition to the spread of the favorite political principles of the North. We do not mean that there is a moral or psychical relation between the two solidities, or that any sociological inquiries or conclusions should be based upon the fact observed; and we were already convinced that a whole region like that lying below Mason and Dixon's line could not be cold to the claims of verse. But we are not going to reopen the question in its former phase at all; we wish rather to invite our readers to the study of some intellectual conditions among us as they have revealed themselves in several of the later letters we have received; and in permitting ourselves to quote frankly from one of the letters we hope we shall be able to keep ourselves at least as clear from offence against the confidence reposed in us as when we dealt with their like before.

I

One of the most interesting, and at the same time dismaying, facts concerning such culture as we have seems to be the fact that the study of literature in our schools kills the pleasure which might be otherwise taken in it out of school. Some of our correspondents testify that they now "cannot bear" the poets whom they "had" in school; and it seems as if, after all the well-meant endeavor of late years to supply "literary" text-books for the use of students, they had been so mistakenly used as to give a lasting distaste for that which ought to have been lifelong a sweet morsel under the tongue. Apparently the pieces of literature employed as a means of drilling the mind become so inextricably associated with the tiresomeness of the process that their real nature and office are lost upon the mind

so drilled. But this is a chance which the intelligence of a cultivated teacher ought to avert; and it ought never to be forgotten that literature can be enjoyed only in perfect freedom. Teaching should always render study delightful, for that which we like will alone like us. Where the error lies, our correspondents none of them say, though so many of them touch upon it that it must be a common error as well as a very disastrous one. Doubtless literature ought never to be used as a discipline. A painter who made the picture of a great master the means of drilling his atelier in those intangible laws of art which lie in the depths of the love of creating the beautiful, would be doing some such mischief as the teacher who holds up a divine poem as a rigorous example to be analyzed, and followed according to the principles of its construction. Nobody can really say, not the poet who made it, what these principles are; but everybody can be instructed in their lovely effect, and taught to feel it. When literature dies into grammar, that is the end of it in the mind that might otherwise love it and cherish it. It will of course be more difficult to get teachers who can intelligently read a fine passage of literature than to get fine passages of literature to read, but we incline to the notion that the only hope of imparting the love of literature, and not the hate of it, in schools, must be through its glad interpretation by the teacher; and this interpretation must be personal, direct, and voluntary, on both sides, and quite exterior to the routine of the curriculum. Not at the end of a fagging school-day, when all spirits are jaded, but in the midst of it when a little respite is needed, let the teacher "read from some treasured volume the poem of his choice," and among those who listen there must be many who will remember and wish to learn more of that poet and of all poetry.

It is not through knowing how literature is made, for that is ultimately an unknowable thing, that literature, at least in its supreme manifestation of poetry, is to be loved, but through feeling the appeal that it has already made to some other heart. This appeal is most direct when it reports itself from the

heart of the father or the mother to the child; but unhappily most children go to school from homes where not only the love of books, but books themselves, are lacking. We are a literate people; far beyond any other people, we know how to read and write, but it would carry amaze little short of terror to the lover of literature if he could realize how many American homes are without books, or worse than without them in having a few books which are really not literature at all. The wonder is not that we read poetry so little, but that we read it as much as we do, however little that may be. Yet the sense of it seems mystically independent of books, and lies inarticulate at the roots of life itself, waiting or seeking some chance of consciousness from experiences apparently the most alien to it. We get now and then a hint of this from some one whom our workaday world has ground through a series of occupations and interests falsely supposed to be fatal to the sense of poetry; and such a hint we think will reach the reader in the letter of one of our correspondents, which first roused our interest because it was written in pencil on the blank forms of a Western manufacturing company's bills of lading.

II

"The business drudge," our correspondent begins, "who writes this letter, is forty-five years of age. Was for many years engaged in a wholesale manufacturing business, at which he was uniformly but moderately successful, and in which he found small leisure for literature. Is at present engaged in cattle-ranching in the hill districts of —, which yields more leisure but less opportunity; and if any scant herbage is herein to be found, same may be considered as

In traffic and ledger pressed and dried.

All this that the Easy Chair may properly classify what is herewith offered." The writer then goes on to give it as his opinion that fancy and imagination are not on the decline; that our hearing is by no means thickened. "All are alive and as active as ever they were; only, driven into smaller time and space by the press of other affairs. . . . With a

wider diffusion of wealth, which means wider opportunity and education than the world has ever known before, it does not seem possible that so important a part of literature as poetry should fail to receive its full share of attention. Has the Easy Chair asked itself why so few of its many thousand readers responded to its question? Was it not largely that each expected the other and more capable one to answer? . . . And is the Easy Chair right in assuming that most readers of poetry are so very young? Truly, most of us have more leisure in early life, and most of us discover the principal poets then. The writer will never forget the intoxicating delight of his first dip into Byron . . . at, it should be owned, the age of seventeen years; and, a little later, into Burns. Can it be possible that the earth still has in store for him any such exquisite and unalloyed pleasure? Earth holds these delightful surprises but once for each of us; but they exist for all time and in full potency for our successors. . . .

The eternal Saki from her bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us—

But how few like them! Pearls are not found in bucketsful. Has Persia others like Omar Khayyám? . . . Should a literary star of such magnitude arise would it not at once have our attention? Is Kipling of such luminosity? But we all discovered him at once and still expect much of him, he is really wonderful. We cannot imagine to what heights he would have reached had he devoted himself to verse wholly, but take him as he is and are thankful. . . .

All good fellows whose beards are gray,
still believe of—

Love, young love, bound in thy rosy bands,
Let saint or cynic prattle as they will,
Thine hours and thine alone, repay long
years of ill.

But how many of them would publish the above sentiment on office door or business stationery? The trouble is that we are not sufficiently ingenuous with ourselves and each other . . . do not confide in those with whom we hunt or ride or drive. And then the bread and butter!

Or, it may be the running-horse, the pleasure-yacht, or private-car question is always more or less with us. . . . Still, many a subject unpromising enough to the eye would surprise the Easy Chair, if his inner feelings as to poetry could be made manifest. . . . I recall that the present Easy Chair when in charge of the Study reviewed the work of a poet whose name I have unfortunately forgotten. The Study quoted these lines on Byron:

Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those
Whom delight flies because they give her
chase;
Only the odor of her wild hair blows
Back in their faces, hungering for her
face!"

III

To the effect of this and more concurrently run the thinking and feeling of a correspondent for quoting whom at so much length we should rather make our excuses to him than to our readers; for we cannot suppose so poorly of them as to suppose them insensible to the charm of his frankness and sincerity, desultorily, incoherently, sometimes all but inarticulately uttering itself. So genuine a spirit and so dear to all who know his work as William Watson would have pleasure in knowing that his beautiful poem had been so long the nameless guest of a memory hospitable to such varied forms of the beautiful, and we would willingly go a little out of the wandering way of our correspondent's talk of the present state of poetry to gratify him with the fact he seeks. But it is not really out of that way. The fact that he has so long remembered Mr. Watson's lines, level with the highest range of his many beloved poets, is one proof of his authority to speak for the immense multitude of the anomalous Americans whom he represents, and is very germane to the great matter. Any one who knows the average American life must recognize in him the paradoxical compatriot whose picture could have been painted from many an original of the witness's personal acquaintance; for your average American is in nothing more normal than in seeming anomalous. This was truer of him in the past, but it is true in the present, though how it will be in the future we cannot foretell; for perhaps

the coming American who is destined to receive his training more from the outside, may be more of the type of the school-disciplined European.

It is because such an American as our correspondent is not only entitled to speak for our innumerable majority, but because he is historically precious, that we have been so glad to hear him, and could well accept him as the last word on the question before us,—if there is any question still before us. Among the other letters which we have received, are many which gracefully and subtly and ably treat of it, but none which goes so directly to the root of the matter. The writer is not the less convincing for being at times illogical, and even self-contradictory. He doubts if it is only in our youth that we like poetry, and his words leave unbridged the chasm which lies between this doubt and his confession that it is in our youth we discover the principal poets. But his thoughts bridge it, and he finds that in his own case at least "the business drudge" at forty-five still tastes his sweetest pleasure in the poetry loved at seventeen, when the world was not so workaday, and neither the necessity of bread and butter, nor the luxury of the running horse or the private car, filled so much of it. In the apparent break of his reasoning he merely leaves unsaid the truth implied, namely, that in the loose play of our circumstances we Americans keep more of our youth than any other people. We are not sentimental like the Germans, or romantic like the English, or abstractly logical like the Latin peoples, but we are more poetical than any of them, for it has been the condition of our national existence that we went back to the heart of nature in our continental struggle with her, and have somehow stayed there. The poetry we live is often grotesque enough, it is often ridiculous and mischievous in its faith in a destiny independent of action, and in a readiness to discount the effects of causes. But still it is the dream of youth in us, and our willingness to

Obeys the voice at eve obeyed at prime,

is an earnest of the survival of the poetry of our youth in us, which cannot be denied. It will be a fatal day for us if ever we barter this birthright for a mess of

such pottage as the Old World can give us in recognizing our material grandeur through our financial or military force.

That day cannot come, however, till the average American as we yet know him, and as some of us have known him well enough to love him, shall have passed away, and become a hero-myth of the romancers. The romancers are as yet too dim of sight and slow of mind to see him and value him aright, but there seems no good reason why the poets should not discern and appreciate him. The romancers, poor souls, think him commonplace because he is common; or if ever there comes to their dense intelligence some hint of his preciousness, they wish to paint him colossal, and impute to his simple and sarcastic honesty the tinsel motives, which they have got out of the romances they have read but no one has lived. He needs to be taken in his verity and his integrity, as nearly as may be, and the poet who shall divine the means of taking him so will find the future by his side when he walks abroad, trying to keep step with him. Whether the present will also be there is another matter, but one which, as we understand the poet, he need not look too anxiously into.

IV

We seemed once to have had such a poet, but he apparently was seeking the spectacularly average American, and in default of him he turned and celebrated himself, whom he found richly spectacular. He was not the average American, however, for the average American is never spectacular; and we warn all intending poets to beware of imagining him so. He will have to be taken on his own quiet terms, not in any high moment of public manifestation, but in the simple privacy of his fifteen-hundred-dollar house in his village or suburbs, or in his fifteen-dollar flat in the city, where the true seer will find him abounding as often as on the prairie or the edge of the fast-receding woods. In fact, we are not sure but if we were in the mood of definitely advising the poetic prospector, we should direct him to the more inexpensive neighborhoods of New York, as the regions in which this deeply domesticated husband, this impassioned parent, this con-

scientious citizen, this droll, wise, kindly, average American, might be more immediately found. It has been our own honor and pleasure to sit beside him on a bench in Central Park, and enjoy the pleasure of his conversation, never offered, but freely given if asked for, and rich in the elements of poetry. But you must first master the great secret, which the great masters of our time have divined beyond those of any other, that there is very little difference in men, before you are fit for his delightful company. You must learn that their differences lie on the surface, and are the effect of their imperfect education and alien conventions, while their identity is at the bottom of those wells of humanity where truth always lies patiently waiting to be drawn up. We shall perhaps wound the sensibilities of some superior persons among our readers when we mention an elderly janitor who once confided to us that he came there every afternoon because he was out of a place, and had no hope of a place because he was no longer "up to date," and who seemed to us the very stuff which fine poetic dreams might be made of if one had the wit to make them. He lived with his married daughter, who lived in a little East Side flat, and all his exterior experiences were sordid and shabby, but we doubt whether the saints and sages, if they could ever be got to be honest, would tell a very different tale of their inner life, their real life.

We do not insist upon janitors as the only heroes of the poets to come, nor are we very exacting of a constancy to the higher forms of our average. What we would have our poets remember, however, is that such real human nature as we have is the average, and is all the better for being so. When we rise above that wholesome level, into the plutocratic or the academic, we find ourselves in the airless altitudes, where the dreary effigies which inhabit them are condemned to be forever playing a part, and dramatizing

a superiority which they may make one another feel, but cannot persuade the multitudes below to believe in. Above all the other peoples of the earth, we are of the ancient and noble lineage of Antæus, and are potent as long as we have our feet on the ground; when once we lift them from it, we weaken to the fragility of a column of falling water.

There is no reason why we should not have poets again, and consequently, readers of poetry, except the unreason of the poets themselves, in barking for their themes up the wrong tree. The right tree is the tree of life, and here we would by no means circumscribe their search. Only, if they would get sweetness and tenderness and manliness in their verse, they must seek it in the souls of men that work. We believe that the poet who truly divined any "business drudge" would discover in him a sense of what is beautiful and what is true, much oftener than he would suspect if he scorned trying to divine him. He is so modest that it will not do to take him at his own valuation, any more than to take the club-man or the society woman at theirs in that world where the poet may best go for tragedy; for there is nothing more tragical than self-satisfied unreality.

Love, we are told, is of the valley, but we fancy not too far down in the valley. It keeps the even tenor of its way along the levels of average humanity, and if the poet would have its light on his verse, he must look for it there. But for poetry, he may safely and hopefully look in life anywhere. At any rate we should like him to try once to be absolutely true to it. We could not promise him an immediate magazine acceptance as his recompense, for editors, like professors, are the ministers of creeds, and must deal with literature in the recognized and established forms; but if any young poet were to live so long, we are confident that the fidelity we now enjoin would be fame and riches to him a hundred years hence.



Editor's Study.

WHY is it that Professor Brander Matthews, in his interesting contribution to this number of the Magazine, limits the epigram, by his very definition of it, as well as by his illustrative examples, to verse? The limitation is traditional, and is due to the fact that from the earliest times it has been the custom to crystallize this form of condensed wit in verse, which at first was simply metrical, but gained at a later and comparatively modern period the advantage of rhyme.

I

We shall take the liberty of making our inquiry a larger one, and consider the earliest uses of lyrical expression in general before returning to this special question as to the peculiar fitness of verse to the genesis and development of the epigram.

While our neighbor in the Easy Chair is raising, with such interesting results, the question whether poetry is as much read now as formerly, we think there is a good deal of psychological interest in the question why poetry was ever read and why it ever came to be written. Our neighbor very significantly speaks of it as the fruit of the tree of life. It is as poets that we live at all; for that is not to be counted life, but existence only, which has no stress of rhythm, no participation in that harmony which is the native and distinctive feature of creation itself. All motions in nature, physiological or merely physical, are metrical. Not only does the heart beat in alternate pulsation, but the nervous system, for the control of its own vital currents, is inhibitory, thus bringing into measure and modulation all the bodily functions; and in the whole universe, if we postulate some one unnamed source of its radiance and expansion, then clearly gravitation is the other side, the reflex, of that mysterious force, determining the measures of cosmic harmony.

We should therefore expect that the primitive development of human life, its manifestation during the period when man was so near to Nature as to spon-

taneously and by a kind of induction reflect her harmonies, would in all its currents show that modulation which is everywhere observable in cosmic activity, and that it would show this not merely in imitation of physical phenomena, but independently and on its own account.

We see a perfect illustration of this in the earliest manifestation of the human spirit of which we have any record—that is, in religious ritual, the choral and processional harmony into which the current of religious enthusiasm was brought by self-imposed measure and trope; the measure being wholly its own, while the trope followed suggestions derived from impressive natural movements.

The word "verse," in its Latin original, means a "turn," and "trope," a Greek derivative, had originally the same meaning, though we have come to use it in a subjective sense as designating a "turn" of thought. In the earliest form of the religious dance, which was around the altar (as in its survival, the chorus of the Greek drama), the movement had a metrical accompaniment of song which followed the measure and turn of the dance. Thus metre and "verse" originated. The bird sings, though it does not dance, and if there had never been the human dance there would doubtless have been the lyrical expression of human emotion; but, as a matter of fact, the two came into being together, and the turn of the dance gave us "verse," the turn of the line. The phrase "metrical feet," therefore, was originally literal.

The first lyrics were indeed fruits of the tree of life. It is difficult for us who "make verses" to understand that strong life-current, spontaneous and inevitable, which quickened vocal vibrations responsively to the quickened motion of the feet, with this velocity begetting that rhythm which enters into all swift and vibrant movements. Poetry is first natural before it becomes an art; it is the common aboriginal speech before articulation falls out of its vibrant course and rhythm, which later on it assumes, from a conscious motive, as a garment rather than as an immediate embodiment.

The most interesting psychological feature of the early lyric is that its trope—the “turn” which made it verse—was suggested by the apparent motion of the sun in the heavens, and was thus a proper incident in the ritual of nature-worship. The sun, which to us is but a part of the celestial mechanism, was to early men a divine personage, an all-pervading influence; and it was the impulsion of an intimate and instinctive sympathy that made all human movements of turning, winding, or folding tend from left to right. The relative position of button and button-hole was traditionally fixed in obedience to this solar compulsion, which also has made the human race right-handed.

The principal ancient religious festivals celebrated the sun's apparent annual “turn,” in the spring marking the trope of Cancer, or in the autumn marking the trope of Capricorn. Nature herself seemed to emphasize these turning-points by the storms of the equinoxes and by striking phenomena of birth and death. Our word “solemn” (*solemnis*) is derived from its use in connection with the completed annual movement of the sun and in association with the ritual exercises of these festivals. This use of the word in relation to a festival, though sanctioned by Chaucer, is now obsolete, but even in its secondary meaning the word has not lost its devout flavor.

The choric and poetic tropes, primitive in human development, and, as belonging to a ritual of nature-worship, following the apparent motion of the heavenly bodies, have a deeper analogy with the real motions of matter throughout the physical universe—an analogy unsuspected until disclosed by recent science. The elemental character of the choric and tropical movements is apparent from the latest transcripts from nature made by the biologist and physicist. Thus, as regards protoplasm, the eminent physiologist Michael Foster says that the biologist, while he may speak of it as a complex substance, should realize that it is “a complex whirl, an intricate dance, of which what he calls chemical composition, histological structure, and gross configuration are, so to speak, the figures; the renewal of protoplasm is but the continuance of the dance, its functions and

actions the transferences of figures.” So the physicist conceives of the universe as a dance of atoms, in bewildering, intricate figures, and with incessant change of partners; and of the atoms themselves not so much in terms of matter as of vortical or tropical motion, as strains of the ether.

II

The reverent respect for the metrical form, even when dissociated from the religious ceremony, led to its use without any lyrical motive, before there was such a thing as literature, to secure the perpetuation of fable, proverb, practical maxim, and sage aphorism,—a use which has persisted, sometimes having only a mnemonic purpose, as in the metrical chronicle of English sovereigns. From the use of verse in lapidary inscription the transition to the epigram in its earliest form is direct.

We see, then, that while custom alone would suffice to explain why the epigram has taken the form of verse, the fitness of this embodiment is especially apparent from the nature of verse itself. It seems a long distance from the solemn turn of the choral religious dance to the witty turn of the modern epigram, but in either case the trope is a characteristic and essential feature, and in the development of the poetic art it is not merely formal—the turn that makes the verse,—but mental also, a turn of the thought, a cycle of the imagination.

We might regard the imaginative trope of the poet as a strain of the psychological ether. Having in view merely the structural form of the poem, the largest trope is the epic, including many epicycles; in a narrower circle wheels the lyric, and that cameo of lyrical expression, the epigram, has the short, sharp turn by which it becomes the fitting round-up of a witty thought or retort.

This quick turn is comparatively modern, coming in, as Professor Matthews says, with the Latin poet Martial; as emphasized by rhyme it is strictly modern. The line of distinction drawn by Professor Matthews between this later epigram and the earlier and more classic form is significant; it separates the distinctively poetic epigram, with its slow trope and stately measure, and having grace and charm and haunting sug-

gestiveness from some deeper trope of the imagination, from the epigram which has no poetic motive and is only the effective snap of the whip-lash of quick wit, wherein, indeed, the finer effects of the imagination would prove a fatal distraction from the point in view.

III

But we still ask why the epigram should be limited to an embodiment in verse. There is the prose witticism; why not the prose epigram? It is true that the more we contemplate the versified example and appreciate the advantage it has because of its form, the less likely are we to designate anything in prose as an epigram, even if it has the essential attributes of one. We say rather that it is epigrammatic. But are we not too closely following a tradition? The fable and the narrative were first told in verse, and were supposed to have an advantage therefrom by making a more effective impression; but they are now told in prose, and do not on that account cease to be fable and narrative.

Our wittiest poets have written few epigrams; and, on the other hand, many of our best novelists and essayists are more epigrammatic than contemporary poetry; and in saying this we are not confounding the epigram with the aphorism. Emerson's phrase, "Hitch your wagon to a star," terse as it is and involving a vast philosophic trope, is not an epigram. Yet in the lighter turns of thought and speech Emerson abounds in epigram. In Stevenson's essays the indulgence in the epigram often becomes a vice,—an indictment to which George Meredith also must plead guilty, though his masterly play of intellect lightens the burden for the reader. The moderate use of these light turns commends itself to us, and gives a touch of grace to the writer's expression. We are mentally satisfied when the epigram is only implied, as in some of Henry James's phrases parenthetically introduced; or when the trope which gives us an agreeable surprise is one of inversion, in the delightful manner of Charles Dudley Warner.

We are aware, of course, that we have wandered far away from the epigram as defined by Professor Matthews, and that

we have given it a wide field where it is not restricted to the lampoon, the invective, or even the genial though sharply turned satire, but includes the playful turn of wit, wherever we find it.

IV

But we are not seriously concerned about definitions, and we are quite content to leave the epigram proper in its narrow conventional limbo. What seems to us most interesting and important is the extent to which modern prose has invaded the field of poetry. Prose cannot supplant poetry. There will always remain themes, or rather certain phases of the human mood and fancy, that essentially and temperamentally belong wholly to the poet and demand the poetic form of expression. The poem that could be translated into prose without any other loss than that of metre and rhyme is not really a poem. Poetry is an art in a sense that prose is not, and it is and always will be the highest form of literary expression. Because it is elemental it cannot be said to belong only to humanity in a crude stage of development; rather we should say because it is elemental it is also ultimate.

We have seen how immediately early lyrical expression was the release of a mighty emotional tension, and how almost instinctively it took measure and form when man was in close lien to nature. In that subsequent development of rational culture in which this lien was loosened, poetry suffered a transformation in common with every other form of art, becoming more distinctively and consciously a human expression, the product of a finer if less directly creative imagination. In all life as it passes from the plastic to the structural stage the creative power is veiled more and more with every advance of development. We note the same obscuration in the course of human progress, but art takes this veiling graciously and makes it the mean through which it achieves perfection of form and greater cosmic beauty and excellence.

The subjective imaginative trope is almost wholly modern. Perhaps it is true that in an age of reflection art is less projective, as the modern drama has less that effect of statuesque grouping which characterized the ancient. The subjective

thought is dominant, giving us Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Watson in place of Homer, Pindar, and Theocritus.

Ours is not an age of leisure, and leisure is absolutely essential to the cultivation of the poetic art. For this reason it may be that writers of great imaginative power express their thought in prose that has the essential quality of poetry, having too much respect for the poetic art to attempt it with less than that supreme devotion to which alone the Muse will award her full favor.

But if in every successive age we have a deeper culture of sensibility and therefore more to express in our human speech, it is prose that has sensibly gained the most from this development in which life seems to be enriched by the obscuration of elemental vitality, still drawing its strength from its old and hidden root, but in the freedom of light and air putting forth branches, leaves, and fruit of exquisite beauty and flavor. Since the mediæval recrudescence of the primeval æsthetic instinct the human mind has with a kind of virginal shyness shunned, if it may not be said to have rebelled against, the rigorous ancient bond of confined harmony which held it so closely to nature by a religious compulsion as to preclude a distinctively human development. The revolt began, indeed, when the human reason first asserted its sovereignty, forever afterward looking askance at the sacred flame from which it fled—the flame which guarded the gates, perhaps of a lost paradise, certainly of a prison-house. The instinct which created the first art, with its sacred obligation, was apparently surrendered; but reason opened the way to a free development of the imagination, widening, illuminating, and refining human sensibility itself and art as its expression. The soul of man dominated by a passion for freedom no longer tolerated the attitude and obligations of a devotee which were so essential to the artist following the old way. Therefore it is that modern art is not distinctly creative, does not feel its way in the blind paths of instinct toward a result as surprising as anything in natural creation, and that the modern artist, with more or less of personal detachment from his work and critical regard thereof, is so imitative and eclectic.

Poetry and the drama have had a larger creative opportunity because of the vast and wonderful field open to them on the subjective side of our human nature; but even here the work of the imagination is not simply and directly creative, but creatively interpretative. Here also reason asserts its sovereignty. Its field is that of experience, of tentative and wakeful speculation, quite different from the surer feeling of primitive instinct, but in its consummation a firm intuition. This intuition, as well as the tentative speculation, belongs to prose as much as to poetry. The rich and varied experience of our modern life has contributed more elements of value to prose than to poetry. The poetic art shows no such development during the last hundred and fifty years as that of music. Prose alone furnishes the counterpart.

Now prose in becoming an art pays a compliment to poetry by assuming so many of its functions without the adoption of its restricted forms. In Pater, in Meredith, and in Ruskin it is as subjectively interpretative as in Wordsworth, and the greater freedom of movement permits a more satisfactory preciseness and fulness of expression, besides being more in accord with the genius of our modern development.

Fiction in its complex undertaking as a mirror and interpreter of life has not only diverted the reader's attention from poetry, but in its artistic evolution has enriched and perfected our prose, making it picturesque and even rhythmic, so that no element of intellectual or emotional satisfaction is wanting. The possibilities of expression in prose are almost irresistibly tempting to our best writers, who, even if they begin with verse—as did Meredith, Howells, and Hewlett,—very soon yield to the more inviting if not more inspiring charms of the freer art. Their fame will rest upon their prose rather than upon their poetry.

The gracious amenities of a deeper culture soften asperities and subdue wit to humor; and prose is the most flexible and genial instrument for the humorist. The epigrammatic element of our prose is more in accord with our finer taste and more tolerant disposition than the caustic versified epigram of Martial and his modern successors.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Bill from the Milliner

A MONOLOGUE

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

She enters cautiously.

KATIE—Katie; has she gone? What did she say? Tell me every word. . . . Oh, oh, oh! Katie, you oughtn't to have told me that— . . . Well, I know I told you to tell me, but— Never mind; it's all right. What else did she say? . . . Oh, the wretch! That she would send and take the hat back if she wasn't paid by to-morrow morning? So vulgar of her—bringing the bill herself. I never heard of such a thing. . . . And she said I was no lady? She's a beast! To think I've been buying my hats all this time from such a low woman!

Katie—you're sure Mr. Carson didn't hear a word? . . . Oh, Katie, what do you think she can do to me? Do you think she could put me in prison, just for a few hats? . . . No, Katie, you're a good girl, but you can't help me. Only, don't you ever let that dreadful woman in again. That's all, Katie.

I—I—almost thought I'd paid that other bill. I—I—I'm pretty sure I thought I had when I bought this other hat. Well, why shouldn't she let me have it?—she's got a whole store full of hats! If I had the money I'd give it to her. Now, she has the hats—why shouldn't she let me have one?

The world's just full of horrid people, who are always wanting money, money, money. Perhaps I'd better just look over those perfectly awful accounts again and see if I can make them come out different. Different! That's just the trouble. I get a different answer every single time I go over them. And this last time I found I had \$87 left by the accounts, but I hadn't a cent in my pocketbook. And last week the accounts said I oughtn't to have had any money left—and I did. I had \$10! Oh, I wonder where it is? Oh, I guess I've spent it. I wish I hadn't paid the grocer. He's such a nice man, I'm sure he wouldn't have minded waiting if I'd told him about the hats.

[Picks up pencil and paper.]

Now—there's \$100. One, three naughts, and then a period and

two more naughts for where there isn't any cents. Oh, I've made a joke. "Took out \$10," making \$110. M-m-m-m—oh, I ought to have extracted it, and I've added it on. Oh, bother! Well, \$110—take away from that \$10, makes it \$100. Now: "Grocer, \$14.83"—one-four-period-eight-three. "Manicure, 50c."—five-naught-period. "Hair-dresser, 75 c."—"Incidentals, \$83.92." Well, I got rid of that hundred easily.

Now for that other hundred. "S. S. V., \$6.87." What on earth could that be? "S. S. V."? Oh, flowers for Julia Marsh's funeral. But what a funny price for flowers—six dollars and eighty-seven cents. Oh no—it wasn't that. It was dripping-pans for the refrigerator! I remember now. I saw the sale advertised, and they were so cheap I bought four—and then they wouldn't deliver them because they were such a bargain, and I had to get a cab to take them home. So, altogether, they cost me six dollars and eighty-seven cents. That's just it—every time I try to economize it's so expensive!

"X. Y. Z., \$8.50." Well, I haven't the re-



Do you think she could put me in prison?

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I get a different answer every single time

motest idea. I always think at the time if I put down some strange initials I will know what it was so much better than if I put down the right ones. Oh, ye— No. Oh, ye— No. Oh, ye— No. Oh, ye— No. Oh yes; it was that little flannel shirt-waist!

"T., 49c." That was the unlaundered dress-shirt I got Tom, and then he didn't like it—said it wasn't good enough. I don't care, I think forty-nine cents is quite enough for any old calico shirt. Men spend too much on their clothes, anyhow. And I notice they are anxious enough to have you economize, but they never like you to begin on them.

"T., 75c." Well, I won't forget about that in a hurry. That was for six lovely little white satin bow ties, all made up, with a little elastic and thing to fasten them with in the back. Tom always has such a dreadful time tying his dress ties, and I thought he'd be so pleased; but he wasn't a bit! And I found out he gave them to Katie to give to her cousin—at least, she says he's her cousin!

"Liver-shaped writing-table, \$83." Oh, no: kidney-shaped table. There!—Why, I've got nine-fifty down here four times! Funny I should have bought four things for nine-fifty. I wonder what it's for. Oh yes; it was that little spangled fan. And then when I spent money and couldn't remember what for, why, I just put "nine-fifty" down again. Of course. I wonder if I have all those little periods in the right place. Well, I guess it's all right. Now I must add it up.

Oh dear, what a lot of sevens. I never could add sevens. Six and seven—six and seven— If it was six and six it would be twelve, and one more makes it thirteen. Thirteen and five, nineteen; and seven [counts on fingers], twenty-six; twenty-six and eight, forty-three— [Adds silently.] Well, there's the top; I guess it's seventy-nine. Oh dear, last time I made it ninety-seven, and now it's only seventy-nine. [Adds silently.] Now, four-eight-eight-five-seven-nine. Sounds like a telephone call! It doesn't look right. I don't know where the little period ought to go. Oh, I guess about two or three from the end. Good heavens! Four thousand, eight hundred and eighty-five dollars and seventy-nine cents! Oh, no, no; something *must* be the matter. Well, I'm not going to bother any more. What's the use? Here's this perfectly awful bill from the milliner, and I've spent all my allowance and all the house money—and



Goodness! what makes pipes smell so?



Don't forget to get the brass-polish

I'll have to tell Tom, and what will he say! Well, here goes—I'll do my best.

Tom! T-o-o-o-m dear! Aren't you ever coming? Why, Tom, I've been waiting and waiting and wondering why on earth you didn't come in here. I thought maybe you didn't love me any more. . . . There, now, you sit right here in this lovely comfy chair. There! Are you quite comfortable? . . . Sure? . . . Wouldn't you like a cushion for your head? . . . No? . . . Well, I know you want a footstool. Isn't that better? . . . I thought so. Maybe you'd rather stretch yourself out on the divan? . . . A-l-l r-i-g-h-t—it doesn't make any difference to me, as long as you are comfortable. You poor darling; how tired you must get, working so hard down in that nasty old office all day, to buy pretty things for your extravagant little wife—but you don't think I'm really extravagant, do you, dear? At least, not often? . . . You old darling—You're positive you're comfortable? . . . Wouldn't you like to smoke your pipe? . . . Yes, I know I've never let you smoke in here before, but I'm going to to-night—you—look so tired. . . . Now, don't you move; I'm going to get it for you. Don't you get up; I'll get the match— Now stop—I'm going to light the match. [*Hops about, endeavoring to strike match on slipper.*] No, I want to light it—you leave me alone and I'll strike it all right. Oh, I didn't mean to be cross—I didn't mean to be cross. . . . Why, Tom, I'm just as nice every night, you precious old silly—The idea!

Goodness! what makes pipes smell so?—

Oh, I don't mind it—I don't mind it at all. You know, I believe in time I shall get to like it. I think I'm liking it now. Now, what does it smell like? . . . Tobacco! You stup— Ha, ha! That's awfully funny. Smells like tobacco— . . . Yes, I do, too. I think it's awfully funny. If you don't mind, I'm going to sit right here by you on this little stool. Like to play cards? . . . Not now? . . . Later? . . . All right. Do you want me to recite for you? . . . "Not as bad as that"—well, that is polite! . . .

Do you know, I just love those darling little curls on your forehead? I wish you wouldn't spank them down so. I like them to poke up and be all fluffy. [*Pause.*] I suppose any one else would think I'm idiotic, but I think you're frightfully good-looking. . . . Yes, I do—so there! [*Pause.*] You've got an awfully nice hand, for a man. Do you want me to tell your palm? . . . My! but you have splendid lines, and generous—I never saw anything like it. Now, hold your hand up. Well, the money just runs through your fingers. . . . I help you? I wish you wouldn't make that kind of joke to-night. . . . Oh, no reason. I—I think I'll go to my desk for a few minutes. . . . Why, I'm not restless—I'm not restless a bit. . . . Well, all right; I'll sit down again. . . . Oh, nothing; I just wanted to look over a few things—and answer some notes. You see, I asked Alice Tyler to go to the matinee with me, and I've lost her address. Now I've got to write her and ask her for it. . . . The idea! how could I? Well, anyway, you know I must write our acceptance for the Sheldons' dinner. . . . You don't want to go? I don't care, I do think you're just too mean for anything. You know I'm just dying to go and— Oh, no, no, no; I didn't mean anything. No, I didn't. I—I—I—was just pretending to be annoyed. I



She tries on all the hats and never buys

don't mind one *single* bit. I'd much rather stay home alone with you— Yes, I would.

Do you know, I read in the paper this morning that Margaret Holmes's mother died in Paris, and I was going to write her too. But then, I don't know—she died so far off—it seems kind of different. So I don't think I will. . . .

What did I do to-day? Well, I went to market this morning—and, do you know, Katie just exasperates me. I tell her to make a list of everything she needs right after breakfast, and not forget a thing, and just as I'm going down the front steps she is sure to shriek after me, "Don't forget to get the brass-polish off the grocer," or some such dreadful thing. . . . I have told her not to, but it doesn't do a bit of good. Besides, I'm afraid to say anything for fear she'll leave!

Then I went downtown—and whom do you think I saw in the car? Don't you remember that woman with the black hair at the hotel last summer? . . . Why, don't you know? you never could remember her name—who is she? . . . Well, never mind. But I wish you could have seen her hat! [*Shivers.*]

. . . . Oh, I don't know; I felt so queer when I said "hat." All my life I've been that way. I never could bear to hear the word "hat." Well, then I went to the dress-maker's— . . . Oh, nothing much—just a little silk and panne velvet and lace, thrown together—a cheap little thing.

And then—and then—I accidentally dropped in at the milliner's—for no particular reason. And whom do you think I met there? Emily Brown. She was so mad because I saw her there. Do you know what she does? She tries on all the hats and never buys a thing—and then goes home and copies

them. You know, Frank is too stingy with her for anything. She never has a decent thing. Just fancy my going out with you in a home-made hat! Imagine such a thing! Well, poor Emily can't help it, with such a hateful husband. How she must envy me!

As I was saying, there I found myself in the milliner's, and I turned to look at something—I don't know what,—when that stupid milliner popped a hat on my head, and then nothing would do but I must look at it in the glass. [*Pause.*] You re-

member how you used to love me in that red gown I had before we were married? . . . I thought I'd get a red hat some time, just to please you. [*Pause.*] By the way, it was a red hat that milliner put on my head! . . . Why, no, she didn't put it on top of my other hat. . . . Why, yes,—I must have had my hat off, some way. Well, it was awfully becoming, and I knew you'd just adore me in that hat. So [*sepulchraly*] I—I—took it! It was very inexpensive. . . . How much? It was ten or twelve dollars, or—twenty-six fifty.

And—and—the funniest thing—

you'll die laughing when I tell you about it. I've spent all my allowance and all the house money, and haven't a thing to pay the milliner with. Here's the bill. . . .

It's all right!—You're not angry?—Well, if that isn't maddening! [*Aside.*] And here I've exhausted myself trying to be agreeable, all for nothing. . . . No, I don't want to play cards now. . . . You know I hate ping-pong. . . . No, I don't want to do anything. I don't feel very well. I'm going into the library to finish my book—I can't stand the smell of that pipe a minute longer!



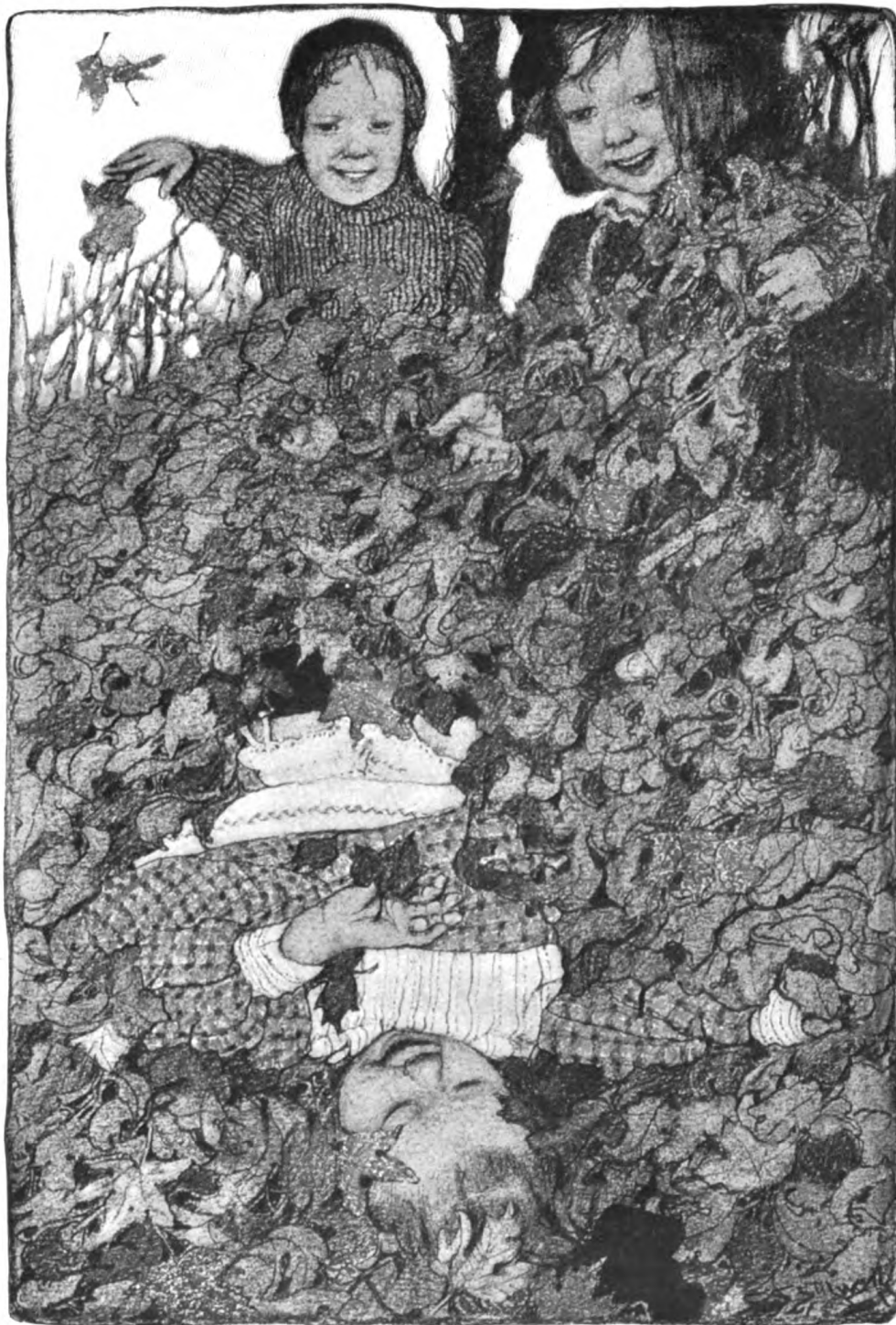
That stupid milliner popped a hat on my head.

The Old, Old Game

BY J. K. B.

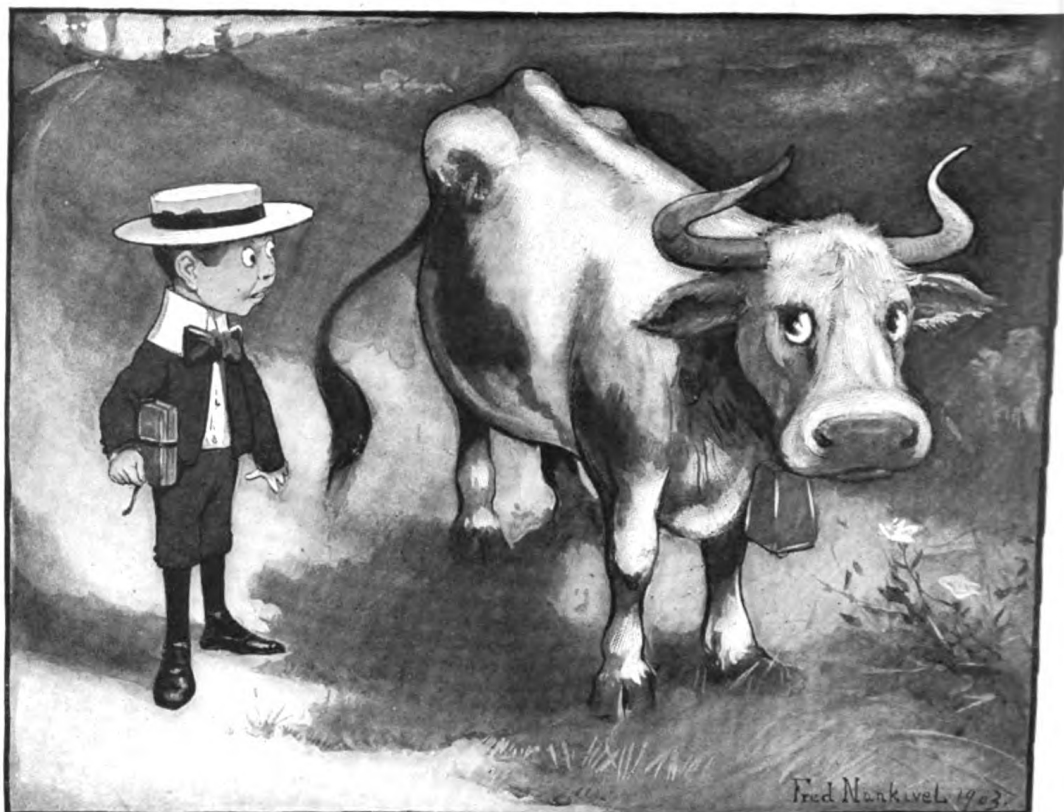
WHEN Jones sits down at bridge to play,
All other players flee him;
Indeed, they're filled with blank dismay
The moment that they see him.

His silly errors are the kind,
They really can't ignore 'em;
And Bilkins says they bring to mind
The old Pons Asinorum.



AUTUMN LEAVES

*AUTUMN leaves, Autumn leaves! Garnered up in golden sheaves.—
 Sun that tinted them like gems, Frost that keenly nipped their stems,
 Wind that whirled them here and there, Weary folk who raked with care,
 All were slaves to serve our pleasure. What though Time was bent and gray;—
 Yet we bade him add his treasure, in the Spring-time of our play.* B. J.



A Speculation

*"If that old cow went to our school,
I'll bet a ginger cookey,
With horns like those, she'd beat us all,
You know, at playing hookey!"*

The Thankful Freshman

BY EARLE HOOKER EATON

THANKSGIVING day had never had
For me, a callow college lad,
A meaning worth a moment's thought.
My father was a millionaire;
I never knew a day of care;
'Twas hardly strange my thanks were rare
For what Fate, ever kind, had brought.

My golden hair (some call it *red*)
Was hanging down my back, and led
Me to select a mission high.
I yearned to win undying fame
In some Thanksgiving football game.
At last the fateful moment came—
My hair was there, and so was I.

By bruisers on the other side
My form was very promptly "pied";
They walked and waltzed upon my neck,
They lammed me till they shed my blood,
They slammed me down with sick'ning thud,
They jammed me deep in seas of mud,
Until I seemed and was a wreck!

With tireless zeal throughout the game
They jumped and bumped upon my frame,
They sought my legs and arms to rive;
And when the doctors set me free,
Thanksgiving day had come to be
A day of fervent thanks to me—
I thanked my stars I was alive!



Petty Larceny

JUDGE. "What's the charge against this man?"
OFFICER. "He was caught trying to pick this pouch."

Ballade to a Large Oyster

WRAPT in calm quiescentness,
Lying limp upon my plate,—
Lo, the frowning fork of Fate
Hangs a moment motionless.
Tell me of your former state:—
Did some vandal kitchen-wight
Dare with oyster-knife to smite
This wee house, and scar your cheek?
What a tale you would recite,
Oyster, if you could but speak!

Ere you fell in this duress,
Did you cling, a potentate,—
Silent, solemn, incrustate,—
To some deep-sea rockiness?
Did the snails and mussels prate
Of your deeds, in armor dight,—
How you nobly put to flight
Lobster foes? Say, would you shriek
Kingly curses on your plight,
Oyster, if you could but speak?

May a clumsy mammal guess
How you wooed and won your mate?
Or does oyster maid await,
In her grot, your fond caress?
Had you vices of the great,
Roistering, mayhap, at night,
Shell-fish?—'tis a monarch's right!

Did you join the actor clique,—
Was some starfish your delight?
Oyster, if you could but speak!

Waiter, pass the salt; you might
Add Tabasco's pungent bite,
This horseradish is so weak.

Ere you slip from mortal sight,
Oyster, if you could but speak!
BURGES JOHNSON.

Clothes

ROBERT is not yet four years old. One day his mother saw him looking intently at a medallion representing the "Judgment of Paris."

Presently he asked, "What is it about, mamma?"

His mother told him the old story of the golden apple and the beautiful woman, adding, half playfully, as she finished, "Now, whom do you think the more beautiful, Robert?"

He studied earnestly a minute, then replied, "I can't tell, because they haven't their clothes on."

The Last Straw

IT was Saturday night, and owing to the temporary absence of his wife, it fell to Mr. Brown to attend to the usual process of giving his eight-year-old son a bath and putting him to bed. He had left his evening paper with a man's reluctance, and had hurried matters along with more speed than the little chap was accustomed to. However, he endured it all without a protest until it came to the prayer. It was his habit after "Now I lay me," to ask the Divine blessing upon a long list of relatives and friends, calling each by name.

"Please, God," he began, "bless papa and mamma, grandpa and grandma, and Aunt Edith and Uncle George, and—" A pause. His father, thinking to curtail the list of beneficiaries, softly insinuated an "amen." Not heeding the interruption, the little suppliant drew a long breath, and continued, "And Aunt Alice and Cousin Annie, and—and—" Again his father said "amen."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and lifting his little head he exclaimed, with tears of indignation, "Papa, who's running this prayer, you or me?"

E. C. F.



A Suggestion

Why not provide each golf-ball with a compass, to use in the event of being lost?

Bucolics

BY ARTHUR COLTON

The Dog

THE dog is eloquently built,
For would he speak his joy or guilt.
With either end of him he may
The secret of his heart display.

Some very decent dogs are yellow,
But those who early bark and bellow
Against the bright innocuous moon
Should do it less or not so soon.

The dog, he is, to say the least,
A very interesting beast.
There's only one bad kind of him,
All other dogs are cherubim.

L'ENVOI

The kind of dog I mean is he
That's owned by some one else than me.

The Cow

BEFORE her countenance I bow,
I venerate the humble cow,
By Egypt venerated;
Her virtues have, I think, somehow,
Been understated.

Observe her mournful eye, nor fail
To mark her lowings on the gale,
A melody of sighs.
She waves a hortatory tail,
Rebuking flies.

Her life, alas! is all too brief;
She gives her milk for man's relief,
Her horns are horns of plenty.
She meekly goes and turns to beef
Or ere she's twenty.

The Duck

I WOULD, I would my toes aloof
Were neatly webbed together.
I would, I would my clothes were proof
For any kind of weather.

Oh, waddling bird! oh, paddling bird!
On land and eke on water,
Oh, peaceful, graceful, and absurd!
Oh, glory of the platter!

I view with envy your obese
Complacence sophomoric;
I would my language were Chinese,
My architecture Doric.

The Pig

MY adoration for the pig
Is every day increased.
I love him very small, and big
I do not love him least.

I like a little pig to meet
And scare by crying, "Ouff!"
He stares, he starts, and oh, how fleet
His many, twinkling hoof!

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